

## **Eight Uncles 381**

### Chapter 381 Paper Figure

Hannah was so terrified that she cried profusely. She also jerked up in shock and bumped her head on the bottom of the bed. Her head began to swell.

Josh's face turned pale and he reached out, wanting to huddle up with someone. In the end, it was Drake who he hugged.

Drake wanted to push him away, but maybe because he was also terrified, he was petrified under the bed.

However, none of them suffered worse than Bryson.

He turned around and stared right into that pale face of the paper figure, and while he never used vulgarities normally, he could not help but blurt out, "What the f\*ck!?"

Lilly was already out of the bottom of the bed, and she hurled fireball after fireball at that paper figure.

That paper figure let out an agonized scream, and soon, it turned into ashes.

The window suddenly made a sound and the red string snapped. A chicken leg fell to the ground.

Lilly scooped up the unlucky ghost, harem ghost, weakling spirit, and foolish ghost.... Even Ms. Ugly was included as Lilly hurled all of them in that direction!

"Catch him!" Lilly shouted, "Whoever gets him, you will be rewarded with a lollipop!"

"No, I will reward ten lollipops! I am not strapped for cash!" Lilly made a face that indicated that she had money to spend.

The ghosts did not know what to say. Was Lilly seriously talking about how rich she was when she was just going to reward them with some lollipops?

"Who cares about lollipops..." Foolish ghost was the first to complain.

Weakling spirit was the first to fly toward the site of concern. His eyes had a renewed focus as he said seriously, "I care!"

Unlucky ghost exclaimed, "Hey, don't compete with me for that reward!"

Harem ghost stepped on the unlucky ghost and shot off "Stay put here!"

Foolish ghost was confused by their enthusiasm. However, he followed the other ghosts anyway.

The ghosts slit through the air with stunning speed.

They were no longer bantering and laughing amongst themselves. They were no longer taking things lightly. A murderous look appeared in their eyes-

They would never guess that this fight was what precisely led to them being part of the ghost army working directly under the Ruler of Hell!

Ms. Ugly was huffing and pulling behind them, "Hey, wait for me... Do you think I should make some noise and cheer you on?"

The paper figure had completely turned to ashes, and the room was now in darkness again.

1/4

Lilly felt that she could not catch a break at all. She began to light up the candles once again.

Light filled the room, and something was swinging in mid-air as a shadow danced across the wall.

Bryson looked upwards and saw that the bride was once again hanging from the ceiling. There was nobody wearing that red dress. Only her head was visible.

He almost wet his pants.

"I died such a terrible death..." The bride wailed, and the red dress began flapping in the wind, "Save me... Save me..."

Everyone became silent.

Lilly simply said, "Come down by yourself."

The ghost bride was caught red-handed. She quietly came down.

"I remember now," She stared at the ashes, "During the night of our wedding, my husband bumped into the candle and the fire devoured him..."

Josh felt a wave of nausea sweep over him. The ghost bride had said that before, but he did not think those words had much significance.

"My husband was devoured by the flames, and he was so angry that he smashed the candle to the floor. However, the fire got bigger and his face changed... He turned into a paper figure..."

"As the fire continued to burn him, he let out a shrilling scream. Loud crackling noises began to fill the room as more paper figures popped out of nowhere..."

The bride then got gobbled up by the paper figures, leaving only her head which was somehow hung on the ceiling.

After the bride told her story, everyone was feeling creeped out. Their hair was standing on end.

"Paper figures..." Josh recalled the numerous paper figures at the back of the house.

Could it be that those paper figures were getting ready to eat more people back then?

So the other characters such as the government officials, the family members of the bride, and the maids were all eaten up by them, it seemed.

Lilly looked at the chicken leg lying on the ground.

"My master told me that it's normal for a ghost to eat someone, but it's even scarier if a human eats another human."

Bryson picked up Hannah and he said in a trembling voice, "So.... What is going on?"

Lilly pointed at the newly formed ashes, "The one tying the knot with the bride on the wedding night was actually not the bridegroom. It was actually one of the paper figures."

"So, that means that there was never a bridegroom in the first place. That's why we did not see him anywhere we searched."

Josh was feeling intimidated, "But that paper figure looks like the bridegroom..."

Lilly shook her head, "That's why, I don't know what's going on. I have to wait for Master to come back."

After all, she was only four years old!

She had full belief that she would be more knowledgeable when she turned five next year.

"The paper figures shouldn't be able to move on their own. Someone must be controlling them, so besides us, someone is hiding out of sight."

She was curious how that person was, able to control so many paper figures.

They had searched through every room, but there was no suspicious person.

Bryson frowned. Only then did he realize that it was somebody else's doing!

It would be great if that was the case.

Bryson's eyes turned harsh and chilly. On one hand, he was really shaken up. This was the first time in his life that he was such an embarrassment.

He vowed to catch the culprit no matter what!

Josh asked, "Then, are we leaving finally?"

Lilly nodded, "Yes, we are leaving now."

The ghost bride was absorbed by Lilly into the jar of souls.

This ghost bride must be new to the scene perhaps due to the fact that she was not awakened yet, or her curse did not activate.

Although she was a terrifying ghost, she had never brought harm to others in her young career. Or else, horror stories would spread like wildfire.

"Let's go!" Bryson scooped up Lilly and darted outside.

They finally saw daylight. There were children screaming happily in the distance, which was a stark contrast to the cold and chilly atmosphere in the horror house.

Bryson could not really process that he was out of the horror house. It felt unreal to him.

His worldview had changed forever after a visit to the horror house...

Bryson asked, "Lilly..."

Were those ghosts that Lilly summoned real ghosts? He wanted to know.

Could ghosts come out in broad daylight?

Lilly turned to him, "What's wrong?"

As she replied to him, she patted him on the back. Lit did he know, she was actually vanquishing all signs of bad luck from his body.

Bryson continued. "Those ghosts that flew away... Would they be able to catch the culprit?"

3/4

It was hard for him to believe.

Lilly could not say for sure, but she believed in the four ghosts without reservation!

They were really ferocious.

She assured him, "They can do it!"

Unlucky ghost, harem ghost, and the others kept chasing something that resembled a shadow. They were out of the courtyard now.

"I see him now!" Weakling spirit bellowed.

The unlucky ghost said, "He's bald!"

Harem ghost replied, "From his bad posture and feeble frame, I'm sure he does not last long in bed!"

The other ghosts stopped talking when they heard that

That shadow in front was shrouded in darkness. He was feeling fear for the first time.

