

## **Eight Uncles 321**

### Chapter 321 Growth

Accompanying her father, Lilly purchased a bouquet and fruits to bring as a visit to Grace in the hospital. Blake, known for his aggressive driving style, adopted a more cautious approach because Lilly was with him.

However, despite being more careful, they unexpectedly collided with someone at the intersection with a loud crash.

Blake rolled down the car window.

A girl wearing high heels hastily got down from her car and apologized profusely, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry!"

This particular girl had been engrossed in her mobile phone during the late hours of the night. Fearing she would be tardy for work, her anxiety propelled her forward, leading to an unintended collision with someone else.

*It's over!*

At first glance, the car appeared to be exceptionally expensive, easily worth at least a million dollars.

*I could never afford to pay for the damage!*

Just then, as the girl was still reeling from the shock, a window of the car rolled down, revealing a little girl poking her head out.

"Be careful, Miss!" Lilly said, sensing the bad aura surrounding her, she advised, "Do you stay up late regularly? It's not very auspicious to do so. You should be more careful on the road,"

The girl's mind was still buzzing, and she instinctively replied, "Thank you... Thank you..."

Lilly intended to say more, but in the end, she simply waved her hand and said, "Until we meet again! Bye-bye!"

After hearing what Lilly said, Blake drove away.

When the car was struck, it sustained minor damage, and thankfully, no one was hurt. So, they did not take the matter seriously.

However, the girl remained standing there in a daze, as if she was in a dream.

Blake carried Lilly into the hospital and headed towards the surgery department on the 20th floor.

As they approached, they noticed a group of individuals sitting outside the corridor, engrossed in their smartphones, swiping away.

"A little girl scolded a girl wearing a kimono... She destroyed all the dolls to disrupt the ritual..."

Blake raised his eyebrows.

Oh, it's a *slanderous* video.

Sure enough, the person who watched the video chatted with the family members around him: "I don't

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understand why people are so judgmental online. It's not their business what others choose to wear or what hobbies they have. It's unfair to criticize and attack someone just because they don't like their style. or interests. I don't like this kid either, but that doesn't give me the right to judge and hate them."

Another person chimed in, "Exactly! I've experienced being judged for my fashion choices before, and it's not a pleasant feeling. People who hide behind the veil of patriotism to accuse and shame others are just spreading negativity. We should celebrate diversity and respect each other's individuality,"

Blake frowned.

Lilly hugged his neck, and said in a brisk voice, "Daddy, hurry up!"

Upon hearing that others misunderstood her again, Lilly remained unfazed. She had expressed her stance before. There was nothing wrong with having personal preferences, and everyone should have the freedom to wear whatever clothes they like.

Lilly firmly believed that if those people wanted to wear kimonos on the subway or in ordinary parks, she wouldn't say anything about it.

Lilly understood that wearing such clothes in front of the Olivine Temple or at the burial place of the ancestors who sacrificed their lives for it might not be seen as respectful by some. However, she still held firm in her belief that there was nothing wrong with expressing oneself through clothing.

Secondly...

Lilly understood that the dolls that were smashed were not ordinary dolls, but rather dolls made from ashes that could consume luck and vitality. The people even brought the broken dolls home and the dolls would only bring them bad luck and cause them misfortune.

She did not destroy normal dolls...

So, Lilly did not think she was wrong.

I'm not wrong, they *are*. *Hmph!*

Blake observed Lilly's demeanor and emotions, realizing that his little girl had matured. He felt a sense of sadness but also pride as he witnessed her transformation.

He remembered a time when Lilly was deeply affected by online slander, feeling overwhelmed by the negativity directed toward her.

However, now he saw a different side of her.

Despite facing misunderstandings and criticism in person, she remained composed and unperturbed.

She no longer cared to explain the misunderstanding to unimportant people. It showed that she had grown stronger.

“Good girl, Daddy is proud of you,” Blake gently caressed her back with a reassuring hand, affirming, “You’re amazing.”

Lilly beamed in response and planted a kiss on her father’s cheek.

Blake continued, “However, there are times when you don’t need to worry about certain people. Even if you treat them kindly, they might not appreciate it,”

Blake understood the reasons behind Lilly’s actions, but others were unaware and simply perceived her actions as destructive towards things that others cherished.

Lying on

Blake’s shoulders, Lilly’s face puffed up slightly as she expressed in a carefree manner, “Why should others have to appreciate it?”

She believed that she should do what she felt was right, and it was not her concern whether others accepted it or not.

Blake was taken aback for a moment, but then he burst into soft laughter.

Indeed, why should he feel obligated to explain his little darling’s actions to others?

He realized there was much to learn from his daughter.

As they conversed, the two of them had already located Grace’s ward Room No. 18.

Lilly broke free and said impatiently, “Daddy, can you give me the flowers?”

Grace, lying on the bed with her eyes closed, suddenly heard a familiar voice resonating from outside the door.

“Number 18... 18, 18... It’s Gracie!” Lilly’s cheerful voice exclaimed with excitement.

Grace frowned, heard Lilly coming in, and said, “Hey, Gracie... no, Grace!”

Grace felt annoyed.

Lilly extended a large bouquet before her, “Here, it’s for you,” she offered.

Grace, however, kept her eyes closed, pretending to be asleep, hoping to avoid encountering this bothersome girl.

But Lilly persisted, “Grace, I know you’re awake. I saw your ears twitch just now! Look, they’re still moving!”

Grace’s ears twitched involuntarily.

This sudden lack of control irritated her greatly.

“Why is this ear twitching so much!” she thought to herself.

Unable to contain her annoyance any longer, Grace opened her eyes, fixed her gaze upon Lilly, and said, “What are you doing here?”

Grace saw the stunning orchids brought closer to her, "To visit you!"

Grace was taken aback, astonished that Lilly knew she liked orchids, Even her parents did not know about this. How did Lilly know?

Feeling a tad awkward, Grace turned her head away and continued lying on her stomach, facing another direction.

Lilly intended to place the flowers on the bedside table, but it was already filled with several medical instruments.

She thought of placing the flowers on the ground once again, but it did not feel quite appropriate as it resembled the act of visiting ancestors' graves.

Lilly glanced at the head of the bed, realizing it was not an ideal spot either. Then her gaze fell upon Grace's injured back. After careful consideration, she gently placed the flower on Grace's buttocks, seemed to be the most suitable spot given the circumstances.

Grace was puzzled

Grace swiftly turned her head to face Lilly, her gaze piercing, "What's wrong with you?"

Lilly blinked innocently, "Grace, your bed is already occupied, there's no space..."

as it

Oddly enough, Lilly had a peculiar intuition that if she were to place the flowers elsewhere, it would upset

Grace.

For some reason, a vivid scene flashed through Lilly's mind.

In that scene, she handed the orchids to Grace, but one petal accidentally fell from the flowers. Without uttering a word, Grace swiftly retrieved a knife and started chasing after Lilly.

How terrifying...

That's why she put flowers on Grace's butt.

Lilly bit her finger as she tried to explain, "Look, it's so nice... blooming like a... fart."

Grace was speechless.

*You're not here to visit me, you're here to annoy me.*

Grace felt so frustrated she was about to cry...

Chapter 322 Gracie's Frustration.

The ghost by the bed chuckled at the scene.

Many ghosts were roaming around the hospital, and a few of them sat by the bed and chatted away.

“Put the flowers on me, I’m willing to make my butt bloom.”

“You can give them to me if you don’t like them!”

“Wow, they’re pink orchids, how beautiful!”

Grace ignored the flowers on her butt and said coldly, “Okay that’s enough, you can leave now!”

Despite her words, Grace did not ask Lilly to take the flowers away. Deep down, there was still a part of her that appreciated the gesture, knowing that Lilly had chosen orchids because she knew Grace liked them.

