

Eight Uncles 431

Chapter 431 A Circus Show

Kelly was still lost in her daydream. She wanted Boris to find Blake immediately.

However, no one was paying attention to her.

Boris remembered Blake and frowned, "That's not someone we can mess with."

Kelly didn't tell them about what happened in the hospital, so Boris was only basing his judgment off his own experience with Blake.

Boris said, "He has a nasty little tyke. She slapped me and wanted to make me her lackey. She even smashed my teeth with a rock."

As he said this, he touched his front teeth. Because of Lilly, he had to spend over ten thousand dollars on fillings. Boris added, "When I demanded compensation from that guy, he even threatened to hit me."

The assistant said, "That's great. Since they broke your teeth, we have a reason to go looking for them..."

Boris nodded, "Let me see if I can contact him and get him to work with us. We'll offer him a hundred thousand dollars a month. He won't need to care for Kelly personally and only show his face every now and then. The rest of the time we'll just use a double..."

Initially, they wouldn't dare make such a plan. But with Kelly in such a state, they were out of options.

The chance to make several million a month was right in front of them. Even if their chances were slim, they needed to try everything...

Not to mention, a hundred thousand dollars was a big sum. And all Blake needed to do was show his face. from time to time. He probably wouldn't resist an offer like this...

"Let's start the stream!" Having made up his mind, Boris decided to start a stream immediately since Kelly had just woken up.

The assistant set up the phone and the tripod to face Kelly, who was lying in bed.

Kelly desperately cried out in refusal!

She didn't want to stream at a time like this.

She was in such an ugly state. Wouldn't streaming just expose her bare face to all the viewers?

What if Blake were to see it and be disgusted at her? How would she garner his sympathy then...

However, the more desperate and the more in pain Kelly seemed, the happier Boris was.

"Kelly, don't you worry. We'll take good care of you... You don't have to worry about the future either. From now on, I'll treat you like my own little sister..."

The assistant nodded, "That's right. You're such a kind soul, always helping stray cats in need. Even when you were too broke for food, you would still spend money if it meant saving a cat's life... This time, it's our turn to take care of you!"

In the stream, the comments were flooding in as the viewers watched their performance.

"Oh man, I'm so touched. #goodending"

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"Thank god she's okay! This is great!"

"It's been tough on you and the other two guys as well goodending"

"Please continue making content for us."

Some viewers even gifted them with subs to celebrate.

Boris wiped his tears and said, "Don't worry everyone. We'll persevere on and take good care of Kelly..."

He took a glance at the number of viewers on stream. It was just shy of five hundred thousand, causing Boris to almost break character.

Five thousand viewers! How many influencers could do that?!

We're rich. We're stinking rich now!

However, there were too many people on the stream, and some of them couldn't resist laughing in the end.

"Hahaha. This is hilarious! They're so good at acting!"

"They're really putting up quite the performance. If I didn't know any better, I would have thought that the person on the hospital bed was their own mother. What filial sons these guys are!"

"Guys, go watch the other stream. Damn, these people are the worst!"

The assistant and Boris exchanged glances, wondering why some of the comments seemed a bit strange. They followed the comments and opened a channel called "Science and Mysticism"...

They were horrified by what they found.

There were only two videos on this channel.

And they were both involving the live stream they had the other day!

All the things they had and done were exposed, including the part where they talked about catching the tabby cat and draining its blood.

The two of them finally realized they had been putting on a performance for the past two days.

The viewers were watching them intently like clowns this whole time.

Boris expression quickly turned ugly!

However, he still maintained composure, as a superior

He frowned, "I'd like to address the person with the account "Science and Mysticism". Firstly, I don't know if we upset you somehow... but we've always been honest with our cat rescue operations. That day, we were discussing how to catch the tabby cat because it seemed very aggressive and we were worried it would injure innocent people."

He added, "I'm not sure how you edited your clips. Did you find someone to voice over-us? I'm sure all our viewers can tell what's real and what isn't. I mean, just think about it. This "Science and Mysticism" person was clearly recording from some secluded corner. Is it possible for the voices to come off this clearly?"

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The assistant also chimed in, "That's right! We're being framed here! It's true that we're the ones being shown in the scene... but those are definitely not our voices. I'm sure every one of our viewers can tell how strangely clear these voices are coming through!"

Boris then said, "At this point, I don't mind being frank.. The truth is, we're really tight on funds because a lot of it goes into our cat rescue operations. That's why our scenes are a little scripted. We need to seize every opportunity we have... Because of that, we had Kelly pretend like she fainted. It was all so we can get more funds to save even more strays."

The assistant nodded, "Yeah, we never thought that someone would try to frame us because of that, and even added in fake voices to sully our reputation!"

Boris then zoomed in on Kelly, "Just ask yourselves. Who would jeopardize their entire lives just for the sake of a script... Kelly is now paralyzed and can't even speak. I'd like to pose a question to the person behind "Science and Mysticism". You're already a professional streamer with over three million followers, while we're just a small-time account. Why are you going out of your way to bully us and sully our reputation? Kelly is already in such a state. Don't you feel bad for her?"

Kelly was in tears as she made groaning noises.

This emotionally-charged scene was truly a tear-jerker. Boris was giving a stellar portrayal of the sincere stray rescue operator being unjustly framed by a professional streamer...

The ghost perched on Boris' head was utterly despondent, feeling as though he was about to dissipate into the void...

Chapter 432 Freeze! Animal Welfare Services!

At this moment, Blake and Lilly were going up an elevator.

Boris' workshop was located in this residential complex Along the way, Lilly had been watching the stream on her phone. Now, they were right in front of his workshop.

Even though he said it was a workshop, it was actually a converted commercial unit. Currently, the door was locked.

Blake watched the stream as well, and was a little surprised that the other party would be so shameless as to launch a counteroffensive.

Lilly's mouth was agape. She asked, "Daddy, why are they like this?"

They were clearly the bad guys here, yet they were crying as if they weren't.

Seeing this as a chance to give a lesson, Blake said coldly. "That's why you should always be patient until you have sufficient evidence."

"Sometimes, the bad guys will act innocent and pitiful. Other times, they will fight back at you, or even try to provoke you, making you angry."

"At times like these, we need to be able to keep our calm."

As he said this, Blake kicked open the door in front of him...

"Freeze! Animal welfare services!"

Blake the animal welfare services team leader cum live reporter shouted as he waved around a blank document.

Seeing this, Pablo couldn't help a grimace.

