

Eight Uncles 361

Chapter 361 Living In Humiliation? No Thank You

Polly flew from tree to tree. No matter how quickly Bellflower could move, it was still a four-legged creature!

Bellflower's whiskers were twitching with irritation.

Meow! I rather die than live on in humiliation!

Polly continued to dodge each lunge and sent Bellflower crashing into the bushes.

"MeowITT

The parrot returned to the second floor once it got tired of playing and made sure to fasten the window latches.

Polly admired the sight of the cat scratching frantically at the glass while happily enjoying her food.

The cat had caught her off guard the last time. It was a shame that would stick with the bird for the rest of

her life.

She finally got her revenge!

Lilly had just arrived at the hospital alongside Bettany when an ambulance whizzed by,

A child was wheeled out accompanied by a woman crying Johnny! My Johnny!"

Lilly turned to look.

A closer look made her wonder why the crying woman seemed so familiar. It then occurred to her that she had met her yesterday...

"That's Ruby's cousin, Pablo helpfully supplied.

Lilly was shocked. She had only seen signs of Huxley having one foot in the grave and failed to notice the boy who was also present.

She would've offered up a warning if she did but it was now too late.

"Let's go," Pablo said.

His expression was placid. The sight of life and death was par for the course. He'd seen a lot but could not interfere with others' fates. It hardened him.

Lilly silently trailed after Bettany but kept turning back to steal glances.

If we can't stop it even if we see it, then why do we catch ghosts, Master?" She asked.

Pablo looked at her with downcast eyes and said warmly. "You can stop it but do you know what butterfly

effects are?

"By changing one's fate, you are also affecting the destinies of a million others connected to them."

Let's say Mike grew up to be a criminal. He murders and commits arson. Ten people will die because of
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him. Mike, however, should've died in an accident as a child. Those ten people would've survived if fate ran its course."

"But by saving him today, he would grow up to become a murderer with the blood of ten people on his hands."

"It's fate."

It wasn't as if he were indifferent to it. There was just no way for him to guarantee that his decision to interfere would be right or wrong.

Lilly pursed her lips. "What if Mike was a hero?"

What if Mike grew up to be someone who saved ten people? Wouldn't she be condemning ten people to their graves if she chose not to save him?

Pablo nodded. "Indeed but the reason boils down to how we cannot predict where Mike would turn out to be a good or bad person. We don't know if he's a hero or a murderer."

"It's exactly because we don't know that we don't intervene. We can't recklessly interfere with someone's fate just because we're more powerful than the average person."

Lilly couldn't fully understand him.

There were some truths she couldn't grasp as a child. Perhaps she'd understand with experience.

Bettany was used to Lilly talking to herself and chose not to interrupt. It was Zachary who spoke up. "You should just call the cat Fortune Cat, Lilly."

You like money. The more the merrier.

Lilly was taken aback. "..."

"I think you should get hospitalized, Zac!"

Why did Zachary seem so much more dimwitted after she stopped being vigilant against the Crawfords?

She shook her head.

Bettany handled the hospitalization procedures in an orderly manner.

Ruby's cousin, meanwhile, was still crying before the intensive care unit.

“Johnny. My darling Johnny...”

By her side were her relatives. Even Joel was there.

“What happened?” Joel, who had just sobered up, was still confused. “Johnny was fine yesterday. Did he roll out of the bed because you didn’t pay attention to him last night?”

Ruby’s cousin slapped him. “Shut up!”

Joel was annoyed for having been slapped but the glares their relatives were sending his way made him comply.

It had nothing to do with him anyway. He huddled in a corner to play on his phone and treated it as if it were a normal hospital visit.

The doors to the ICU opened and the doctor stepped outside with a report.

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“You apprised my colleagues about the situation on your way here, yes? There’s something very important. that I need to know. The child drank alcohol yesterday?”

The woman was shocked to which another answered, Just a small mouthful...”

“We excluded trauma and ruled out food poisoning. The biggest possibility is now alcohol poisoning or alcohol allergy. You do know children aren’t supposed to drink?” The doctor said seriously.

That was when she remembered what happened yesterday and muttered, “Johnny fell asleep after drinking that mouthful of wine. He didn’t wake up even after I brought him home. He did shift around. I didn’t think too much of it because I assumed he had tied himself out from playing. He didn’t wake up in the morning and his complexion had changed for the worst...”

To think...

She felt her blood turn cold. How was she going to find the money to fund her son’s stay in the hospital?

The doctor continued to speak and said they might’ve sought help too late. There was no guarantee that the child would survive. Even if he miraculously recovered, it was likely he would suffer brain damage. They were asked to prepare themselves for the worst.

Ruby’s cousin went insane. The moment the ICU doors shut behind the doctor, she lunged at Joel and forcefully slapped him!

“You! It’s always you! Why did you feed my son alcohol! Give him back!”

Joel had been focused on TikTok shorts of women dancing and was barely paying attention to what the doctor was saying. He was slapped before he could even process what had happened.

“Hey! What are you doing?! Stop!” He tried to stop her but why would she when everything was coming apart at the seams?

She was screeching and hitting him!

It was the relatives' discussion that made him realize that Johnny was admitted to the hospital because of the alcohol.

The revelation shocked him. It was just one mouthful of wine. How was that possible?

The final diagnosis hadn't even been announced!

"Are you crazy?! The doctor only suspects that to be the cause. It has nothing to do with me!" He exclaimed and tried to leave, only for a trash can to hit him in the head.

Ruby's eyes were bloodshot. "Joel Jenkins! You put my father back in the hospital again. I told you over and over to stop trying to make him drink. Look what you've done. Do you want to send him to his grave before you're satisfied?!"

It turned out that after Johnny was whisked away by emergency services, Huxley also collapsed.

He felt a dull pain in his abdomen after drinking yesterday but let it be because he didn't think it was a big deal. He collapsed the next morning. It was only after he was wheeled into the ER that they realized he

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was hemorrhaging from his surgical site.

He was now being resuscitated.

Ruby was beyond anxious and livid. She exploded after learning her cousin's son was also in the ICU because of alcohol consumption.

There were no weapons at the hospital but there were multiple trash cans in the corridor.

She grabbed it and hammered it against his head with no mercy. Fruit peels, cigarette butts, and tissues all came tumbling down on Joel.

Her cousin meanwhile was entranced by the sight of a brick that held the security exit open...

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Chapter 362 Total Ruin

Ruby's cousin grabbed the brick and let out a war cry before mercilessly bashing his head in.

She was much shorter than Joel. In the chaos, it hit him right in the face.

Joel screeched and spat out a bloodied tooth. "Are... Are you crazy...?"

The woman was yelling frantically. "What do you think? Of course, I am!"

She continued to bash his head in with the brick.

He tried to dodge but failed and got hit in the face twice.

His nose was broken and his lips split. It was quite the sight with the blood covering his face.

Their relatives scrambled to separate them. Even Ruby who had beat him up with the trash can watched

on in shock.

They were pulled away from one another after a brief scuffle. "What are you doing? You can't just hit someone like that. Let's all discuss this in a civil manne He..." One of Ruby's cousin-in-law, Joel's wife, tried to speak up.

-Ruby's smile was cold. "Stop trying to speak up for him! You should know best what kind of man he is."

Who cares if he had a heart of gold when everything out of his mouth was a pile of sh*t?

F*ck him!

There was nothing more she could say. Part of her, however, was secretly relieved. For him to be beaten this badly, they'd still had to fork out on the medical expenses.

Joel was taken away to be treated. He came out of the scuffle with a broken nose, busted lip, and lost six teeth including the ones that Lilly had knocked out.

These were only minor injuries, leaving the cousin-in-law worried.

His speech was slurred. "You crazy b*tch...! What the fuck do you think you're doing?!" Resentment blazed in his eyes.