Lilly wanted to climb on the bed and said cheerfully, “Ma’am can you please move a little and leave some space for me to sit?”

The ghosts quickly made space for Lilly.

Lilly sat on the edge of the bed and comforted Grace, “Don’t worry Gracie, the gates of hell will open for 15 days after the 15th of July. You still have time to catch ghosts so don’t rush,”

Grace looked at her silently as she forced a conversation.

Lilly continued, “Did it hurt when you got stabbed? Did you cry at that moment?”

Grace was silent.

Lilly: “Gracie, how long have you been catching ghosts? Have you ever been scared by them and cried?”

Gracie was speechless.

Why did Lilly keep asking whether she cried or not?

Lilly’s eyes lit up suddenly and asked, “Gracie, you’re lying on your stomach, what happens if you wanna take a dump?”

Lilly was curious and wanted to move the flowers away to see...

To see if there was any poop on her butt.

Grace could not bear it anymore, “Stop talking!”

Lilly immediately covered her mouth and nodded, “Okay, I won’t tell anyone,”

Grace was about to vomit blood.

Lilly did not do anything to Grace. However, the way she said it was as if she wanted to pull Grace’s pants off, how infuriating!

Blake was at the side, crossing his arms, and relaxed on the sofa. He smirked as he saw the scene before him.

Chapter 322

He could not help but feel their interactions fresh every time they met.

The God of Battle watched the two children quarrel with great interest.

Grace roared, "I'll pull out your front teeth if you don't be quiet!"

Lilly yelled, "You can't pull them out! My front teeth are strong!"

Grace continued, "I...I'll pull out your molars!"

Lilly yelled back, "It's impossible! My molars are stronger than my front teeth!"

Grace choked, gritted her teeth, and said, "Has anyone ever told you that you talk too much?"

Lilly replied, "No, Gracie, you're the first one,"

Grace was speechless.

Lilly: "You know, my grandma enjoys our chats, Gracie. Don't you also find it enjoyable?"

Grace remained silent, her discomfort evident.

Lilly: "Oh, by the way, on our way here today. I saw a lady with a bad aura lingering around her. Would you like to join me in catching ghosts when the time comes, Gracie?"

Grace's frustration grew more apparent as she pleaded with Lilly.

Grace shouted, "Please, just stop! Can't you see I'm not interested? Can you please leave now?"

Grace's facial expression conveyed her annoyance and impatience, urging Lilly to leave quickly.

Lilly, playing along, raised her arm and pretended to check a nonexistent watch, announcing, "Oh, it's already noon! I better leave now!"

His daughter was amazing, her ability to tell lies was getting more like him, and she had a bright future.

Lilly enthusiastically leaped off the bed, intending to give Grace a comforting pat on the back. However, upon noticing Grace's back injury, she swiftly redirected her gesture and patted Grace's head instead.

"Hey, take good care of your wounds. You've got this!" Lilly exclaimed, accompanied by a cheering gesture.

Grace remained silent, her thoughts reflecting a peculiar observation.

Grace felt that Lilly was patting her head like she was a dog.

Grace ignored Lilly.

Lilly tightly held Blake's hand and said "If you're not going to catch ghosts with me, I'll do it on my own! But remember, you can't cry when the time comes,"

Grace was filled with a mix of anger and amusement.

She grew up being unable to shed a tear, so why would she cry?

"Get out!" She yelled.

Lilly happily got out of the ward.

Grace found herself at a loss for words as she stared at the bunch of orchids on her buttocks. After a moment of silence, she couldn't resist reaching out and taking them down.

A rare sense of joy sparkled in her eyes as she brought the flowers closer to her nose, taking in their subtle fragrance.

Though the scent was barely noticeable, she found herself liking it.

Grace extended her hand, tentatively reaching out to touch the petals, when suddenly the door swung open with a loud bang.

Startled, she quickly placed the flower back on her buttocks and pretended to be asleep on her stomach.

The ghost aunts beside her burst into laughter, their heads falling off from amusement.

Lilly tilted her head and asked, "Gracie, I'm really going to catch that ghost, and then you can't say that I stole your thunder!"

Grace's expression turned cold as she replied, "Aren't you annoying?"

She could not care less about that ghost. It was all just a joke to her.

Grace's focus was on the old lady who sang nursery rhymes in the corridor and a girl trapped in the closet,

Lilly reassured, "Okay, I get it,"

She did not care about anything else.

She closed the door and went out.

Grace looked at the door carefully.

It swung open again!

Lilly said cheerfully, "Goodbye, Gracie! If you like orchids, I'll give them to you the next time I visit!"

Without waiting for her to respond, she closed the door and left.

Grace felt annoyed.

Lilly woke up at 2 a.m., prepared her small backpack, and said softly, "Goodbye, Polly... I'm going ghost hunting!"

Gracie is so powerful, she could catch ghosts on her own.

But she always had someone accompanying her, whether it was her older brother, uncle, or father.

No, she needed to be independent. She wanted to be able to climb walls, to have the power to fly over them, just like her father.

Lilly was determined. She walked out of the door and made her way towards the wall where her father had once taken her and her brother to climb back. However, when she looked up at the tall wall, she felt disheartened. "I'm too short," she said with a hint of disappointment.

Even if she stacked two of herself, she still wouldn't be tall enough to reach the top of the wall.

Lilly threw the small backpack with all her might, attempting to throw it over the wall. However, her aim was off, and the backpack hit the wall and fell back down.

Lilly let out a sigh of disappointment. It seemed that being taller was a requirement for climbing over the wall. Being short like her meant she could not accomplish much in this task.

"Why don't I have a quick meal first...?" Lilly looked at the wall and pondered.

It's too *late* to eat now, maybe *it's* better to use a ladder.

Thinking of this, Lilly happily turned around to find a ladder.

She then saw a figure behind her...

Lilly was startled, her little heart nearly leaping out of her chest, her fingers trembling in fear...

Oh no. Grandma *caught me!*

The old lady stared at her incredulously.

"Why did

you suddenly rush to take a shower and go to bed right after dinner tonight? No wonder you're here!" she exclaimed in frustration.

Feeling desperate, she raised her hand, closed her eyes, and began to walk towards the main building, muttering to herself.

"You can't see me... You can't see me..."

Bettany was speechless.

Helplessly, she watched as the little guy walked past her with his hands raised and his eyes closed.

Once it was over, she couldn't help but stop, take a step back, grab her small backpack, and quickly run away.

Bettany stared at Blake, her anger turning into laughter.

She squinted her eyes and asked, "Did you teach her that?"

Blake looked puzzled and replied, "What? What are you talking about?"

Bettany sneered and replied, "Oh really? Then why was she attempting to climb the wall when I heard the

noise?"

Blake casually touched his nose and maintained a straight face. "That's impossible. Lilly is only four years old. How could I have taught her to climb over the wall?"

After a brief pause, he added, "How could she misbehave, she's probably just sleepwalking,"

Bettany's memory was triggered, recalling what the servant had mentioned previously about seeing a thief scaling the wall with two sacks on his shoulders.

The surveillance system was not working.

At this moment, the old lady suddenly understood everything.

She sneered and rolled up the sleeves of her pajamas, "Blake MacNeil!"

Chapter 323 Shifting the Blame

Bettany tore Blake apart with her bare hands.

Fortunately, Blake took advantage of his long legs and said. "I'll go check on Lilly" as he walked away calmly.

His pace was unhurried as each of his steps covered a significant distance.

Bettany could not catch up with him and laughed instead.

Anthony spoke, "That's enough, Mom. Hurry up and rest. I'll take care of Lilly,"

Bettany vented her frustration and cursed, "You should be more concerned! Blake is so unreliable as a father..."

Anthony reassured her, saying, "Don't worry."

Muttering to herself, Bettany returned to her room.

She hesitated about visiting Lilly, thinking that children may want to maintain their pride, so she decided to let it go.