He was just talking about keeping calm, but he was going around kicking people's doors down.

There was nothing more absurd than this.

What was even more incredulous was Lilly, walking in all chipper and excited with the bigma. She stomped on the door and shouted, "Freeze! Animal welfare services!"

Pablo was lost for words.

The people in the workshop were confused by the sudden appearance of the father-daughter duo.

Besides Jay, Kelly and the assistant, Boris also had someone in charge of editing videos and someone to manage the company's finances operating in his workshop.

-The video editor and finance person were shell-shocked, wondering how animal welfare services managed to find them....

Blake looked at Lilly and chuckled as he turned on the camera for her.

"Okay, sweetlicart. Let's start our live stream."

This bigma was definitely a high-quality product. Not only could it connect to the internet, it could be

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used to stream directly to the platform.

The downside was that it was a little heavy.

However, Lilly handled it with ease. Placing it on top of her head, she shouted with that soft, childish voice of hers, "Live stream! Live stream! Give us a like!"

When they saw that "Science and Mysticism" had begun streaming, the followers instantly flocked to their

broadcast.

They could tell that something big was about to happen. Many of them had two phones on simultaneously. One entered Kelly's stream, where Boris and the assistant were crying for justice about being bullied by a professional streamer.

The other was in the "Science and Mysticism" stream, where Blake was showing the truth behind the frauds.

As soon as the viewers entered, they could hear a cute voice shouting, "Live stream! Live stream! Give us a like!"

They were instantly lovestruck!

"Haha. Is it take-your-daughter-to-work day already?"

"This channel has such a novel approach LOL."

In the innermost room, Jay was drawing a cat's blood. He had bluetooth headphones on and was in the middle of a call.

"...Caught in an accident. And you need 180cc you say?"

"We only have one cat with this blood type. It'll be a bit difficult on the cat if we draw 180cc in one sitting. It can't bear to do it..."

While saying that he couldn't bear to harm a cat, he was drawing blood from one, with another pressed below his foot.

The cat's blood continued to flow relentlessly from the needle and into the blood bag in the corner.

The cat was too feeble to even cry, and its weak struggles were completely ignored by Jay.

"Alright, if you're willing to pay a premium then... The truth is, I'm a little reluctant to draw that much. After all, 180cc is a lot, and we treat all our cats like our own children... Sigh, but I can also understand how you feel. Given that your beloved pet is in an emergency situation, we'll try to help however we can..."

After hanging up the phone, Jay looked at the cat under his foot. If he drew 180cc, it would definitely die.

But it didn't matter. Even though a cat with this blood type was rare, the customer was willing to pay extra for it. They would make over ten thousand dollars with a single order..

"Oh well, who cares if it dies! We'll just do another rescue operation in a couple days and catch some more!" Jay said to himself. He then slapped the cat beneath his foot, "Shut the hell up!"

He didn't notice that the door was open...

After all, he was doing something completely unethical. As such, the room with the cats was located in the

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innermost section of the workshop. And to prevent the cats' crying from interfering with the audio during their streams, they even had a noise canceling door installed. Once it was shut, nothing could be heard from the outside.

Jay didn't realize that animal welfare services were already here, and that his door had been mysteriously opened....

He turned around and noticed a small human standing in front of the light, with some big object perched on top of its head.

He fell to the ground in shock, shrieking, "W-Who are you?!"

Blake was leaning against the wall in the corner with his arms folded. He said coldly, "Animal welfare services! Hands where I can see them!"

Jay instinctively raised his arms, but soon realized something was amiss. Since when did animal welfare services bring children around with them?

With the sudden release of pressure, the cat under his foot was set free. It stumbled its way to the side and collapsed. There was very little life left in its eyes. It did not have much longer to live.

Lilly tried her best to keep calm, but tears began to well in her eyes.

Pablo had already told her that this cat was at the end of its lifespan and was supposed to die here.

He also mentioned that at this stage, it was crucial for her to keep calm, even if it meant watching it die.

Lilly thought that she was holding herself back well enough, but she still couldn't stop the tears.

There were seven to eight cages around the room.

Each of them had several cats locked inside.

Most of them had disheveled fur and lifeless eyes. Some of them stood up shakily, seemingly begging for a bite to eat.

To them, this small room was a hell without any hope of escape...

The viewers in the live stream were also furious. Most of them had never heard of this industry before, let alone knew that such places existed in the world.

Some people knew about the illegal trade involving cats, but their knowledge was limited to news reports. And the news reports certainly didn't show such vivid and gruesome scenes.

There were emaciated cats that had been horribly treated, syringes for blood extraction, trays, and even several surgical knives, for some reason, which were rusty and worn.

On the floor, there was a refrigerated specimen box containing several packs of blood, presumably freshly drawn.

This scene continued to haunt people's minds, and some couldn't bear to continue watching.

"OMG... How can a human being stoop so low?"

"These guys are lower than humans!"

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"I want to beat them up so bad! I've never felt this angry before!"

What was even more ironic was that in Kelly's live stream, Boris was still playing the victim and accusing others of framing them.....

The enraged viewers found an outlet for their anger and immediately entered Kelly's live stream.

Meanwhile, Boris felt like he had gone on for quite some time, but his words were slowly taking effect.

Some self-righteous individuals echoed his sentiment. Uhh... I think you guys can ease up on the comments. She's already paralyzed. No matter what mistakes she made in the past, it can't be that bad. At the very least, she still saved some cats!"

"That's right. What have you guys done in comparison? She took action at least. And the reason some of their shots were scripted was just so they could keep of doing rescues. What's wrong with that?!"

"She's so pitiful already. You guys shouldn't say mean things about her!"

Boris was delighted. The harsh truth was that because there were so many people in the stream, it was easy to lead the audience by the nose.

So what if they were exposed?

All they did was act things out a little whenever they did their stray cat rescue operations. As long as the part about him drawing cat's blood didn't come to light his position would never be threatened.

Boris made a faint smile and was about to speak. Suddenly, he noticed the chat in the stream was refreshing like crazy! Many different comments were flooding in all of a sudden!

Boris was utterly flabbergasted.

What's going on?

Didn't I just prove myself innocent?

Chapter 433 Social Death

Boris had a bad feeling about it, especially when the chat was turning hostile. He clicked into Science and Mysticism's account and realized that it was livestreaming too. Boris typed, 'Oh, said something about us, did he? My, people are really kind. I can't believe they're being duped. Honestly, some livestreamers. should really stop lying to the viewers. Some of these days, they're going to be punished.

