

Eight Uncles 401

Chapter 401 It Ran In The Family

“It doesn’t work that way.” Grace looked away embarrassed. “I tried tearing it off by force. That’s why there’s blood on my chest.”

Lilly looked at the talisman, lost in her thoughts. She didn’t want to hurt Grace but letting the talisman stay would pose a greater threat to Grace.

“Do you need my help, Lilly?” Blake tried to support his kid.

“You won’t be able to help, Dad.”

Pablo decided to speak up. “This talisman latches onto her flesh. It’s very difficult to remove it. First, your

have to...”

Lilly grabbed one corner of the talisman and yanked it.

“I got it!” exclaimed Lilly. The bloodied talisman wriggled in her hands. “Then I seal it. Is that right, Master Pablo?”

Pablo was too stunned to speak.

Lilly turned to Blake. “Dad, quick! Give me a cup.”

Blake found a cup from a nearby table and trapped the talisman in it. Lilly then covered the brim with her hands. Pablo screamed. He incanted a spell and placed magical seal on the cup.

“Lilly!” Pablo bellowed. “Do not handle dangerous talismans with your bare hands! It’s dangerous.”-

“Sorry, Master Pablo,” said Lilly in an apologetic tone. Pablo rolled his eyes. He didn’t know if Lilly was brave or reckless.

“Anyway,” Lilly turned to Grace. “Please continue sobbing. My master said the more you cried, the better!

fate would be. Go on now. Cry.”

your

When the paramedics arrived, they were greeted with an eerie scene. A girl was trying to force another girl to cry. It was puzzling, to say the least. Despite everyone’s best efforts to persuade Grace to go to a hospital, Grace wouldn’t relent. The paramedics only patched Grace up and the Crawfords decided to let Grace stay with them for the time being.

Bettany was making her afternoon tea. She grumbled to Hugh, “It’s all thanks to Blake that a fine lady like Lilly becomes so belligerent now.”

“It’s not a bad thing. At least she can fend for herself.”

“Who would bully her? She’s one of the Crawfords.”

“It’s not who. But what.”

Shortly after, the roaring of a sports car engine came through the window. Blake and his daughter came back. As usual, he parked his car in a sharp swerve. Like they did in the movie. Due to the inertia, Grace’s face was plastered against the car window.

Lilly was enjoying the ride. But she recalled that Grace was still injured. “Wait, Gracie. Are you all right?”

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Blake overheard it and was mortified. He quickly alighted from the car and opened the door to Grace. “Are you all right? I’m sorry. I got carried away.”

“It’s okay,” Grace winced.

“This is...” Bettany saw an unfamiliar face in her front yard. Did Blake kidnap another kid?

“It’s Gracie. I mean Grace,” explained Lilly.

Noticing her mother’s confusion, Blake provided some additional information. “She is the younger sister. of Jonas’s colleague.”

“Jonas’s colleague... Quinnie? She’s the younger sister of Quinnic?”

“Bingo! You’re a genius, Granny.”

Bettany was proud of herself. “Well, of course, I am Botany, of the Levine family.”

Watching on the sideline, Pablo was left speechless. It seemed like narcissism ran in the family.

Meanwhile, Maryn was doing inventory half-heartedly in a luxury goods store. Why hadn’t Bryson called her? She did attach the love talisman to his back. Was h busy? Although she was supposed to look at the list of merchandise in her hands, her eyes always turned to the shop entrance. She wouldn’t want to miss out when that sexy hunk of a pilot came in and asked for her.

“Ms. Kamily, someone is looking for you.”

“Coming!”

Oh, yes! Her moment had arrived.

Chapter 402 Mysterious Woman

Maryn would love to hop, skip, and jump her way to greet her Prince charming. But she opted to play it cool. After all, she had to play hard to get.

When she walked to the entrance, she found no one. “Who’s looking for me?”

“It’s this madam here,” a staff member said.

Maryn turned around to see a prim and proper woman sitting by the counter. The woman greeted her, “Hi. Ms. Kamily. I’m looking for you. Have you seen Chris lately?”

