

## **Eight Uncles 411**

### Chapter 411 Arrogant Rich Kid

Jrshust City's affluent district had been divided into four distinct sections. The southeast quadrant, known for its picturesque landscapes and serene ambiance, housed the prestigious and reserved families who sought tranquility. It was in this remarkable locale that the Crawford Manor proudly stood.

Towards the eastern direction, a different kind of "elite family" could be found, including the Shaw family and the military compound where Blake resided. However, his regular abode, the MacNeil villa, was situated in a different direction, and he rarely spent time in this area. The remaining section was occupied by the immensely affluent but lacking in noble lineage, namely Yule Bay and Greenhill Park, representing the nouveau riche who indulged in extravagant spending.

Despite its seemingly commonplace name, Greenhill Park had gained a reputation as the exclusive domain of affluent playboys. Situated on the opposite side of Greenhill Garden, it surpassed the garden in size. Most vehicles heading in this direction were Maserati, Bugatti, and Ferrari. They zoomed past, paying little heed to speed limits and traffic regulations. After all, even if a fine was imposed on one car, they could easily switch to another without concern for accumulating demerit points on their driver's licenses.

As Blake's car entered this area, a Maserati raced past, surpassing his vehicle. Not only did it overtake him, but the young man in the convertible also whistled and made an obscene gesture with his middle finger directed at Blake's off-road vehicle.

Lilly leaned against the car window. Her curiosity was piqued as she asked, "Daddy, what does that finger gesture mean?" She innocently raised her middle finger toward her father.

He coldly fixed his gaze on the Maserati ahead and replied, "It's a disrespectful gesture and not something good. Girls shouldn't imitate it."

Lilly promptly withdrew her finger, nodding obedient. "Okay..."

He placed his hand on the gear lever and spoke in a deep voice, "Hold on tight, Lilly!"

Lilly immediately pressed herself against the back of her safety seat, pretending to be "reluctant." Meanwhile, Grace had yet to react, and her face again pressed against the window.

Inside the pet carrier, Polly exclaimed, "This feels like flying!"

Being tall, Grace sat on the temporary safety seat, towering above the car seat, which made it easy for her to lean against the window. Lilly chuckled and advised Grace, remember to lean back when my dad accelerates next time! Look at me, firmly pressed against the back of the safety seat. Heh, he can't shake me off!"

With a snort, Grace glanced outside and coldly responded, "I'm not scared." Although she claimed so, her hands secretly tightened their grip on the safety seat. Lilly saw through her without uttering a word.

However, Polly couldn't resist teasing, "Are you scared? If you're scared, just admit it! You're scared but refuse to say it, how will I know? You're scared but don't want to appear weak. Come on! Be brave and say it out loud: Oh, I'm scared shitless!"

Grace was angry and thought of the taste of the parrot meat.

Amidst the banter, Blake's SUV continued its journey towards Greenhill Park, with two children seated inside. Blake paid no mind to the Maserati.

However, as the car approached the Maserati, it abruptly veered and cut off Blake's path. Blake narrowed

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his eyes, recognizing that only the truly ignorant would display such audacity. The last person who dared to challenge him in this manner had met a grim fate. Ignorance, indeed, could be blissful.

Luxury cars held little appeal for him. His domestically manufactured SUV amounted to no more than a million in value. In stark contrast, the Maserati was worth tens of millions, and its occupants likely regarded his vehicle, which cost less than two million, with disdain.

Blake swiftly maneuvered his vehicle, switching lanes to evade the persistent Maserati. However, no matter which lane he moved to, the Maserati mirrored his actions, determined to block his path. Blake's lips curled into a sneer. The audacity of the Maserati driver reminded him of a previous encounter that had resulted in a wrecked car. Truly, the ignorant were fearless.

Without hesitation, Blake executed an "emergency evasion" maneuver, skillfully drifting past the Maserati. The modified exterior of his SUV scraped against the Maserati, leaving a long gash and even tearing off its doors. The owner of the Maserati was in fear, his pupils contracting in terror. Instinctively, he tried to regain control by turning the steering wheel, but the car spun out of control, spinning in wild circles before careening off the road.

Just as the Maserati veered dangerously close to crashing into the guardrail and potentially plummeting into the Virbank River, Blake's car, seemingly "out of control," swooped in with remarkable precision. With a swift and skillful drift, his vehicle collided with the Maserati, nudging it back onto the right path. The playboy behind the wheel of the Maserati frantically slammed on the brakes, his heart pounding in his chest. Meanwhile, Blake's car calmly accelerated away, leaving a trail of exhaust in its wake. The playboy, overwhelmed by the intensity, stumbled out of the car and sank to his knees to the ground.

Utterly terrified, he felt as if his entire being shook to the core. That maneuver was beyond anything he had ever witnessed before. How was it even possible for someone to possess such extraordinary driving skills?

Despite the SUV's seemingly audacious behavior, upon closer inspection, it was skillfully maneuvering within the boundaries of traffic rules. Surprisingly, there were no violations whatsoever. Even if the traffic police were to arrive, they would find no fault with the SUV. It seemed impervious to any scrutiny.

While the other playboys were chasing Blake, joined in the laughter, whistling, and mockery, their amusement slowly turned into awe.

The owner of the Maserati slowly came to his senses, and soon a mix of embarrassment and anger overwhelmed him. His million-dollar luxury car was knocked into the air by a vehicle costing less than a million! He gritted his teeth, looking at his battered Maserati. He was in the wrong. He had no way to

claim insurance!

The playboy was filled with anger and frustration. He made a phone call and called for another car. He sulked in the vehicle throughout the journey. In the distance, he spotted two dogs crossing the road. Instead of slowing down, he heartlessly pressed on the accelerator, intentionally hitting one of the dogs. The poor dog collided with the roadside, meeting an instant demise. The remaining dog, frightened and distressed, reacted swiftly. It rushed to the side of its lifeless companion, emitting howls of anguish and helplessness.

He saw the dead dog and the other dog anxiously circling, reduced to a pitiful state. Only then did he feel somewhat satisfied in his heart. He sneered, stepped on the accelerator, and drove away. In his eyes, dogs were nothing but insignificant creatures to vent his frustrations on. The misery of others showcased his superiority.

Upon arriving at Greenhill Park, the SUV came to a stop. Lilly eagerly hopped out of the car and began to

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explore the surroundings, inspecting the vehicle with great curiosity.

Unaware of the intensity of the maneuvers, Lilly found the fast driving and swerving to be thrilling and enjoyable. However, she was blissfully unaware that Blake had ensured their safety, keeping them within a range suitable for a child. As Lilly examined the car, noticing its pristine condition with no signs of damage, a wave of relief washed over her. The thought of potential damage had briefly concerned her, knowing she would have to face her grandmother's wrath if anything were amiss upon their return.

Chapter 412 Traces of Possession by Evil Spirits.

Blake rang the doorbell, and shortly after, a maid came out, wearing a polite smile as she asked, "May I inquire about your identity?"

Glancing at the opulent villa and its surroundings, he replied nonchalantly. "I have a slight connection with Mrs. Fowler, so kindly inform her that my last name is MacNeil. In Clodston, the MacNeil family was the only one bearing that surname and holding a certain status. He believed that upon hearing this surname, Madam Fowler, if not foolish, would promptly emerge.

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The maid acknowledged with a nod and responded, "Very well, please wait for a moment."

Once the maid departed. Lilly inquired, "Dad, do you know Auntie Fowler?"

Blake admitted, "I don't

It puzzled her. "Then why did you claim to have an acquaintance with her?"

Shamelessly, he replied, "Well, we're all descendants of the same ancestors, so isn't that a form of acquaintance?"

Lilly was shocked. She grasped the concept of "descendant" as her older brother had recently explained it to Hannah during their lesson. However, she wondered if the term could be used in such a context.

Suddenly, her eyes brightened. She felt she had gained some inexplicably impressive knowledge, but struggled to articulate it fully.

Next to them, Grace thought to herself, “Descendants. It means more than just being acquainted. It could even imply being relatives, right?”