The viewers were speechless. They couldn't believe how brazen Boris was being. You didn't even watch the livestream, and now you're saying he slandered you? My gods, how shameless can someone get? He doesn't realize he's dissing himself, is he?

Boris then clicked into the stream, and he shut up, for no one in the livestream was talking about him. The livestream was showing his workshop. The whole place was filled with cats, and Jay was arrested.

Boris' blood ran cold, and he couldn't even say a word. He thought the livestream was just someone dissing him. If that was the case, he could still make an argument and sway the viewers' opinion to his side, but no. Science and Mysticism was showing his workshop and his scandal. There was no way out of this, but he stayed calm and frowned. "What is going on? What is this place? Why're you guys cursing me? You sure you're not getting the wrong guy?" I'm going to deny everything.

Blake was watching the livestream as well, and he sneered. "You're denying it? This is your workshop, and it's registered under your name. I have all the information here." He picked up Lilly, though neither of them showed their faces on camera.

The girl mimicked her father and aimed the camera at the business license on the wall, and she cutely said, "There's the ID. Name: Boris Trask, Sex: Male. Age 913 years old.." Lilly thought something was off. Is that guy this old?

The viewers didn't see Lilly, though they were amused by her going off the rails.

'No, wait. That's the business license alright, but it only lists out the business name, type, and legal entity!

'Good thing I can read."

"The girl went off the rails. First day on the job? Wait, has she even graduated kindy?"

The chat was getting a bit livelier, and Blake changed the topic back, swiveling his camera around.

"What's the owner's name? Where's the ID? Show me?"

The finance officer retorted, "Who are you people? What makes you think you can demand our IDs? This

is a crime."

"And so what?"

The finance officer said nothing, while Lilly punched the chair beside her. Fiercely, she said, "And so what?" No, she wasn't fierce. Even when she tried to be angry, she was adorable.

Pablo held his forehead. Alright, that's far enough. He swung his arm, and all the IDs hidden under the books strewn around were revealed. All the finance officer saw was a gust of wind blowing through the workshop, and it blew away all the files and books on the table, revealing the IDs hiding underneath.

It might seem like a normal phenomenon, but there was no way a gust of regular wind could accurately blow away all the things that were hiding their IDs. ShIs this karma? 1-Is there a ghost here? The finance was scared out of her wits, and she stayed silent.

Blake moved his camera around and held down on one ID. It was Boris' ID. "Boris Trask. ID number...

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Boris Workshop. A den of evil, you mean. So, anything you want to say for yourself?"

The viewers commented a lot.

Said it's just a case of the same name and same face.

And he accused you of setting him up.

Blake sneered. "He knows no shame, doesn't he?"

And Lilly mimicked him again. "No shamey, hmph!"

Blake pointed at a computer and told another staff member, "Alright, open your accounts. There should be one in the backend for every one of you."

Lilly pointed at the computer, holding her camera as she thumped the desk. "Open up, open up! Own up to your mistakes!"

The viewers were amused. They couldn't see Lilly's face, though they did see her fist swinging around, and they thought it was really adorable.

My girl, you're going to turn a crime scene livestream into a comedy at this rate. He smiled. But you're cute, so that's allowed.

The staff member looked away. The computer's broken. And she tried to unplug the socket with her leg.

Blake shot him an icy look. "I think the only thing broken here is your head."

Anyone who'd been on the battlefield and taken countless lives had gazes as sharp as a blade, and one look was enough to petrify the staff member. She stopped moving, suspecting that her head would be lopped off if she did.

The backend data was revealed, and along with it were more than a hundred accounts' information. Standing at the top were Boris and Kelly's accounts. Kelly had the most fans here, after all.

Kelly was live streaming as well, and Blake clicked into it and went with synchronized streaming. The accounts were tied to the backend anyway, and the moment he synchronized the streaming, Boris appeared on the screen, making things worse for him.

hapter 434 Nothing Will Change

Boris quickly tried to turn off the livestream, but for some reason, he couldn't. What? But it should've been

shut down.

Blake looked at him and said coldly. "Save your breath

The viewers went into mocking mode too.

We have the evidence and witnesses,' and your account's revealed. There's nowhere to hide

You f*cking scumbag. Let's see you weasel your way out of this. You pride yourself on bullsh*tting your way out of any situation, don't you?"

You claim to be helping stray cats, but you're actually selling their blood? How evil can you be? How dare

demand someone else to be a paragon of virtue when you're nothing but trash yourself!

you

Boris was furious. He worked on this business for three years, and now it was ruined in the span of a single livestream. All the accounts he came up with were ruined. And you call Blake a paragon of virtue? He's doing the same thing I did. He's just trying to gain traffic by putting on a mask of justice. He roared, "Yeah, the workshop's mine, but you think that guy's a paragon of virtue? He used the pretext of exposing my crimes just to gain traffic! Can't you see that? We're competition, and he's just using me to make money, you fools! That guy has millions of followers, but he still came after a small creator like me! He's just being a big -bully!"

"Yeah, we did take the cats blood, but you never asked us why. We never did it for ourselves."

"A lot of pet owners are worried about their pets, and we're just trying to help them! It's not selling blood, it's donating blood."

"We're non-profit! All we want is to save more cats! We're doing charity here!"

Lilly couldn't believe it. They're still trying to weasel their way out of this?

A hint of smugness glinted in Boris eyes. Every time they sold the blood, the records would say 'Blood donation. Every single transaction was recorded as 'Donation. As long as I'm shameless enough, no one can take me down. I've always been preparing for any situation. Let's see how you can take me down. Boris sneered. "And even if I was selling blood, nothing in the law book says it's a crime. If this isn't a crime, then no one can arrest

The viewers couldn't believe Boris could stoop so low, and the ones who tried to defend Boris couldn't say a word anymore. Blake flipped through the workshop's accounts, and it was filled with the records of the transactions they made. Every transaction was recorded as 'Blood donation' and 'Donation, just like what Boris said, but no matter how perfect the accounts looked, there were still flaws.

For example, the records clearly said that 50ml of blood was exchanged for 1500. There were no currencies or anything, but the amount paid for different volumes of blood had a pattern. For example, 100ml of blood would net them three thousand, while 50ml of blood would net them 1500. Sometimes there would be more blood being sold, and the workshop would gain six thousand to ten thousand. Those were rare, but the amount was surprisingly uniform.