Whatever... I'll make her one less chicken nugget tomorrow!

Lilly hurriedly returned to her room, tossing aside the small backpack and kicking off her shoes. She jumped onto the bed and rolled around, wrapping herself up in a thin blanket.

She pretended to sleep soundly.

Sure enough, when she heard the door click open and someone walked in, Lilly became extremely nervous

Grandma knows how to lecture people!

Oh no... It's over!

At that moment, as Lilly thought she was going to get her grandmother's scolding, she had already prepared herself for the punishment.

With her eyes tightly shut and her eyelids wrinkled in concentration, Blake could not help but let out a chuckle.

“Heh... your grandma didn’t come, don’t pretend,” Lilly’s father remarked, causing the little girl to sit up and look around anxiously.

“Where’s grandma?” she asked, her voice filled with concern.

Blake glanced at the small backpack on the ground before answering. “She’s gone to sleep,” Lilly heaved a sigh of relief.

Blake asked, “Where are you going?”

Lilly spoke straightforwardly to her father, “Daddy, do you still remember the lady who bumped into us earlier today?”

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Blake nodded in acknowledgment, asking. “Yes, what about her?”

Lilly explained, “There’s a ghost next to her that will possess her. That’s why I need to catch it as soon as possible,”

That was why she climbed up the wall

However, the wall was so high she could not climb over it at all...

Blake stood up and said, “Wait for me a while,”

Anthony came in just in time, and asked with a straight face, “Where are you going?”

Blake’s eyes flickered and said, “Lilly, Daddy has to change his clothes, wait for me with your rich and handsome uncle.”

Lilly nodded immediately, “Okay!”

Anthony was speechless.

How dare you shift the blame on me?

With Anthony’s help, Blake managed to escort Lilly out of Crawford Mansion.

While there were numerous ways to sneak Lilly out of the Crawford Mansion unnoticed, having a team member to cover them was the best option.

In the dead of night, father and daughter strolled along the river bank. Lilly wistfully remarked, “Oh, how I wish I could fly like Polly!”

They did not know how long it would take for them to walk to the lady’s house.

Suddenly, Blake walked towards a shop by the side of the road as if he had chosen the road at random.

He opened the door with a bang and got in.

Lilly nervously asked, "Daddy?"

To her surprise, the sound of a revving motorcycle greeted her in response.

Within moments, a sleek and stylish bike was before Lilly's eyes.

With its sleek black exterior and imposing stature, the motorcycle exuded a sense of coolness. The engine roared to life with a twist of the accelerator.

"Get on!" Blake exclaimed.

Blake picked up Lilly and put a pink helmet on her.

The helmet fit Lilly perfectly as if it had been tailored specifically for her. She settled herself in the front seat, and Blake carefully fastened her seatbelt, securing the little girl to himself with a special safety buckle.

Filled with a mix of nervousness and excitement, Lilly could not help but ask, "Daddy, whose motorcycle is this?"

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A mischievous smile played on Blake's lips as he replied in a lazy tone, "Hmm... Daddy borrowed it while the owner was away. So let's hurry up, or the owner might get upset when they find out later."

With a twist of the accelerator, Blake accelerated and zoomed away on the motorcycle. Lilly's eyes widened as she noticed someone chasing after them, causing her to become anxious.

"It's wrong to steal, Daddy!" she exclaimed, her voice filled with concern. "Let's go back and return it..."

Blake could not help but smirk under his helmet. Thanks to the intercom headsets built into their helmets, he could hear Lilly's words crystal clear.

"Don't be so loud, Lilly. Daddy can hear you," Blake responded with a tone of indulgence. "Don't worry, I was just teasing you. This motorcycle belongs to me,"

Lilly was momentarily stunned, her face filled with doubt. "But that shop isn't ours," she pointed out.

Blake shrugged nonchalantly. "That's Dad's subordinate he replied casually.

Lilly was silent.

Daddy's a liar and a bad guy.

Lilly was filled with anger, thinking that her father had stolen the motorcycle, and she was on the verge of

tears.

The motorcycle roared, and Lilly, who had never ridden one before, quickly became cheerful again, forgetting about what happened earlier)

It was late at night, so the roads were empty.

Blake, being considerate of not disturbing the city's residents, chose to take the outer lane instead.

"Lilly, where is the lady's house?" Blake suddenly remembered this crucial question.

The father and daughter continued driving for several miles, realizing that they had completely forgotten about where they were going.

Lilly held the accelerator and stretched her hands, "Eeny... Meeny... Miney..."

She suddenly pointed in a direction, "It's over here!"

She pointed at it casually, as if she just guessed it.

However, Blake did not doubt her and steered the motorcycle in that direction.

They drove for 10 miles in the direction Lilly pointed and reached a residential area in Shimmer District.

At that moment, the girl was still lying on her bed, engrossed in swiping through her phone, occasionally giggling at something she saw.

She had completely forgotten about her morning vow to go to bed early and avoid using her phone.

Before she knew it, it was already 3 a.m.

Chapter 324 Lend Me Seven Years

The girl looked at the time.

Oh my goodness, it's already 3?

She regretted her actions and realized she was supposed to go to bed.

Just as she thought about it, she saw another video of a man holding a chicken and hitting a bowl.

"I wasn't supposed to laugh at night. But I laughed so hard when I read the comments,"

The girl laughed so hard and replied to the comment, "This is so me,"

She thought as she replied to the comment.

I should sleep after one more video...

However, her thumb seemed to have a mind of its own and swiped for more videos.

The next video related to her more as the lyrics of the audio sounded like what she was going through.

"Sleeping at midnight, waking at six, I'll end up in the ICU! Sleeping at one, waking at six, the Ruler of Hell calls me healthy! Sleeping at two, and waking at six, the urn is a cuboid! Sleeping at three, waking at six, tombstones will accompany me!"

"Sleeping at four, waking at six, I'm hanging on the wall Sleeping at five, waking at six, you and I are on a trip to heaven!"

“Stay up late crazy today, and enjoy the world of bliss tomorrow! Stay up, stay up, stay up late...”

The girl commented, “It’s half past three. Can I still be cured?”

The girl found herself caught in a cycle where the more she desired to sleep early, the later she stayed up?

She could not help but wonder why this was happening. She continued to laugh from time to time as she was scrolling through her phone in a blanket.

Unbeknownst to her, a female ghost stood behind her, wearing a wicked grin and muttering, “You and I are on a journey to heaven...”

The female ghost, no longer content with merely standing by the bed, silently climbed onto the bed and positioned herself behind the girl.

Mimicking the girl’s posture, she curled up and pretended to hold a phone with her spectral hands.

As the girl laughed, the ghost laughed along, gradually drawing closer and closer.

Only then did she hear the girl hear the ghost whispering in her ear, “My beloved sister...”

The girl tightly squeezed her eyelids shut, yet she couldn’t bring herself to put down her phone. She was caught in a state of drowsiness, unsure if she was fully awake or half asleep. A chilling sensation enveloped her, inexplicable in its origin.

Amidst the ambiance, a noise resonated in her ears, accompanied by a voice whispering into her ear. The voice was audible, yet the words were incomprehensible to her. It was as if a person was learning to speak

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for the first time, struggling to form coherent sounds. Initially, they managed to utter a single syllable, “Sis... I... Seven...”

The girl was suddenly frightened, and she found that she could not move!

The short video on the phone continued playing, and the girl could even hear the accompanying sound and music. However, she found herself unable to move, as if held in place by an invisible force.

She was acutely aware of a presence behind her as if someone was trying to communicate with her. Fear gripped her, leaving her with no choice but to pretend to sleep, hoping that the unseen entity would eventually retreat.

The voice persisted, speaking incessantly, refusing to cease its incessant chatter, repeating its words over and over again....

The girl finally heard the words clearly, what she said was- Sister, lead me seven years!