The official reports had yet to come out. How could they be so certain that it was the wine's problem?

Who hasn't tried to drink alcohol as a kid? Nothing went wrong with them. Why is it my problem?

It's not my fault her son is so delicate.

Uncle Huxley could drink us all to shame in the past. Ten pounds was not a problem. All he took was a sip yesterday. How is that my fault?

Who knows? Maybe he wasn't resting after the surgery and didn't take care of himself. What does his internal hemorrhage have to do with me?!

Johnny's mother should take responsibility as well. She should've watched her kid better. Why didn't she try to stop him? What's the point of blaming me?

Joel cursed to himself.

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That afternoon, both Johnny and Huxley's reports were issued. Johnny suffered from acute alcohol poisoning while Huxley's hemorrhage was also due to alcohol consumption.

Joel could no longer argue his case.

Huxley suffered from coronary heart disease, diabetes, and hypertension, leading to the stent being fixed in his artery. He continued to bleed from his surgical site. All his readings were unfavorable. He was also admitted into the intensive care unit because the operation did not go well.

Johnny was saved but the alcohol poisoning had caused severe brain damage. He now suffered from epilepsy. His intelligence, motor functions, and speech patterns were affected. There was a high possibility of him developing dementia. He would require special care for the rest of his life.

Both Ruby and her cousin served him with a lawsuit to demand compensation.

Joel had fallen from grace.

A-Are you serious...? All I did was get them to drink a little! How did it come to this...?

Uncle Huxley was one thing. If he survives, he survives. If not all my problems would be solved by forking out a few hundred thousand.

But the cost of Johnny's treatment which included lifelong support and compensation for mental anguish would cost several million!

I don't have that much even if I sell all that I have!

His wife divorced him on the spot. He could run but he always be branded a criminal. His two hundred thousand dollar car and three million home would be forcibly liquidated to compensate both Huxley and Johnny.

His legs went limp and collapsed to the floor. He felt so much regret. How unlucky...

News of Ruby's cousin beating Joel bloody spread throughout the hospital. It didn't take long for everyone in the building to find out about it.

There were rumors that Johnny's father had chased Joel down with a knife for five whole blocks...

Discussions were abound.

Perhaps it was through their connection with Gilbert that Zachary got a private ward to himself.

Zachary got changed and lay in bed. Bettany, meanwhile, heard all about the gossip going around. "That Joel person is quite the horrible person."

She then turned to Zachary. "It'll take two to three days for the hospitalization procedures and the surgery. I'll have you transferred to a private hospital once the surgery is completed. You can focus on recovery in a better environment."

Bettany favored this hospital for its medical care and hnology but private hospitals were still better for post-surgery care.

Doctors and nurses in public hospitals were usually occupied. They wouldn't have time to handle his care.

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Zachary nodded. Bettany noticed how he was no longer paying attention and stopped talking.

Lilly seemed to also be in a daze.

"Lilly?" Bettany looked at her in suspicion.

“What is it, Granny?” Lilly asked.

She turned her attention to the oddly silent Josh and wondered what was going on with them.

She shook her head and left the room.

Josh barged in a while later with a sunny smile. “Hey, Lilly. That guy you were talking about yesterday? Joel? I heard he got his face bashed in. His nose is broken!”

“Oh...” Lilly muttered.

Pablo then came into the room to which Lilly immediately asked, “How are Mr. Hux and Johnny?”

Josh thought she was asking him and proudly answered, “I heard all about that too. They’re both in the ICU. They say...”

He blabbered on. It was unfortunate Lilly was listening to Pablo instead.

“Their destinies have not yet ended. They won’t die. Huxley is suffering. He had been on the road to recovery but now his body is giving out, Johnny won’t die but he’ll likely suffer dementia...”

Lilly felt lost. She was still, after all, a child with a soft heart who believed she could’ve done more.

Pablo reassured her. “Don’t worry. There will be people who will care for Johnny for the remainder of his lifespan. His parents would never leave him behind.”

She could only sigh at that.

So, this is fate.

Someone walked into the ward just as she was pondering on the matter.

It was Grace with a spirit compass in her left hand and ritual blade in her right.

Lilly was taken aback.

What’s Grace doing here?

The intruder glared at Lilly. “You! Were you the one who caught that female spirit?!”

“Which one?” Lilly asked in confusion.

“The female corpse! The female corpse in the closet! The one that lived there for two whole months!”

Oh, Olivia!

It had been so long that she had forgotten about her.

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Lilly flashed an innocent glance at Grace. “I did ask you. Twice. You said I was free to catch that spirit!”

“I never said that! I...”

Grace fell silent.

She finally remembered that time when Lilly declared she was going to catch a spirit and told her not to complain about her performance. Was that what she meant?!

Damn it!

It was the first time Grace felt the urge to cry but held her grievances back.

Tough luck!

It's just a spirit anyway!

I passed by Bedlam Asylum on my way here. There's a bad aura in that place.

I'm going there right now to catch one. This time, no one will compete against me!

Grace stormed away.

Chapter 363 Stupid Talking Bird

Lilly's face filled with surprise. Gracie just appeared and disappeared just like that. Hmm, that's strange... Lilly thought to herself. Has Gracie recovered from her injuries already? Lilly had all of these questions, but she could not ask them since Grace was already long gone. Lilly shook her head. The original heaviness that she had carried with her had finally evaporated and she was back to being her usual cheerful self.

"Zac, are you afraid of staying here on your own tonight?" Lilly asked.

"Me? Scared?" Zachary answered immediately, as if it was such a ridiculous notion.

Lilly's father nodded his head in relief. "That's great to hear! We'll head back home then!"

Zachary stared blankly as Lilly and Josh ran out for moment and returned with Old Mrs. Crawford in tow, chattering non-stop.

"Would you guys quieten down for a little while? Let me just sign off on this agreement, then we can go home," the old woman pleaded with the children.

"Mhmm, I want to sign too!" Lilly chirped.

"What are you going to sign, Lilly?" Old Mrs. Crawford chuckled.

Lilly stretched out her little palm and pretended to write something on it. "I hereby agree to cut Zac's head open!" she proclaimed with a toothy grin.

Josh let out a gentle laugh, while the old woman chuckled as she shook her head helplessly. Zachary glanced at his older brother, Drake, who sat quietly in the ward. He wondered why Drake even bothered to come here considering he had been reading a book all this time and had not said a single word so far. It was then Zac realized that Drake was there to accompany him so he would not feel so lonely. Zac could not help but feel slightly touched at his older brother's gesture.

"Are you back to normal yet?" Drake asked without lifting his head from his book. Truthfully, he had not seen anyone who could blank out for two whole days.

In truth, after returning from Bedlam, Zachary kept replaying the scene of Lilly fighting and capturing spirits in his head. He had even mentally devised a scoring system for her various abilities.

For example, the Spirit Compass had a defense value of 1000 points, since it could detect spirits in advance, and a damage value of 282 points. The purple sledgehammer had both a defense and damage value of 1000 points, since offense was the best defense. The spirit containment net had a defense value of 800 points and an estimated damage value of 900 points. Lilly was still lacking in a few areas, such as the ability to purify and avoid injury...

A display panel formed in Zachary's brain with Lilly's complete data:

Name: Lilly

-Attack: 800/10000 only reachable when other skills are unlocked

Occupation: Practitioner?

Vitality: 500/1000 temporarily decreased after capturing a spirit

Speed: 80/1000 her limbs are too short

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Weapons: Purple sledgehammer, containment spirit net, spirit compass, ghost recovery charm

Accuracy: 100% she had yet to miss a single spirit

Accompanying Mythical Creature: A Master

Recovery:.....

Stealth:

"Her speed is still too slow. She'll have to up her speed if she wants to level up..." Zachary mumbled to himself.