That's clearly price tags. There's no way donations could be this uniform. Blake knew that anyone could see that as long as they had a functioning brain. If someone out there couldn't realize this, they might as well try to get a new brain.

The viewers were furious, and they cursed Boris, but just like he said, even if he was selling blood, no one

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Chapter 43! NOT

could arrest him. It wasn't a crime anyway. The law couldn't do anything to him, and the only way to get to him was through morality's judgment.

Since the workshop was done for, Boris dropped his good man act, and he laughed. "You losers can't even do sh*t! Yeah, curse me. Like I care about that. I've made enough money anyway. Not like your curses can do sh*t! I can just change my name and open up another workshop, and you'll still follow me again!"

How amusing. How laughable. Boris laughed and turned off the livestream. The viewers were angry, but they knew Boris was telling the truth. Their whole country was filled with people like Boris. They'd come back stronger after one was taken down, and no one could see through them.

Kindness was worth a lot, and there was profit to be made. Scum like Boris would exploit the kindness in everyone's heart just to make a quick buck. Eventually, the whole world would lose its kindness, replaced by mistrust and doubt. If or when that happens, the world itself would be a living hell.

Lilly was angry. She had no idea what she could do, but she felt suffocated. She wanted to do something, but she couldn't, and she wanted to hit someone.

Blake smiled and patted her head. Oh, look, she's angry. I going to get you Boris. Do you really think I can do nothing? There's nothing I can't do.

Boris was upset, and he kicked Kelly's IV infusion away Kelly said nothing. The assistant had an ashen look on his face, and he asked, "What now, boss?"

Boris was annoyed. What now? What now? Why do you come to me every time there's trouble? We're obviously done for! "We're cashing in all our money before the service blocks us."

I still haven't taken the hundred grand from Kelly's livestream And a ton of people donated during the earlier livestream. Boris and his assistant quickly checked their stream data and found that they made more than two hundred grand. It's even more than the donation yesterday. There's nearly four hundred grand.

Delighted, the two of them tried to cash in, but then a message popped up. 'We apologize for the inconvenience, but your account is permanently banned. According to the contract, all your account's profits will be confiscated as a penalty. Part of it will be returned to the viewers. Thank you for your understanding

Boris and his assistant couldn't believe it. They couldn't understand what was happening. I saw that money. I was so close to getting it, but now you're telling me it's not mine anymore? Unbelievable! Boris was furious. I paid. a hundred grand for this b*tch! And now I'm not making a dent back?

Furious, Boris refused to stay at the hospital, and he went back home. The assistant was in no mood to take care of Kelly. She was just a stranger to him, so he left, and Kelly was alone.

Boris came home cursing and yelling. It took him a while to calm down. I mean, I might've lost my workshop, but I've bought a house and a car from all the money I made and my house is a villa with a

garden in the front and back. He bought his car from a rich kid. Even though he only spent a million, that car was worth ten times.

that.

I'm a rich guy now. Even if I don't work for years, I can still survive. And his mood got better.

Night came. Now that he had no work, Boris had more time for himself. He soaked in the bathtub, humming away happily, and he closed his eyes, enjoying his me time. But then he heard something click, and Boris quickly looked around.

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napter 434

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His bedroom was big, and so was the bathroom. The bathroom door wasn't closed, so he could see the bedroom outside, but there was nothing wrong with it. Thinking that he was hearing things, Boris went back to his bath, but then a helium balloon floated before the bathroom's entrance.

As if it was held by something invisible, the balloon glided over to him..

Chapter 435 Karma

Boris' heart skipped a beat, and he stared at the balloon Is the wind blowing it around? He quickly picked up the wet towel beside him and slammed it down on the Balloon. The balloon floated away and stopped moving, much to his relief. His good mood soured, Boris quickly got up, wore his robe, and walked out of the bathroom.

Gonna get myself some wine. He drank a little, and then something struck him. Wait. I don't have balloons in my home! He swiveled around and looked at the bathroom fear clutching his heart, and he saw the balloon coming out again, but this time, it was moving even weirder. It was starting to turn corners.

First it went into the walk-in closet, then the couch, and then... to him. It was already the dead of the night, and a balloon was slowly closing in on him like some sort of ghost. Of course Boris was scared.

He quickly retreated and crashed into his french window. He specifically asked for this just so he could have a better vista, and Boris was sticking to the window, staring at the balloon. He roared, "Don't come closer!"

The balloon was the shape of a grey cat, and Boris thought the eyes looked familiar. He once extracted the blood of a grey cat, but he took too much from it, and the cat died. No way...

The balloon was getting closer and closer, and Boris screamed. Then he grabbed it and popped it open. Silence came back to the room, but only for a moment, then an eerie laughter slithered up his back. He felt a chill run down his spine, and he turned around.

The thing meeting his eyes was a woman standing outside the window. She stuck her face to the glass panel, her hair tumbling down her shoulder, and her face dead, though her eyes were fixated on him. The woman's face was so hideous, Boris thought his heart would stop. A strangled scream escaped his lips, and he quickly retreated only to fall on his butt.

When he looked up again, there was nothing outside the window. Everything felt like an illusion. W-Was that a ghost? This... this is impossible! Shaken, Boris quickly got up, but then he noticed a pair of feet standing before him. When he raised his head, he was met with the face of the ghost standing outside his window

earlier.

Another scream escaped his lungs, and Boris ran for his life, though he fell again and slammed his head against the coffee table, drawing blood. The moment he came downstairs, he knew something was wrong. What's that smell? He didn't even have time to think about that, for what he saw in front of him was hair-raising.

The lounge was filled with all kinds of cats. Black cats, calicoes, Persian, orange cats... Cats of all sizes and ages staring at him with their green eyes, and they hissed. The hisses became purrs, and then meows, and then something akin to a roar. Eventually, a cat screeched, and all the cats pounced at Boris.

Boris has caught a lot of strays before, but not once had he been this afraid, and he ran away, but he was no match for cats. They surrounded him before he could even escape, and they clawed away at him. Still, he wobbled out and screamed for help, but the cats were attacking him. Some tore away at his ears, some tried to gouge his eyes out, and some bit his neck.

He screamed and screamed, but then he heard a loud ringing in the air. The house exploded, and he finally realized what the smell was, Gas.

A lot of stoves had safeties so the gas wouldn't leak, but not in his wildest dream did Boris expect his house to explode. The cats were gone, and Boris was blown away by a great gust of air, slamming him into a big slab of stone in the garden, and he fell unconscious.