Maryn was taken aback. She then asked the woman in a hushed tone, “You know Chris too?”

“Yes, and I know you bought a talisman from him several days ago,” the woman answered feebly.

Maryn turned flustered. How did the woman know what she did? “I haven’t seen Chris lately. Not after I bought the talisman.”

“I see. I’ll get going then.”

As the woman wobbled out of the shop, Maryn couldn’t help but wonder who she was. Many rich clients visited the shop. But not this mysterious woman. All of a sudden, something else dawned on Maryn. The woman was asking if she had met Chris or not. Did that mean Chris was missing? That he ran away with

the money?

Maryn immediately headed to where Chris lived in Yule Bay. She came to find that all his belongings were strewn on the floor. As if a nasty fight broke out here.

Maryn trembled in fury. She had been scammed. She called the police right away. “Sir, I would like to report a scammer! He took 500,000 dollars from me!”

Meanwhile, far away from Miralaea, Chris felt a chill down his spine.

Chapter 403 An Honest Mistake

Chris checked his phone to see if there was anything about him online. His premonition had become reality. He was now on the wanted list.

“The suspect scammed 500,000 dollars from one victim and fled with the money. All 13 accomplices have been detained...”

Chris’s face twitched. His students were all arrested. Which meant he could no longer use their credit cards during his fugitive endeavor. At his wit’s end, Chris made a call.

“Hi. Yes, Madam Fowler... No, I’m not running away. I found you a vessel... Yes, please pick me up.”

Blake was sucking a lollipop, seemingly in a jolly mood. Making Chris a wanted criminal made his investigation go even smoother.

“Mr. MacNeil, we have intel that Chris just contacted the Fowler family. They are now picking him up,” said Layton.

“Great! I shall meet him then,” Blake sneered. “By the way, Arthur is your younger brother, yes? Ask him to shop for some cute toddler clothes and send them to the Crawford Mansion. Tell him to keep watch over Lilly.”

“Okay,” replied Layton.

Back in the Crawford Mansion, Lilly stared at the stoic man before her. “Mister, why do you keep following me?”

Arthur came with four to five bags. He dumped them on the floor before following Lilly around like a loyal puppy.

Bettany saw the bags of toddler clothes. She retrieved hjem and asked Hannah and Josh to try them on.

“So Blake isn’t good-for-nothing after all. I was planning to take them shopping today. But he predicted what I wanted to buy and sent them here,” commented Bettany approvingly.

Lilly grabbed Grace’s hand. “Come, Gracie. Let’s try on new clothes!”

“Pfft! Who does that?” Grace sniggered.

“Come. What are you going to do then?”

“I enjoy my solitude,” said Grace, but she was following Lilly reluctantly.

“Margaret, hang these clothes, will you? These two bags contain male toddler clothes and these three bags should be the female ones.”

As Margaret opened the content of the bags, everyone was greeted with a sea of pink. Pink shirts, pink pants, and even pink underwear!

“Where are the clothes for me?” asked Josh innocently.

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“Over there.” Arthur pointed at the pink pile.

“It’s all pink.” Lilly remarked.

“Yes, Miss MacNeil!” Arthur stood like a soldier. “Mr. MacNeil asked for cute toddler clothes. And cute. means pink.”

“What is your name again?” asked Bettany.

“I am Arthur. Because my father wants me to be a legendary figure like King Arthur!” answered Arthur solemnly.

Everyone fell silent. They didn’t have it in themselves to reproach an honest mistake committed by a man. who took everything too literally.

Chapter 404 Freeze!

“Anyway,” Bettany decided to change the topic. “Pick your clothes for your school tomorrow.”

While Lilly, Grace, and Hannan sorted out their clothes, Josh and Drake whipped out their phones to order clothes online. There was no way they would wear pink on the first day of the new semester!

Later in the afternoon, Bryson packed his luggage. His leave was over and he had to go back to work. After the scare and suspense he had, Bryson found himself becoming more and more reliant on Lilly. He decided to knock on Lilly’s door.

“You’re going back to work, Uncle Bryson?” Lilly’s head popped out from the door frame.