Suddenly, he flung his hand into the air, and yellow papers shot out from his arm. The papers reached the ground and transformed into paper figures! They began pouncing at the four ghosts!

Chapter 382 Running Away

The unlucky ghost wanted to get his reward from Lilly, so he was the first one to make his move.

However, he bumped into the paper figures instead.

"Damn it!" He was astounded, "How did he summon these figures?"

The papers were stacked up on the ground and rapidly transformed into paper figures.

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Harem ghost tore apart one of the paper figures and went straight for the bald man. He snickered, "I don't care about his tricks. We got to catch the summoner instead of fighting off his army!"

They were frightening malignant ghosts in their own right, so of course they would not be afraid of these paper figures. The opponent would only pose a threat they were as formidable as Lilly, or else they could be easily defeated like most resentful ghosts.

Unlucky ghost was screaming as if letting out a battle cry, and the paper figures saw harem ghost going for the bald man, which prompted them to throw themselves at her. Unlucky ghost wanted to lend a helping hand to the harem ghost, but he accidentally tore off some patches of her hair.

Harem ghost was speechless.

She lost two seconds of time after getting blocked by these paper figures.

That bald man had already exited the horror house.

Weakling spirit continued to chase after him relentlessly, but there were a lot of children out there in the playground.

The kids were brimming with energy, so he did not want to bump into them. After dodging the kids for a while, weakling spirit found that the bald man had disappeared into the crowd.

He could not believe that their target was able to escape them!

These malignants ghosts exchanged glances with each other.

“How did we let him escape? This is so embarrassing. We are a letdown as representatives of malignant ghosts!” Harem ghost was very frustrated and when she saw unlucky ghost were the last to join the huddle. she snapped at him and slapped him.

Unlucky ghost stared at her incredulously.

Weakling spirit frowned, “This man is so cunning... He must be a frequent visitor to this playground.”

Foolish ghost was still reeling away from their defeat. He cursed loudly at unlucky ghost, “Damn you, you

trash!”

Unlucky ghost was bewildered at the treatment he was getting.

What was going on? He believed that he was leading the charge just now!

Why was he taking the brunt of their frustration now?

“Wait a minute, we are all in this together, and we gave chase after him together. Why are you guys directing your anger at me now while we are all responsible for letting him go?”

1/4

Unlucky ghost was stunned and he wanted the other ghosts to explain.

However, harem ghost and weakling ghost was still fuming. They were presumably angry at themselves too, so they were not in the mood to entertain unlucky ghost.

Unlucky ghost sighed and he was also feeling remorseful. “Lilly has so much trust in us, yet we let her down.”

Harem ghost was vehement as well. "There's nothing we can do. That bald man knew what he was doing. Think about it, he must be so highly-strung getting chided around by us, yet he was able to buy time for himself long enough to make an escape."

Unlucky ghost asked the dreaded question, "What are we going to say to Lilly?"

Harem ghost and weakling spirit had a sour expression on their faces.

They did not want to put in so much effort in the beginning, but Lilly really saw them as siblings, and she had so much trust in them to the point that she did not mind letting them out. She was not worried that they would use this chance to make an escape.

Foolish ghost's expression changed as he lowered his voice, "My friends, this is a golden opportunity. Shouldn't we consider running for our lives now?"

Harem ghost simply gave him a disdainful look, "If you want to run away, do it now. Just don't regret your decision."

Unlucky ghost chuckled, "There's a reason you're called the foolish ghost, you know."

Weakling spirit said in his weak voice, "I won't ever run. I wonder if Lilly will still give us our lollipop or not."

Foolish ghost revealed a disdainful look himself, "Look at your deplorable faces! She is able to win over you guys with some lollipops. Don't you have any dignity at all?"

Weakling spirit reminded him, "Think about it, Lilly is no ordinary girl. You won't get this chance often in your lifetime."

Foolish ghost seemed to never figure out the reality of things even if he had been in the jar of souls for a while.

Although they could not say for sure what Lilly's real identity was, they could feel something- They would enjoy a better life by following Lilly instead of being a stray malignant ghost.

Their future was completely changed...

Weakling ghost did not elaborate. He turned around and left.

Foolish ghost forced himself to follow them, but he was still complaining, "What chance are you talking about? She's just a good practitioner, nothing more..."

Lilly was just talented at a young age, and when she grew up, she would probably be a strong warrior in her own right.

However, no matter how powerful she turned out to be one day she would grow old and she would die. If they were so afraid of getting hunted down by Lilly, all they needed to do was to hide themselves until Lilly passed on. By then, they could come out and enjoy themselves again!

They were malignant ghosts. They could live on for decades without any problems....

Foolish ghost could not understand the other ghosts' concern. At the same time, he was afraid of Lilly's purple sledgehammer. It prompted him to go back to her in the end.

After exiting the horror house, Bryson immediately called Anthony.

He lowered his voice, "Hey, you did instruct the management of the horror house to clear the place, no?"

He was still in utter disbelief at what he had just experienced.

Anthony's bassy voice came, "Yeah, I informed the employees to leave."

This was to protect Lilly so that her abilities would not be discovered by others. It was to prevent others to start rumor about unexplainable things that they would witness if they were around Lilly.

He even instructed the employees to remove all surveillance camera as well as shield the place from telecommunication signals.

He even put up an interference force field so that if someone tried to take photos of Lilly secretly, no image would be produced.

Bryson was standing under the hot sun, yet all he could feel was a creeping chill crawling in his skin.

So there were really no other people in the horror house when they were in there?

"Are you sure all of the employees were gone?" He asked in delusion.

"Yeah." Anthony's crisp reply came.

Bryson continued to probe him, "What about props? Are there props that could hang and control things in there?"

Anthony was blunt, "No."

"I'm telling you, I bumped into real ghosts in there," Bryson slowly walked to an area that was not so crowded. His face was very gloomy.

Anthony answered noncommittal, "That's normal."

Bryson felt something catch in his throat. Was Anthony really think that bumping into ghosts was a normal occurrence?

He wanted to ask further, but Anthony had an upcoming meeting. He told Bryson to chat when he was home and hung up.

Bryson held his phone but he was frozen on the spot.

Not far away, Lilly stood in front of the carousel. She was trying to convince Drake, "You won't be joining us in this ride, right?"

She then shoved some money into the cashier's hand. She wanted to make sure, "Then, I won't be buying your ticket!"

Drake said nothing.

3/4

Before he entered the horror house, he was determined not to ride a carousel. He did not want to be seen riding a girlish unicorn. He would rather die than doing that.

However, he had a paradigm shift now. He actually thought that a carousel was what boys like him should enjoy.