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The siren of the firetruck pierced the night, but the cats were nowhere to be seen. It felt like they never appeared. The fire burned Boris' house down, and all his cars were ruined. Not even a single cent was left

for him.

Morning came, and Boris came home wearing his robe with nothing inside. He had not a single cent to his name, and the man stared at the charred remains of his house dumbly. He didn't buy any insurance for 1 his, and since the accident happened because the gas pipe was wrecked by cats, the insurance and government would not pay him anything.

Just like that, he lost everything. His house, his cars, everything. Shaken to his core, Boris plopped down to the ground. What now? What can I do now? I can't ask the cat to pay me.

That wasn't the end. When Boris finally accepted the thith and stood up, someone cuffed him.

"Boris Trask, you have violated someone's right to privacy and made a hundred grand from said action. The victim has decided to take you to court."

The crime for that would net him three years of jail at most, and Boris' heart sank. He complained, "You have the wrong person! I never violated anyone's right to privacy! I never have!"

The officer played a video. It was the one where Kelly was in, and Blake showed up for two seconds. You call that a violation? "I'm complaining! This is slander! That was just an accidental act!" Boris shouted.

The officer sneered. "Sure, tell the judge that. And two years ago, you bought a car from Parker Ferguson. That car was a stolen vehicle, and yet you still bought that a low price even though you knew it was a stolen car. This is a high-value crime, and according to Article 312 of the Penal Code, you'll be sentenced to at least three years of jail. Seven years at most."

The sentences would be carried out concurrently, and Boris was taken to jail. He thought he would only have to suffer for three years, but no. It was seven. I'm ne for. Jay, his assistant, and the staff members were doxxed by a certain unreasonable viewer. They released all their details, including their addresses, numbers, hometown, and their families' numbers.

These people were persona non grata now, and their friends and families cursed them. They couldn't even survive anymore. Even when they tried to interview for new jobs, their crimes were still exposed. In the end, they could only work at construction sites.

Kelly was taken home by her parents. They chose to keep quiet about her crimes when they knew about it, and they even spent the money she gave him without guilt. Now they wouldn't even gain a single cent from their daughter, and they had to take care of her as well.

Her father roared, "I told you not to do that! Now look what happened? This is going to be embarrassing for me! That's it. You're not my daughter anymore!"

Kelly couldn't say a word. All she could do was groan. u guys didn't say no to my money. She started crying. Her life was done for, and when she was reminded of the handsome Blake, she felt her heart getting torn

to shreds.

We could've been together! Fate brought us together, and we could've been a couple. Why did you take him away from me, God? I won't stand for this!

Chapter 436 All Useless

When Boris' house was burning down, Bellflower stood on the highest wall of this area, her eyes glinting with the light of the flames. The cats in Boris' house disappeared only to show up before her, though they looked almost ethereal now. Bellflower growled, and she disappeared with the cats.

Ms. Ugly was crouched on the wall, staring at the flames like it was a spectacle. "He started with nothing, and now he returns to nothing. A moment of his life shone like the star, and he thought he owned the universe. Now everything crumbles around him, heh."

Harem spirit looked at her and snickered. "And then he fainted. Come on, we gotta take the hypocrite ghost back to him."

Unlucky ghost was dragging a hypocrite ghost, cursing, "Oy, why am I the manual labor every time? Fire burns, haven't you heard?" Ghosts were scared of fire.

Harem spirit said in surprise, "Because we want to give you a chance to gain some credit."

you

Weakling spirit smirked. "Yeah. It's the first time Lilly told us to catch a ghost ourselves, so we let take all the credit. Aren't we nice?"

Foolish ghost said, "All the credit's yours when we get back. We won't steal." Yeah, right. We only stayed away because we knew the fire would start.

Unlucky ghost stared at his obviously devious friends. "I don't believe it at all."

Hypocrite ghost said, "Brothers..."

"Shut it!" an unlucky ghost snapped.

I'm not done yet, though.

The ghosts glided toward the Crawford residence, giggling. "But you should. You're taking the hypocrite back, and we're not touching it." Weakling spirit smiled. "You can trust me, can't you?"

Foolish ghost said, "I won't take what's not mine. If I do, you can kill me."

Unlucky ghost believed them, but only for now. I still owe him 111 lollipops. Wonder if I can get some from Lilly.

Hypocrite ghost said, "Brothers, we're all ghosts here. You don't have to do this."

Unlucky ghost snapped, "Shut it."

Hypocrite ghost was reminded of the girl who smacked him and told him to call her daddy. We're all ghosts here. Why should we be that girl's errand boy? This is mortifying. I will not be her errand boy. Right, I'm running

when I can.

When they were about to arrive at the residence, hypocrite ghost held foolish ghost and whispered. "Brother, we're all ghosts. There's no need to be the errand boy of a girl. You don't seem to like this job much either. Why don't we run away?" If I can turn one of them into my ally, I might be able to escape. A two-on-three situation isn't the best, but I can work with it.

Foolish ghost looked at him calmly. "And why do you think I don't like this job?"

Hypocrite ghost had no idea, but he thought this one should be the most gullible of the lot, based on his name.

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Foolish ghost said, "I might be foolish, but there's one thing I know, I can mess everything up, but I must never betray Lilly." That's the line I would not cross.

Hypocrite ghost was speechless. When the ghosts came back to Lilly's room, the girl was already asleep. She was lying on the bed facing down, and her cheek was contorted a bit, her mouth open.

Ms. Ugly said, "Oh, you can't sleep like that. You'll turn out ugly. I once slept like that when I was a kid, and look what happened to me."

The ghosts were speechless, and the barem spirit rolled her eyes. "Yeah, right. You were born ugly. How you slept had no bearing on that. You should ask your parents why they made you so ugly."

Eh?

Foolish ghost said, "Hey, don't blame the bed. It's not responsible for you being born ugly."

Oy, be considerate, will you?

Weakling spirit poked Lilly's cheek, and he smiled. "She's adorable. No matter how she sleeps, she won't get ugly." She fell asleep while waiting for us. She must trust us. Weakling spirit was touched. No one in this world would trust ghosts, but Lilly did.

Harem spirit whispered, "Don't wake her up. We'll give her the catch tomorrow."

Unlucky ghost whispered, "Then who's going to keep an eye on him tonight?"

Harem spirit had an idea. "I'll do it, but we'll split the credit in half."