“Yes, Bryson knelt down and patted Lilly’s head. “I will be back around New Year.”

“Okay.”

“When I return, I’ll come with a present for you!”

“YES!” Lilly cheered. “Oh, wait. Take this.” Lilly went inside her room and came out with something in her tiny hands.

“What is that?” inquired Bryson.

“A protective charm. It will protect you.”

“Thanks, Lilly.” A fuzzy feeling invaded Bryson’s chest. He then left while Lilly bode him farewell over the balcony.

Meanwhile, Chris was performing a divination. But he coughed out blood halfway through.

“How could this be? Nothing?” Chris knew he ran into formidable opponent after the ghost bride was subdued. He knew his opponent must have put him on the wanted list. He thought he could glean some hints as to the identity of his enemy with some simple divination but he failed. Was his opponent so strong that he was undetectable?

All of a sudden, someone rang his doorbell.

Chris approached the door cautiously and asked, “Who’s there?”

“Do you need my service?” said a woman.

To run away from the authority, Chris checked into the dodgiest motel. At midnight, entertainers would knock on each door to ask if the occupants wanted their service. Chris was used to it.

“No, thanks.”

“Freeze!” yelled somebody. Chris’s door was kicked open.

Call it the instinct of a criminal but when Chris heard freeze!, his fight or flight response was triggered. His gear, his talismans, and his paper puppets were all in his room. Chris might not be able to defeat his aggressor but he could make an escape.

Blake chuckled at Chris’s futile attempt. He threw some talismans in the air and they homed in on Chris.

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Blake slid and tripped Chris, before pinning Chris to the ground.

“You have no right to arrest me!” Chris put up his last line of defense.

Blake looked at the entertainer and back at Chris. “You are arrested for soliciting

Chapter 405 Chris Was Apprehended

“Take him away,” uttered Blake as he checked the time.

“I surrender. Can you tell me who you are?” Chris stopped resisting. He rubbed his wrist and a soul pupper appeared. It fell on the floor and inched toward Blake.

Blake was busy escorting Chris out anyway. He couldn't have noticed it. Or so Chris thought. Before the soul puppet could launch its attack, Blake threw even more talismans at Chris. Those talismans attached themselves to the soul puppet. After a sharp shriek, the soul puppet burst into a greenish flame. It then stopped moving.

Blake then scanned his surroundings. There were talismans, magical trinkets that gave him the heebie-jeebies, and several crimson talismans. They churned Blake's stomach.

"Back to Dudroinia he goes!" said Blake, exasperated. Because of Chris's resistance, he might miss his daughter's orientation ceremony! Unbelievable!

"Just who the heck are you?" Chris still couldn't believe that he was arrested.

Blake ignored Chris. He was busy scrolling through the photos sent in the chat group. In those photos, Lilly was sitting like a mini adult and listened to the speech attentively. How adorable was she!

In a last-ditch effort to escape, Chris rubbed his toes and managed to detach another soul puppet. Blake must have run out of talismans by now. He was throwing them at Chris recklessly. But before Chris could command the soul puppet to do something, another talisman engulfed Chris and his soul puppet was reduced to ashes. Impatiently, Blake booted Chris into the car. Chris's face squished against the car window due to the force.

Blake then put his phone's speaker closer to his mouth and left a voice message. In a very pampering tone, Blake said, "You look amazing there, baby girl. You can do this. Daddy supports you!"

The juxtaposition between the violence that unfolded and Blake's affectionate voice perplexed everyone.

"Why are all of you staring at me?" Blake asked his subordinates.

"You sound so... different, Mr. MacNeil," answered a subordinate. None of them was used to the doting.

Blake

"You'll know when you have kids."

Maybe.

Chapter 406 Glowing Bryson

The flight back to Dudroinia took another 12 hours. When they arrived at the airport, Blake and Chris ran into Bryson, who was about to board a plane.

"What a coincidence! Hi there, Bryson." Blake jogged to greet Bryson.

In his sexy pilot uniform, Bryson was a walking bundle of pheromones. He turned many heads, and some even took out their phones to capture Bryson's handsomeness. As people flocked around Bryson, so did another crowd appear. They were none other than the fanatical supporters of Jonas, who was also scheduled to arrive at the airport today.