Drake coughed lightly to maintain his cool, "You don't need to buy it for me. I'll do it myself."

He took Lilly's wallet and gave it back to her. Then, he showed his phone, "Four tickets, please."

Lilly, Hannah and Josh were puzzled.

Didn't he just said that he won't join us in this ride?

Drake had a mechanical expression on his face, "I am buying for Uncle Bryson, in fact."

Bryson would not be interested in this ride.

When Bryson rejected him later, he would have an excuse to use that ticket on his behalf. That was his plan.

Drake was stubborn like that.

Lilly said, "I see..." Then, she saw Bryson walking toward them, seemingly finished with his phone call. She invited him excitedly, "Uncle Bryson, let's ride the carousel! Drake bought us some tickets!"

Bryson resumed his gentle persona once again, "Alrigh

He had just gone through an unbelievable experience just now. He could use some rides to catch a break...

Uncle Bryson carried Lilly to the mightiest-looking horse while Josh and Hannah took to the horses on both sides of her horse.

As the music began to play, Lilly was soon laughing and giggling. Bryson felt some peace finally, and he could not help but smile while watching them. Josh and Hannah was having the time of their lives as well.

Drake, who was still standing beside the ride, stared at them blankly.

It turned out that his plan had failed. Why was he not the one riding on one of the unicorns right now?

Chapter 384 Blake's Precise Hit

Just a few seconds ago, the spirits were playing cards inside the jar of souls, and they were using the lollipops they got from Lilly as bets.



The unlucky ghost had lost all ten of his lollipops. The paper strips stuck to his head were equivalent to the number of sweets he owed the other spirits.

After the initial confusion, the unlucky ghost snapped to his senses and threw away the cards in his hand. "What's the matter. Lilly? Do you have a task for us? I'll go! I'll do it!"

Lilly pointed toward the screen and asked, "Is this the man that got away today?"

The unlucky ghost moved closer to the computer and placed his head on top of Blake's.

"You're right! That's the guy that's slipped away today! He continued, "That guy was pretty good. He has the skills to conjure paper figures with his talismans."

The unlucky ghost gave a detailed recount of what happened back then. Then, he rubbed his palms together and grinned widely. "Lilly, are you giving us any rewards for this new mission?"

The harem spirit couldn't help rolling her eyes. "Do you not have any sense of shame? How could you ask for a reward just because you answered a question?"

The unlucky ghost was about to give a retort when he was hit squarely in the face the next instant.

"Ah!" The punch was so strong that it sent the unlucky ghost flying.

Blake slowly loosened his fist. He had a cold, steely look in his eyes.

"What the hell?!" The unlucky ghost covered his nose as he exclaimed.

What happened?! How did a mortal like him manage to hit ?! How is this possible?!

The harem spirit was thrown off balance. She muttered to herself, "...A direct hit to the face! How did he do that?! That's so cool!"

She turned her eyes to Blake and fixed him with an intense gaze. Her eyes shone with admiration.

On the other hand, the weakling spirit took a few steps backward to put some distance between himself and Blake.

Just then, Lilly shouted excitedly, "Wow! Daddy, you're amazing!"

I thought she'd ask me how I was able to punch the ghost just now. Never had I expected this reaction from her.

Blake pinched Lilly's chubby cheeks and said in a gentle voice, "Of course! There's nothing I can't do after all."

Lilly put her arms around Blake's neck and gave him a peck on his cheek. The harem spirit was extremely envious upon seeing that.

Blake beamed broadly at Lilly. "Lilly, you should go back to your room and play with your toys. I'll need only thirty minutes to find that man in the video."

Lilly nodded. "Mhm! I'm counting on you, Daddy!"

She hopped down from Blake's lap and headed toward the door. She called out, "You guys, come with me!"

The unlucky ghost scrambled to his feet and grumbled, "Wait up for me!"

Lilly happened to have closed the door behind her at that moment.

The unlucky ghost fell silent and stared at the door with a woeful face. The door was opened again the next instant. Lilly smiled shyly at him and said apologetically, "I'm sorry. I almost forgot about you."

The unlucky ghost stepped out of the room and demanded, "I'm still feeling sad. You should give me some sweets."

Lilly felt around her pockets. Then, she reached into her right pocket and took out a piece of candy. Lilly held it out toward the unlucky ghost,

"Here. You can have this. Lilly patted him on the head. Don't stick your head above my dad's head again. next time."

He'll get beaten again if he does that. Daddy is a skilled practitioner now!

The unlucky ghost was on cloud nine as he took the candy from Lilly. "Mhm! Mhm! I'll stay as far away as possible from him next time!"

There was not a trace of indignation that could be seen on his face at that point.

However, someone suddenly snatched the candy out of his palm.

The unlucky ghost shouted furiously at the harem spirit, "Hey! Give that back, you thief!"

The harem spirit pulled off a paper strip from the unlucky ghost's forehead. She said nonchalantly, "Do you still remember how many sweets you owe me? Other than this piece I'm holding here, you still owe me three candies."

Then, she went inside the jar of souls without sparing him a second glance.

The weakling spirit patted the unlucky ghost on his shoulder and reminded him, "You owe me three candies as well."

The unlucky ghost felt both devastated and frustrated at the same time.

Lilly returned to her room. As soon as she opened the door, Lilly called out to her pet parrot, "Polly Polly, where are you?"

That's weird. I haven't seen Polly since I've gotten home.

...I don't think I've seen Bellflower as well.

Hold on... Did Polly take Bellflower out of the house to play somewhere outside?!

Just then, Lilly spotted both of her pets on the windowsill. Polly and Bellflower were staying very still as they stared hard at each other.

“Uh... What are you two doing?” Lilly walked closer toward the windowsill and asked curiously.

Polly’s body was shaking a little.

2/4

“Dumb! Dumb!” Polly called aloud.

Lilly lightly poked Polly’s beak. “You shouldn’t call others dumb. That’s rude!”

Polly replied in a gloomy voice, “I was trying to say numb... My claws are numb...”

We’ve been staring at each other for twelve chapters!

Lilly was extremely confused. She looked at Polly. Then, she turned her gaze toward Bellflower.

Why would Polly’s claws be numb?

In fact, Polly and Bellflower had been in the same spot for almost the entire day.

Bellflower wasn’t that bothered by the standoff as cats were built to stalk and hunt their prey for an extended amount of time.

However, that was not the case for Polly.

For birds, their claw muscles would be in a relaxed state when they are holding onto something like the branch of a tree. So, for Polly to stay on the flat, smooth windowsill all day was complete torture.