Unlucky ghost refused, "No way." I dragged him all the way from the burning house. I can keep an eye on him for a night. Besides, I'm a ghost. I don't need sleep. I can keep an eye on him forever.

Foolish ghost quickly said, "Oh, I want in. I'm taking a second watch."

Unlucky ghost was angry. "I thought you said you wouldn't steal the credit."

"Then kill me."

What? Like hell I can. I can snap your head off and you'd still be alive. So you are trying to take credit. I knew this would happen.

Harem spirit said, "I'm taking his side. I bet we can exchange a bag of lollipops if we hand him in."

A bag of it? There's like fifty of them inside! Unlucky ghost held hypocrite ghost over his head and scurried off. "He's mine. Nobody's taking him from me."

Eh? Wait, are you dumb? You guys fought all day just for a few lollipops?

Unlucky ghost ran away and hid the hypocrite ghost like he was a treasure, then the harem spirit chuckled. “No wonder he’s unlucky. He’s a bit stupid, isn’t he?”

Weakling spirit nodded. He’s not just naive. He’s stupid.

Harem spirit said, “It’s a long night. Wanna play pokero whose bones did we use as chips last time?”

“Unlucky,” said the foolish ghost.

2/3

“We need one more to play,” said the weakling spirit.

Harem spirit suggested, “We have a ghost in the jar of souls, don’t we?” We can have Tinkerbell to play with us.

Foolish ghost shook his head. “Like hell she knows how to play poker.”

Tinkerbell was staring at them like a hurt little cat. They never play with me, but I want to play too. But dad, mom, grandpa, and grandma told me to be good. Tinkerbell held it in.

The ghosts talked about what kinds of games they could play with just the three of them, and there weren’t a lot. Ms. Ugly stayed silent for a while, and she said, “Um, I’m here, you know. I can play poker too.”

Oh, sorry. We forgot.

Since they didn’t want to wake Lilly up, the ghosts played in Anthony’s room.

Anthony came back two days earlier, and it was already two in the morning when he came back. He didn’t get changed, and he was holding his suit in his hand. First, he checked Lilly out in her room.

The girl was still sleeping face down, and Anthony kissed her forehead. The sight of her melted his heart, and he slowly turned her around.

And then Polly screeched the loudest it could.

Anthony trembled and almost let go of the girl. Damn the bird. Still as noisy as ever.

Lilly pouted and held Anthony’s arm. “Uncle Anthony Her eyes were still closed, and her voice melted his heart.

Anthony placed the bunny plushie into her hands, but he didn’t realize he touched the jar of souls. He looked at the girl for a moment longer and tiptoed out of the room, then he went back to his own room. Ah, home sweet home. He went into his room and hung his suit on the hanger, then he took off his tie with one hand as he massaged his forehead. When he came into his bedroom, he froze.

Chapter 437 Anthony Came Back

Harem spirit, weakling spirit, foolish ghost, and Ms. Ugly turned around, stopping their game of poker, and they came face to face with Anthony. Silence fell upon the room, and Anthony wondered if he had gotten the wrong room.

There were four people-or at least, humanoid creatures-sitting on the rug beside his bed. Two were female, and two were male. One of the women looked like a fashionista, though her clothes seemed to be what was trending about a decade ago. The other woman was in regular clothes, but she looked grotesque. Grotesque enough to catch everyone's attention..

One of the men looked like he was in his late thirties, while the other was a student in white T-shirt and a pair of jeans. He looked happy as any young man could be.

Suddenly, Ms. Ugly muttered, "You can see us, handsome?"

Harem spirit stared at Anthony as well. "It's been a while, Mr. Crawford. Oh, I'd love to date you."

Oh gods, I'm seeing ghosts. He walked inside stiffly and placed his necktie on the bed, pretending he didn't

see them.

Foolish ghost said, "He didn't see us?"

Weakling spirit looked away, softly saying, "No way. He roze for a moment." He put his necktie on the closet at first, but now he put it on his bed. He saw us. Honestly, it gets boring being a ghost, and I really want to scare some regular humans, but this is Lilly's uncle, so I think I should forget it.

Ms. Ugly said, "Let me try. No one can take my ugliness anyway." She floated over to Anthony. Weakling spirit hesitated for a moment, then he said, "We're working for Lilly. Don't do something that childish." It was a reminder and a message to Anthony saying that they were good ghosts.

Anthony still didn't look at him. He took his watch off and placed it on the nightstand, then he went into his walk-in closet, took his belt off, and placed it on the hanger. Knowing that these ghosts worked for Lilly eased him a little, and he dashed his idea of seeing Lilly, He didn't want to wake her from her sleep. All I have to do is work on my stuff, and they'll leave.

Disappointed, harem spirit said, "He looks calm. Bet he didn't see us. Well, I got worked up for nothing." Everyone in the Crawford family was hot. If Anthony could see her, she would hound him for a whole night. Even if they couldn't date, she didn't mind having a one-night-stand.

Anthony pretended he didn't hear her. He was going to take off his shirt, but then he paused and went into the bathroom holding his pajamas. Then he turned on the shower.

Ms. Ugly's eyes went wide. "Should we peep?"

Harem spirit rolled her eyes. "I'm not a peeping tom like you. Wait. You peeped on him a lot before Lilly caught you, didn't you?"

Weakling spirit smiled. "No wonder his constitution was weak. So it was you."

Ms. Ugly protested, "No way. I didn't mean to harm hit"

Anthony listened to the argument, and when the voices died down, he heaved a sigh of relief. Then he unbuttoned his shirt and tossed it into the laundry. It was fall, and the air was getting colder. He splashed some cold water onto his face, washing his exhaustion cf.

1/2

The amusement park on the island was getting on track. All the design and material they would be using were approved by himself. Nothing can happen. He then turned around and saw two silhouettes lying outside the bathroom. His legs trembled, and he almost fell. Quickly, he washed off all the foam and changed into his pajamas without drying off, and then he left the bathroom in a hurry.

Harem spirit whispered, "Just a glance. I just want to see his cake... I mean his junk... I mean if he's healed."

Weakling spirit was holding the harem spirit and Ms. Ugly back, while a foolish ghost stood behind him, covering up his mouth. Harem spirit is my savior. She told me to keep foolishly quiet, then I'm keeping him quiet.

Anthony went past the string of ghosts without batting an eye. He couldn't go around them, or they would. know he'd seen them. Can't believe the ladies are this... straightforward. He took something from his desk and went to sleep.