Chaos ensued as two groups collided. Blake and his subordinates watched their surroundings with vigilance. They wouldn't want Chris to take advantage of the disorder and flee.

Meanwhile, Chris seized the opportunity. He plotted and schemed for several decades and he was not going to let anyone capture him that easily. With a snap of his finger, a talisman flew from Chris's hand toward Bryson. Chris also made a beeline toward his target.

"If you don't want to die, you..."

A burst of gold light emanated from Bryson. Its shockwave pushed Chris back and incinerated the talisman Chris summoned.

Blake watched on with amusement in his eyes. "Nice golden armor you have there, Bryson. Make sure you wear a singlet or else it will be too warm for you."

"Bryson, you were... glowing just now," said one of Bryson's crews.

"It's the sun ray. Think nothing of it," explained Bryson politely.

But Chris, who was apprehended once again, knew what happened. Bryson had a protective charm that gave him a golden armor. How unfair!

"Daddy!" Suddenly, a childish voice appeared. Lilly threw herself into Blake's embrace.

Blake kissed Lilly on the cheek affectionately. "Why are you here, Lilly? Don't you have school?"

Lilly looked at Arthur and pouted. "Daddy, you asked Mr. Arthur here to keep a close watch on me. And he did. But he even followed me to school, to my class, and even to the toilet! All the other kids were afraid of going to the toilet because he's so scary. And they peed themselves... I had to take a few days off because Mr. Arthur was quite disruptive in school. Even the teachers couldn't stop him."

Blake was left speechless.

Chapter 407 Hit Him If He Moved

"Explain this, Arthur." Blake turned to Arthur. He wasn't sure if he should be mad or laugh at the absurdity.

"Sir, you told me to keep a close watch on Miss MacNeil" replied Arthur like a soldier.

"Mission accomplished," said Blake dryly. "Now, your mission is to escort the suspect behind me. Hit him if he moves. Understood?"

"Yes, sir!" Arthur was very proud of himself. The fact that his employer gave him another mission this soon must mean that his service was impeccable!

Arthur then shuffled to Chris's side and stared at Chris like a hawk. Before Chris could sneer and throw some derisive comments at the stranger next to him, he received a slap from Arthur. The sound of which was so loud that it attracted Blake's and Lilly's attention.

"Sir, he moved! His face moved!"

"What is wrong with..." Chris bellowed.

PIAK!

Another slap.

Chris had to swallow whatever vile words he was about to spew out. As the other guards took Chris away, Chris got another slap.

“Mr. MacNeil told us to take him with us. So he has to walk. It doesn’t count,” said one of the guards.

Arthur frowned and conceded. “Fine. His legs can move but no more than that!”

In the meantime, Pablo was checking his booklet. “Chris has an interesting fate. You don’t usually run into a legit shaman nowadays. Most are charlatans.”

Once Chris arrived at the MacNeil villa, Baldy knelt before him and apologized. “I’m sorry, Master. I... I told them everything.”

Chris only looked at his student with a death stare. He would never give in.

Three days later, Chris felt like he was about to die. Arthur was relentless in his execution of order. He slapped Chris whenever Chris moved, even when Chris was asleep. But who didn’t toss and turn in sleep? Due to the slapping, Chris was deprived of any sleep.

“I’ll come clean. Stop it! I’ll come clean,” Chris finally stendered.

Baldy felt something behind his back. He turned around but found nothing.

Chapter 408 Easy-peasy

It was a Saturday. Blake was told that Chris was willing to confess, so he brought Lilly with him back to the MacNeil villa.

“Mr. MacNeil!” Arthur dashed in and knelt before Blake. His eyes were puffy.

Blake didn’t need Arthur to explain the situation. When an honest man like Arthur got on his knees to apologize, it meant something bad had happened. And in this case, Chris had escaped.

“How did he escape?”

“I watched over him for three nights without sleeping. When he said he would come clean today, I transferred him to the interrogation room. And... But don’t worry. I already put the entire villa in lockdown mode. He cannot leave the compound.”