Polly cried out albeit unwillingly, “I can’t anymore! I’m gonna pass out from this! I just can’t with this cat!”

Although Lilly wasn’t sure what was going on between her pets, she went to pick Polly up nonetheless.

Bellflower hopped down from the windowsill. Then, it rubbed against Lilly’s ankles and meowed at her.

Lilly said, “You haven’t eaten all day, right? Granny cooked salmon for you, and she was looking for you.”

Bellflower’s ears perked up.

Salmon?

The cat darted out of the room in an instant.

I’m starting to feel hungry after staring at the bird for a whole day. I even considered eating the bird at one point.

Lilly put Polly back on its usual branch and asked, “Are you hungry, Polly? Have you eaten today?”

Polly was still muttering to himself, “Numb... So numb

I need to get some rest.

I’m not having another standoff with that stupid cat anymore I’ll just stand on a tall tree branch and wait it out next time!

Someone knocked on the door and came into the room at that moment. It was Bryson.

He had taken a shower and changed into a casual outfit. On the back of Bryson's neck was the faint mark of a paper figure...

A strange, green light glinted across Bryson's eyes. However, Lilly did not notice that as it happened too quickly.

Bryson began in a gentle voice, "Granny prepared sonje fruit juice, so I brought you a glass of it."

3/4

Then, Bryson placed the glass of juice on the table.

Chapter 385 Uncle Bryson Is Shedding?

Lilly went over to the table and picked up the glass. Then, she slowly sipped on the drink.

Bryson was instantly reminded of Jean as he looked at the little girl enjoying her drink.

He sat on the nearby chair and asked in a slightly hesitant voice, "Lilly, are there many ghosts in our world?"

I still remember seeing Jean, my dead little sister, on the 14th of July. She said a few things to me that night. After a while, she vanished before my eyes...

After that encounter, I even spent several days going through books about ghosts and the afterlife. I was willing to use any means if it meant I could get to see Jean again.

However, that was the only time I got to meet her. As time went on, what happened on the 14th of July seemed more and more like a wishful dream to me.

That is until today... After the incident at the amusement park I couldn't help but think about that day again.

Lilly replied, "There are as many ghosts as we have humans on Earth. However, there aren't that many ghosts in the realm of the living."

Bryson said, "Then, is it possible to find a person who's died and has been reincarnated?"

Lilly took another sip and slowly shook her head. "That's like looking for a needle in a haystack! Master has said that something like that is impossible since there are so many people living in our world."

Bryson couldn't help but feel slightly disappointed upon hearing that answer. He sat there with his head lowered. Part of his face was hidden in the shadows.

Lilly noticed something odd with Bryson's expression. She calmly finished her juice and gently placed the glass down on the table.

There was a long, deafening silence in the room.

Polly turned its gaze toward Lilly. It had a puzzled look in its eyes.

Suddenly, Lilly reached out an arm and grabbed Bryson by the throat. She declared in a stern voice, "Gotcha!"

Polly was so surprised by Lilly's sudden movements that it quickly flew to a far corner of the room.

"Caw! That scared the life out of me!" Polly flapped its wings frantically.

Bryson was completely flabbergasted. He could feel Lilly's firm grip on his neck. "Lilly, what's the matter?"

I was so absorbed in my own thoughts just now. By the way, why is Lilly grabbing my throat so tightly all of a sudden?

Lilly appeared to be focusing all of her concentration on Bryson's neck. She moved her hand slightly and used all her strength to pull something away from Bryson's skin.

She tried to offer Bryson reassurance. "Don't worry, Uncle Bryson. This won't hurt! I'll get it out very quickly!"

Bryson was in a state of utter confusion.

1/3

Wait... Is there another ghost with us now!! Did... Did it happen to stick to me?!

Suddenly, Bryson felt a sharp pain in the back of his neck. The pain was so unbearable that Bryson thought that he might pass out if it had gotten any worse.

I thought you said that this wouldn't hurt, Lilly?!

Bryson balled his fists as he tried to bear with the pain

As Blake opened the door, he could see Lilly holding Bryson's shoulder with one hand, and she was using her other hand to pull something off Bryson's neck. It almost seemed like Lilly was trying to pull off his skin.

Some might even think that Bryson was shedding his skin like a reptile would if they were to see this...

Blake's eyes bulged in surprise. Then, he swiftly shut the door behind him and hurried over to Lilly's side. to help her hold down Bryson.

"Did you bring a ghost back with you from the haunted house?" Blake asked in a hushed voice.

When she spotted Blake, Lilly quickly asked for his help. "Daddy, you... you should step on Uncle Bryson to hold him still!"

Blake responded right away, "Sure!"

Then, he moved Bryson onto the floor and stepped on the latter's back firmly.

Bryson had a look of annoyance in his eyes.

Though I can't move, I can still hear you guys loud and clear isn't this a bit too much?!

At the same time, Lilly had dragged almost all of the weird form attached to Bryson's neck at that point. As she mustered more strength from her body, the skin like form was finally removed from Bryson's body. Lilly immediately slammed the object against the wall and held it forcefully in place.

Blake had directed all of his attention to Lilly, and he even forgot that he was still stepping on Bryson.

"Can you... move your foot away now?" Bryson said in a croaky voice. His face was pressed against the floor.

Blake quickly removed his foot. "Oh! I'm sorry. I completely forgot about you."

Bryson was rendered speechless by his response.

Bryson felt a painful burning sensation on his back, especially around his neck. He felt his thoughts cleared up significantly as he slowly got to his feet. "What happened just now? Was it... a ghost?"

I did feel a bit tired after returning from the amusement park, but there wasn't anything that felt too out of the ordinary up to just now. How did a ghost manage to stick to my body like that?

Lilly shook her head. "It's not. It's a paper figure."

Lilly kept her gaze on the skin-like form wriggling under her grasp. Then, she reached into her pocket and fished out a talisman. As soon as she smacked the talisman over the weird form, it stopped moving.

Bryson felt goosebumps rise all over his body. "What is that thing?!"

2/3

Lilly furrowed her brows.

This is bad.

I didn't realize that the thing was stuck to Uncle Bryson's neck all this time.

When we were at the haunted house, I noticed that there was a bad aura surrounding him, and I tried to get rid of it.

Who knew...

Lilly mumbled in a small voice, "I'm still an amateur..."

Why haven't I thought of the possibility of this happening?

I didn't see any bad aura around Drake and Josh. Uncle Bryson was the only person who had it. Yet, I didn't realize until now....

Lilly seemed displeased as she was upset that she had overlooked the issue.

Bryson tried to console her, "It's alright. I feel perfectly fine anyway."