Harem spirit broke free of weakling spirit's grasp. "Fing, that's all the fun we could have. I need to lie down. Don't worry, I won't do anything to him."

Weakling spirit let her go. Yeah, right, like that's the only thing you'll do. Gotta teach you a lesson.

Harem spirit pounced onto Anthony, but the moment she got close to the bed, a beam of golden light smacked her away. She slammed into the wall and was firmly embedded in it.

Weakling spirit gave her a look that said, 'You deserve this. Then he left the room. "We gotta check on unlucky. Don't want him to lose hypocrite."

Foolish spirit said, "I'm going with you."

Ms. Ugly retreated and quickly ran off.

"Hey, get me off the wall!" C'mon, guys.

Silence fell, and Anthony smiled. Betcha didn't expect me to have an exorcise evil spell with me.

Harem spirit sighed and leaned back into the wall, staring at Anthony. My gods, he's perfect. Why doesn't he have a girlfriend? "I mean, look at the hair on his legs. Its practically a forest. I bet he's gone on a dry spell for a long time."

Thanks, but I really am not thirsty for anything. He turned around and covered himself up.

Harem spirit said, "And look at how he sleeps. Bet he's lonely. Bet he needs a woman."

Uh...

"How did he get two sons anyway? The people keep talking about in-vitra fertilization or something. Man, I envy vitra."

Uh...

"No way though. The boys are two years apart. Did he do IVF two times? Hmm... man, I envy vitra."

Anthony's veins popped. Lilly, you sure you can trust these pe... I mean, ghosts?" For some reason. Anthony opened his eyes and stared at the sheets before him. He couldn't see the color clearly, and the only thing he managed to see was an outline. It was just like that he where he only saw that outline of something.

Chapter 438 Hypocrite Ghost

Anthony came home late, and he had a fitful sleep, so he slept in, and no one knew he came back. Lilly got up only to sit around for a bit.

Pablo was writing something in his book, then he closed it up. "You're awake. Your uncle's back"

Hm? Lilly was still in a daze. Some kids would blank out for a few moments after they woke up. They couldn't register what anyone said to them, and it was adorable.

Pablo rested his chin on his hand and stared at the girl who had just woken up. Her hair was a bit unkempt. Then Polly came and started flirting again. Do you smell that, babe?"

The dazed Lilly sniffed the air. "I smell nothing."

Polly pecked her hair. "I smell something sweet, and right after you woke up too.

"I see..."

Amused, Pablo said, "They were hypocrites last night."

And then an unlucky ghost took a hypocrite ghost into the room. Happily, he said, "Lilly, we-"

The Harem spirit said. "We got the ghost."

Weakling spirit smiled. "He resisted, and we had to work hard to subdue him."

Foolish ghost craned his neck. "Yeah. He gouged my eyeball out."

Huh? I don't remember resisting. That's a lie.

Unlucky ghost couldn't believe what he was seeing. "Hey, you said you wouldn't take any credit!" And nor look at what you're doing. All those promises are lies!

Lilly blinked and snapped out of it. "Thanks for the hard work." She went to the end of her bed and pulled her pillow back. There was a bag of lollipops underneath, and she'd prepared them beforehand, though she fell asleep before the ghosts could come back.

Unlucky ghost's eyes shone. "Mine!"

Lilly sat on her bed and gave out the lollipops like a kindergarten teacher rewarding her students. "Eight for Ms. Ugly, eight for Mr. Foolish, eight for Ms. Harem, ten for Michael, eight for Tinkerbell_*

Tinkerbell was delighted that she got some too.

Lilly gave the last eight to an unlucky ghost. "And eight for Mr. Unlucky."

Unlucky ghost protested, "Hey, why'd he get ten?"

Weakling spirit smiled, and he said sweetly, "Because she calls me by my name, and you're the elders here. You won't fight a child, will you?"

Oh, now you call yourself a child?

"Tinkerbelle's younger than you, though." Unlucky ghost pointed at Tinkerbelle.

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Tinkerbelle held her lollipops and hid in the jar of souls. Ever since she became a ghost, she could never eat human food. Even if there was tribute, the most she could have was the scent. It was ethereal, and it lacked that certain something. However, she could taste the lollipops Lilly gave her.

That was why the unlucky ghost didn't like it that the other ghosts duped him out of his lollipops. Weakling spirit smiled. Lilly gave me this. I won't let anyone take it. But... He looked at the unlucky ghost's lollipops.

Worried that they might take it away from him, the unlucky ghost unwrapped all lollipops and licked them, then he wrapped them up again smugly.

Polly's eyes went wide. "Whoa, that was something. You sure know no shame."

Weakling spirit said, "See? Even the bird says you're shameless. You wanted to play with us, and now you're going to deny you owe us?"

Unlucky ghost shot the other ghosts with a smug look. "So what? I don't care how much I owe you."

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The ghosts couldn't ask unlucky ghost to give them the lollipops now. They did want the candies, since the taste wasn't the only thing they could have. Every time they ate one, they felt their souls getting stronger, but there was no way they could take the lollipops licked by someone else.

Harem spirit said, "Sore loser. No poker for you next time."

The ghosts started bickering. Hypocrite ghost looked at them, wondering why these ghosts were fighting over some lollipops.

Lilly looked at him and yawned, then she asked, "So you're hypocrite ghost? How'd you die?"

Harem spirit unwrapped her lollipop and licked it. "Name and date of birth?"

Weakling spirit added, "Address and reason of death?"

Polly flapped its wings. "No, get Josh!"

Hypocrite ghost said nothing. Lilly, out of habit, summoned Josh. He would make a record of all the ghosts they captured, presumably because he was inventing something.

Josh came a while later, and he sat with Lilly, ready to listen to hypocrite ghost's story, much to his confusion.

Josh looked at the Fatal Camera to confirm that hypocrite ghost was around, and he urged, "Come on. I don't have time for this. Zachary's waiting at the hospital."

Lilly said, "Come on, come on. We need to take Zachary home."

Hypocrite ghost looked at the white-robed man in the distance, and he took a deep breath. "Tin Sora Zimmers. A villager in Dogbreath. It's in Mullingworth, a county in Zimmerton, Yiannopolis."

Lilly froze for a moment. "Dogbreath?"

"Yes," Sora said. "That's the name of our village."

Well, that's easy to remember.

Sora continued, "I was born in the sixties and died in the early nineties."

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Josh wrote it down. "How did you die?" Died in the nineties, so that's about nearly thirty years ago.