Lilly sighed. Arthur sure was so loyal that he would sacrifice his sleep over the task Blake gave him.

“Mission accomplished. Mr. Arthur, go to sleep now.”

Arthur looked at Blake.

“You will take orders from Miss MacNeil too,” said Blake

Arthur nodded. Before he went to sleep, he added another piece of information. “Chris hid in the woods, Our men have surrounded that area.”

Blake and Lilly then headed to the woods. A desperate layton approached them. "Sir, this is unusual. We are very familiar with the woods since it is our training ground. But for some reason, we cannot find our way there."

Pablo looked at the woods. He eyed the challenge with excitement. "Lilly, it's a maze enchantment. Let's take it down."

"Yes, let's take it down!" said Lilly to the lollipop she had been sucking.

Chris was hiding in his camouflage. He saw Blake and a child enter the woods. Really? With a child? They sure underestimated him!

"You're here." A disembodied voice appeared from nowhere. "Who are you? Why do you want to hunt me down?"

Blake and Lilly looked around. They found no one.

"Come out now. And we will talk." Blake put Lilly behind him. He shouldn't have brought Lilly with him. Facing an unseen foe might put Lilly in danger.

"Come out now, you prick!" Lilly copied her father's bravado.

"I was minding my own business but you had to ruin everything. What do you want from me?" The disembodied voice continued.

"Come out already!" Lilly threw her tiny fist in the air.

"Why don't you come and find me? HAHAHAHA!" Chris cackled. There was no way his victims could escape from the maze enchantment.

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"Lilly, you leave the woods first. The enemy is hiding. What if he lunges at you?"

"You can't find him?" In fact, Lilly was giving her father a chance to play the hero. She could locate Chris easily. "It's okay, Daddy. Most people won't be able to find him anyway." Lilly then patted Blake on his back.

"Now, let's make a deal..." Chris pressed home his advantage.

Before Chris could finish his sentence, Lilly took a pebble from the ground and threw it in a direction.

"Ouch!" The pebble hit Chris's face. He fell to the ground. No way a kid could sense where he was. This must be beginner's luck. Yeah, luck!

"Oi! Come out already. Or I'll hit your face with a stone again."

"Little girl, don't get ahead of yourself now. You got lucky. That's all," sniggered Chris.

Lilly picked up another pebble. If her enemy wouldn't believe her, she would just prove it herself.

Chapter 409 Edification from Dad

Lilly raised her hand and flung the stone she was holding! Chris sneered, taking satisfaction in his accurate prediction and attributing it all to mere luck. Observing the direction of her throw, it was off! It remained standing, perplexed by what had just happened. However, the stone struck the tree behind him with astonishing precision the next moment. It ricocheted off and delivered a solid thud on the back of his head!

Chris exclaimed, "What?! How was this even possible?" He groaned as he fell to the ground. Before he could crawl away to escape, a foot clad in leather boots pressed him down.

Blake laughed derisively, his eyes glinting coldly. "Run if you can. Keep going"

Chris, unwilling to admit defeat, hastily placed several hastily drawn talismans on Blake's body. However, to his dismay, a golden light shimmered from Blake's ure, instantly incinerating the talisman. It's an amulet! The amulet protected him from top to toe.

Chris clenched his teeth in hatred-Who exactly is behind these people?! It did not seem reasonable that they could use the talismans in such numbers. He locked his gaze onto Blake and spoke sinisterly, "The world is ever-changing, with fortunes rising and falling We'll wait and see!"

Blake retorted, "Do you still have a chance to come out Familiarize yourself with a life sentence."

Chris maintained a stoic silence, his only response a disdainful snort. He could successfully escape or not rely solely on his own abilities. After all, if a person couldn't escape, what about the soul? He had long anticipated that he would be the target, so he had already prepared an exit strategy. A faint, cold smirk appeared at the corners of his mouth as he closed his eyes, refusing to utter another word.

A soft voice suddenly arose, "Mister, let me calculate for you. In this lifetime, you'll have no worries about food and clothing. You'll even be adorned in a yellow robe, not to mention the splendid bracelets and ankle chains! No more toiling and running around."