Shortly after, a pale and fragile lady rushed out, her face drained of color. Hurriedly, she suddenly began, coughing, causing her pale complexion to flush red. “I... I apologize...”

Her speech came in interrupted bursts, heavily punctuated by bouts of coughing. Yet, amidst her urgency, she extended her hand in a gesture of invitation, the intensity of her coughing increasing.

A person in their thirties or forties coughed, emitting a feebleness typically associated with someone in their seventies or eighties.

Blake reached out his hand and applied gentle pressure his voice clear and icy as he spoke, “No need to hurry.”

The lady remained quiet. Her expression was unchanged.

Lilly saw no problem with her father’s words and comforted, “Mmm, Auntie Fowler, take your time.”

The lady remained silent, offering no response.

Lilly discreetly observed the lady, contemplating the peculiar presence of a gloomy aura lingering above her head, undoubtedly left behind by a malevolent spirit. However, there was no sign of the spirit’s presence on the lady herself. It was perplexing.

Pablo clarified, “This residual aura is the imprint left by an evil spirit. Lilly, do you recall if she visited Chris before?”

Lilly nodded in confirmation.

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Pablo proceeded, “Chris may be devious and malicious, but he is undoubtedly a formidable practitioner. It’s possible that the evil spirit recognized him and fled.

A realization dawned upon her, understanding the situation now.

Grace remained silent, absorbing the information. She was aware of this general knowledge, not harboring any envy towards those who had a master to teach them.

Feeling a sense of discomfort, Madam Fowler invited Blake, Lilly, and Grace into her home. With a perplexed expression, she inquired, “May I ask the reason for your visit?” Her gaze involuntarily shifted towards Blake.

Knowing the MacNeil family, she couldn’t forget the incident where Blake, known as the “God of Battle,” had humiliated the MacNeil family on numerous occasions, gaining notoriety among the elite circles. The lady was uncertain about his purpose for seeking her out, which left her uneasy.

Without wasting any words, Blake cut to the chase and inquired, “Did you go to Chris?”

The lady's complexion instantly drained, and her legs gave way, causing her to collapse onto the sofa.  
"I...

I..."

Maintaining his composure, he reassured her, "There's no need to be afraid. I'm not here to apprehend you,

The lady was momentarily speechless.

Suddenly, a loud crash resonated outside, and a Bugat halted in front of the villa. Soon after, the sound of the gate opening followed. A man's voice queried, "Whose car is this? Whose is it? Where's my sister-in-law?"

The man's voice preceded his entrance, filled with accusation and anger. "Ah, my sister-in-law has finally revealed her true colors, huh? Taking hold of my brother's wealth and refusing to let go, now planning to die and couldn't resist seducing other men, huh?"

"What's the matter? Isn't my brother's wealth enough to leave for his own younger brother? Are you planning to inherit it all and give it to your lover?" Without delay, the man stormed into the living room, forcefully pushing aside the glass partition with a loud rash.

Blake raised an eyebrow; so, it was him. The man who had been driving the Maserati moments ago!

Glaring at Blake with evident displeasure, the man recognized the SUV parked at the entrance, even though he hadn't seen its owner earlier.

"I wondered who would dare to confront me so boldly. Sister-in-law, are you conspiring with your lover to kill me, your own younger brother?" The man sneered Tch, you even have children now? Two of them?"

Madam Fowler's anger flared, causing her to cough uncontrollably. "You... Mind your tongue!" She wheezed out and approached him.

This man was Parker Ferguson, Madam Fowler's younger brother-in-law. He chuckled in an eerie manner and remarked, "Sister-in-law, you always appear so dignified, but who would have thought you were so promiscuous in secret."

Blake's brows furrowed, reaching his limit of tolerance Interfering in other people's family affairs was not his concern. However, with his daughter present, the situation changed. Lilly was only four years old. The exposure to such words would harm her prospect throughout her life.

Chapter 413 It's Rude of Me to Not Take Action

Blake's face grew cold as he twisted his wrist and firmly gripped Parker's head, exerting pressure.

Looking down on Parker from above, his lips curled into a smirk. "With the tension in the air reaching its peak, it would be rather impolite of me not to take action now."

Parker chuckled, about to say, "You're quite the pretentious prick, aren't you?"

But in the next moment, a sharp crack echoed through the room!

Parker's head twisted ninety degrees, his body stiffening as he collapsed, crashing onto the floor with a resounding thud!

His

eyes widened in shock.

Madam Fowler's eyes widened as well, her pallid face growing even whiter, overwhelmed by fear.

Trembling at the corner of her mouth, Madam Fowler uttered, "Y-you... You really..."

Did he really... kill him?

The words choked in Madam Fowler's throat, unable to escape her lips.

Blake looked down at Parker convulsing on the floor, calmly reaching for a wet tissue from the tabletop. As he wiped his hands, he casually remarked, "Don't worry, I merely dismantled his head. I didn't end his pathetic existence."

Madam Fowler's legs weakened. What... What difference did that make?

Parker writhed on the ground, attempting to rise, but confusion clouded his mind. His limbs tingled with numbness, rendering him utterly devoid of strength.

Blake's tone was as cold and heartless as icicles hanging from the eaves on a frigid winter day. "It's just a dislocated cervical spine. He won't die, but I can't guarantee anything if he keeps writhing and thrashing around."

Parker froze in terror as he writhed on the ground.

A dislocated cervical spine!

Just last month, his friend had been in a car accident, speeding and crashing into a bridge pillar. His neck twisted at an eerie angle on impact.

Although they managed to save his friend's life, he suffered a high-level spinal cord injury, forever paralyzed and unable to care for himself. His speech was reduced to incomprehensible babbling.

Parker felt tears welling up; he didn't want to end up as a paralyzed invalid!

He glared at Blake with resentment.

Blake sneered, his eyes devoid of any hint of amusement. His voice dripping with coldness, he said, "Remember this, if I ever hear a single unpleasant word about my daughter again, next time, it'll be a 180-degree twist."

Parker's body broke out in a cold sweat, and as the air conditioning blew on him, he shivered from the

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chill.

Lilly, who had just regained her senses, thought, Oh my goodness, Dad is so fierce-

However, she felt no worry or fear at all because Parker's soul hadn't left his body. That meant Dad hadn't killed him.

It was just like Grandma always said: Dad was an absolute unquestionably good person. Whatever he did, there was always a reason behind it.

All Lilly had to do was trust Dad!

Sitting on the couch, she even reached into her little backpack and pulled out a carton of milk from the outer pocket. Swinging her little legs back and forth, she leisurely sipped from it.

Noticing Grace's expressionless face, she pulled out another carton. "Here, Gracie, it's milk! Drink up!"

Polly immediately chimed in, "Finish that bottle of milk and forget about that brat!"

Grace remained silent.

The annoying parrot didn't stop there, continuing to stretch its neck and theatrically exclaim, "Class 3F, Grace, Grace! Your mommy has two bottles of milk for you! Wow, your mommy loves you so much! Sweetie, this is your favorite milk! Mommy, I love.

It even mimicked two different tones perfectly.

Still, Grace remained silent.

Madam Fowler doesn't know what to do, "Uh..."

Parker, lying on the ground, fumed.

Seriously? Shouldn't the focus be on me now?

you—

Desperate for someone to help him, Parker pleaded for someone to call for emergency assistance, but his pleas fell on deaf ears.

Blake asked, "Is he your younger brother-in-law?"

Madam Fowler's expression turned complicated, and she gradually regained her composure. While signaling a servant to call emergency services, she said. My husband had poor health as a child. When he was three years old, his birth mother gave him away to another family to raise. Later my mother-in-law found him and brought him back."

In front of Lilly, Madam Fowler couldn't be too explicit

After all, the truth was too harsh and cold. Saying that he was given away to another family was essentially discarding a child on the verge of death.

She didn't want Lilly to hear such a harsh reality, fearing that Blake might twist her neck 90 degrees later...