Lend me seven years... Lend me seven years... Lend me seven years!

The voice grew increasingly desperate and frenzied, sending shivers down the girl’s spine.

She was paralyzed with fear, unable to make even the slightest movement. Though she wished to close her eyes and escape the haunting presence, she found herself unable to do so. Her gaze remained fixated on the phone, which continued replaying the same short video, trapping her in a loop of unsettling visuals.

Help...

Overwhelmed by fear, the girl teetered on the brink of tears. The relentless voice continued its haunting presence, intensifying her distress. She could not shake off the chilling sensation crawling across her shoulders, as if an unseen hand rested upon her.

Suddenly, a series of rapid knocks echoed through the door of her room, reverberating with a sense of urgency.

“Thump. Thump... Thump...” The sound approached, reminiscent of the hurried footsteps of a child. The girl’s heart raced, her mind filled with a sense of impending doom.

At this time, the voice beside her ear disappeared, and the cold feeling also disappeared.

The girl’s stiff fingers trembled, and she felt alive again,

But she did not dare to look behind,

“Miss,” A delicate voice sounded, “It’s me...”

In the next instant, a small hand extended before her, reaching out in such a manner...

Overwhelmed by terror, the girl could not contain herself and let out a scream. She leaped off the bed and landed with a thud in the corner, pulling the quilt along with her.

“Don’t... Stay away!” Her eyes brimmed with fear, and her face turned pale.

Lilly retrieved a requiem talisman from her possession and firmly affixed it to her forehead.

“Puff... Miss, blow blow,” the little one exhaled, gently blowing towards her.

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Miraculously, the girl’s anxiety dissipated instantly, and she gazed at Lilly in a dazed manner.

Wait a minute... wasn’t this little girl the one I accidentally bumped into earlier this morning?

“It’s you?” The girl tightly clutched the blanket, her voice still trembling with fear.

Lilly reassured, “There’s no need to worry, young lady you can stand up now,”

With weak legs, the girl rose slowly, supporting herself with the bedside table. She cast a quick glance around the room.

Nothing. There was nothing out of the ordinary.

The room remained silent, with only herself, Lilly, and a tall man.

To avoid arousing suspicion, the man leaned outside the door, revealing only his back.

“Little girl, how did you...” The girl’s voice trembled with shock and fear, her knuckles turning white as she clutched the blanket tightly.

Lilly blinked, glanced at Blake, and recited the explanation he had previously discussed during their journey. “Daddy and I happened to be passing by when we heard you scream, so we forcefully entered the room,”

The girl was silent.

Really?

Did she yell?

She could not recall any of it. The only memory she retained was the unsettling sensation of someone lurking behind her, rendering her too terrified to utter sound.

Observing Lilly, the girl noticed her bending down and retrieving something from the ground, muttering to herself while doing so.

Regardless, the entire situation felt incredibly strange. Why would a little girl and a man pass by her door at three or four o’clock?

As the girl prepared to speak, she caught a glimpse of her shoulder in the mirror’s reflection.

To her shock, she noticed a handprint imprinted on her shoulder.

Indeed, it was a handprint, resembling a muddy impression left on her shoulder.

The girl’s face froze, and everyone present stood in stunned silence.

Glancing down at the ground once more, they discovered a trail of wet marks surrounding her bed, as if someone had been pacing back and forth beside it moments ago.

As the girl’s legs gave way, she collapsed to the ground with a soft thud, her body trembling with fear.

Lilly, standing nearby, observed the girl’s distress and asked with concern, “What’s the matter, Miss?”

It was then that Lilly noticed a distinct handprint on the girl’s shoulder. Due to her height, it had gone unnoticed until now.

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Without hesitation, Lilly approached and gently patted the girl’s shoulder, causing the handprint to vanish

as if it had never been there.

The girl’s tense posture eased slightly as she attempted to shift the focus of the conversation. She asked, “What’s your name, little girl?”

Lilly, having cleared the handprints from the girl's shoulders, resumed his previous position and began gathering the scattered items on the floor. He replied, "My name is Lilly, Miss. And what's your name?"

The girl, Tiffany, observed Lilly's actions with curiosity and replied, "My name is Tiffany... Lilly, what are you picking up?"

Lilly looked up with an innocent smile and responded, "Miss Tiffany, I'm picking up.... crickets."

The young girl had initially intended to say she was picking up the remains of the ghost, but upon Lilly's arrival, she witnessed the female ghost attempting to possess Tiffany's body. Acting quickly, she struck the ghost with a ritual blade, causing it to disintegrate.

However, upon catching a glance from Blake, Lilly swiftly altered her explanation.

Blake could not help but smirk at the feeble excuse of picking up crickets.

What a lame excuse.

Tiffany was left bewildered, unsure of the situation unfolding before her.

She stood up, hesitating for a moment before speaking "Lilly, please have a seat. I can get you some milk or juice from the refrigerator. What would you like to drink?"

Her intention was merely to be courteous, as it was an unusual time for someone to visit another person's house in the middle of the night.

However, Lilly's face lit up with delight as she nodded. "Okay, I'd like some juice. Thank you, Miss Tiffany!"

Tiffany responded with a slightly confused expression. "Um... alright, sure."

Chapter 325 You Have a Big Heart, Miss Tiffany

Tiffany's single-room apartment had an open kitchen, with the living room area just outside the kitchen. A small coffee table was placed in front of the sofa, making the space cozy and well-organized. It was evident that Tiffany took great care in keeping her place tidy and inviting.

Lilly settled herself on the sofa, gripping the glass of fruit juice tightly as she eagerly drank it down, letting out a contented sigh. "Ah.."

Tiffany filled up another cup of juice for Lilly, her curiosity getting the better of her. She hesitated for a moment before asking, "Lilly, why did you and your father come here in the middle of the night..."

Based on the encounter with the expensive Hummer carlier, Tiffany deduced that Lilly and her father must come from a wealthy background, making it unlikely for them to be residing in such a humble location.

Taking a sip of her juice, Lilly thought of how to lie to her...

No, Daddy said we're not lying, it's called telling white lies.

Hmm... How do I tell a white lie?

She then heard her father casually say, "I work as a part-time detective. I'm currently investigating a case, and I happened to receive a lead that brought us here.

Tiffany couldn't help but raise an eyebrow in disbelief

"Part-time detective?" she thought. "Is that even a real thing? And why would a detective bring his daughter along during work?"

Blake crossed his arms and began to weave a story, "I Had to work late tonight, and my daughter has been patiently waiting for me in the office since her tutoring session ended. She waited for hours until now."

Both Tiffany and Lilly had their doubts, but Blake's serious expression and air of authority made them question their skepticism...

It must be true...

Tiffany asked, "What case are you investigating. Am related to it?"

Suddenly overcome with nervousness, she wracked her brain, realizing that apart from mindlessly scrolling through her phone in the middle of the night she had not committed any guilty actions!

As for the remainder of the incident, he collided with his car during daylight hours....

Blake spoke directly without beating around the bush, stating, "Not too long ago, a girl was murdered, and her body vanished."

Tiffany was left speechless.

A wave of fear washed over her once more as she realized... the body was gone?!

Her voice trembling, she stuttered, "I... I... I haven't seen it before... No, it can't be here..."

Blake surveyed the room, unsure whether she was present or not.

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After all, he had just been informed by Lilly that there was a female ghost trapped in this place.

Additionally, Lilly mentioned that certain individuals had tragically passed away and were unable to move on from the locations of their deaths.

Based on this information, he had conjured up a myriad of nonsensical theories.

As for the remaining details, he hadn't had an opportunity to discuss matters with Lilly yet, leaving him with no alternative but to prioritize that conversation.

"Have you noticed any unusual occurrences recently? Or perhaps heard or seen anything out of the ordinary?"

Blake maintained a stern expression, his lips tightly pressed together, giving the impression that he meant

business.