On the other hand, Blake stared at the skin-like form stuck to the wall and studied it carefully.

"This is a paper figure?"

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I've learned that these are made from paper. Some would make them in the form of a miniature human. However, this thing I'm looking at just seems like a huge piece of human skin..

Lilly replied, "It's a very powerful paper figure, but I'm not quite sure how it's made."

Blake said in a low voice, "It must be pretty difficult for us to keep it in some sort of container securely, then."

From what I had read about paper figures, we might need a high-grade tool designed specifically for that purpose...

"Lilly, do you need me to..."

Chapter 386

Lilly took a glance around her. Then, she swiftly picked up the glass on the table and placed the glass against the wall with its mouth facing the skin.

In a flash, the skin-like paper figure was completely sucked into the glass.

Blake and Bryson were astonished at the sight of that.

Is that really possible??

I feel like I'm watching a sci-fi movie....

You make it seem so easy that I'm starting to think that I may be able to catch these supernatural beings myself as well.

Lilly used the talisman stuck to the wall to cover the mouth of the glass securely. Then, she covered the same spot with a second talisman for added protection. The others could still see the paper figure wriggling inside the glass and trying its best to break out of it.

Lilly raised her eyes and noticed that the adults were staring at her with looks of bewilderment.

She asked. "Daddy, what were you saying just now?"

Blake blinked a few times. "It's nothing. I just wanted to know... if you need me to get you some snacks?"

Lilly put the glass on the table and rubbed her tummy a little. Then, she shook her head. "No....."

I'm such an amateur... I'm going to punish myself by not having any snacks.

Blake found it both adorable and funny that Lilly was blaming herself for not detecting the paper figure soon enough.

"You're amazing as you are now!" Blake carried her in his arms and tickled Lilly's chin. The young girl burst out laughing the next instant.

"Daddy, have you found the bad guy?" Lilly asked, "He's quite skilled. Yet, he's trying to do bad things to others. We should catch him and have him locked up until Master returns!"

Blake had a look of approval in his eyes as he gazed at Lilly.

She's very quick-witted. She knows it's best to wait for her master to deal with that man since she can't defeat the guy herself.

"I found him. I'll catch the man tonight!"

Bryson thought pensively for a moment and said, "You should come up with a good excuse since you'd need to keep him detained for a couple of days."

Blake raised a brow and declared matter-of-factly, "Why would I need a reason to detain someone?"

Bryson said, "...Aren't you concerned that it may hurt your image?"

Blake replied nonchalantly, "I'm the head of the MacNel family. What's there to be worried about?"

Bryson was at a loss for words.

1/4

He has always seemed like an upright person. I finally realized how bold and unruly he could be...

Blake felt Lilly's curious gaze on him, and he explained patiently, "Don't worry. Daddy wouldn't do anything against the law, I'll find a reason to catch the man."

Lilly's eyes shone with admiration as she nodded vigorously.

Blake asked, "By the way, where is your master right now?"

Lilly replied, "When Zae was at the Palace of the Ruler of Hell, someone stopped him and tried to write down his name. Master is now trying to look for that person."

"I see," Blake answered.

He checked the time and gently placed Lilly down on the sofa. Then, he said, "I'm going out for a bit. I'll be back very soon."

Lilly nodded. "Mum! Mhm! Be careful, Daddy!"

Just then, a thought occurred to Blake. He smiled a little awkwardly at Lilly. "Lilly, can you give me some of your talismans?"

Lilly reached for the bag that she left on the sofa. Then she took out a stack of talismans.

"Are these enough, Daddy?" Lilly held the talismans out generously. "I can draw a lot more talismans for you if you need them."

Blake let out a hearty laugh and pinched Lilly's cheek. These are more than enough."

As Blake headed for the door, he heard Bryson asking in a soft voice, "Lilly, are you used to sleeping alone in your room? Do you want me to tell you some bedtime stories before you sleep?"

Blake snickered, "Bryson, are you feeling scared?"



Bryson fell silent as he tried to keep a straight face upon hearing that question..

Lilly looked at Bryson innocently. "I got used to sleeping in my room alone a long time ago! You don't need to tell me any bedtime stories, Uncle Bryson."

"However, I can tell you stories if you're feeling scared

Bryson's brows twitched. "That... you don't have to do that...."

At a bustling corner of the city, numerous bright neon shop signs could be seen in a single street. The passersby could see multiple ladies standing near the entrance of each shop as they tried to attract customers.

Just then, a tall and dashing man walked slowly down the street. Almost all the ladies standing outside the shops spotted him in an instant.

"Hey, hottie! Do you want to come inside and have some fun?"

"Would you like to get a drink with me? We sell all kinds of drinks here!"

2/4

"Would you care for a massage session, Mister?"

Those women went up to him and asked fervently.

Blake stopped in front of a massage parlor. He flashed the lady standing by the door a slight smile. "How much does it cost for a massage session?"

The lady thought that she might faint at any moment due to her joy and excitement.

Someone like you doesn't have to pay me! I'm willing to pay you instead if that means I get a night with you!

Blake entered the shop and sat on the sofa.

The lady quickly pulled down the shutters and sat down next to Blake. Her cheeks blushed scarlet as she asked, "What kind of service are you looking for, Mister? We charge 100 dollars or 500 dollars. per session depending on the service you require. Also, we do accept additional requests from customers..."

Blake scanned the shop's interior. Then, his gaze fell to the stairs leading to the second floor. He asked nonchalantly, "You're the only person working in this shop?"

The lady smiled apologetically. "There's only me here at the moment. My coworkers have gone out for dinner. I can contact them and have all of them come back if that's what you want."

Blake replied, "What kind of services do you offer?"

I want to get chummy with him if that's possible. Strangely enough, even though this man looks just like any other thugs I've met, I can't help but feel an overwhelming sense of presence from him.

The lady sat beside Blake with her hands placed on her lap. She winked at Blake. "We provide any kind of services that you want, of course."

Blake said, "Be specific. I don't like to beat around the bush."

The lady's face was as red as a beet. "We... We provide all kinds of services in bed!"

Blake turned his eyes to the lady. "You mean s\*x services?"

The lady was about to slap Blake lightly on the shoulder. "Oh, my! Do you have to be so blunt about it..."

Suddenly, Blake snapped one side of a handcuff around the lady's wrist.

"I'm with the police." Blake got to his feet and straightened his clothes a little. "You're under arrest."

The lady stared at Blake with a doleful look in her eyes

Blake secured the other side of the handcuff to the handle on the sofa. Then, he used the tape placed on the nearby desk to seal the lady's mouth.