“My parents-in-law never had children of their own. After they found my husband and brought him back, they treated him as their son. He took on the Fowler family name. My parents-in-law exhausted their entire fortune, selling their house and car, to cure my husband. And when he grew up, he worked hard and earned a lot of money to support and honor my parents-in-law.”

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Blake nodded, realizing that Madam Fowler’s husband carried the surname Fowler while Parker Ferguson retained the surname, Ferguson.

Upon hearing this, Lilly was in awe of Uncle Fowler, impressed by his ability to make so much money without any initial resources. He was almost as amazing as Uncle Anthony.

Madam Fowler continued, “Once my husband became successful, his biological mother came knocking on our door. She claimed that abandoning him was a last resort since they had no money for treatment, and he would have died if he stayed at home. She even dared to suggest that throwing him away might have led to a wealthy family finding and curing him.”

She could never forget the face of that old woman, who seemed almost proud of her actions, saying, “Look, he’s cured now, isn’t he? If I hadn’t thrown you away, would the Fowler family have found you and given you such a good life?”

What made it even more repugnant was the fact that her husband’s birth parents weren’t extremely impoverished back then. They had their own house and car. They simply heard that the treatment would cost at least a million dollars, with no guarantee of success, and that’s when they abandoned her husband.

Madam Fowler sneered, “His mother couldn’t bear to provide treatment for her child, while his adoptive parents sacrificed everything and worked tirelessly for a child they found. It ruined their health when they were still young...”

Lilly listened intently, hanging on to every word.

She had experienced hardships in the Hatcher family during her childhood, and she had learned early on about the fickleness of human relationships. She was more mature than most children her age...

Perhaps if another four-year-old child were sitting here, they wouldn’t understand what the adults were talking about. But Lilly, on the other hand, already felt sympathy for Uncle Fowler, who had been abandoned by his biological mother.

He must have been very sad when he was thrown away...

When she was three years old, her father had also abandoned her-of course, she now knew that Stephen was not her real father. At that time, she had felt great sadness too...

“And then?” Grace interjected, her voice was cold and clear, an unusual moment of initiative from her.

She wanted to know what decision Uncle Fowler had ultimately made between his biological mother and his adoptive parents.



If Uncle Fowler had given his biological parents even a penny in support, Grace felt she would look down upon him.

Madam Fowler continued, "My in-laws were kind-hearted and didn't want to say much. After all, my husband was their biological child, and they had to consider his feelings. But my husband had the security guards kick them out directly. They didn't give up and kept coming to cause trouble every few days. My in-laws were already in poor health, and this continued for two years. My mother-in-law passed away due to illness, and my father-in-law, deeply attached to her, followed soon after.

The Ferguson family even joined in, demanding their share of the estate.

But in the end, it was her in-laws who passed away, and they had nothing to do with their family. It was certain that the situation wouldn't end well.

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After another two years, her husband also passed away due to illness. His childhood condition was never completely cured, and coupled with the immense fortune he had painstakingly built, he couldn't hold on in the end.

Her health wasn't good either, and she had never been able to conceive, leaving no descendants for the Fowler family. This was her most bitter regret deep in her heart.

"The Ferguson family presented a paternity test, claiming their relationship as my husband's biological parents and demanding half of the inheritance through a lawsuit, Madam Fowler said with a smile. "But if my husband didn't give them anything during his lifetime, why would I give them a single penny now?"

She had nothing if not money. Even if it meant spending tens of millions or hundreds of millions in legal battles, she would never let them inherit a single cent.

Lilly was puzzled. "Then why is this twisted-neck Uncle able to be here and drive such an expensive car?"

Madam Fowler's eyes revealed a hint of despair...

Chapter 414 No Villainy, No Mediocre Hero

"It's all because of my frail body," Madam Fowler lamented.

"My late husband had left his sperm in a sperm bank, Madam Fowler revealed, her voice choked with emotion. "I don't want to die. I have to bear my husband a child..."

Tears welled up in her eyes as she spoke.

Naturally, she couldn't confide in anyone about these matters. In the Fowler family, she was the sole remaining woman.

All she could say was that her husband had left her billions of dollars in inheritance. She hadn't spent it all yet, and she couldn't bear to die just yet.

After all, the details of those billions had long been in the hands of the Ferguson family. There was nothing left for her to hide.

To survive, she tried every possible method. Two years ago, she even traveled abroad in search of the best medical treatments.

“But when I wasn’t home, Parker managed to break in and steal the keys to our house!”

Her late husband’s inheritance was safely stored in various accounts, so naturally, he couldn’t steal that.)

However, her husband had left behind four luxury cars in the garage. Despite his frail condition, deep down, he was a person who longed for freedom and enjoyed the thrill of the open road. With no real hobbies, he had bought those two luxury cars and would often go for leisurely drives.”

The other two luxury cars were bought for her by him to give her as a gift but were sold by Parker.....

The other two luxury cars were intended as gifts for her, purchased by her late husband, but Parker had callously sold them....

As Lilly listened, her disdain for Uncle Fowler grew with each passing moment!

Uncle Fowler was gone, leaving Auntie Fowler with only this one hope, and he had squandered it!

Madam Fowler continued, her voice filled with sorrow kept all the vehicle documents at home, and he stumbled upon them and stole them. Every power of attorney he presented was a forgery. Unfortunately, I forgot to take my identification documents with me...”

She would always carry her identification documents when she traveled abroad for medical treatments, but not when no one else was leaving the house.

“If I hadn’t returned so quickly, he would have sold the entire mansion.”

And to make matters worse, he started showing up at the mansion every few days, wreaking havoc. She -hired security guards, but once he got his hands on the money from selling the cars, he hired thugs to drive the guards away. Eventually, nobody dared to work as security for her house.

Calling the police proved futile. Parker hadn’t technically broken into the house; he claimed he was just visiting his sister-in-law, no matter what. No matter how many times she changed the keys, he always found a way to unlock the doors. Madam Fowler even began to suspect that he had a history of being a thief.

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So it went on. They didn’t commit any overtly outrageous acts. The old couple eventually left, leaving Parker behind to torment her. It was evident that they wanted to wear her down.

Parker, lying on the ground, attempted to offer a feeble defense, but not a single word escaped his lips.

After pouring out her heart, Madam Fowler felt utterly exhausted. There was nothing left for her to worry about now. The secret desire she had confided in Blake to swap lives with another person, had been exposed, shattering her last refuge.

She had been cautious of the Ferguson family, but now all hope was crushed, and there was nothing left to conceal.

“I just wanted to personally give him a child...” Madam Fowler sobbed, tears streaming down her face. “My dear friends suggested finding a surrogate, but I could bear to do that! It would be the only trace of my husband left in this world...”

She truly wanted to experience the joy of giving birth herself, to feel the child grow within her, as if her husband were still by her side. It was the only connection she could have with him now

Lilly looked at the aura above Madam Fowler’s head and said, with a tinge of sadness, “I didn’t realize it was like this...”

Pablo sighed, “This family, truly a gathering of good people, but also plagued by illness and misfortune.”

Lilly asked, “Why is it that good people always seem to suffer?”

Meanwhile, the bad people can roam freely without a re in the world.

Pablo was about to respond, but Blake interjected first.

In a solemn tone, he said, “Because bad people have no shame, they act without any regard for others, and that’s why their legacy persists throughout the ages.”

But what about the good people? With their compassionate hearts, they are naturally more vulnerable to

harm.

Blake lowered his gaze to Lilly and said, “So, we should never become villains, but we also shouldn’t become pushovers.”

“Our hearts can be filled with kindness, but we mustn’t be soft-hearted. Do you understand?”

For families like the Fowler family, who have wealth and power, they should have broken the Ferguson family’s legs when they came knocking.

Compensation for assault?

Sure! Then let’s make it more thorough. Make them pay millions or even billions, so they’ll have the money but not the life to enjoy it.

Blake acknowledged that he could be quite ruthless at times, but so what? He didn’t want his daughter to be a soft, weak, and overly kind-hearted person. Even if she had a bit of cunning, it would still be better than being naïve and easily taken advantage of

With the example of the Fowler family, Lilly understood most of it, even though her father’s words seemed contradictory. But she truly grasped the essence of it.