Josh looked at his cousin and sighed. Zachary was becoming slower by the day. Whenever something drastic occurred, it took him no less than two days to fully recover nowadays. Perhaps Lilly was right, and they needed to cut Zachary's head open to remove the blood clot in his brain, or he might still be standing unmoving when a rabid dog bit him.

"I'm going home," Drake announced flatly as he closed his book shut.

Zachary stared at him blankly. Wasn't he here to accompany me? Zachary wondered.

Old Mrs. Crawford brought Josh, Drake, and Lilly along with her. Jack took over from them, and it was agreed that Liam would take the night shift.

Zachary felt an indescribable pang of anxiety as he watched Lilly leaving and recalled what she said about agreeing to split his head open. His heart drummed violently. He wasn't going to die, was he?

An old lady dressed in a grey top and navy-blue pants appeared in the hospital corridor. She walked slowly with a hunched back and would occasionally stop to speak to family members of other patients.

She had kind eyes and a friendly face that made others feel at ease. Finally, she stopped outside Zachary's ward and smiled at him. "Young kid, you look too healthy to be in a place like this!" she commented.

Zachary ignored the old lady, not even bothering to say a word. Instead, Jack got up from his seat and approached the lady. "Excuse me, madam. Can I help you?"

"Oh, no, no," the old lady waved her hands. "My grandson was warded in this hospital too. I was feeling a little bored, so I took a walk," she explained as she glanced around Zachary's ward. "Oh, my! Is it just you. accompanying him? What if you fall asleep and something happens to him?"

Jack merely nodded politely and closed the door after explaining that Zachary needs to rest. The old lady stood outside the door with a little gleam in her eye.

The moment Lilly arrived home, Bellflower immediately pranced toward her. The cat meowed incessantly, as if someone had bullied her. Lilly picked her up in her arms. "What's wrong, Bell?" Lilly asked.

Bellflower looked at Lilly with big, round eyes. Master, you won't believe me! I was bullied by a bird! A bird! Unfortunately for Bellflower, she could not speak in the human tongue and could only cry out in loud

meows.

"Oh, dear. Is she hungry? I'll get Margaret to make her something," Old Mrs. Crawford said, but the poor
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cat was still meowing in distress.

Suddenly, Polly flew into the room and circled high above. "Lilly's back! Lilly's back! I'm going to work today!" the parrot quipped.

"Work? What work?" Lilly wondered out loud.

"I love you extraordinarily!" the silly parrot chirped happily. "I had a loaf for lunch just now!"

"A loaf? A loaf of what?" Lilly giggled along.

"I loaf you!" the parrot cackled.

Bellflower glared at the annoying bird in disdain. Stupid talking bird! Why don't you tell everyone how you bullied me, huh?!

"The rookie scratched me today!" Polly squawked.

Ugh! The stupid bird thinks he's all that just because he can talk! Bellflower jumped up and sprung toward the bird angrily, wishing it could scratch it to death, but Lilly grabbed the cat by its scruff. "Hey! Don't go bullying Polly, Bellflower!" Lilly scolded the cat.

"But he's a demon!!" Bellflower meowed.

Mr. Tortoise observed all the shenanigans from the second floor while munching on a biscuit leisurely. He was grateful for Rookie's arrival, which made his life much more peaceful.

Unhappy with being framed, Bellflower lashed out by jumping out of Lilly's grasp and aiming for the surveillance camera in a corner. "Meooo!!" Bellflower moaned, refusing to budge from the camera.

"Why is Bellflower attacking the camera? Is he trying to tell us something?" Josh wondered curiously. "Could it be that... Polly is the one bullying Bellflower?"

No, that was impossible! Poor Polly was still traumatized from being chased by Bellflower yesterday.

"Josh, can we watch the footage?" Lilly asked.

"Of course! No problem-o!" Josh said before quickly running upstairs to grab his laptop.

Polly immediately froze with his wings half open. "Oh no... it's raining! Gotta get the clothes!" Polly flapped his wings and darted out of the wind

Chapter 364 Strange Old Woman

Josh and Lilly gathered in front of the laptop screen to watch the surveillance footage. Old Mrs. Crawford decided to join in the fun too. That was when all three of them saw how Polly tricked and bullied Bellflower incessantly, including stepping on Bellflower's head with his sharp talons and attacking Bellflower with his beak. He tortured Bellflower by pretending to lie asleep on the ground, then flying up in the air when Bellflower approached him, squawking I can fly! I can fly!" Finally, Bellflower gave up and hid from the bird in the shrubs.

Lilly and Josh gasped in shock at their newfound revelation. Even Old Mrs. Crawford cursed under her breath.

Drake Crawford eyed the pesky little bird, begrudgingly admitting that it was a clever creature. Lilly, on the other hand, was less than impressed with her naughty pet. She stood up, eyes wide with anger and yelled at the top of her lungs. "PO-LLLYYYYY!!!!" Lilly voice ripped through the air, but Polly was already long gone.

Bellflower approached Lilly with a pitiful look on its face and rubbed against her leg clingily. Lilly picked the little creature up and cradled it in her arms. "I'm sorry for blaming you, Bellflower," she cooed. "Polly was a bad bird! We won't play with him next time!" Lilly vowed to give Polly a little scare next time when they were out catching spirits. Bellflower mewed in agreement.

Atop a big tree branch, Polly watched as the shameless at gained sympathy points with Lilly and her family. Bellflower even turned to look at Polly on the tree with a smug look on its face. Ugh, that two-faced

cat! What a tattletale! Polly huffed angrily.

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It was still bright outside when Grace arrived at Bedlam She searched everywhere from the entrance of the asylum to the wards, all the way down to the basement. By the time the sky had turned dark, she had not found a single ghost, which was truly a surprise to her. A place like Bedlam was exactly where

evil spirits loved to gather and congregate. Even if it was not exactly a gathering of ghosts, there should at least be one single, stray ghost somewhere, but there was none! What Grace did not know was that Lilly had already exorcised and gotten rid of all the evil spirits in the asylum. The remaining stray ghosts had also smartened up after their experience with Blake. They used to spook humans for the fun of it, but now they scattered and hid in the dark whenever an earthly being approached.

Grace looked at her surroundings and grimaced as she noticed talismans hung up in every corner of the asylum and realized what had happened. Lilly had already done the work and covered the entire area! Ugh!

The hospital was eerily silent at night since most patients and their family members had gone to bed. Zachary Crawford was having trouble sleeping as nightmares kept plaguing him. First, he dreamt of his Uncle Gilbert holding a knife and pointing it at him with a sinister smile on his face. Next, another doctor entered the room with an even bigger meat cleaver and aimed it at his head, striking down...

Zachary jolted up from his nightmare drenched in cold sweat, blinking at the dark ceiling. His dream had felt so real, as if he felt the pain of dying under the knife. He was never too keen on the surgery in the first place, but the nightmares only made him even more averse to the idea of it. He turned his head only to find his father who was sleeping atop some drawing plans on the small bedside table. It looked like he had fallen asleep unknowingly.

Zachary flattened his lip. He could count with one hand the number of times his parents had ever accompanied him for anything as a kid. Perhaps they did, but he certainly could not recall any of those

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As if on command, Zachary moved robotically and headed for his bed, lying down stiffly before closing his eyes.

Chapter 365 The Old Woman's Intentions

Not long after the old lady had left Zachary's room, the nurse came by for another routine check. Noticing Zachary still fast asleep in his bed, she tapped him gently on the shoulder to wake him.