Tiffany instinctively responded, "N... No..."

Lilly abruptly seized Blake's hand, her voice barely audible as she whispered, "Daddy, the wardrobe..."

Rising from his seat, Blake retrieved a pair of gloves from his pocket.

As he leisurely donned the gloves, he asked in a calm tone, "No? Can you think about it again?"

Lilly admired her father at the side although she did not know what he was doing.

However, she felt that her father was professional.

Was this what Grandma meant when she said he was talking nonsense with a serious face?

Okay, I've got it!

Under the overwhelming presence emanating from Blake, Tiffany felt compelled to respond, her mind racing with nervous energy. Suddenly, a thought struck her, and she hastily exclaimed, "There was!"

She rose from her seat in a state of panic, blurting out "I've been consistently noticing the stench of dead mice lately, but I can't pinpoint its source."

As Tiffany uttered those words, a chilling sensation ran down her scalp.

The odor of dead rats... Could it possibly be the smell of corpses?

It meant that the corpse was near the place she was renting, possibly even concealed nearby.

Tiffany's hair stood on end, and she was on the verge of screaming in sheer terror.

Blake, wearing gloves, feigned a casual search, flipping through pages of a book here and there in a rapid manner.

"When did you first notice the odor? Where did you detect it? And where is the strongest smell?" Blake interrogated.

Tiffany was taken aback by Blake's rapid-fire questions, causing her entire body to tense up.

"In... in my room... the wardrobe... it's strongest there, Tiffany replied, her voice quivering.

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Her entire body was overcome with a chilling sensation as she recalled the peculiar incident earlier-an eerie voice whispering "Lend me seven years" in her ear, and the lingering handprint on her shoulder.

Trembling, she trailed behind Blake and Lilly, observing them as they entered her room, and proceeded to open the closet without hesitation.

Blake scanned the surroundings, his gaze eventually fixing on the bottom of the closet.

The wardrobe in question was a drawer-type, measuring approximately 23.6 x 23.6 inches in length and width.

Typically, a standard closet has a width of exactly 23.6 inches. While such a closet may appear inconspicuous, it was still possible to hide a corpse inside it if necessary.

The gaps around the closet have now been tightly sealed with transparent tape.

“What’s inside?” Blake inquired.

Tiffany shook her head rapidly, replying, “I don’t know. It’s not mine, it belongs to my landlord...”

“He said it contained computer accessories and personal items. He told me not to open it,” Tiffany explained.

Blake sneered in response, “And you believed that?”

Renting a house often comes with an understanding of respecting the privacy of the landlord’s belongings.

Tiffany was left speechless and responded angrily, “It’s just a drawer, there couldn’t possibly be anything inside...”

Such situations are not uncommon. Sometimes landlords rent out their properties but are hesitant to dispose of their old belongings. With no suitable place to store them, they opt to leave them behind in the original house.

They would only tell the tenants not to touch these things, or simply use them for the tenants.

Blake sneered, remarking, “Quite trusting, aren’t you?”

Lilly shook his head disapprovingly and commented, Miss Tiffany, you sure have a big heart!”

Blake remained silent, his expression unreadable.

Tiffany stood there in silence, her emotions mixed with anxiety and anticipation.

Wearing gloves, Blake removed the transparent tape that sealed the drawer, carefully peeling it off.

Tiffany spoke up, saying, “I sealed it up this morning when I noticed the smell of dead rats...”

Lilly appeared puzzled and questioned, “But Miss, there’s a bad odor here. Don’t you find it strange?”

Tiffany shook her head and replied, “I assumed the smell was because of a dead mouse, so I called my landlord,”

Blake paused, utterly speechless.

It was evident that some young individuals who had recently entered society were indeed innocent, but

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their naivety and gullibility could be astonishing....

In some cases, even if someone deceived them, they might still express gratitude towards them.

As the transparent tape was completely removed, a strong, putrid odor engulfed the surroundings.

Lilly swiftly covered her nose to shield herself from the unpleasant smell.

The fragmented form of the female ghost also seemed to stir faintly, momentarily disoriented and bewildered.

“Who are you?” Asked the ghost.

Lilly refrained from responding, as her father advised against engaging with spirits in public, lest others would perceive her as mentally ill.

Even though Lilly found it hard to believe, he acknowledged the validity of his father’s advice and proceeded to jot it down.

The female ghost had grown accustomed to being overlooked. After all, regular individuals couldn’t see spirits, and those who possessed the ability were considered abnormal.

She cast a suspicious gaze at Lilly, but her attention was abruptly diverted as she heard the sound of a door being forcefully kicked open. Moments later, a talisman came hurtling toward her.

In an instant, something snapped within her.

The female ghost was uncertain. Was it the young girl standing before her who had just struck her?

Or...

The female ghost fixed her gaze on Blake, staring directly into his eyes.

She floated closer, her grin extending from ear to ear, and approached Blake with an intense determination. “It’s you, isn’t it? You can see me,” she declared.

Blake’s expression remained unchanged, his demeanor unaffected by her presence.

Lilly was silent.

What are you doing, Miss Ghost?

Chapter 326 Corpse in the Wardrobe

Seeing that Blake ignored her, the female ghost could not help being puzzled.

Was she mistaken?

The man in front of her looked like a priest, it could not possibly be this young girl.

With no other option, the female ghost crouched to the side, observing Blake’s actions, and muttered bitterly, “Finally, someone found me...”

She had been trapped in that state for an extended period, unable to recall exactly how long it had been- only that it felt like an eternity.

Blake exerted force on the cabinet door, but it remained locked, refusing to budge.

Squatting in front of the cabinet without lifting his gaze, he asked, “Do you have a screwdriver?”

Tiffany hurriedly grabbed the screwdriver, saying. "Yes, here it is."

Lilly followed Blake's lead and squatted in front of the cabinet.

"Dad, it's locked. Can you open it with the screwdriver? Don't you need a key?" Lilly inquired.

Blake extended his hand to touch the keyhole just as Tiffany arrived with the screwdriver, handing it over to him.

"My good girl, I'll teach you how to pick a lock," he said.

Lilly nodded like a chicken pecking at rice, "Okay!"

Blake had a serious expression as he explained, "Take a moment to feel the surface and locate the position. where the lock cylinder might be."

Lilly extended her hand and carefully touched the surface of the cabinet, attempting to identify the location of the lock cylinder.

Blake then directed, "Now, insert the screwdriver at this particular angle."

Lilly muttered to himself, "Screwdriver, screwdriver... using it to repair the floor in the middle of the night... finding the highs and lows..."

Blake was speechless.

As the resounding melody of a victorious nation echoed in his mind, Blake's mouth twitched slightly, and he proceeded to demonstrate, "Watch closely, then follow these steps,"

With the screwdriver held firmly in one hand, he applied pressure with his palm and delivered a forceful strike on the top of the screwdriver's handle.

With a loud bang, the lock mechanism clicked, and the cabinet door popped open

A sudden realization dawned upon Lilly, and he exclaimed, "I get it now!"

Was this hard work?

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She could do it as well.

I'll try it when I reach home...

Blake didn't know what Lilly was thinking about, so he opened the drawer without much thought.

"Woosh!"

The drawer was unexpectedly deep, positioned at the edge of the bed.

Lilly volunteered, saying, "I know how to do this, Daddy!"

She extended her small hand and pushed the bed towards the corner of the wall.

Blake, quick-witted and nimble, lightly pressed his palm against the bed's edge, simulating the action of pushing it away.

Tiffany was genuinely startled, her eyes filled with astonishment as she glanced at Blake.

Tiffany thought that Blake was incredibly strong.

Meanwhile, the female ghost muttered, "This little girl sure is strong,"

Upon hearing what the female ghost said, Lilly suddenly realized that they had inadvertently revealed their discovery.