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Chapter 414 No Villainy, No Mediocre Hero

"I understand. Daddy," Lilly nodded earnestly.

Blake grunted in response and suddenly said, "Don't tell your grandmother about this, that I taught you these things."

Lilly replied, "Okay, Daddy!"

Grace couldn't help but twitch at the corner of her mouth.

Could this character hold up for even three seconds?

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Acts of Kindness, Embracing the Present

Chapter 415 Acts of Kindness, Embracing the Present

+25 Bonus

As the ambulance pulled away, taking Parker to safety. Lilly turned her attention to Madam Fowler. The bad aura that had plagued her seemed to dissipate under Lilly's touch as if a heavy burden had been lifted.

Parker had to be saved. After all, the God of Battle couldn't bear the weight of tarnish on his name because of a mere lackey like Parker. He didn't deserve it.

Pablo lifted his hand, twirling a strand of aura between his fingertips, sensing its essence. "Look at her swollen eyelids, on the verge of tears," he observed. "And this aura carries a faint familiarity. Perhaps the entity that clung to her before was a crying spirit."

Those crying spirits were cunning, always slipping away whether it was their encounter or that of Chris.

Once again, they had failed to capture them!

Lilly, ever optimistic, turned the tables to offer comfort. "It's alright, Master. I believe we'll catch her next

time!"

Pablo suddenly fell silent.

If even Little Hades spoke of 'next time,' then surely the next time would guarantee success.

Lilly, in her unwavering enthusiasm, sought to soothe Auntie Fowler once more. "Auntie Fowler, don't worry. Look, I have a powerful fertility spell right here. It's incredibly effective. Would you be interested?"

Blake, Grace, and Pablo remained silent, their minds filled with confusion.

Madam Fowler froze for a moment, but then Lilly's sincere yet childlike demeanor broke the tension, coaxing a genuine smile from her. Nodding, she replied. "Sure, how much does it cost?"

Madam Fowler didn't even bother questioning the effectiveness of the spell. At least Lilly's presence today provided some relief for her. She had a feeling that her time was running short, and every moment counted.

So she didn't inquire about the spell's efficacy. Even if it cost a billion, she was willing to pay-money was the least of her concerns.

In the end, she would set aside some money for herself just enough to cover her meals and donate the rest. It would save the Ferguson family from their constant scheming. It was about time she took matters. into her own hands.

A sense of relief washed over Madam Fowler.

When Lilly held up a finger, Madam Fowler chuckled,A billion, huh? Alright then!"

"Come on, give Auntie the account details."

This time it was Lilly who was taken aback.

Wait, she said ten thousand, not a billion!

Although a billion was an unimaginable sum of money truly, an astronomical amount!

However, Lilly knew she couldn't ask for that much.

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She mustered up the courage and said, "Auntie Fowler my dad told us not to be bad people. This talisman. only costs a million... No, just a hundred thousand will do."

The talisman paper was purchased by Anthony, and Lilly had drawn the spell on it. Anthony assured her that the production cost was minimal, so she shouldn't worry.

A production cost of fifty cents, and selling it for a hundred thousand would already be pushing the limits.

of her conscience!

It had to be said that when it came to money, Lilly had clear understanding...

Madam Fowler didn't say anything. After obtaining Lilly's account details, she transferred a billion and advised Lilly to expect the payment within the next couple of days.

Lilly hugged her toy phone with glee.

She had made money-exactly one hundred thousand!

Now she could afford to replace five door locks if needed. She could afford it!

"Oh, by the way, Auntie Fowler, wait a moment! I have an incredibly potent remedy..." Lilly noticed Blake giving her a glance, so she quickly changed her words. "It's a remedy passed down from my grandmother. It's incredibly powerful! It can cure any ailment!"

"You see, my grandmother can even do aerobics now. write it down for you right away," Lilly exclaimed.

Madam Fowler now knew Lilly's true identity and was aware that Old Mrs. Crawford's legs had indeed healed.

"Really?" Overwhelmed with joy and gratitude, she exclaimed, "Thank you!"

So, does that mean she still has a chance to conceive a child with her husband?

Madam Fowler covered her mouth, tears streaming down her face silently.

Pablo floated nearby, arms crossed, deep in contemplation.

Unfortunately, in this world, one cannot offset their misdeeds with good deeds.

The consequences of their actions would always find a way to catch up with them in a different form.

She had approached Chris and requested to swap lives with another person.

Several lives had been lost due to the experiments involving life swapping... No matter what, she couldn't escape the connection.

"In this world... good deeds and bad deeds cannot be balanced out," Pablo murmured softly.

Balancing the scales of good and bad deeds was merely a human concept,

But once evil was committed, it remained as such, varying only in its degree. In the Palace of the Ruler of Heil, each had its own judgement.

However, performing acts of kindness, doing good in the present, held its own truth. A life without wrongdoings would at least ensure a peaceful and smooth journey, and the accumulation of good deeds

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would never be in vain.

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It all depended on whether the consequences of those deeds fell upon oneself or future generations.

"We're leaving. The purpose of their visit to Fowler family was to assess the character of Madam Fowler. With their mission accomplished, Blake showed no intention of lingering and swiftly led Lilly away.

A year later, Madam Fowler's health had indeed improved to some extent. Two years later, she finally fulfilled her wish and gave birth to a son.

However, she couldn't hold on for long. She passed away when her child was only three years old.

For the sake of her child, she made the difficult decision to sell the villa filled with memories. She moved to a place unknown to others and found a kind-hearted family without children, begging them to raise her child until adulthood.

She also remembered Blake's words: one must not be so naive. So, she gave that family a million dollars, falsely claiming it was her life savings...

What someone might do in the face of immense wealth, Madam Fowler couldn't guarantee. Therefore, she made the decision to keep some secrets hidden.

She donated half of the remaining billions, wishing only for blessings upon her child.

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The other half was deposited into Skyward Bank, to be treated as a testament for her child, but they would only inherit it once they reached adulthood.

By that time, her child would have grown up, and the decisions they made would be their own.

Madam Fowler felt that her obsessions, her mission, had finally been completed... She could finally go find her husband, and she had also fulfilled her obligations to her in-laws.

However, the pain of parting with her child, whether in life or death, was a heartache she had to bear alone.

Of course, these are stories for another time.

and

After leaving the Fowler family, Lilly and Blake were on their way back when they suddenly noticed something by the roadside. There, they saw one dog lying next to another, seemingly at peace, but its eyes

were moist.

The dog on the ground was bleeding from seven wounds, its body clearly lifeless and rigid.

Lilly stood frozen for a moment before urgently pointing to the side of the road. "Daddy, stop the car..."

As they got out of the car, someone else was quicker than them.

A young man with a phone in hand approached the two dogs while speaking, "I was on my way back from grocery shopping, and guess what I stumbled upon..."

He seemed to realize his words weren't quite right and immediately paused, retracting his steps.

This time, he held his phone and hurriedly ran towards the dogs, his tone filled with concern. "I was just about to head home from grocery shopping when I sensed something was wrong over here."

3/4

He was panting, as if he had run a great distance, finally coming to a stop in front of the dogs. "Oh... my God... this is... too..."

He seemed unable to continue, and the camera started shaking.

Lilly had already been frozen in place, and the reason she hadn't approached earlier was that the man had a malignant spirit hovering above his head....

The dog, seeing that someone had finally arrived, wagged its tail with hope, cautiously pleading with its pitiful eyes for something...

Chapter 416 When Parrots Face Hardship

The dog wagged its tail, pleadingly looking up at the man who approached it. Holding a phone, his voice trembled with uncertainty.

“What should I do... Oh, please don’t look at me like that, it’s just... It’s just...”

He seemed at a loss, crouching beside the dog, his face expressionless while his words carried a tinge of sorrow,

“It’s hard for me when you look at me like this... I can’t bring you home, you see. I already have a dog there...”

“My dog was a stray too, but he’s quite sensitive and doesn’t get along with other dogs. I can’t take you with me, I’m afraid.”