Blake raised an eyebrow, unsurprised. Chris would undoubtedly be sent to Obsidian prison, where the prison uniform happened to be a yellow robe. Chris disregarded it, opting instead to shut his eyes and emanate an indomitable aura.

Pablo crossed his arms, his expression devoid of emotion. "Stealing souls right under the eyes of the Ruler of Hell-truly audacious." He continued, "Tulip, give him a taste and cut off his escape route! You've been using the containment spirit net until now, but this time, let me teach you something new-a lesson from

Dad."

Lilly stood there, momentarily baffled. "What? A lesson from Dad?"

She glanced at her father in a puzzled manner, who was summoning Uncle Davenport and Uncle Arthur to come and capture someone. Lilly looked back at Pablo.

Pablo explained, "This spell can obstruct the target's path and prevent their soul from escaping." But wasn't it about soul-swapping? Instead, he directly sealed him off, so he couldn't engage in these dubious practices. His extraordinary and unique talent would also be subdued, preventing him from ever

engaging in nefarious deeds again. This effectively marked the end of his career in this domain, hence why this spell was dubbed the "Career Cut." However, Pablo found the name to be overly grave and believed it would be difficult for children to remember. His name was better, simpler to grasp, and casier to remember.

He continued, "This talisman works on the same principle as the containment spirit net. The containment spirit net restrains spirits, while Dad's teachings restrain the human soul, just like when we recite with the

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master..." His expression turned serious as he raised his hand. Lilly quickly stood upright, imitating him by raising her hand.

Pablo took a deep breath, his gaze intense, and abruptly slapped Chris with his palm, commanding, "Call Dad!"

Lilly followed suit, focusing as she slapped her hand and exclaimed, "Call Dad!"

Blake smirked. "Call Grandpa."

Chris was perplexed. Was he going mad? Why subject him to insults when they could simply arrest him?

Both Layton and Arthur twitched at the corners of the mouths. The head of the McNeil family indeed spoiled the young missy.

Chris was locked away, suppressing his bitterness. He had no idea that the slap Lilly delivered had closed off all his avenues of escape. His mind raced, still pondering how to draw a talisman while in prison, complete the ritual, and then successfully switch to another body, all without being detected and escaping unnoticed. Little did Chris know that once he realized he would be imprisoned indefinitely, with no escape or tricks left, would he regret it. Especially considering he still had billions in savings and scattered villas throughout the country. Now that he was destined for prison, everything would be in vain. The two most tragic things in a person's life are: being alive without money and leaving behind money while being

gone.

As Chris was being escorted away, Lilly experienced a renewed sense of accomplishment. It all started from Uncle Bryson encountering the ghost bride in the haunted house, to the point where Uncle Bryson became attached to the soul puppet. And now, she caught the big bad guy! Oh, wait, it was Dad!

Lilly clung to Blake's leg and showered him with praise. "Dad is amazing! Dad is the best in the whole world!"

He glanced at her and chuckled, "Alright, enough of that. What flavor of ice cream do you want?" No need for excessive compliments. Even in the midst of a chaotic situation, he would deliver the ice cream directly to her.

Lilly happily raised her hand, "I want strawberry flavor! Father and daughter held hands as they walked out of the woods.

She swung Blake's large hand, joyfully saying, "Dad, Master just taught me a new skill! It's amazing!"

Blake suddenly paused, and as expected, he heard her continue, "This skill is called Dad's Teaching! With a slap on the bad guy, his soul gets locked inside his body, and he can never do bad things again. Isn't it super cool?"

Observing the enthusiastic child with rosy cheeks, he couldn't help but curl his lips. So, her mentor was also unreliable?

Pablo muttered on the side, "What so amazing about if it's just ice cream."

At that moment, one of his subordinates hurried over and whispered, "Mr. MacNeil, that bald guy suddenly rolled his eyes..."

Chapter 410 Need Help to Spend Money?