"Hush." Blake said in a low voice, "Be quiet."

The lady couldn't help but feel her heart racing.

Fine! Take me! I don't mind getting arrested if you're the one who's taking me away!

On the second floor, a topless bald man was sitting on the bed with his legs crossed. He had a pained expression as he tried with all his might to pull off the "skin" on his back.

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3/4

"That little girl is quite good..." The man muttered through clenched teeth.

I'm still pretty shaken thinking about those four spirits coming after me. Luckily, I managed to escape...

Just then, the door burst open. A tall man rushed at the bald man and pressed the latter against the floor. Then, the stranger swiftly placed several talismans on the bald man's forehead and back.

The bald man cried in pain as the talismans started burning with eerie green flames.

"Who are you?!" The bald man asked frantically.

Blake smirked. "I'm with the authorities. You're coming with me."

The bald man was flabbergasted.

Since when did the authorities start using talismans during an arrest...

Chapter 387 The Bald Man Is Caught

Blake put a pair of handcuff's on the bald man. Then, he took extra measures by tying up the man's limbs. with a thick rope to make sure that the baldy could not even move a finger.

The bald man fixed Blake with a malevolent gaze.

“Are you a practitioner?”

Blake was extremely pleased to hear that since he would very much like to earn the title. He nodded in affirmation. “You’re right.”

The bald man fell silent.

I find it a little difficult to trust his words upon seeing that smug expression on his face. However, common people wouldn’t know how to use a talisman....

“How did you find me?” The man asked.

It’s almost impossible to do that! I’ve stayed here for a long time. I know each and every nook of this street. I would have noticed that someone was looking for me the minute they started asking the people around here.

After I left the amusement park, I took routes that had the least surveillance cameras and changed my disguise twice. I even went into a busy, crowded shopping mall and took the subway before returning to this place.

Coupled with my skills to conjure paper figures, I was confident that even the special forces team would not be able to find me this quickly.

Blake put on his gloves as he observed the bald man’s room. He said flatly, “Make a guess.

The bald man gritted his teeth. A cold light gleamed in his eyes as he stared at Blake’s back.

This man is pretty good, especially those talismans he’s used just now. I can tell after feeling their effects that those were superior high-grade talismans.

Also, I don’t think he’ll have that many of those high-grade talismans on him at the moment. When I encountered the mysterious, powerful practitioner previously, that person only had ten talismans on him.

I’m sure I’ll be able to ambush this guy successfully!

The paper figure that I’ve hidden in my mouth is connected to my life force. It’ll take more than ten talismans to destroy this paper figure of mine.

That man even stepped on my face just now... He’s dead meat now!

The bald man slowly moved his tongue. He eventually managed to get the paper figure to be on the tip of his tongue. When he spotted his opportunity, the bald man spat the paper figure toward Blake’s back.

As the thin paper figure that had the size of two fingernails flew toward Blake, a toothpick stopped its trajectory by piercing it in the center and fixed the paper figure to a nearby cupboard in place.

Blake took out ten talismans and slammed them over the paper figure. There was a tiny squeal as the paper figure was burnt to bits by bright green flames.

The bald man coughed up a mouthful of blood almost simultaneously. He had a look of terror and disbelief. "Why do you have so many of those talismans!"

1/2

Blake took out the stack of talismans from his pocket and waved them in the bald man's direction. "You mean these?"

"I have plenty of them."

Then, he carefully placed them back in his pocket.

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The bald man had run out of ideas to break free from his captor at the moment. He asked grumpily, "Do you mind telling me which group of practitioners you belong to?"

Blake found more paper figures in the cupboard. After making sure all of them were destroyed, he dragged the bald man out of the room and down the stairs. "I had no idea that there were groups of practitioners. Well... Let's just say I'm a solo act."

The bald man was rendered speechless by Blake's response. His face darkened almost instantaneously.

The lady that was chained to the sofa was surprised to see Blake dragging the bald man with him.

That's the tenant who's rented a small room at our place. I've heard from the boss that he's a construction worker. Why is he getting arrested as well, though?

When she saw that Blake headed toward the entrance without giving her a spare glance, she made some noise to catch Blake's attention.

Why aren't you taking me with you?!

Blake waved his hand dismissively at her. "My colleagues will be here for you very soon."

The lady seemed immensely disappointed upon hearing Blake's words.

Eventually, Blake decided to keep the bald man detained at the MacNeil villa since that was the only place with the maximum level of security.

The man was thrown into a cell in the underground dungeons. The room was surrounded by rough, stone walls, while there were sturdy, steel bars installed on top of the cell."

Blake instructed his men, "This guy has to be monitored 24/7. Keep your eyes peeled and your guns pointed at him at all times."

"Shoot him even if he moves the tiniest bit. I don't care if he gets shot as long as you make sure to not kill him in the meantime."

Chapter 388 The Obedient Subordinate

Blake stood crouched on top of the cell and looked at the bald man through those steel bars.

He seems to be in his forties. Also, he doesn't really look that different from the other middle-aged men. Is he seriously that great of a practitioner?

"Was the ghost bride inside the haunted house your idea?" Blake asked.

The bald man paused briefly. Then, he raised his head to look at Blake. "You and that little girl belong to the same group?!"

Suddenly, the sound of a gunshot rang out through the dungeons. A bullet traveled past the bald man's cheek in a flash and almost grazed the man's skin.

Blake turned his eyes to the subordinate standing beside him and looked at him in confusion.

The subordinate reported with a stern expression on his face, "Mr. MacNeil, that man moved just now!"

The bald man retorted angrily, "I'm simply trying to answer his question!"

The subordinate replied monotonously, "That's none of my concern. I'm just trying to carry out my boss's

orders."

Anyhow, why would you need to make such a big movement when you just had to stay still and answer the question?

Blake gave the subordinate a thumbs-up. "Good job."

The bald man dared not make any sudden movements at that point. He remained perfectly still.

"I was the one who left the ghost bride at the haunted house..."

Blake narrowed his eyes.

So, it really was his doing.

Lilly has the ghost bride in her jar of souls right now. However, seeing that this guy was bold enough to try to attack me earlier, it might be a bad idea to leave that ghost with Lilly...

Blake's expression hardened. "The ghost bride appears to have been around for hundreds of years. How did you manage to control her?"

At that point, the bald man was drenched in a cold sweat as he felt extremely threatened by all the guns pointed at him.

He blinked a few times and said, "I found her by chance when I was out for a mission."

"That ghost bride was trapped in an old, deserted temple... It didn't take me too much time to get her to obey me."