Lost in his performance, the man failed to notice Lilly and Blake standing nearby.

Finally, he sighed, “I’m sorry, but all I can do is bury your companion... It’s the only thing left for me to do.”

“Oh, by the way, I have a meat bun here. Take it!”

He said, then grabbed the dog from the ground and carefully walked towards the roadside.

And with a slight shake of the camera, he changed the scene...

Lilly asked, “Daddy, what is he doing by shaking the phone like that?”

With a cold gaze, Blake replied, “He’s pretending to walk so that it’s easier to edit the scene transitions later.”

As the man estimated that he had captured enough footage, he casually threw the lifeless body of the dog that had been hit to the side of the road.

The stiff dog hit the curb with a dull thud, its life extinguished.

The surviving dog, thinking it had encountered a kind person, was taken aback when it saw the man discarding its companion’s body without a trace of compassion.

A sense of confusion seemed to freeze the dog in place and its eyes revealed a bewildered emotion.

The man stood there, watching the footage he had filmed, finally satisfied. In the end, he captured a few more shots of the bewildered and helpless dog before preparing to leave.

Pablo said, ‘Lilly, come!’”

Lilly hesitated slightly, unable to grasp why she should hesitate, but her instincts and subconscious told – her to wait a little longer.



Blake recognized her confusion and said, "Are you trying to save a thousand and one dogs, or help the one right in front of you?"

Lilly didn't even hesitate. "A thousand and one."

Blake lowered his gaze, studying her intently. "Then we won't act yet. We'll gather enough evidence to

1/4

expose them and bring them down."

In truth, the realm of pet consumption attracted many hypocritical demons seeking to exploit the trend for their gain.

The explosion of short video platforms had given rise to a group of individuals blinded by greed, willing to do anything for fame and money.

If they were going to fight, they had to make these heartless individuals fearful, so they would never dare to continue their atrocities in broad daylight.

But in the process of saving those thousand and one stray animals, they would undoubtedly have to sacrifice a few more lives.

Blake didn't explicitly state this, but it lingered in the air, unsaid.

However, the young girl before them remained resolute, her eyes shining with determination as she nodded firmly. "Yes, let's bring them down!"

Pablo's mouth twitched.

Was it too early to teach her this? Was she sure she wouldn't be met with Old Mrs. Crawford's wrath upon returning home?

Pablo couldn't help but interject, "Since we're playing the long game, let's first lock onto the malignant spirit."

After encountering a crying spirit, both Pablo and Lilly became more vigilant. Even without Pablo's instruction, Lilly knew she had to act accordingly..

Pablo was about to teach her a new magic-marking.

This way, even if the malignant spirit escaped, they could track him down using the mark.

But to their surprise, Lilly swiftly dashed forward, running straight to the man who was preparing to leave

in his car.

"Uncle!" Lilly called out.

The man turned around, furrowing his brows as he looked at Lilly. "Who are you?"

The malignant spirit on his head seemed to sense trouble brewing and glanced at Pablo in the distance before attempting to flee.

However, before it could make its escape, the young girl before him shouted, "Hey! Call me 'Daddy'!"

Then, with a soft yet determined hand, she delivered a resounding slap!

In an instant, the malignant spirit seemed to be trapped, struggling futilely on top of the man's head. It couldn't break free, as if it was "locked" onto its host.

A look of sheer terror washed over the malignant spirit's face.

Lilly, satisfied with her accomplishment, said, "There you go!"

Why bother letting the malignant spirit escape and then go searching for him? It would be so

2/4

troublesome. It was much simpler to just prevent him from running in the first place.

Pablo was momentarily speechless. He never imagined that the spell he taught Lilly, not the "Career Cut Spell... no, it was "Daddy's Lesson," could be used in such a way.

The man who had been slapped felt a surge of annoyance. Out of nowhere, a random child appeared, demanding to be called "Daddy"?!

"Where did this wild child come from? Does you have hanners?" he exclaimed in frustration

am

With a disdainful look, he waved his hand dismissively at Lilly. "Get lost!"

But before he could finish his sentence, a small stone came flying from somewhere and struck him, knocking out his front teeth with a loud crack!

The man howled in pain, clutching his mouth as agony engulfed him. He cursed and cursed, his words filled with resentment.

Grace, observing the scene, discreetly discarded the stone she had been about to throw, realizing her intervention was no longer necessary.

Grace pursed her lips, her young face displaying a chilling coldness.

Why was my immediate reaction to knock out the man's front teeth?

She couldn't help but feel irritated with herself, thinking, Why did I even get involved? And now, I'm defending this pesky pest, Lilly.

The man spat out blood and angrily approached Lilly, pointing his finger at her face, and yelled, "Where are your guardians? Pay up!"

Then, a menacing man walked over, his expression icy and threatening, as if he could devour someone whole.

"I am her father. What's the problem? How much do you want for compensation?" he said in a chilling tone.

Before the man could respond, Blake, crossing his arms gave a chilling glare and said, "For lifelong disability, one billion. For bruises and swelling, three hundred million. And for a complete funeral package, including cremation, three billion. Take your pick!"

"You're crazy!" the man muttered and hastily got into his car, driving away.

Blake glanced at the license plate number, took out his phone, and sent a message.

Then, Blake looked at Lilly and asked, "Are you okay?"

Lilly blinked and assured him that she was fine. She hadn't suffered any losses. Her clothes weren't even touched. What could go wrong?

"Daddy, can we take this dog home?" Lilly squatted beside the dog, her face filled with sympathy.

Grace chuckled softly and muttered, "How childish."

She questioned silently, in a world with so many unfortunate beings and things, could one truly empathize with all of them? Would sympathy make a difference?

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Yet, she failed to realize that if there was no trace of sympathy left in this world, a world without even a hint of childlike innocence, it would be a terrifying place indeed.

Unaware of Grace's comment, Lilly couldn't resist reaching out and gently patting the head of another dog.

However, she hesitated. After all, their home already had a turtle, a parrot, and a cat. She couldn't bring every stray dog back to the Crawford family.

Lilly decided to delegate this important decision to Polly.

"Polly, what do you think?" she asked earnestly.

Polly, who was focused on ambushing and preparing to grab Tortoise's head, responded with a squawk, "Caw?"

Normally, when going out, Lilly would only bring Polly and Tortoise along. As for Bellflower... well, Lilly felt that Bellflower was too big to carry around.

Lilly asked Polly for her opinion with sincerity, "Can we bring this dog home?"

"And you and Bellflower won't bully it, right?"

"If we bring it home, can you teach it to talk?"

Polly hesitated for a moment, then squawked, "..."

Caw! The first two points were negotiable.

But the last point seemed quite challenging for a "bird" like Polly, wouldn't you agree?

Chapter 417 Their Lives, Merely Currency in Their Eyes.

Polly tilted her head, peering through the spaceship window at the dog outside. Suddenly, she grabbed the zipper with her beak, pulled it open, and stood atop the pet carrier, fixated on the stray dog.

In her tiny little mind, she contemplated something unknown, her demeanor shifting from contemplation to excitement as she spun in circles on top of the carrier.

As Polly remained silent, Blake broke the silence, saying, "Let's take them to a rescue center."

They needed to find a reputable and responsible stray animal rescue center, a place where they could be assured of their safety.

These two dogs appeared to be strays, with dirty fur and emaciated bodies.

Through the layers of dirt, faint markings on their bodies revealed their mixed breed heritage a blend of Labrador Retrievers with some other breeds, resembling a bit of a mutt upon first glance.

Yet, the dog cautiously took a step back, its eyes filled with sadness and fear.

It wasn't sure if these two humans before it was like the previous one, offering hope only to disappear.

Just like the numerous passersby who paused, their gazes lingering momentarily, before ultimately Heaving with indifference.

Though the dog didn't comprehend the concept of "the greater the hope, the greater the disappointment," the despair and darkness that came with being abandoned by its owner made it too meek to ask for more.

The dog bit onto its companion's lifeless body, struggling to drag it towards the nearby bushes. However, it was too weak, unable to move it no matter how hard it bled.