Biske led his eyes. He then eldreadily lifted Lilly's wire hand and carried her as he walked towards the confinement comm. Let's and as then fold um e We'll go for treat

Lilly happily agreed

In the confinement you, the eyes of the boulder mean we
room,

was strangling his own turner. His soul Houted can of 10

tile exclaimed, "What is he doing?"

acting rolling and wing bizarrely on the ground. He bunched, struggling with something

Make replied, "I don't know, acting maybe?"

His subordinate "He has been

it for half an hour. I

Another subordinate: "Who knows, if it's not realistic enough, how can we believe it?"

The bald man on the ground was about to vomit blood Did they genuinely risk his life here? He was going crazy. The bald man genuinely believed that he was about to die because he saw a man in a white robe floating beside Lilly!

You see, he couldn't see ghosts. Before manipulating them, he had to burn a talisman to open his heavenly eye. But now, not only could he see them directly, but also felt a suppressing aura from the underworld. This white-robed man was not an ordinal ghost.

The bald man felt as if his soul was pulled out, and he was even more terrified, his face turning pale. He was the one who attached Bryson's soul puppet, but he had no idea how it happened.-

He was attached to a soul puppet. And it was his master who did it! Could this be the end for him today?

"Help..." The bald man's throat was croaking, unable to utter a single word.

Pablo smirked, "Evil breeds evil. Have you ever contemplated that attaching someone else's soul puppet could make you the target?" With a raised hand, he forcefully expelled the soul puppet from the back of the bald man's neck, causing it to struggle in mid-air.

Chris's soul was sealed, and the soul puppet lost control now becoming restless. If it managed to escape, it would eventually gain its vague consciousness and seek out someone to attach to.

Pablo's eyes showed no emotional fluctuations. He lifted his fingertip slightly, and a cluster of dark green flames ignited instantly, burning the soul puppet to ash,

Lilly widened her eyes, "Wow! Master Daddy is so cool! She wondered,"

So, this is what Hannah meant by showing off?

She wanted to show off too!

As the soul puppet turned to ashes, the bald man gradually regained consciousness and looked at her in astonishment. That day in the haunted house, he felt his little girl was extraordinary! So, it turns out it was because she had such a great master! He wondered those few evil spirits around her were also given to her by her master. The bald man no longer dared to play tricks. He realized that even his own master was wary of Lilly. He hadn't told his master about the existence of the evil spirits around her.

Indeed, his master had taken action against him. With a dejected face, the bald man didn't wait for Blake

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and the others to ask, and he explained everything in detail. "My name is Gabriel Mateo. I am Chris's disciple. My ancestors were skilled in making colored paper crafts, and the technique of making paper figures was our unique skill, passed down only to males I had a talent for it, and since I was young. I could make paper figures that looked lifelike. But my father told me not to put the finishing touch on the paper figures. Otherwise, there would be big trouble."

Unable to hold back, Lilly asked softly, "Why is it passed down only to males?" She pondered, "What's the matter with girls? Why aren't they taught so many skills Making paper figures, for instance, can't you just put them together randomly? Is it that challenging? Why does the skill need to be explicitly passed on?"

Pablo explained, "Craftsmen who make colored paper crafts belong to one of the Four Gates; namely the executioner, paper craftsman, leatherworker, and mortician. People in ancient times were always worried that the deceased would not find their way to the underworld and linger in the mortal realm. So, they used paper figures to guide them and lead them to the underworld."

"Burning paper figures, paper sedan chairs, allowing the paper figures to carry deceased loved ones to the underworld. It is also a way to express attachment and trust in the departed. Since paper figures are so important, there is also an emphasis on whether they are well-made, agile, and whether they lead the way correctly."

Blake recalled the past. Upon his father's passing, it was customary for the son to craft paper horses to guide the way. At that time, his grandfather didn't have the opportunity for a proper burial, but he

secretly made paper horses. Using bent bamboo branches for the horse's limbs, weaving a horse head with bamboo strips, and finally pasting it with red paper. The steps sounded simple, but what he made didn't look like a horse. It was even more difficult to paste the red paper, as the sharp parts of the bamboo branches easily tore the paper, and it was hard to shape it when pasting it. It fell apart before even setting off. So, indeed, this skill requires some inheritance.