Without uttering a word, Blake proceeded to open the drawer halfway, swiftly assessing its contents before closing it again. He then commanded, "Call 911!"

Tiffany let out a groan, taking a few steps back before collapsing weakly onto the bed.

"No, it can't be..." she uttered in horror. "The corpse... it in my closet?"

Lilly offered reassurance, saying, "Don't worry, Miss. As you can see, we've discovered it early!"

Thank you, that didn't make me feel better at all....

Observing that Tiffany was unable to make the call, Blake swiftly retrieved his phone and dialed the emergency number.

Within five minutes, several plainclothes individuals rushed to the scene.

The closet was pulled back, revealing its true nature.

The so-called closet was, in fact, a built-in wall cabinet. The one before them was an actual closet, measuring approximately 5 feet in width.

Tiffany had been oblivious to the fact that this seemingly shallow drawer-like closet concealed such significant depth.

Indeed, upon opening the wardrobe, it appeared to be an ordinary wardrobe at first glance.

However, as the drawer was pulled open, the stench of decaying rodents grew even stronger. Among the sundries atop the wardrobe were empty quilt bags, black plastic bags, and a few worn-out garments.

Yet, upon removing this layer of miscellaneous items, chilling sight awaited them. Tightly wrapped in a

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black plastic bag lay a long, contorted object, unmistakably bearing the shape of a human being. Overwhelmed by the stimulation, Tiffany's eyes rolled back, and she passed out.

A nearby police officer swiftly came to her aid, providing support while calling for medical assistance.

Lilly shook her head disapprovingly, remarking, "See, that's why you shouldn't stay up late! Your resilience is much weaker than others!"

Blake interjected, correcting him, "That's referred to as stress resistance."

Lilly quickly amended his statement, saying. "That's right, her ability to withstand stress is much weaker than others,"

Blake nodded, and looked at the time. When he saw it his heart tightened!

It's five o'clock!

As Blake contemplated the situation, he realized that it would take about an hour to return, considering that Bettany typically wakes up at six o'clock.

He could not help but wonder why they could not simply retrieve the bag upon their return.

However, a moment of realization washed over Blake, bringing a sense of calmness once again.

After all, Anthony was there to cover them.

Feeling instantly relieved, Blake held Lilly in his arms, finding solace in the presence of Anthony. He even had a moment to observe the police securing the scene, gathering evidence, and capturing photographs.

The female ghost remained seated, her hair obscuring her face, as she watched the bustling activity unfold. The investigators diligently removed the black plastic bag that had once encased her, carefully cutting it open.

Her gruesome appearance from the time of her death was immediately exposed for all to see. Her face, in particular, bore deep lacerations, with the flesh grotesquely turned inside out.

Wearing gloves, the forensic doctor gingerly picked up the white substance found beside the corpse, examining it closely. Suddenly, his expression changed dramatically.

"It's salt... the body was heavily salted as if it had been pickled..." he exclaimed, his voice filled with disbelief.

Everyone was stunned.

Speaking in a hushed tone, Blake asked, "Did you ask what the female ghost remembers?"

Lilly shook her head, replying, "She doesn't seem to recall anything."

"Master said that some people who die suddenly experience intense pain or fear before their death, causing them to forget the events leading up to their deaths,"

"She didn't know who she was or where she came from. So, she could only wander around where she died. She would follow the first person she sees after death and imitate them. Eventually, she'd possess them..."

That was why some ghosts would trail those who had taken their lives. It was because the murderer was

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often the first entity the deceased encounters as a ghost

The female ghost before them remained oblivious to the underlying reasons, but Tiffany happened to be the first person she encountered upon becoming a ghost.

Without any memory, her actions were guided solely by unconscious imitation and an insatiable desire to possess Tillany.

#### Chapter 327 Bun Is Not Bread

Blake looked at the female corpse in front of him. Her body was cut open in the middle. All of her organs were gone. Her entire body was marinated with salt; a white, sticky layer could be seen. Lilly had never seen anything like this before. She hugged Blake tightly and she muttered, "Daddy, what is this?"

Blake asked, "Do you know about bacon?" She shook her head. He continued to explain, "It was a type of marinated meat that people liked to make during the winter. A lot of salt was used, and the marinated meat would be hung under the roof. The meat would not go bad easily, and it could be kept for around three years. It was loved by many."

Lily was shocked. Will a piece of meat spoil in three years?

Blake continued to say, "This murderer used the marination method to marinate the corpse, and he covered it in a plastic bag." After all, it's human, so the corpse can't be hung under the roof. So, no matter how well the murderer did, the corpse still smelled. "But his technique isn't half bad, as the corpse only smelled bad after two months."

There was a young intern learning alongside an experienced forensic scientist, and he was traumatized hearing Blake's words. He did not dare have bacon anymore.

Blake looked at the time; it was five thirty in the morning. He decided to leave. "It's time to head home." He carried Lilly and strode away. The traffic police would be working in an hour or two, and he would be fined for letting Lilly sit on the motorcycle. The dawn was breaking, he was fetching Lilly with a motorbike, and many passersby turned to look at them. There was a tiny child wearing a pink helmet sitting in front of an adult who caught the eyes of passersby.

He pulled off at a shop not far away from the Crawford residence, and he simply threw the motorcycle key to his subordinate, and he rushed to bring Lilly back to the house. The subordinate was speechless after seeing his action.

Blake was about to climb in from behind a wall, but his phone rang at this moment. Anthony said with anger, "Why are you not back yet?"

Blake replied, "I'm climbing in from the wall now. Please tell Old Mrs. Crawford that you saw me bring Lilly out not long ago."

1

Anthony turned and looked at Bettany, who was enraged at not seeing Lilly. He replied in a lowered voice, "She's here." And he immediately hung up the phone.

Blake looked down and saw Lilly excitedly sitting at the top of the wall. "Wow, this is so high!" She said it happily.

Blake kept his phone in his pocket and asked her to lower her voice. He carried her and jumped down from the wall. And he reminded her, "Lilly, we'll be walking backward later."

She was confused and asked, "Why?"

He answered, "You'll know later. And be quiet when your grandmother asks you anything; just look at me

instead."

She could not understand the purpose, but she did it nonetheless. She saw how Blake walked backward, and she carefully followed him, but she almost fell down several times. And someone snorted at this moment, "Blake MacNeil!" He quickly carried Lilly and pretended to be running out.

Bettany was searching up and down for Lilly, and she thought that they were about to sneak out of the

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house. She chased him with a broom. "Stand still!" Blake turned around and said, "Oops, you found us."

She gritted her teeth and asked, "Where are you two going early in the morning?" He was about to answer, but she said. "I'm asking Lilly!"

Lilly blinked innocently and looked at Blake. Daddy asked me to be quiet, but... She replied obediently, "Granny, don't be angry." Bettany could not scold the innocent Lilly, so she looked at Blake. He said, "I wanted to take her for a walk."

Bettany sneered, "Why can't you use the normal entrance?"

He answered, "Ah, I forgot to."

Does he think that I'll buy his words? She pointed at the grass and said, "Do two thousand push-ups now!" He was speechless; he could easily do one thousand push-ups, but two thousand was a bit too much. She's so cruel. He winked at Lilly and went over to do the push-ups.

about to

Bettany brought Lilly into the dining room and asked firmly, "Lilly, where were the two of you go? Was your dad trying to climb over the wall?" She felt like putting shattered glass on top of the wall, but she was worried that Blake would really be injured next time. She was dead worried. Lilly suddenly said, "Granny, we were banged by a lady driving a motorcycle yesterday when we went to see Grace."

She was shocked, and she hurriedly asked, "Are you alright? What happened? Why didn't you tell me yesterday?"

Lilly answered obediently, "I really forgot about it!"

She was asked helplessly, "And then, did she ask for compensation?"