Zachary opened his eyes and blinked a few times dazedly. Did he fall asleep again? It felt like he had just woken up not long ago. Was he still dreaming? These days, he could barely differentiate his dreams from reality. Things that happened in his dreams happened in real life too, like his alarm clock ringing and hist morning routine which include brushing his teeth and washing his face... It was usually halfway

through his dream when he would wake up unexpectedly and realizing it was all a figment of his imagination. Sometimes, he would even feel the urgency of needing to use the toilet while stuck in his dream, only to find that he had wet the bed.

Zachary felt that same strange feeling right now, like he was caught in between a dream and reality. He recalled waking up to look for his father, but he could not say how he had ended up in bed again. Perhaps it was all a dream from the beginning...

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Noticing that Zachary was caught up with his own thoughts in his world again, the nurse shook her head sympathetically, thinking the poor child must be going through a lot right now. She said a silent prayer for his surgery to be successful so he could lead a normal life once more before leaving the room.

As the nurse left, Liam entered the room and looked at the time. It was 7.50am. He had left the room for barely ten minutes and Zachary had already woken up. Liam wondered why his son had woken up so soon after falling asleep just a while ago, but he decided against saying anything. "Have some breakfast, Zac. It won't taste exactly like home, but it's pretty good!" Liam said as he unpacked a giant takeaway food box filled with an egg and cheese burrito, some yogurt and hot cocoa.

His father was right, Zac thought. Nothing else could compare against homecooked food, but he ate his breakfast obediently anyway. As the father and son ate quietly, the room was so silent that Gilbert almost thought there was no one in the room when he dropped by.

"Zac, your surgery has been set for tomorrow at nine in the morning. Don't eat too much today." Gilbert reminded his nephew as he looked at his watch. "Don't worry too much, son. The surgeon is one of my mentees. He's a great, meticulous guy!" Gilbert reassured.

Zachary swallowed in fear as he automatically translated his uncle's words to mean, "Don't worry too much, son. The surgeon has plenty of experience cutting heads wide open".

Gilbert was already used to his nephew's lack of response by now. "It's just a simple procedure to remove the blood clot from your brain. There's a 95% success rate for the surgery, and my mentee has never botched any of his surgeries before!" he added.

Zachary considered his uncle's words. That meant that he had to prepare himself for a 5% chance of dying. Uncle Gilbert said a few more reassuring words to Zachary and his father before returning to his ward rounds.

After eating breakfast and going through his routine morning check-up by the nurses, Zachary took out a pen and paper and began writing his will. Even though he had already stopped gaming, his main "crowzee" account was still worth at least millions. He had a side account that would easily sell for \$10,000 since he had bought so many characters and limited-edition skins. He also had about \$500,000 left in savings. He decided he would leave it all to Lilly, together with any money he made once he sold off all his gaming character figurines. He would leave his two unfinished textbooks to Hannah.

Zachary frowned as he realized that was about all the assets he had. He thought about how adults usually left their children land or houses or cars when they died, but he had none of those at all. Well, he

could not just die like that with nothing to his name, could he He had to live for a few more years and work

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hard to buy a house and car for Lilly, along with a few plots of land.

Lilly and her family arrived just as Zachary finished writing his will. Sharp-eyed Josh immediately caught sight of the paper Zachary was holding and made a grab for it. "What is this?" he asked curiously. "Let me see it!" Zachary quickly pulled back, preventing Josh from grabbing the paper.

"Fine, I don't need to see it," Josh rolled his eyes.

Lilly tilted her head as she looked at Zachary. "Zac, are you okay?" she asked out of concern.

Pablo too noticed the defeated look on Zachary's face and shook his head. "The kid hasn't even gone through the surgery yet and he's already looking like he's going to die..."

Lilly still felt like something was not right. "Master, did Zac get cursed by an evil spirit or something?" she whispered.

"Of course not! Don't say things like that blindly," Pablo shook his head. Even though the hospital had a bad aura and spirits wandering around, Pablo would have easily been able to tell if Zac was struck by an evil spirit, Pablo figured the boy was just more likely overly hopped up on medication, not realizing that the old lady had drugged him. Pablo and Lilly were too used to supernatural spirits being the cause of trouble that they completely forgot that human beings were perfectly capable of evil too.

Lilly climbed onto Zachary's bed and peered at him curiously. "Zac, did you see anything untoward? Or met with any strange incident?"

Zachary stiffened. "No, why would you say that? Don't jinx me," he retorted, having completely forgotten about his encounter with the old lady.

Lilly quickly put her hands to her mouth. "That's not what I meant, Zac!" she said apologetically.

"Hmph!" Zachary let out an annoyed sound before stuffing the handwritten will into Lilly's hands. "Keep this properly. You can only open it up after the surgery, got it?"

Lilly looked at the piece of paper curiously. "What is it she asked. She wanted nothing more than to find out what was written on the inside, but she respected Zac's wishes and put the piece of paper into her little bag pack.

The very next day, it was almost time for Zachary's surgery. His nerves began to kick in as he was wheeled closer and closer toward the operating theater. A little hand reached out for his as Lilly's sweet voice filled his ears. "You can do this, Zac! You're the best! You'll come out of the surgery just fine!" she said as she tied something around his wrist.

"I made you a good luck bracelet! Don't take it off!" Lilly told him. The bracelet had little triangle charm threaded together by a red string. In that moment, Zachary felt all of his fears and nerves dissipate. He looked into Lilly's eyes without saying a word, searching for the calm reassurance she always brought

him. It was just moments before the anesthesia kicked in and he lost consciousness when he finally muttered, "Okay, Lilly..."

During Zachary's surgery, the old woman was in the last ward at the end of the corridor. She held a small wooden stake in her hands as she chanted some indecipherable gibberish and hopped around the room. as if in a trance. There was a little straw man with a piece of paper stuck on it placed in front of her, with Zachary's name and date of birth written on it. Her young grandson had suffered through various calamities and bouts of bad luck since his birth. She was performing a ritual to transfer all her grandson's bad luck onto Zachary, so that Zachary would bear all his misfortune instead. Her poor grandson was

Chapter 366 Keep Your Birth Chart Secret

The old lady huffed and puffed as she took a seat on the sofa after she had finally completed her ritual. There was a little boy lying on the ward bed who seemed to be used to his grandmother's strange dance. "Grandma, I'm thirsty," the boy said weakly.

The old lady quickly got up to pour a glass of water for him and brought it close to his lips. "My dear, just hang in there for a little while longer. The doctor said you'll get to leave the hospital in two days if you get better," she said to him affectionately. Her grandson had been diagnosed with a malignant brain tumor not long ago. To be honest, she barely understood what the doctor said. She only knew that there must be a disease spirit hounding her grandson. As long as she got rid of the spirit, her grandson would recover naturally and be healthy once again.

That was also why she had been going around making friends with other families in the hospital. If she got hold of their children's names and birth charts, she could divert the disease spirit toward them instead...

Once she was done taking care of her grandson, she took her phone out and checked one of her group chats named "XX Divine Studies". Members of the group chat received a notification

the moment she logged in, and the chat was flooded with messages in an instant.

"Oh My God, Granny is online! Granny, please give me my reading for the day!"

"Granny, my name is Jennifer. I was born at 6am on the 4th of December 1989. I've been having arguments with my husband lately and he hasn't been coming home. We're on the brink of divorce now. Please tell me what to do..."

"Granny, please tell me when is it my turn to get rich!"

The old lady was not great at typing text messages, but she could reply with voice notes.

"To add on to the distrust and suspicion in your relationship, there's now a third party involved. If you want to fix you relationship, you will have to follow your heart and learn how to compromise. Being stubborn will only cause a lose-lose situation," she addressed one question before moving onto the next one. "When it is nearing the critical point for your project, make sure to be always on high alert and extremely careful. As long as you get through this critical moment, success will be waiting for you at the finish line."