Grace frowned and said, "Forget it, let's take them with us."

She turned her head, wearing an expression of disdain

Lilly noticed that Grace shared her thoughts and exclaimed cheerfully, "See? Gracie thinks just like me! We're on the same wavelength!"

Grace responded with a roll of her eyes, her lips subtly winking into a small smile before quickly straightening, reverting to her cold and composed demeanor.

Lilly turned her head again and asked, "What do you think, Polly?"

"Mr. Tortoise, what about you?"

Mr. Tortoise remained silent, as expected. It had nothing to say. The more commotion there was outside, the more peaceful its days became.

Look at that annoying parrot pestering it since they left even using its back as a grindstone for its beak.

Suddenly, Polly flew onto the dog's head, tapping its skull and shaking her head, "Hey! Call me Daddy!"

She had somehow learned Lilly's "magic" and even mimicked her voice perfectly.

The group exchanged bewildered looks.

1/4

The gentle and honest dog's eyes narrowed slightly, looking up at the parrot perched on its head, then shifting its gaze to Lilly.

It had the appearance of someone willing to endure anything, allowing others to mistreat it.

Lilly, displaying a mature demeanor beyond her years, sighed, "Well then, let's get going! We should take 1 you for a bath first! Otherwise, Grandma will have to make another trip"

The last time Bellflower came back, it was Grandma who took it for a bath.

Lilly pondered for a moment, deciding to bring the dog back home first. If they didn't enjoy staying with the Crawford family, she would let it go.

She planned to set up a doghouse at the front door and provide food for it every day.

In her innocent naivety, Lilly thought that, after all, it was an animal and perhaps it would prefer the wide open spaces. Forcing it to be adopted might not be the best option.

With the decision made, Blake drove off with Lilly and the dog, heading to the pet store.

As for the other dog that had been killed.... Blake reached into the trunk and retrieved a body bag.

He carefully placed the dog inside.

Pablo was truly speechless, discovering that Blake had a body bag in the trunk. Who carries a body bag around like that? What was this guy thinking?

On the other side.

The man who had just finished filming returned to his residence—a spacious four-bedroom apartment that appeared more like an office. Several desks were scattered in the living room, with a few employees busy editing videos.

A muscular man, appearing to be an assistant, was preparing to leave with a young and beautiful woman. Upon seeing the man's return, he exclaimed, "Oh, the boss is back."

The first thing the man did was wash his hands, remarking, "I just touched a stray dog earlier. It was filthy."

He had even used wet wipes in the car, but he still felt dirty. Only after using hand sanitizer and disinfectant did he feel clean.

"Where are you guys heading?" he asked.

The attractive woman next to the assistant replied, "Boss, we're going out to capture some footage."

Nodding, the man handed his phone to one of the employees in the living room and said, "Go ahead!"

"And Warren, make sure to edit this video," he added.

Warren opened the video and immediately exclaimed, No wonder you're the boss. The footage looks

fantastic.”

The beautiful woman glanced at the video and nodded in agreement before heading out with great enthusiasm.

2/4

As it turned out, this place was a studio.

There were a total of five employees in the living room, each responsible for managing 50 to 100 accounts. These accounts revolved around providing aid to cats and dogs or showcasing adorable pets.

Some accounts simply reposted funny videos created by others, while others salvaged imperfect yet valuable videos by editing them and posting them online.

Out of the 100 accounts they managed, if 10 of them could gain over 50,000 followers, it would be considered a success. The boss himself had an account with over 500,000 followers, making it the studio’s most significant account.

The beautiful woman’s account ranked second, with over 300,000 followers. Her goal now was to surpass the boss’s account and gain more followers.

By doing so, she would earn additional bonus rewards

It was late afternoon, around five o’clock, with a hint of sunset painting the sky in hues of dusk.

In a deserted alleyway, a man and a woman held down wolf-like dog, forcing a bottle of rat poison into its mouth.

The dog, a stray, was emaciated and too weak to resist.

It whimpered, its eyes filled with despair, before struggling and staggering away, its steps unsteady.

The beautiful woman furrowed her brow and asked, “You didn’t poison it to death, did you?”

The assistant replied, “I don’t think so... I’ll follow it and notify you when the poison takes effect. You just need to pretend that you stumbled upon it and rush it to the pet hospital for stomach pumping.

The beautiful woman let out a disdainful snort and reluctantly nodded.

The dog was filthy, and if it weren’t for the sake of authenticity, she wouldn’t have wanted to touch it.

But after watching the boss’s video just now, she knew she had to give her all and work harder!

They had searched for a suitable stray dog but couldn’t find one that satisfied their requirements. So they came up

with another plan: poison the dog to near death and then pretend to be compassionate saviors, rescuing and helping the dog.

There are far too many tactics like this on the internet exploiting the sympathy of the audience. They not only gain substantial traffic but also receive endless comments praising the streamer as a kind-hearted person, wishing them well, and praising their goodness..

Any voice of doubt is immediately met with harsh criticism and insults!

So the beautiful woman had no reservations or worries other than the dog is dirty.

The stray dog, poisoned and weakened, ran for two blocks before collapsing on a busy street, frothing at the mouth...

The assistant snorted and muttered under his breath, Beast, running two blocks even when close to death, trying to exhaust me..."

3/4

He quickly called the beautiful woman over

With her innate physical appearance, resembling an ifore and kind-hearted god, they could's afford to waste such an advantage. Therefore, unlike the box the girl would show her Exce

couche

The wolf-like dog lay on the ground, its eyes wide open gazing weakly at the sky

The sunset reflected in its eyes, adding a glimmer of light to its dim gaze

Pedestrians passing by turned their heads, surprised and engaged in discussions. Some extended sympathy, others disgust, and there were even those who said, "I want to help but feel helpless

"Oh, poor thing."

"There's a pet store over there. Should we drag it there or a check-up?"

"Forget it... it's just a dog..."

Despite the comments, no one took action

At that moment, a cute girl with a ponytail walked by, holding a bag in her hands while filming herself with her phone.

"Ding dong Today, I bought a pound of beef. I'm going to livestream how to make beef with shadow puppets!"

"Huh? Why is there a dog over there?"

The girl immediately ran over, her voice filled with concern. "What happened to this dog?"

"Oh, doggie, hold on! I'll take you to the hospital!"

The people around her, captivated by her beauty and care expression, watched as she became increasingly worried, almost on the verge of tears.

They couldn't help but sigh inwardly: Ah, this girl is truly kind-hearted...

me to lift. Mister, could you please help me? The dog is so pitiful, and I want to take it to the hospital... It might be too late if we wait any longer..."

Initially, she had only planned to put on a slight act to demonstrate her vulnerability and then take the dog to the veterinary hospital.

But now... now she truly couldn't "lift it" anymore, anxiously looking at Blake.

Blake's eyes revealed a hint of mockery, "I meant to be careful because if you exert a little more force, your act will be exposed."

The stunning girl remained silent.

Lilly stared at the beautiful girl, drawing a parallel, "Master, she also has an aura on her head, could it be another malignant spirit that has escaped?"

Pausing for a moment, she continued, "It's the same aur as the one from earlier."

Pablo looked at the beautiful girl, "A fresh aura... it seems like it hasn't escaped but rather, has possessed two people?"

Lilly suddenly looked at a frail man in the crowd, sensing the same aura on his head.

She whispered, "Master, is it possible that there's a hive here?"

Pablo narrowed his eyes, "Very likely."

Setting aside the details for now, it was evident that the girl before them and the frail man pretending to be a bystander in the crowd were undoubtedly in cahoots.

Lilly understood it all now.

On their way to the veterinary hospital, Master had mentioned that the malignant spirit on the uncle's head was called the "hypocrite ghost."

Curious, she had asked her father what "hypocrite" meant, and he explained – it meant pretending to be good while hiding ulterior motives.

So this sister was also a hypocrite.

Lilly wasted no time in exposing her true nature. "You know that time is running out, yet why do you continue to dawdle?" she bluntly questioned.