Lilly shook her head and replied, "No, she ran into us, and Daddy didn't ask for compensation." She continued to say, "What's more important is that there's a spirit trying to harm her; that's why I asked. Daddy to bring me out." She was not afraid that Bettany would be angry; she knew that she was just worried about them. So she told the truth. Bettany was speechless, so she said helplessly. "Let's eat!"

Lilly did not expect her to let her go this easily; Anthony walked up to her and carried her, and he said, "Go brush your teeth before eating." Lilly nodded, but Bettany suddenly said, "You'll still be punished for

doing the wrong thing; how dare you try to sneak out in the middle of the night?" You won't be having your favorite bread now."

She said pitifully, "Granny..."

Bettany paused and said, "Acting with pity won't help you."

She then laid on Anthony's shoulders and asked, "What about soy drink?"

Bettany answered, "No."

Lilly continued to ask, "Cake?"

She answered sternly, "No."

Waa... I don't have anything to eat now!

Bettany almost gave in, looking at how pity she was, but she managed to hold her ground. Lilly has loved to eat bread recently, but I have to be firm....

She looked up and said, "Magaret, make some buns for Lilly today."

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What? Old Mrs. Crawford, I heard what you said just now.

Bettany emphasized this by saying. "Bun is not bread."

Alright... Whatever you say...

Chapter 328 You're Still the God of Battle

Anthony asked Lilly inside the room, "How's the job?"

She answered, "We found that lady, and there's a corpse inside her room. It's being marinated, and it's only been getting smelly recently, so the lady smelled it. She fainted; the police brought the corpse away."

He managed to understand her expression, and he nodded and said, "Did your Daddy bring you there by taxi?TM\*

She shook her head and exclaimed, "Daddy brought me a huge motorcycle!" He, he! We're flying!"

Anthony was furious upon hearing it. She's so young; how dare he bring her on a motorcycle? He tried to keep his composure and asked, "You have to understand that your dad is not always correct." But he suddenly thought that being flexible might not be a bad thing. Sometimes, being too rigid isn't suitable for dealing with complicated individuals. Who will be able to teach her how to interact with unreasonable people once she's out to work next time? I can't be sure that she'll always meet reasonable people. So, it might be good for her to learn now. He frowned and said, "Lilly..."

She suddenly said, "Well, Daddy might be wrong sometimes, but it doesn't hurt."

He felt funny listening to her words; he was actually relieved that she was still innocent after mingling with Blake a lot, and she was even more determined and livelier now. It's okay for a kid to be a little bit naughty. As long as she grows up to be a fine human being, won't interrupt that much.

"Indeed, it doesn't hurt." He caressed her head and said, "You can always come to me if anything happens in the future. I'll always have your back." He hoped that she could feel safe telling him anything and not distance herself from him as she grew up.

"Yes!" She muttered as she hugged him, "Uncle Anthony, I've brought the female spirit back."

He was stunned and asked, "Where is she?"

She answered, "She's right behind you." The spirit was released, and she was glaring at Anthony. He felt cold on his neck, and he could not control his facial expression.

Lilly continued to say, "But she remembered nothing, not even the killer. The first one she saw was Ms. Tiffany." It's so weird... was Ms. Tiffany still there after the murderer left? She could not understand it: when the spirits lost their memories, they had to go back to the murdered scene to look for the killer in order to gain back their memories.

He changed the topic and said, "Let's eat first!" He secretly moved away from the spirit after he spoke. Lilly nodded and went to brush her teeth, and she greeted Polly, saying, "Hey, Polly, I'm back!"

Polly slanted its head and said, "Hello, did you eat?"

She answered sadly, "No, I don't have breakfast to eat today!"

Polly was shocked and said, "Oh my! Such a tragedy!"

She replied, "I know, right?"

Anthony found her funny. Does she really think she'll be starved? Old Mrs. Crawford only mentioned that she can't have bread or soy drinks. I can guarantee that there'll be other food. "Your grandmother forbade you to have bread; but maybe you'll be having noodles. Faster brush your teeth." She regained her motivation and quickly brushed her teeth.

1/2

Polly flapped its fur, and it looked curiously at Blake, who was doing push-ups. "Nine hundred and ninety- nine..." Blake was counting. Polly was excited, as it knew how to count too, and it counted out loud! Blake was speechless, and he ignored it; he continued to count by himself. But Polly still interrupted his counts; he was still at one thousand and two hundredth push-up when Lilly nearly finished her breakfast.

Edward yawned as he walked down from the stairs, and he was excited to see Blake doing push-ups. "How long has he been doing it?" He randomly asked a maid,

The maid answered, "Erm, since six o'clock in the morning?"

He looked at the time, and it was only seven o'clock. It's impossible to do one thousand push-ups in less than an hour! He must be faking it! We used two hours to do one thousand push-ups last time. "Was anyone keeping counts? He must be cheating." Edward bent at Blake's side and said,

Blake raised his eyebrow and said, "Is it my fault that you're incapable?"

He was taunted, and he recalled how Blake looked at him when he did push-ups the previous time. He said, "Since you're so great, I'll be keeping the count now! If you can't do one thousand in half an hour... I'll tell my mother about it!"

Blake sneered, "How old are you?"

Edward was annoyed as he lost to him in both fights and quarrels. "Do it now! Show me how great you are!" Edward spoke coldly.

"Count properly." He focused on the push-ups; it was nothing for him as he had had more intensive training in the past few years. He had rested enough when he talked to Edward just now. He was so fast at doing it that Edward was dumbstruck in disbelief. He did one thousand push-ups in just sixteen minutes.

In war, the stronger soldiers had a higher survival rate compared to the weaker ones. He was able to complete one thousand and nine hundred sit-ups or one thousand and six hundred push-ups in less than half an hour. They were doing the so-called impossible in order to survive in wars. Blake got up and said, "One thousand push-ups in sixteen minutes." He glanced at Edward and patted his shoulder. Edward was completely dumbfounded, and he thought that Blake was just trying to play cool! Let's see how shaky your hands are during breakfast later.

2/2

#### Chapter 329 Old Mrs Crawford Lied to Get Money

At the dining table, Lilly was happily eating her noodles. There was a bowl right next to hers, and it was for her mother. She still split half of her noodle into her bowl. She gave Blake the bowl when he walked in, saying, "Daddy, have some noodles, please!"

He was about to eat the noodle, but he saw that Lilly's check was dirty. He wiped her cheek with a tissue. Edward was staring at his hand, and Blake was about to pass some food to Lilly, but suddenly he went out to make a phone call. After a while, he came back to peel the eggshell for Lilly.

Ha! Why aren't you eating? Your hands must be shaking, so you don't dare to eat! Stop finding excuses! Finally, Blake started to eat. And his hands were totally steady as he ate.

I... Impossible! This isn't real! Why aren't his hands shaking were trembling like sh\*t back then!

1

Edward felt defeated; he could see how much Blake was ahead of him in doing push-ups. And he still felt humiliated after being put down by him. "I'm done eating!" He slammed his bowl on the table and wanted to leave. I'm so furious! I can't eat anymore! I would rather eat instant noodles than eat with him at the same table.

Bettany snorted, "Sit down!" Edward pulled out his chair and sat down instantly. And he picked up the fork and bowl fluently. She continued to say. "Is my cooking not suitable for you?" Hmph, he just simply flipped the food with a fork and slammed the bowl without even taking one bite. I've never seen a thirty-year-old man as rebellious as him!

Edward hurriedly replied, "No, no, I love it! It's delicious!"

Bettany asked, "Then why did you slam the bowl?"

He stuttered, "I...I..." He would not admit that he felt defeated by Blake, and he could not come up with any excuse at the moment. Lilly said innocently, "Uncle Edward must be taunted."

He nodded and replied, "Yes, I..." Wait... taunted?

Josh exposed him by saying, "Uncle Edward must be jealous of how strong Uncle Blake is; he must be feeling frustrated now."