Advice spilled from her lips so naturally, with the eloquence and wisdom of a seasoned old woman who had a certain divine touch. In truth, it was not difficult at all to tell a younger woman how to maintain a harmonious marriage. Men wanted women who were pliant, unquestioning, and meek. If women learnt how to be patient with their husbands' misgivings, most men would not choose divorce, and that was a fact. As for the guy asking about getting rich, if he truly analyzed the old woman's words, he would in fact come to realize that the old woman was not saying anything truly exceptional.

The two group members, however, continued sending string of emotional text messages.

"Granny, that's too difficult! My husband has another woman outside, but my mother-in-law is still siding

with him!"

"Thank you for the advice, Granny! I'll wait for that critical moment you speak of..."

The old lady also another incoming message from another new member. "Well... I don't know what happened, but ever since Granny gave me a reading last time, my luck has been downright rotten! I've gotten into accidents every time I step out of my house, tailgated by reckless drivers, dropped my phone

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on the ground..."

The old lady cleared her throat and replied in a scathing tone. "These are just obstacles I have put in place. to test your sincerity. Those who truly believe in me would easily escape such misfortune, and I won't force those who don't believe in me to do otherwise either. Your fate and destiny have been written in the stars a long time ago, my dear."

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The member was jeered and boo-ed viciously by other members of the group for his skepticism. Not long after, the chat admin had him kicked out of the group.

"Of course, he's down on his luck," the old lady chuckled to herself frostily. As long as she had someone's birth chart details, she was able to easily borrow their luck. Her grandson had survived this long despite being sickly, and her son's business was expanding quickly, all thanks to these fools who had contributed. their luck to her. In exchange, they would receive all the misfortune intended for the old lady's family.

The moment she went online, countless of people willingly gave their birth charts to her. She picked a few suitable charts and wrote down the details in her notebook before switching her phone off. She was not afraid of anyone finding out what she was up to, since it was not common knowledge that birth charts should be kept secret. Plenty of young, gullible girls keyed in their birth chart details on dubious websites, completely unaware of the implications. If her powers were slightly stronger, she could even borrow a few years of someone's life... The old lady recalled Zachary Crawford, the young grandson of the wealthy Crawford family who had a comfortable life since he was born. How wonderful it would be if she could gift her grandson Zachary's life!

The old lady made her way to the eleventh floor of the hospital and snooped around the operating theater casually, only to spot Lilly. She could immediately tell that Lilly was blessed with extremely good fortune. She was destined to be rich even if she did not work a single day in her life, loved by everyone around her, live a healthy life and have everything go smoothly for her. The old lady could not fathom how someone had all their stars aligned so perfectly.

Lilly was just about to open the piece of paper that Zachary had given her earlier. Zachary's words were neat and tidy, not at all like his usually messy handwriting. It was obvious he had put in effort when he wrote this for Lilly.

"Josh, what is this?" Lilly scratched her head.

Josh peered over Lilly's shoulder to read the note and gasped in shock. "A will?! Oh no, Zac must have thought he was going to die..." Truthfully, it seemed a little overdramatic on Zac's part. Uncle Gilbert said the success rate was 95%. Zac could not be the unlucky%, could he?

"\$500,000 for Lilly, game account for Lilly... Unfinished textbooks for Hannah..." Josh stifled a laugh as he read through Zachary's will. That brat left his unfinished textbooks to his own blood sister!

Old Mrs. Crawford ambled over and grabbed the piece of paper from the children's hands. "What is this nonsense?!" she chided.

Just as his grandmother was about to tear the paper in pieces, Josh managed to pluck it back.

"Grandma, don't! Zac clearly put in loads of effort writing all that out." One might think that Josh was trying to defend Zachary, but in truth, Josh's plan was to keep the will so that he could tease Zac about it in the future.

Lilly frowned at the red light outside the operating theater, indicating the surgery was ongoing. She prayed that Zachary would be just fine.

"Don't worry, he still has a long life ahead of him..." Pablo reassured her.

"What if he has a long life ahead of him, but he ends up like Johnny?" Lilly asked out of nowhere. No one

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+25 Bonus

said dummies did not live long.

Pablo was too caught off guard by Lilly's sudden question to give her a proper answer. Suddenly, he felt a pair of eyes observing them. When he turned around, he found the old lady sitting on a bench not too far away. The old lady's face was kind and friendly as usual but there was something off about her gaze.

"Lilly," Pablo got her attention. "Look at that old granny!"

Lilly turned her head to where Pablo was looking and made direct eye contact with the old woman who smiled and waved at her. "Come here... Come here, girl the old woman's smile never slacked for one second, making it slightly creepy.

The old woman just could not help herself. Her habit of borrowing luck from unsuspecting strangers had become somewhat of an addiction for her, especially when she stumbled upon someone as blessed as Lilly. She pushed her luck and tried to get close to Lilly despite Old Mrs. Crawford's presence just a few steps away. Little did she know, she was messing with the wrong crowd...

Chapter 367 Save Zachary

Old Mrs. Crawford, Liam and Josh were gathered outside the operating theater, anxiously waiting for Zachary. To prevent Hannah from causing any trouble. Drake had volunteered to watch over her while she did her homework. As Lilly noticed the old lady waying at her, she quickly informed Old Mrs. Crawford before going over to the old lady.

The old lady smiled at Lilly. "What's your name, child?" she asked.

Instead of replying to the old lady's questions, Lilly had some questions of her own. "Who are you, Granny? What are you doing here? Do you have a family member going through surgery too?"

The old lady shook her head slowly. "My grandson is warded downstairs. I'm just taking a stroll to catch some fresh air," she explained.

"Emmm..." Lilly made a sound, not entirely buying the old lady's excuse.

"Why don't you go to the garden downstairs instead? The air's fresher there..." Josh chimed in.

The old lady glanced at Josh's face and sighed internally. This family was truly blessed with luck and fortune. If only she could transfer the entire family's luck over to her family instead... The old lady's eyes flashed greedily. "I'm just used to strolling around here Kids, do you want to visit my grandson with me? He's

s just nearby downstairs and would love some company! There's toys and candy in his room..." the old lady presumed toys and candy would do the trick for 80% of children. "My grandson recently started playing a new zombie game that's all the rage nowadays. Have you heard of it? It's really fun!" she added. certain that games would appeal to the remaining 20% of children out there.

Unfortunately, Lilly and Josh just looked at her suspiciously like she was a child kidnapper. "Granny, do you think we're gullible three-year-olds?" Lilly raised an eyebrow.

"Granny, we're not stupid! You're being too obvious!" Josh added.

The old lady was stunned speechless. These two kids were as street smart as Zachary Crawford, unlike typical children their age. She had to think of a way to drug them too, just like she did on Zachary. She considered her options. Now was the best time for her to act since Zachary's family members were focused on him inside the operating theater at the moment. She turned toward the Crawford adults, only to find Old Mrs. Crawford and Liam Crawford staring at her suspiciously.

Oh no... the old lady thought. She was miffed at the lost opportunity, but she could not take on the risk either. She stood up on her feet and sighed audibly. "I was just inviting you two since you looked around my grandson's age, but if you don't believe me, there's nothing I can do..." she said before turning around

to leave.

Pablo sniggered. "Lilly, wait here. I'll go and check out what that old lady is up to!"

Lilly nodded.

**

Inside the operating theater, Zachary was completely conscious from the effects of the anesthesia administered. The attending nurse noticed the good luck charm tied around his wrist when she gave him a thorough check-up. Typically, surgeries were conducted in aseptic environments and non-sterilized external objects were not allowed to be worn. Usually, the nurses would temporarily remove such objects and place them in a safekeep box.