Blake furrowed his brows.

Just then, there was a loud sound of a second gunshot.

The subordinate reported, "Mr. MacNeil, that man moved! He moved his neck and blinked a few times!"

1/2

Blake stared at his subordinate with a blank expression.

This guy is quite an airhead.....

The bald man was trembling a little.

I just lowered my head a little since my muscles were starting to feel sore. Did he have to fire another shot for that?!

The bald man remained motionless as he called out pleadingly, "Mister, do you mind telling your subordinate to allow for just a bit of movement..."

Blake answered expressionlessly, "Well, that depends on how you answer my following questions. Today, my daughter and her uncle visited the haunted house

"Not only did you try to scare my daughter, but you also stuck a paper figure onto the back of her uncle's neck. Do you admit to doing those things?"

The bald man's eyes bulged in horror.

How did they find out about that?!

How is that possible?! I've used the blood from my heart to make that paper figure! For more than twenty years, I've only managed to make two of those...

How did they notice...

The bald man responded in a slightly nervous voice, "Yes, I did that..."

Blake interrupted him, "You left the ghost bride at the haunted house and stuck a paper figure onto my family member's body. What is it that you're trying to achieve?"

The bald man kept his mouth shut upon hearing that question.

I knew he'd be asking about that ultimately. I was planning to use the answer as leverage against this man.

Also, I still have the ghost bride which is part of my backup plan. I've spent a lot of effort trying to make it succumb to me. She won't ever betray me under any circumstances!

If he wants to get that information from me, I'll have him....

Blake ordered at that instant, "Guys, give our guest here a warm and welcoming treatment!"

As Blake turned around and headed out of the dungeons, the airhead subordinate aimed his gun at the bald man's shoulder and fired a shot.

Despite the burning pain, the bald man held himself still for fear of receiving another shot.

It was already midnight. While Lilly was in a deep sleep, the jar of souls tied to her wrist appeared to glow faintly in the dark.

Inside the jar, the ghost bride slammed her cards onto the table excitedly, "Ha! I won!"

The lady seemed to have completely forgotten about her bald master at the moment

### Chapter 389 Her Great Ambition

As the night grew deeper, it was the perfect time for some people to get started with their business.

After the amusement park had closed for the day, Grace managed to sneak into the park to check out the haunted house.

The young girl had a deep frown on her forehead as soon as she finished looking around the place.

Again?! There's nothing in this place too!!

Grace's hands balled into fists.

I've only managed to capture those two resentful spirits previously.

The Bedlam Asylum and this haunted house were a complete hotch.

I've noticed that I'm different from the other kids from a young age. I could understand things like a normal adult would even when I was still a baby who needed milk and diapers.

Around the age of three, I had a strange dream. I've been tasked with the mission of catching ghosts in the realm of the living. Also, I have to collect various types of tears before I reach the age of eighteen. For instance, the tear of remorse, the tear of resentment, the tear of sorrow, and many more.

However, I've only managed to collect the tears of remorse and resentment up to this point. Then, things started to go awry recently. I couldn't catch any ghosts at the site where I was supposed to find one. Or the ghost didn't have the tears that I needed even when I did catch them....

How am I supposed to hit my KPI if the situation continues to go on like this?

Grace was extremely irked and agitated as she stood inside the quiet and desolate haunted house. She couldn't help but kick a nearby prop in her frustration

"Gah! I'm so pissed!" Grace would only display her true emotions when she was certain that there was no one around.

Suddenly, Grace picked up the sound of something moving swiftly in the distance. She spotted a figure moving very quickly in the shadows out of the corners of her eyes.

"Who's there?!" Grace stared hard at the prop column placed not too far away. She dared not bat her eyelids as she focused all of her attention on that corner.

"Hehe..." She heard a deep voice. "What an interesting young child... Were you born with special gifts?"

Grace felt a chill run down her spine almost instantaneously. She noticed that the voice was coming from a different direction, so she swiftly turned around.

At that very moment, she felt a sharp pain at the center of her chest. It was as if a hot knife was driven to

her heart.

Grace let out a gasp due to the immense pain. Sweat bedded her forehead as she clutched at her chest.

The voice was coming from a totally different direction this time. "Very good. You have promising talents. You should become my disciple. What do you say?"

Grace's expression hardened. She replied icily, "How can I ask someone whom I don't even know their

1/3

name to become my master? Who are you?"

The person hiding in the shadows laughed.

"That's very smart of you. You're trying to find out who I am first. Unfortunately, any adult would be able to see through your intentions."

"I'll give you twelve hours grace. I'm the only person in the world who can undo the spell I've cast over your heart. Either you willingly agree to become my disciple and help carry out my biddings, or you'll have to die..."

"I can't stand the thought of someone as special as you not becoming one of my pawns..."

As the person seemed to have finished what they wanted to say, the voice gradually faded and died down.

Grace panted heavily as she could still feel the burning sensation at the center of her chest.

"That loathsome man..." Grace muttered through clenched teeth. Eventually, she managed to overcome the pain and made her way out of the haunted house.

I knew something like this was bound to happen one day.

People always say that the living is much scarier than the dead.

Near the entrance of the amusement park, a man with a tall figure stood quietly in the shadows as he watched Grace walk away in the distance.

It's been quite some time since I started heading north from Ashbourne and ended up at this place. On the way, I collected various spirits of the dead and objects to counter curses.

With the spirits of the dead, I can control them and order them to do my bidding. For instance, if a movie star wishes to boost her popularity, I can send her one of my spirits to help increase her luck and charm. Similarly, if someone wishes to secretly get rid of their enemy without leaving any trace, I have spirits that can do those tasks for them. However, I charge them a lot more for those requests...

While I had been getting more and more requests and new clients, I had also realized that I was severely short-handed.

Previously, I came across a man with exceptional abilities to create paper figures at an abandoned temple. I managed to get him to become my disciple, and I gave him a ghost bride as a gift.



The man had become an important subordinate of mine as he had been helping me grow my wealth by completing the missions I gave him. Yet, someone has caught my subordinate today.

I checked the haunted house for signs of a battle but was to no avail. Then, I chanced upon that little girl.

“I’ve picked up traces of someone who’s very good at catching ghosts and spirits lately... Who could it be...” The man knitted his brows. He could tell that the person wasn’t Grace.

That person had made sure to clean up after them every time haven’t been able to find any surveillance footage of them or any actual signs of them at each of those sites.

A child couldn’t possibly have planned or executed meticulous plans like these. This girl is not the person that I’m looking for.

“I’ll find you, sooner or later...”