Hannah shook her head and said, "It's okay to be weak Uncle Edward, I'm always cooperative when my Daddy is beating me up."

Lilly agreed by saying, "So, Uncle Edward, are you easily jealous of others?"

He was speechless. Wow, this is not looking good for me. He ate his breakfast in silence. Bettany said, "How old are you? Why are you still so childish?" She continued to say, "Why are you trying to compete against Blake? Maybe you can beat him in another sport."

Hannah said, "Uncle Blake would be winning no matter what!"

Josh said, "Uncle Edward, why are you always losing?"

Blake said with a smile, "Let's eat now." All the children happily ate their food.

Zachary suddenly said, "Huh? Uncle Blake finished two thousand push-ups in forty minutes?"

Bettany was worried, as she knew that Zachary fell from the balcony when he was a toddler. She was worried that his brain might be damaged because he had such a slow reaction now. She decided to bring

1/2

him in for a checkup.

After breakfast, Lilly took a nap until it was lunch time. Bettany decided to include more dishes for lunch. without telling Lilly. She was not aware that Lilly woke up until she heard some cracking noise upstairs.

Lilly tipped her toe, and she held a screwdriver, trying to break open the door lock. And she somehow managed to do it. "Wow, the screwdriver is marvelous! Polly was excited, and it started to sing while it heard Lilly's words. The two of them were having a great time singing. Bettany saw the two of them. singing happily when she came upstairs; Polly was resting on Lilly's shoulder while she held a screwdriver in her hand. Lilly had actually broken not one but a few door locks; some of the door handlers were detached too. She was mastering the skill of breaking the doors open. Bettany shouted angrily, "Lilly... Crawford!"

She was having the time of her life, yet she was almost scared to death when she heard Bettany's voice. She had not been this scared, even when she saw the spirits. She carefully turned around to look at Bettany, and she broke into the brightest smile ever. "Ganny!" She ran toward her to hug her tightly; she wanted to restrain her hands. Daddy told me that Granny can break bricks with her bare hands; she's so scary!

Bettany could not break free; she looked down and saw Lilly smile innocently at her. She was frustrated and funny at the same time. She asked, "What are you doing?"

She answered innocently, "Granny, I'm unlocking the doors."

Bettany tried to hold herself and asked calmly, "Who taught you about this?" "Who taught you this?"

She tried to avoid eye contact, and she said pitifully, "Granny, can I pay for the damages? I've got some pocket money to pay the debt."

Bettany almost could not hold her composure. She wants to pay for the damages. She can't even pay for it with ten times her current pocket money.

Bettany said strictly, "Okay, give it to me now!" Lilly pitifully took her bag and fumbled for her pocket money. She had been saving it up for so long, and she was not willing to spend it. Bettany took her pocket money, which was in an envelope, and said, "It's not enough; you've damaged three doors."

Lilly painstakingly took out another two envelopes. Bettany shook her head and said, "One door lock costs ten thousand dollars. All of these are only enough for the replacement of one door lock."

Lilly was dumbstruck.

#### Chapter 330 Thanks for Having My Bark

In the end, all of her pocket money was taken away to lemony the dunet canal bod hot at her equal bag. Waa... so this is what happened for doing the wrong thi le meting her hatto vont the wom. For most going to

cause damage next time....

Polly stood at her shoulder and said, "Wan, it's pou I kout There's memons med Leerything's emptied! Lilly cried hearing Polly's words Abony money therammy beard her rev, shur tout to fudd the urge of returning the money to her

I must stand firm on my ground in educating her, I can't look cry. Polly got closer to her face and comforted her by night!" She cried even louder

back, fmmtur Ver, she was devastatal to hear her vinc 'Your lands are Bght, everything will be all

Drake heard their conversation and said, "Don't comid people if your don't know hone" Josh arrived and

t he said after knowing what happened, "Don't you cry, give you all my pocket money! He can back to his room and he broke his piggy banks; he stuffed all of money min Lilly's long Hammad said. "It's only money, I'll give mine to you!" She took her phone oud transferred all of her mummy to her without saving some for herself...

so

Zachary frowned and handed her some tissue, "Stop ring! It's a shameful to cry just for a little bit of money!" He could literally give the money he earned someone cry for money?

Drake was speechless, he went back to his room; and

her, money meant nothing to him. Why would

ferred his money to her too...

Lilly burped as she cried, "I don't need your money. I earn it by myself"

Hannah said emphatically, "Just take this money, there's at least a few million dollars here, you can compensate for more damages with it." She continued say, "I'll give all my pocket money to you from now onward, you can definitely withstand being punished a few more times!" Everyone was speechless at her words. Lilly calmed down and called Quinnie. "Quinic, do you need a bodyguard? I'll accompany you with your work; can you pay me 100 million per month?"

There's no way that I dare to hire the apple of the Crawford family's eyes to work for me. She comforted her and hung up the call. Lilly felt hopeless as she lost her money and also a new opportunity to earn money.

Blake was only back hours later, the police had caught the murderer, so he wanted to bring Lilly along. He was so grateful when he knew that Lilly did not sell his out even though money was very important to her. His heart felt warm. She's such a sweetheart to me! He immediately took out her phone in order to transfer money to her; but he realized that the rest of the family members had banked a lot of money to her. So... she lost a tiny amount of money in exchange for a million dollars... So, he ended up giving the children a huge lump sum of pocket money; then he kicked Lilly out of the house.

Bettany ran after them and asked fiercely, "Blake, are you the one who taught Lilly to unlock the doors?" Although Lilly did not sell Blake out, Bettany was sure that he was the one teaching her all of this nonsense.

Why is he actually teaching her everyday?

Tiffany regained consciousness, she broke down knowing that she lived in the same space with a corpse. She was not doing well mentally. Lilly paid her a visit before looking at the suspect. Everything happened quickly; Blake was pushing it. The suspect seemed to be in his thirties; he was bald and cuffed. He sat quietly in the investigation room.

Lilly released the female spirit and asked, "Miss, do you remember him?" The spirit looked at her bluntly without any facial expression.

suspect

"Why did you murder Olivia?" The spirit finally recalled something. Oh... Olivia? I think that's me!

The man answered warily, "Because she's not obedient. The two of them were a couple, and their age gap was more than ten years. The man had stable income, meanwhile the woman did not have a

stabilized income. They had different opinions all the time, and Olivia was a playful woman. Somehow, the man thought that she was cheating, so he killed them out of rage when they were quarreling. The suspect said, in a lowered voice, "I didn't plan to kill her. 've got bad tempers, and I was panicking during our fight..." He continued to say, "I picked up the roller pin and hit her behind her head. I didn't expect her to be this fragile..." She's dead with just one hit. "I panicked back then, realizing that she was really dead. Someone actually called to ask about renting the unit at that time, and I was so shocked! But, I didn't intentionally kill her; she cheated on me first!"

The punishment for intentionally murdering people was different. The police asked with a frown, "How sure were you that she cheated?" The man was lost for his own words; he was not sure, that was why the two of them were fighting. He knew that young women well; they were all naughty and flirtatious.

The other police asked, "What did you do after killing her?"

The man paused for a long time before answering, "I was awakened by the phone call, and I hurriedly left, not knowing what to do." He did not even meet the tenant back then. "I knew that it was hopeless for her when I was cooling down that night; I didn't even marry and have my own children. I didn't want to be locked up, so I..." He continued to say, "I thought of a way to preserve her body; I cleaned out her organs in case of them smelling bad. And then I marinated her.. I thought that her body could be preserved for years. I would hand myself in once I'm married in the future..."

The police smiled coldly. He just killed his girlfriend and all he thought about was marriage. He was so cold, hearted and cruel.

"After dealing with the corpse, I didn't want to raise any suspicions about moving it. Hence, I hid it in the cabinet." After renting the place to a tenant, everything would seem normal and not suspicious at all...