The good luck charm was tied very tightly around Zachary's wrist. The nurse did not dare to simply cut a

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patient's personal bracelet, since she had witnessed too many strange incidents in the operating theater. Once, a patient's family demanded the hospital to compensate them for cutting and destroying the patient's clothes during emergency surgery. The nurse spent some time loosening the bracelet before finally taking it off Zachary's wrist and putting it aside)

In that instant, Zachary's luck that had been shielded by the bracelet violently flowed out of his body and headed toward another direction. The wandering spirit around the theater began to surround Zachary now that they were able to approach him.

"What's going on? Who's this kid? The good luck charm on him was too strong just now..." one spirit asked.

"Well, well. Looks like we got ourselves a rich kid," another spirit said. "Let me see if I can possess his body..."

"I want to possess him too!!" the spirits fought among themselves.

Zachary was in deep sleep and could not react to anything, but he could hear the commotion and voices around him. He felt a chill around his body, yet he was unable to do anything but lie still.

The lead surgeon was a studious, meticulous man. The surgery had been proceeding well until the critical moments, when they reached the blood clot in Zachary's brain. All of a sudden, the blood clot exploded unexpectedly, and a gush of blood bled through. The operating theater descended into panic!

The surgeon himself was frantic too, in disbelief that he might end up bearing the 5% failure rate for this surgery. Everything had been going so smoothly, so why...? the surgeon's forehead beaded with cold sweat as he wondered what went wrong.

Nobody else in the operating theater could see the spirits swarming all over Zachary.

"Oh no, the kid won't make it! Help him! Pull him out."

"If you pull him out now, you'll only pull half his soul out! He'll end up being a brainless dummy!"

“Hey, kiddo! Come and play with us!”

Zachary’s limbs were turning cold, and his blood pressure was dropping at an alarming rate. He was still unconscious, but he could feel a heaviness pressing on him to the point where he could not breathe. It was an unbearable feeling....

Lilly suddenly frowned as she continued to wait outside the operating theater. She did not know what was going on inside, but she noticed a few spirits floating inside, almost like they were having a party.

“Come on, the kid is almost dead! It’s time to possess bin!”

“Hee hee hee...” the spirits giggled among themselves.

Lilly swelled with panic. Kid? Were they talking about Zac She took out the jar of souls and shook it vigorously. “Hey, you guys! Come out!” she ordered.

The ghosts trapped inside the jar were getting a headache from being shaken. “What’s going on?” they asked.

Lilly pointing at the operating theater anxiously and told them about the situation.

2/3

“Oh! Leave it to me!” the unlucky ghost said first. “A group of wild wandering spirits are no match against me” The unlucky ghost zoomed in to the operating theater immediately.

” ‘mmm it!” the harem spirit yelled, “Stop right there, unlucky! You’re going to end up knocking the surgeon over!”

The weakling spirit trailed along the other two spirits. Unlucky spirit zoomed into the theater so fast that he almost knocked the knife out of the lead surgeon’s hand. The surgeon had been careful all this time and was just about to stop the bleeding when his hand slipped all of a sudden and blood began to spout from the wound again.

The doctor was flabbergasted at his rookie mistake, while the spirits all looked on in dismay. While the weakling spirit pulled the unlucky spirit out of the operating theater, the harem spirit confronted the other wandering spirits around Zachary, “What do you think you’re doing? Get lost! How dare you touch what’s mine?!” she shrieked angrily, scaring the other spirits away.

Zachary felt the heaviness lifted off his chest and his breathing slowly eased. The spirits were just about to breathe a sigh of relief when the lead surgeon said in a grave tone. “Prepare for emergency resuscitation!”

Re... resuscitation?! The spirits’ stood there in shock. When they looked at Zachary once again, his face and lips had gone completely pale...

Chapter 368 You’re Taking My Grandson’s Life

The malignant spirits would only harm people and did not know how to save someone. Seeing Zhachary’s situation, they had no more ideas and could only look for Lilly.

Upon hearing that she could not enter the operating room, she rushed to find her Master.

“Lilly!” Josh quickly chased after her.

After Bettany told Liam about the situation and wanted to chase after Lilly. However, Liam asked her to stay put and went over instead.

Lilly’s shoe fell as she ran anxiously. I need to be faster... Zac, stay strong... Don’t become a fool!

On the other hand, Pablo was following the old lady. After the old lady left the 11th floor, she did not return to her ward. Instead, she went downstairs and walked around the hospital’s pavilion.

There were many family members of patients resting there. The old lady was talkative as she gathered with some people and chatted non-stop.

After getting familiar with them, she started telling their fortune, and all her statements were accurate. The people surrounded her excitedly, even though they did not trust her at first, and asked her to tell them their fortune.

Pablo frowned. Is this old lady a fortune teller?

However, asking about someone else’s birth chart sounded a little fishy to Pablo, and a thought flashed across his mind.

With Lilly, Josh, and Zachary’s lifespan in mind, the old lady could not find anyone she was satisfied with. She waved her hand and said, “The secrets can’t be leaked.” Then, she returned to her ward indifferently.

When she thought about Lilly’s lifespan again, her heart raced, unable to calm down. She was dissatisfied that she could get such a lifespan even though it was right before her.

Pablo continued following her.

People greeted along the way as the old lady returned to her ward. When she passed by Zachary’s ward, she took a peek inside..

Pablo saw that her eyes lit up a little before she continued walking toward the private ward at the end of the corridor.

As Pablo stepped into the ward, his expression froze. The atmosphere inside the ward was a little different from the outside.

He raised his head and frowned as he looked at the corridor outside.

Suddenly, Lilly ran over with tears on her face. She called out to him anxiously, “Master!”

Pablo stopped and asked, “What’s the matter?”

Lilly cried as she said, “Zac is going to become a fool...”

Pablo was speechless.

That was impossible. Zachary had a good lifespan, so nothing would happen in this operation, let alone something that would take his life.

Pablo quickly opened his book and realized a faint line had branched out from Zachary's lifespan line, which subtly changed his whole lifespan.

"Borrowing life?!" Pablo blurted out. He seemed to have understood the sudden thought in his mind just now! It was so cunning and cautious that even he didn't realize it.

Although the book seemed thin, he would not be able to look through all of it even if he used three years. So he usually would not look through it.

When Zachary went into the operating room today, his lifespan was still normal. Pablo would not have realized it if Lilly did not come to him.

When the old lady heard Lilly's voice at the door, she quickly went out to look. She saw that only Lilly and Josh were there with no adults.

She immediately became happy and waved at Lilly. "Girl, why are you here? Come over..."

Lilly ignored her. She only wanted to save Zachary now.

However, Pablo said, "Lilly, go in and take a look! Zachary's accident might be related to her!"

Pablo thought about how the old lady peeked into Zachary's room and how she asked about other people's birth charts just now. He then looked at the little boy on the bed...

Pablo's finger twitched, and a ray of light connected the little boy to the book. The book flipped through itself and quickly stopped on the page about the little boy.

"His lifespan was originally exhausted, but now it's connected again."

He quickly said, "Lilly, lift the child's pillow and look underneath."

Lilly quickly rushed over.

The old lady was taken aback. This girl actually ran in by herself?

Seeing that Lilly ran in, Josh also followed.

The old lady could not hold back her happiness and almost laughed out loud. It seemed like the heavens were helping her!

She quickly closed the door and took out a small spray bottle from her pocket.

At the same time, Lilly had lifted the pillow.

She did not want to disturb the sleeping little boy, she gently pushed his head away. When the pillow was lifted, she saw a small doll made of grass...

"What is this?!" Josh asked in surprise.

Pablo said, "It's indeed borrowing life!"

Lilly also said in surprise, "Borrowing life?"

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The old lady's eyelids could not help but twitch. This child actually knew about borrowing life.

She changed her expression and said smilingly, "Kids, do you want candy? I have candy here!"

Success would not come without risk... The old lady was so angry that she could do anything.

So what if these kids realized it? She still believed in her own ability. With drugs, she could make them forget about this. It might not make them lose a lot of memories, but it could definitely make them forget

these few minutes.