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I must have those who are strong and powerful on my side to do my bidding. Otherwise, they are bound to become

enemy...

For those who refuse to take my side, I must eliminate them before they get any stronger...

Soon afterward, the man returned to a huge, luxurious mansion.

my

One of his disciples immediately came up to the man to help him take off his coat. “Master, a lady has been putting in a request for a talisman for quite some time. She works as a manager for a clothing brand, and she’s going to bring some clothes to a prominent, wealthy family tomorrow. She would like to get a love talisman.”

“She wishes to get the man to fall hopelessly in love with her, and she’s willing to pay 500 thousand dollars.

for the talisman...”

After a moment’s consideration, the man finally said flatly, “Fine. Give her one.”

The man’s disciple took the love talisman from his master and excused himself. Then, he went to the lounge where a beautiful lady had been waiting on her knees for almost the entire day.

“You’re lucky. My master just came back. Here’s the love talisman. Stick it to your target’s body, and the talisman will self-combust and take effect.”

The lady thanked him respectfully. “Is there anything else I should take note of?”

The lady noticed that the man was looking at her gold bracelet. After a brief pause, she took the bracelet off and shoved it into the man's hands. "Mister, here's a token of my appreciation..."

Chapter 390 Sweet Dreams

The man took the gold bracelet and smiled slightly. "Prepare a small bucket of water and add a few drops of your blood to the water. Then, immerse the talisman in that water briefly."

The lady thanked the man profusely and left the place soon.

As soon as she got home, the lady threw herself onto the sofa and breathed a long sigh.

I'm going to the Crawford Mansion tomorrow!

It's one of those places that only allow very restricted access to select bunch of people! For someone like me, I only get the chance to go there once a year at most...

I know that so many other brand managers have been eyeing the opportunity to go to Crawford Mansion. Almost all of the men from the Crawford family are extremely rich and handsome elites.

If I could marry into the Crawford family... giving away the 500 thousand dollars and that gold bracelet for the talisman would be one of the best decisions I had ever made my life!

At the thought of the talisman, the lady rose to her feet and quickly prepared the bucket of water just as the man had told her.

As soon as the talisman was fully immersed in the water, something strange happened almost instantaneously.

The talisman flew out of the water and floated in mid-air for quite some time. The lady was so shocked that she hurriedly knelt down on the floor.

After making a full turn in the air, the talisman slowly descended and lay flat on the table.

The lady slowly looked up. Her eyes were bright with excitement.

I've heard about how amazing and powerful this practitioner is during one of my job assignments. I guess the stories I've heard are all true!

The lady couldn't help but ponder who she should choose tomorrow.

The eldest brother, Anthony Crawford, is the CEO of Crawford Holdings. He has two kids, but no one knows who's the mother of his children. If I pick him as my target, I'll get to become the mistress of the Crawford family someday.

The second son, Liam Crawford, works as a designer according to rumors. People say that he's a rather dull person, and he has two kids as well... I don't think he's a good option. He doesn't hold a high position, yet I'll have to be the stepmother to his children...

I haven't found any information about the third son except for the fact that he's probably working as a pilot... He sounds like a somewhat alright choice.

The fourth brother, Jonas Crawford, is a famous actor. If I were to become his partner, I would definitely make the headlines every day.

Rumor has it that the fifth son is working as a contractor. That's a big no-no! I couldn't comprehend why someone belonging to the Crawford family would choose that as their occupation...

I'll skip the sixth and seventh sons since there's barely any information I can find about these two men.

1/3

Chapter 390 Sweet Dreams

Also, I've heard that the eighth son works as a physician. Hmm... He's considered acceptable...

In a nutshell, Anthony, the CEO, is my best option! I hope I get to see him tomorrow!

A big grin was plastered across her face as the lady fell asleep that night.

Early morning the next day, Lilly woke up from a deep slumber and sat up in her bed.

"Good morning!" Polly flew over and rested on Lilly's shoulder. "Do you know why you feel so tired?"

Lilly had always needed a few minutes to become fully awake in the morning. She turned her head and stared at Polly absently. "Why?"

Polly rubbed its head against Lilly's cheek. "That's because you've been running through my mind all night!"

"Okay."

Polly had an awkward expression upon getting such a mild response from Lilly.

At the same time, Bellflower was crouching outside the closed window and staring fiercely at Polly.

The parrot hopped onto Lilly's head and called aloud. "Sure! Come at me all you want! Try opening the window yourself and come at me!"

Lilly wasn't sure what was going on between her pets again. She gave a yawn and went into the bathroom. After washing herself and changing her clothes, she made her way downstairs. Polly stayed on top of her head the whole time.

Bryson was helping Bettany set up the table for breakfast. He spotted the still sleepy Lilly and the bird on her head.

Bryson let out a soft chuckle. "You're up so early. What do you want for breakfast? I'll get it for you?"

Lilly subconsciously followed behind Bryson since she knew he was heading to the dining room as well. Since she wasn't paying any attention in front of her, she did not stop when Bryson had put down the food and turned around to pick her up.

Lilly bumped into Bryson's leg and clung to his trousers. She rubbed her reddened nose slightly and said pitifully, "Uncle Bryson, why did you stop so suddenly

Bryson beamed warmly at her. "Are you feeling hungry Lilly?"

Lilly nodded vigorously. "Mhm! Mhm!"

Then, she quickly got into her seat and placed the napkin on her lap.

Lilly raised her hand and said, "Uncle Bryson, I want to have some fried milk buns!"

Those were Lilly's favorite food for breakfast. She could easily finish three of those buns in one sitting.

Bryson smiled widely as he couldn't help but find his niece adorable. He placed a few fried milk buns on Lilly's plate.

Bettany joined them at the table as well. "Chew slowly while you eat them. Someone will be bringing us some new clothes later. We need to get you ready for school since you'll be starting the day after tomorrow, Lilly. Once you do, you'll probably be having breakfast at school instead."

Lilly's eyes lit up. "Okay!"

Bettany noticed the excited look in Lilly's eyes.

Hmm... She looks so happy. Is it because she's grown tired of the food I make?

Soon afterward, Anthony came downstairs to have breakfast as well. He didn't expect to see Lilly this early in the morning. "Lilly, you woke up so early today."

Lilly had finished drinking half a glass of milk. "Of course! It's a good habit to wake up early in the morning!"

Anthony's gaze fell on Polly next. He said unsmilingly, "Polly, get down."

Polly spotted Bellflower which was crouching low on the floor behind Anthony, seemingly ready to pounce at it. He cried out, "Caw! No!"

There was a brief moment of silence as everyone was amused by the parrot's bold response.