Approaching the dog, she gently stroked its head and remarked, "It's so skinny that Gracie could lift it with one hand, right Gracie?"

Grace: "..."

Oh, you're so high-definition, so 1080p, but that does mean she would agree with her!

Grace huffed, crossed her arms, hesitated for a moment and reluctantly mumbled, "Yeah."

As Lilly caressed the dog's head, it seemed to find some comfort. Struggling to open its eyes....

Upon seeing the child before it, a tear trickled down its cheek, and it extended its tongue to lick Lilly's hand.



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Lilly comforted it softly. "It's going to be okay..."

Voices around them buzzed with comments:

"Well, it's normal for a young girl not to be able to lift it. After all, it's a wolf-dog."

"Why do they have to be so harsh with their words..."

The stunning girl felt disheartened, forcing a smile and saying, "It's okay, my strength has always been small... During Christmas, when my mom was butchering a chicken, she asked me to hold its wings, and I couldn't even hold it... I'm used to being misunderstood..."

She delivered a long, pitiful monologue.

And there, Lilly effortlessly lifted the dog with one hand, placing it under her armpit, and strode forward with determined steps.

"Don't worry, the doggy hospital is very close by. I'll take you to see the doctor," Lilly reassured as she walked.

With such ease, she even had a free hand to hold onto her sister. "Come on, Grace, let's go!"

The stunning girl and the onlookers all remained silent

Everyone's gaze turned peculiar.

A three or four-year-old child effortlessly lifts a large wolf-dog

Yet, this grown girl couldn't lift it?

"Now that we look at it, the dog does seem pretty light.

"It's so emaciated, all skin and bones. Even though it's a wolf-dog, it should be light... right?"

The curious bystanders couldn't be certain.

Because the wolf-dog was undeniably large, towering even taller than the little girl. Logically, it shouldn't be light.

But seeing how easily the girl carried it, it must not be heavy either...

"No matter how you look at it, can her strength be smaller than that of a three-year-old child?"

"Just a moment ago, it didn't seem like much, but now looks more like a performance..."

"Yeah, you're right. Earlier, she even had a phone in her hand, like some kind of streamer. Could she be deliberately seeking attention for online traffic?"

The stunning girl felt as if an invisible slap had struck her face, flushing it red.

Damn, it... why are kids these days so annoying?

At this point, in any other situation, the stunning girl would have walked away. Who cares what others say? After all, they may not even see her on the internet.

But now...

Chapter 419 Every Second to Annihilate Her

The veterinary clinic was the finest veterinary clinic in the neighborhood, and Blake had chosen it based on a quick search for the nearest one. To his surprise, it was bustling with people.

There were all sorts of pets, mostly cats and dogs, but also hamsters, parrots, and even rabbits and pigs...

Polly rested its head against the glass of its carrier, feeling like it had just stepped into a whole new world. It let out a little "wow," mimicking the cute baby voice that was popular in short videos. "What's this?!"

It stared at a small guinea pig cradled in its owner's arms.

Lilly, busy attending to her duties, replied, "That's a little piggy."

Polly then fixated on a parrot that had been confined to a cage, its plumage shining as bright as it was green.

"Hey buddy, are you a male or female?" Polly asked, remembering its previous mistake in flirting with the wrong bird.

But the parrot paid no attention, giving Polly the cold shoulder.

Lilly was accompanying Blake as they rushed their large wolfhound for emergency treatment and gastric lavage.

The father-daughter duo was undeniably striking, with Blake exuding tall, graceful charm and Lilly is a small, adorable bundle of softness. Their presence caught the attention of onlookers, who couldn't help but turn their heads in admiration.

Seated in a chair outside the emergency room, Blake's arm casually draped over the backrest, there was an air of protectiveness as if he was embracing Lilly in his arms.

His other hand rested on the head of the stray dog they had found.

The stray dog remained motionless, not daring to move.

It watched the constant stream of people with an expression of timidity and desolation in its eyes.

Most of the dogs brought in for treatment were cradled by their owners, who wore expressions filled with compassion. These dogs were pampered and groomed, their fur clean and radiant.

It reminded the stray dog of its past, of being held in the arms of a loving owner.

But then, that owner had abandoned it, driving away to a place it didn't recognize.

It had thought the owner was taking it out to play, so it happily scampered outside.

But when it turned around, the owner's car was already far away. It tried to chase after it, but no matter how hard it tried, it couldn't catch up.

Eventually, it became lost, unable to find its way back home.

The stray dog believed that its owner must have forgotten that it hadn't boarded the car and that it wasn't intentional...

The stray dog's gaze grew dim, and it shifted slightly, overcome by emotions.

1/4

Blake rested his palm on the stray dog's head, using it as a makeshift cushion, and calmly said, "Don't move around. We'll take you for a bath later."

The stray dog obediently remained still, occasionally darting glances at Blake, then shifting its gaze to Lilly.

In the bustling lobby, a stunning girl craned her neck, scanned the area, and quickly spotted Blake.

He was remarkably attractive, towering above others even when seated.

A glimmer of joy appeared in the girl's eyes, and she hurriedly composed herself, assuming an anxious expression.

"Oh... there you are! How is the dog? Is it okay? What did the doctor say?"

She spoke while peering towards the emergency room, her eyes filled with concern.

Blake's hand, which had been gently stroking the dog's head, paused.

He raised his gaze, his eyes coldly fixated on the girl. "What's your name?"

The dog sensed the malevolence in Blake's demeanor and couldn't help but tremble, its paws shaking slightly.

Kelly let out a startled "Ah?" and then paused for a moment before saying, "I'm Kelly."

Her face displayed a mix of astonishment and adorably dumbfounded, while deep down inside, she couldn't help but scream with excitement: He asked for my name! He noticed me! Ahhh...

At that moment, Kelly almost forgot about the presence of the dog. Seizing the opportunity, she smoothly took a seat beside Blake and continued to anxiously gaze towards the emergency room.

"Ah, how could a perfectly fine dog end up ingesting something poisonous? Some people these days lack any sense of decency."

"I once saw a lady near the neighborhood who scattered meat bones laced with rat poison on the roadside, claiming that stray dogs were too annoying and needed to be exterminated..."

Kelly ranted indignantly to herself, but when she turned to face Blake, she found him unmoved, his profile exuding an icy detachment that only enhanced his charm.

She became infatuated, stuttering as she asked, “You agree, right... those people, how could they do such things... I tried to stop her at the time...”

Blake sneered, abruptly turning his head to fix his gaze (lirectly on Kelly. “Where exactly did you find this wolfhound?”

Kelly’s heart skipped a beat, and in an instant, the rush of excitement sent blood rushing to her brain, making it buzz with anticipation. She failed to notice the trap embedded in his question.

Without any precautions, she replied, “It was in an alley off Lincook Route...”

Having obtained the information he desired, Blake realized that sometimes it was quicker to ask directly. despite the availability of search options. He opened his phone, and in no time, the screen transformed into a black background with green text, rapidly scrolling with data. As the screen brightened, it displayed surveillance footage from the streets of Lincook Route

2/4

Blake remained expressionless as he watched the surveillance footage.

Unaware of Blake’s motives, Kelly pretended nonchalance and asked, “By the way, I still don’t know your names!”

Seeing Blake’s lack of response, she turned her gaze towards Lilly, wearing a friendly smile. “Little girl, what’s your name? Is this your doggie?”

Lilly hesitated, trying her best to mimic her father’s aloofness... but being too sweet and innocent, her attempt failed.

T

Since neither Blake nor Lilly answered, Kelly didn’t feel awkward and shifted her attention to the stray dog beside her. “What’s wrong with your doggie? Where did it go? It’s all dirty but so cute.”

As Kelly spoke, her hand extended with audacity, reaching out to touch the dog...

But before her hand could make contact, Blake’s hand firmly rested on the dog’s head, preventing her from accidentally touching it.

And then, in a cold, detached tone, Blake uttered, “Forget about the hand. I can help you chop it off.”

Kelly stood there, her hand suspended awkwardly in mid-air, feeling utterly mortified.