The old lady reached out and was about to pat Josh's shoulder...

Josh looked at the old lady warily as he took two steps back and shouted, "Don't come over!"

At the same time, he took out his phone and was about to call someone.

The old lady's eyes turned cold. She immediately raised the small spray bottle and pressed on it without hesitation. She had to make Josh faint first!

Josh was a little older, was wary of her, and knew how make phone calls, so he would not be easy to deal with. On the other hand, Lilly seemed innocent and weak, so she should be able to make Lilly faint easily.

When the old lady thought about this, the wind blew the window open. Then, the drug that was sprayed out landed on the old lady's face instead.

The unlucky ghost swung in through the window like chimpanzee and shouted, "Oh yeah! I made it!"

The old lady never thought that she would be this unlucky. How could something like this happen? She widened her eyes and slowly fainted.

Lilly was taken aback. It seemed like she did not have a chance to show her skills...

Pablo pointed at one of the little dolls and said, "Lilly, barn it!"

Lilly quickly got back to her senses, took out a charm, and pasted it on the little doll.

With a whoosh, green flames ignited and soon burned away the little grass doll with Zachary's name and birth chart.

Josh's mouth widened as he watched. His sister was indeed impressive! She started a fire with nothing!

After Lilly burned that little grass doll, she looked at the other three grass dolls and burned them without hesitation too.

She understood that the little boy would not be able to live if she burned the grass dolls. However, if the cost to save this little boy was Zachary's life, she would choose to save Zachary without hesitation...

As the little dolls were burned, the old lady suffered side effects. She felt her chest hurt as if someone stabbed her.

She quickly got back to her senses and saw Lilly burning the little dolls. These little dolls were her grandson's life!

How could this girl do this? Since she knew about borrowing life, she must know that doing this would hurt her grandson!

3/4

"No... No!" The old lady shouted, but it was useless.

She held her chest as she fell to the ground and cried. How can you do this... You're killing my grandson! How can you be this selfish?!"

Lilly calmed down as she knew that Zachary would be fine now. She said, "You also harmed my brother, so aren't you selfish too?"

The old lady sobbed as she said, "How did I harm your brother? I'm just borrowing some of his life! He'll only suffer some injuries at most, but, he won't die! However, the little dolls that you burned were my grandson's life! How can you be so cold and selfish even though you're so young? You have such good lives, and it wouldn't hurt if you share a bit of it with my grandson... You're so wicked! So selfish! You don't understand our pain at all..."

The old lady lay on the floor and sobbed loudly.

Chapter 369 Weird Logic

The harem spirit and the others split up to search for the old lady. Once it came over and saw that she was crying on the floor, it could not help but widen its mouth.

How was she crying so sadly? Those who did not know the situation would think Lilly had killed her whole family.

Lilly stood before the little boy's bed and saw him frowning in pain. He could not stand the pain even when he was asleep. Moreover, this little boy was even younger than her.

He was indeed pitiful, and she could bear to look at him. However, even if he was pitiful, Zachary was the

same.

If she ignored Zachary and "borrowed" his lifespan to his little boy, Zachary would have to spend the rest of his life in bed...

She did not want to be this selfless no matter what others said. She would rather be scolded....

Josh said, "Hey, get it right. You're the one who harmed others first, but you're blaming us now? Emotional blackmail is everywhere..."

The old lady's eyes were filled with despair. She cried until her eyes were red and her hair was messy.

“No, I’m just saying that you have good lives, so can’t you share a bit of it with my grandson? He’s only three years old but has been sick for two years. He’s really pitiful... I beg of you! Please!” The old lady knelt and begged them.

Her grandson was already so pitiful, so normally, no one could bear it! If Lilly and the others ignored her, then it meant that they were selfish and cold. They could never be justified.

“Your lives are so good, so long as each of you shares a little with my grandson... Other children wouldn’t have to lend their lives. It’s fine if you lend a little of your life, but if other children do, they will get sick and suffer... This means that if you’re willing to do it, not only will you save my grandson’s life, but you’ll save other children too... It’s a good deed! However, if you’re unwilling, not only will you harm my son, but you’ll also harm other children! You’ll be the greatest troublemaker!” The old lady pointed at Lilly.

Lilly was rendered speechless, and so was Josh.

It was their first time seeing someone with such weird logic, yet she spoke confidently.

Without waiting for Lilly to speak, Josh stood in front of Lilly and scolded, “Does borrowing other children’s lives have anything to do with us? Why can’t you stop and give your own life to your grandson? Why do you have to harm other children? Those children would be fine if you didn’t borrow their lives and caused them to suffer illnesses! Now you’re blaming us? You’re impressive!”

The old lady did not listen and only kept crying and blaming them.

Josh could not be bothered to talk to her and wanted to pull Lilly away. “Lilly, let’s go. We don’t have to bother with such a person.”

Lilly replied, “Wait.”

How could they leave like this? What if the old lady harmed others again?

Lilly squatted before the old lady and placed a talisman on her forehead. “Granny, I’ll give you a talisman.”

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The old lady was still crying when Lilly suddenly placed a talisman on her. She was taken aback and asked, “What talisman?”

Is she feeling guilty now and is taking the initiative to share her lifespan?

“It’s a talisman that’ll break your limbs if you harm others.”

The old lady was rendered speechless.

Lilly reminded her again, “You know what it means, right? Your limbs will break if you harm others and borrow others’ lives again.”

The old lady was angry, but she did not believe Lilly. There was no such spiritual technique in this world.

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Countless spiritual techniques had been lost, and very few people like her had real ability. Although there might be a talisman that could break one's limbs, there would not be a talisman that would only take effect if something specific happened. Such a thing only existed in novels and legends.

However, the old lady was still angry. No one liked to be cursed by others, so she cried out loud again. "Are you so cold and merciless that you'll watch a young life die like this?"

Lilly thought for a moment before replying. "You're right."

The old lady immediately became happy.

Then, Lilly placed another talisman on the old lady's forehead and said, "You should return what you borrowed from others."

The old lady was speechless.

With a few strokes, Lilly drew up another talisman. "I'll add another one. This is called the decapitation talisman. You'll be decapitated if you teach others to harm people and borrow lives for you!"

Lilly's tone was soft, and her voice sounded cute, which did not match what she said.

Josh was shocked by her words and only understood what she meant after a while.

Lilly only stood up and walked away with Josh after doing all this.

She counted on her fingers as she walked. "Josh, I can sell one talisman for 10 million dollars, so I'll have 30 million dollars if I sell three..."

Lilly felt her heart ache.

Josh comforted her, "There, there. Think about it this way, a piece of talisman paper costs 50 cents, and the paint used for drawing talismans costs 30 cents, so the cost of a talisman is only 80 cents. Three pieces would be 2.40 dollars... I'll give you 240 dollars later, okay?"

Lilly thought about it and felt that he was right. She then nodded happily. "Mhmh!"

Pablo's mouth twitched, and he looked back for a moment.

This old lady had borrowed many people's lifespans and harmed many people... Once she returns them, the retribution she would suffer would be....

The old lady would suffer the same pain she caused, so she could only pray that she had not killed

2/3

someone.

Pablo shook his head and said, "I was confused why I couldn't realize it sooner. It turned out that the old lady used drugs. If she used spiritual techniques, I would've realized it when I saw Zachary in the morning."

Lilly shook her head. "It's fine, Master. I didn't realize it either."

Pablo felt some warmth in his heart. Lilly was anxious too, but she still comforted him.

As he was about to say something, Lilly continued, "It's fine to admit that you're bad at something!" She was also bad at it. She was the little rookie, while her Master was the big rookie.

Pablo was speechless.

Zachary was in deep darkness. There was no sound around him, and he felt like he had stepped on something muddy...