"And then?" Lily continued to ask.

Gabriel said, "When you put the finishing touch on a paper figure, it becomes fixated on you. Because when it is drawn, the first person it sees is the one who drew it. So, traditionally, paper figures should not have the finishing touch, but being young and curious, I did it."

The bald man could never erase from his memory that fateful night when he covertly secluded himself in his room, meticulously completing the final details on the paper figure. As the eyes of the paper figure began to take shape, an eerie feeling engulfed Gabriel, as though an invisible presence was watching him intently. The following day, he fell victim to an unrelenting and persistent fever. Reluctantly, he accompanied his father to the mountains, where an eerie encounter awaited them—a female ghost standing motionless amidst the silent woods.

He spoke, "Accompanied by my father, we sought the help of a witch. Through numerous rituals, we eventually succeeded in banishing that menacing paper figure. From that point onward, I started my journey on this path. Paper figures serve as offerings for the departed, and once they descend into the underworld, they transform into enslaved spirits burdened with deep resentment. Only when I learned to harness the power of deceased souls and reverse the process that could offer them solace through the paper figures."

From that point onward, his journey on this path advanced swiftly! He diligently crafted numerous paper figures, and eventually, for the sake of efficiency, he even mastered the art of transforming these figures into tangible creations—delicate paper sculptures.

Exploring distant lands, pursuing various ventures, and amassing considerable wealth, his journey led him to cross paths with his master—Chris—at a dilapidated and weather-beaten temple.

"He possesses a vengeful and narrow-minded nature. Whenever he encounters someone with exceptional

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talent, he feels compelled to exploit them. Those who dare to resist him meet their demise at his hands." Succumbing to the coercion exerted by Chris, he reluctantly nodded and acknowledged him as his master, but the truth was he became more of a subservient figure.

"As part of our apprenticeship agreement, he presented me with a female ghost adorned in a bridal gown, and in exchange, I had to impart the skill of soul puppetry to him. Subsequently, he began conducting experiments on soul puppet exchange, while I tirelessly searched for suitable candidates on his behalf."

Gabriel explained the process of soul attachment did not depend on compatibility or aligning birth dates; it solely required the ability to inhabit another person's body and sustain oneself within it.

It resembled the concept of time travel and reincarnation but with a twist. Once the soul puppet was attached and journeyed into the past, they couldn't sustain their existence for long. As for the consequence, they inadvertently caused the demise of several disciples during their experiments. In return, they ventured into various haunted houses across the country, changing their base of operations. After each attempt. After all, some unfortunate souls met their demise due to fear in such places. By keeping a low profile, they could steer clear of catching the attention of authorities.

"This is truly stealing lives right under the eyes of the Ruler of Hell..." Gabriel said. "I've always been careful. until I met you all."

Blake nodded, comprehending the intricacies of cause and effect in the situation. It could be aptly described that the world is vast and brimming with marvels.

And there is another matter to consider: what about Madam Fowler from the Fowler family? While Chris and Gabriel faced the consequences of their actions and were apprehended, Madam Fowler remained at large, skillfully portraying herself as a victim.

In a frank manner, Gabriel responded, "Yes, Madam Fowler's husband passed away, didn't he? He inherited a substantial fortune, but his health was frail due to a terminal illness. With limited time remaining, Madam Fowler discovered the concept of soul borrowing from an elderly woman in the community and conceived a plan. Through her extensive wealth, she managed to uncover information about soul exchange and paid a substantial amount to seek the assistance of a master in switching to a healthy body. Driven by her immense wealth and a strong aversion to mortality, she desired to transform into a different individual and carry on living."

Lilly acknowledged with a nod, comprehending the circumstances. With such immense wealth at her disposal, it was understandable that Madam Fowler would be unwilling to face death.

However, the unwillingness to die did not alter the inevitable reality that it was time one must depart from this world. As her master had emphasized, disrupting the natural order of life and death would sow chaos and invite catastrophe. Lilly felt compelled to locate Madam Fowler and inquire whether she required any assistance in managing her finances. More importantly she needed to ascertain if Madam Fowler had engaged in any wrongful actions.