“I... I just wanted to pet the dog,” she stuttered, desperately trying to salvage the situation.

Retracting her hand directly would be too humiliating, so Kelly shifted gears and gently stroked the dog’s back, going with the flow.

Little did she know that the seemingly docile and ever timid stray dog suddenly turned its head and sank its teeth into the back of her hand!

Although it didn't dare to let out a loud cry, it bared its teeth and stared at her, as if it knew she wasn't a good person.

Kelly let out a shriek, "Ah..."

Her cry caught the attention of those nearby, who turned their heads to see what was happening.

With tears welling up in her eyes, Kelly whimpered, "Ouch... It hurts... I'm bleeding..."

Lilly looked at her with a gaze of utter disbelief and muttered to herself, "This auntie seems a bit dim-witted."

Finally, Blake put down his phone and lowered his gaze to look at the dog.

"We'll take you for a vaccination later," he said calmly.

Kelly's face lit up, pretending to be modest. "Oh... actually, it's not necessary. I often encounter stray dogs on the streets, and sometimes I get scratched while trying to rescue them..."

Unable to hold back any longer, Lilly interjected, "Hey auntie, my dad is talking to the dog, not to you!"

Blake's lips curved slightly as he ruffled the dog's head and continued, "Don't go around biting people, you know. Vaccinating dogs can be quite troublesome."

Kelly stood there in silence, stunned by the turn of events.

3/4

Lilly couldn't resist adding, "Daddy, if someone gets bitten by a dog and needs to get a rabies shot, what kind of vaccine does the dog need?"

Kelly remained speechless.

Blake hadn't said a word yet.

Meanwhile, Polly, pecking out from the pet carrier, shouted, "Every second, I want to kill her!"

Kelly remained speechless.

Chapter 420 Lilly's Deception

Kelly was utterly embarrassed and couldn't find a way out of the situation. She believed that Blake must have misunderstood her, which was why he disliked her so much. Regardless, she had been bitten and was bleeding, and they were responsible for their dog.

No matter how much he disliked her, it would be reasonable and humane to have her wounds treated, wouldn't it?

Kelly held up her bloodied hand, pitifully pleading, "Big bro, but my hand hurts... Please, stop joking around..."

Blake remained expressionless. "Cut it off, then it won't hurt."

Kelly remained speechless.

She felt strange gazes from all around, making it even more difficult for her to save face.

Kelly resentfully glanced at Blake, about to say something more when the door to the emergency room opened.

Lilly jumped off her chair, and Blake stood up as well.

Kelly was reluctant, but she had no choice. She temporarily covered her wound with a tissue and quickly followed them inside.

Before Lilly and Blake could ask anything, she preemptively asked the doctor, "Doctor, how is the dog? Is it okay? Please, do everything you can to save it. It's so pitiful..."

Kelly looked extremely anxious, and tears even started to fall.

Blake, Lilly, and Grace all remained speechless.

Grace stared at that tear.

How ironic. Since Kelly started crying, the first tear she collected in her life turned out to be a crocodile tear.

Legend had it that crocodiles shed tears while devouring humans and animals, a mocking tear specifically meant to ridicule those who harm others while pretending to be compassionate and kind-hearted-the epitome of wickedness and deceit.

Grace raised her hand, and Kelly's tear vaporized into thin air, replaced by a dark brown glow that flew into her palm.

Meanwhile, the doctor was discussing the dog's condition, saying, "It seems it was poisoned with rat poison. There's no residue of any food in its stomach, which makes the poisoning even more severe..."

Just as he said that Kelly exclaimed, covering her mouth in shock, tears welling up as she emotionally said, "Who could be so despicable! How can anyone harm a dog like this? They're not even human!"

Blake and Lilly remained silent.

Polly, taken aback, exclaimed, "Holy smokes, what a performance! She's fierce enough to even fight herself! This is some serious acting!"

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Kelly paused.

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Polly had picked up various popular catchphrases and memes from short videos, so she wasn't sure if she was being insulted. However, her emotions were already disrupted, and she felt somewhat annoyed deep.

down.

The doctor continued. "Therefore, to save it, we're considering extracorporeal removal methods, such as peritoneal dialysis and blood transfusion..."

Anxious, Kelly hurriedly interrupted, "Change the blood transfusion, use my blood!"

Everyone went silent.

Is this woman crazy?

Even the doctor couldn't help but twitch at the corner of his mouth.

Kelly quickly realized what foolish words she had just uttered and hastily corrected herself, "Ah... No, I was just too anxious... I mean, as long as we can save it, we can do anything. I beg you, doctor, please do whatever it takes to save it!"

The doctor nodded, "Alright, we'll arrange for peritoneal dialysis and blood transfusion."

Kelly: "Yes! Arrange it, it must be arranged! I'm willing to do anything as long as we can save the dog..."

Completely absorbed in her act, Kelly didn't notice that Blake and Lilly had been silent, watching her quietly.

Then...

The doctor handed a form to Kelly, saying, "Okay, sign here, and then proceed to make the payment. Including the emergency treatment, it amounts to twenty thousand dollars."

A flicker of astonishment flashed in Kelly's eyes.

Twenty thousand dollars!

It's so expensive??

In the past, she had brought cats and dogs for emergency treatment to film content, but who would spend twenty thousand dollars to save a dog?

Kelly hesitated and sought help by looking at Blake.

Blake crossed his arms, his expression scornful, showing no intention of speaking.

So, she liked to hog the spotlight, didn't she?

Now it was her chance to truly shine.

Kelly's eyes welled up with tears, "I don't have money..... I wish I could save it with my blood, but I don't have money... Sob, sob, big bro, what should I do?"

Lilly couldn't take it anymore!

She exclaimed loudly, "Auntie, this is my dad. Can you please stop calling him 'big bro, big bro? You're not

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a little kid! And didn't you say you would do anything to save the dog? You can get a loan, you know!"

Lilly recalled those ubiquitous loan advertisements.

“Auntie, take out your phone!”

Kelly feeling curious.

Lilly said, “Click on the link of the person with the most likes in the comments section, and you can check your credit limit! Look! You have a reserve of 150,000 dollars!”

Kelly remained speechless.

Lilly continued, “Don’t worry, it’s an online loan! The daily interest rate starts at just 1.9 dollars, cheaper than a bottle of water! You won’t have to worry about those impolite people mocking you anymore!”

Kelly still didn’t spill any word.

Damn, what the hell, getting a loan to save a dog?!

Did they think I was a fool?

Those unreliable online loan advertisements were downright stupid.

Talking about reserves in such a grand manner, but it was just online loans! Only a fool would believe them.

Once you dared to take a loan, they’d ensure you entered wearing gold and silver, but you’d come out with nothing but your underwear. You wouldn’t even have a place to cry.

You might even be trapped forever, never able to make it to shore and ruin your entire life.

She wouldn’t be foolish enough to resort to online loans to save a dog! It was just a stray dog, after all. What was it worth?

But she had just said it herself, about being willing to do anything... Kelly struggled to find the words, but nothing came out....

Lilly sighed, “Auntie, didn’t you say you would do anything to save the dog? Look, you have 150,000 dollars now, and you’re not even willing to spend 20,000 to save the dog.”

She was more stingy than me.

Kelly’s face turned red, “But... online loans are scams, and I...”

Lilly waved her hand, “Auntie, you don’t have to say anything! I know you were just pretending! We don’t need your help, just stay away.”

She had never intended for this stingy auntie to contribute any money.

This auntie was just pretending. She spoke so nicely, but when it came time to pay, she looked at Daddy.

Was she expecting Daddy to pay? Who was she to make Daddy spend money? And would she ask for Daddy’s contact information to repay him later? That’s how it was portrayed on TV

She couldn’t let this bad auntie have her way!



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The little girl reached into her bag and pulled out a toy phone-she had plenty of balance, 20,000 dollars, more than enough!

She then took the bill from the doctor's hand and ran off with Polly, saying, "Polly, let's go pay!"

Polly flapped her wings and squawked. "You don't even have a credit limit of 150,000 in a month. We're

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not a match!"