He suddenly felt scared and ran forward subconsciously. After running for a while, he arrived at a door.

Someone was sitting by the door, but he could not tell who it was. He could not even tell the person's gender. Although he was scared, he had to ask, "Hello, may I ask..."

The person suddenly raised their head and revealed a mysterious smile. "Come over. Write your name here." The person's voice was gentle and filled with temptation.

"As long as you write your name, you can get out of here.

Zachary felt like some force was pulling him in, and he could not help but walk forward. Then, he wrote his name stroke by stroke...

Chapter 370 First Identity: Who Is Zachary?

When Zachary was spelling his name, he hesitated while he was almost halfway through. However, he found it hard to finish writing it.

He could not control his hand and he accidentally added a stroke to the side of his name.

That mysterious figure frowned while fishing out another piece of paper, "Rewrite it."

Zachary began writing again. "Zach.."

However, for some inexplicable reason, he could not complete writing it.

Zachary's heart was racing. If he could not finish writing it, did that mean that he would be confined here forever?

Would that mean his doom?

Zachary continued to write his name and failed, and he rewrote them time after time. However, he always failed when he almost finished writing it.

He had no idea how he was able to see this figure and this piece of paper. Were his eyes playing tricks on him? The only thing he knew was that he had to write his name, but since he kept failing, he rewrote it again and again. Soon, he was lulled to a blank state of mind, and he continued writing his name mechanically as if he was a computer.

Suddenly, something boomed in the distance. The darkness around him dissipated and that figure was nowhere to be found anymore. Zachary stared at the striking whiteness in front of his eyes.

In the far reaches of this endless space, he saw a ray of light shining from a point in space. He started running toward it, and as he ran, he saw his surroundings transforming into a countryside setting. He also ran past something that resembled the wet market.

These buildings were no different from those in the real world. However, the only difference was that there was nobody around.

He finally reached a huge door. The door was so tall that it reached up all the way into the clouds.

He pushed the door with all his might and saw that he was now in a huge palace. Zachary stepped into the compound without much thought.

There were figures looking like warriors lining up along the two sides of the palace, and the leaders were the Grim Reapers and two chiefs of the devils, Behemoth and Leviathan. Their eyes seemed to come alive as they were boring a hole in Zachary

Zachary felt a pang of fear but all he could do was venture further into the unknown. The next figure he saw was Beelzebub, the prince of the devils. The statue had red hair and his sharp teeth were protruding from his mouth. He was holding a Devilslayer.

Zachary had no idea why he could recognize these figures. He continued to run forth as if this was a one-way street. It did not even occur to him to turn back.

After Beelzebub, he saw Mammon and Asmodeus. It was said that these two devils were tasked with the job of spying on people in the human realm.

They were two of the most vile and ferocious devils, and if some humans were foolish enough to invite

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their wrath, their names would forever be engraved in their checklist in Hell.

Following that, he saw Leopard Devil, Bird Devil, Fish Devil, and Insect Devil. According to legends, similar to the Grim Reaper and the two chiefs of the devil, they were Soul Reapers who were tasked with pulling the souls of living beings into Hell.

Unlike the Grim Reaper and the two chiefs of the devil who mainly dealt with humans, Leopard Devil dealt with animals roaming on the ground while Bird Devil dealt with flying beings. Fish Devil governed over the sea and rivers while Insect Devil dealt with insects' souls...

Zachary continued running and all he saw were motionless figures lining up on two sides. Despite their apparent lifelessness, their eyes seemed to be brimming with energy as they were focused on him as he ran.

Finally, he reached the end of the path and saw a huge signboard- the Palace of the Ruler of Hell.

Zachary was shocked to see those words. He could not react for a while.

What? He was dead now?

The throne in the palace was massive. Its height could rival a one-story building in the human world, and it was ominous looking. However, no one was sitting on the throne.

Zachary was perplexed. However, he was quickly proven to be wrong. A figure sat up on the throne and met his eyes.

Zachary's eyes widened, "Lilly?"

He broke into a jog as he shouted, "Lilly! Lils!"

However, Lilly raised her hand and he was no longer able to move forward. She simply said, "Go back where you came from? Why are you even here?"

Then, she flipped her hand upward. Zachary immediately felt weightless as he levitated.

Lilly suddenly reached down to get something. Then, she tossed it at him.

"Don't forget your brain!"

Zachary was utterly confused!

The next second, he was speeding through the air to an unknown destination...

Suddenly, somebody began slapping his cheeks.

"Zac! Zac! Wake up! I'm right here!"

Zachary opened his eyes in a hurry.

Immediately, his ears were filled with the noises of everyday life. He could hear the ruffling and shifting sounds of people walking around the corridor, and he could also hear the nurses scurrying around. There was a beeping sound somewhere nearby, and in the distance, some child was crying...

Zachary asked in confusion, "Am I not dead yet?"

His cheeks hurt...

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Zachary's lips twitched inadvertently as he let out a hiss.

Lilly gaped at his cheeks sheepishly and said softly, "Zag, with me around you, you will never die!"

Zachary scanned his surroundings and found that he was back at the ward. The sky had turned dimmer outside the window, which gave a false sense of whether it was now daybreak or twilight.

He asked bluntly, "Is my brain with me?"

Lilly caressed his head, "It's right there. Can't you feel it at all?"

Zachary felt Lilly's soft, tender hands, and that sensation traveled down from his scalp to all over his body. He answered weakly, "Yeah, I feel it now."

Lilly continued to console him, "Don't worry, Zac. Your brain is perfectly fine."

Zachary asked without thinking. "Is my head still the same shape and size?"

Lilly assured him, "It's still the same. Your head is so round and solid."

Zachary breathed a sigh of relief, "Great, then."

The others watched their exchange without interrupting, but at the same time, they almost could not hold in their laughter.

Drake asked, "Zac, if you don't have your brain with you anymore, you won't be talking to her right here. You would be in the crematorium now!"

Bettany's face was dark, "What nonsense are you saying? Stop saying things that would spoil the mood!"

Lilly chipped in, "Yeah, stop saying that you jerk!" She was pretending to spit on the floor

Every time Bettany commented about something inauspicious, Lilly would never fail to do that.

Bettany would join in as she also pretended to spit one floor.

Everyone burst into laughter, and they could finally relax a little now.

Zachary looked around and saw that everyone was here, including his dad, Anthony, and the other uncles.

The tiny ward was stuffed with people.

Blake leaned lazily against the doorframe, and he clicked his tongue, "I heard that a gallon of blood poured out of your brain, yet you're still alive now. You're unbelievable."

Gilbert explained, "He's fine now. He had hematoma for a long time, and the blood came pouring because the clotted blood was removed."

Bryson had just arrived from his overseas trip that lasted a few months, and since he already had some time off, he decided to come visit Zachary the moment he stepped out of his airplane and learned that Zachary was hospitalized.

He said in his gentle voice, "Get enough rest and get ready for school reopening. We have applied for an extensive leave of absence from the school."

Jonas checked his watch and said, "It's great that you're here. Now, I have to get back to the scene for an

urgent shoot."

Edward spoke, "My favorite nephew, what are you craving? I will grill some beef for you tonight."

Hannah was the most excited one in the ward since she did not need to do homework today, "Let's have a beef buffet! Uncle Edward, I want that!"

Drake was holding some books when he asked, "I heard that you've assigned some homework for Hannah?"

Hannah's expression immediately froze.

Zachary said nothing to that.

He had gone to Hell and back. All of a sudden, a warm low began to circulate in his body.

"I dreamt that someone kept forcing me to write my own name. I was sitting somewhere and my hands kept moving, but I never finished writing my name," Zachary began to sob, "I couldn't finish it..."

In fact, he was still gripped by fear... He was really terrified.