Sora said, "The widow next door did me in."

Harem spirit was excited. "Did you in? How did she ride... I mean do you in? Tell us," she quickly asked.

I know what you're implying, you know,

Chapter 439 Pain is a Stepping Stone

Sora was speechless. Just when he was about to say something, weaking spirit looked at Lilly. "It's safe for work, isn't it?" Gotta confirm something. We have kids here.

Hypocrite ghost said, "Yes. I'm a hypocrite, not a lecher"

Harem spirit coughed. Then the hypocrite spirit started telling his story. The nineties was when the nation's economy took flight, and the people were getting bolder in terms of mindset. Some would even have calendars with bikini models in the background, and life was getting better.

"My neighbor, Lila, had a husband. He loved to gamble when he was alive. They had four children and an old woman living under the same roof. Her husband abused her when he was alive. Lost a lot of money gambling, so he sold everything they had. Lila refused to let him do it, and he would hit her. He broke her leg once, and he poured scalding water down into her throat when he thought she was nagging too much. Said he wanted to shut her up. She lost a leg and her voice because of that."

He continued, "Their family had nothing, and she raised her children practically all by herself. Most people led good lives, but her family was an exception. They had to forage for food just to keep their bellies full. I would give them a bit of my food because they needed it. Her husband wouldn't stop gambling, and she threatened him with a divorce. I dissuaded her."

"What? Why? Her husband's obviously useless," harem spirit said.

Hypocrite ghost frowned. "Yeah, you can get a divorce easily in this era, but the nineties were different. You have no idea how bad society would treat a divorced woman. I had to dissuade her, or she'd be a single, crippled, and mute mother raising four kids all by herself. No one would want to marry her, and if you didn't have a man by your side in the nineties, it's over for you."

Josh was speechless. "But it must at least be better than being with an abusive husband." He couldn't understand. He was a chronic gambler, and he abused his wife until she was crippled. That's DV no matter how you cut it. No way that kind of trash could support his family.

Hypocrite ghost said, "You're still young, so you don't understand. Sometimes our emotions get the better of us. She had four kids and an old lady to feed. They would die if she were to get the divorce. Domestic violence was common back in the days. Rampant, even This was nothing.

Lilly was shocked. He broke her leg, and it was nothing? Then what kind of horrors would constitute something?

Hypocrite ghost sighed. "She took her child and tried to leave, and she refused to take care of her husband's mother anymore. But that'd be really bad for the lady. She was lying right in front of her house, threatening to take her own life if Lila left."

Harem spirit was in disbelief. "And?"

Hypocrite ghost said, "I thought it would be bad for an old lady to fend for herself, so..." Lila's mother-in-law wasn't kind by any means. She would order her around and tell her to give the best greens she foraged to her. But then, family problems between in-laws were rampant back then. Hypocrite ghost thought it was Lila's duty to take care of her mother-in-law. If she left her alone, the old lady would die from starvation, and that would be bad.

"So I stopped her and asked someone to call her husband home. Families should stick together. Turning your back on an old lady like that was not a good sight

The ghosts couldn't believe what they were hearing.

1/3

Pablo sneered. "If you're so kind, why didn't you help her with her MIL?"

Hypocrite ghost sighed. "I wanted to, but I couldn't. She'd rather stay in her own home than mine. That'd

feel better for her."

The kids were shocked. Lilly couldn't understand it at all. Why'd he take pity with that old hag but not Lila? It's all that woman and her son's fault Lila's life was so hard. Why'd he only pity that old hag but not Lila?

Hypocrite ghost added, "Her husband came home, she failed to escape, and he hit her until she was blind in one eye. My god, that was horrifying.

And that horror story happened because of you, dumb ss. You're not as nice as you think.

“The debt collectors came and killed her husband, then they took their house away. Left with nowhere to go, they came to me, and I housed them in my pig pen

“Sorry?” Lilly asked.

Josh said, “I thought you pitied them. Why’d you let them stay in your pig pen?”

Hypocrite ghost said, “I’d have given her a house if I had an extra. No one in the village would help. No one but me. It was thanks to me her family had a place to stay. I stopped rearing pigs a long time ago.”

Oh, you think you’re such a saint, huh?

“The pig pen was made out of bricks. All they had to do was clean it up, and they’d have a place to stay. Sure it was small, but a bit of hay, and they’d have a place safe from the elements. There was even a toilet. near the pen. Made it easy for the kids and the old lady to relieve themselves.”

The hell?

“Lila was backed into a corner. Her house was taken away, she lost an eye, crippled in one leg, and couldn’t. speak. The only source of her food were the greens in the mountains. No one would take her even if she tried to find a job, so she stayed back. And the family started living a happy life.”

Lilly blurted, “Yeah, you’re the only one who thinks they had a happy life.”

Hypocrite ghost ignored that. “And then the economy really took flight. Things were looking good, and a lot of villagers started running a business. Even Lila was tempted. There were stalls set up in the county, and Lila heard that a few were running a cobbling business. As long as she worked hard and went where the crowd went, she could make two to three hundred a month cobbling shoes. Most wages were about three to five hundred back then.”

He continued, “She wanted her kids to go to school, so she wanted to work, but honestly, she had no idea how the lady cobblers worked. They’d reveal most of their chest for the customers to see, or they’d have no business at all. Some of the pervier ones would try to cop a feel. That’s not the kind of work a decent woman should do. She had no idea at all. A bit of sweet talking, and she thought she could make some easy money.”

Everyone was speechless. Lilly was reminded of the cobblers she used to see. Hey, they didn’t show their chest

at all.

Josh frowned. “Not everyone’s like that. She could dress modestly.”

Hypocrite ghost shook his head. “You’re just a kid. You have no idea about the situation at all. I wouldn’t harm her. She had never seen how dark the world could be. I dissuaded her for her own good. And if she

2/3

started working, there’d be no one to take care of her family.”

Yeah, you’re a hypocrite and a nosy ghost. Everything you did made things worse for the lady. She could do anything she wanted, and you should’ve stayed out of it.

Lilly said. "But if you were so nice to her, why didn't you give her half your house and money? And you could even send her children to school. That way, she wouldn't have to work so hard just to survive."

Hypocrite ghost opened his mouth. I couldn't do that. I had a family to feed too.

Chapter 440 I'm Tainted, Master

"I had it hard too. I fought with my family a lot just because I helped her. Honestly, I was already kind enough. No one in the village would get close to her."

Josh asked, "Then why'd you even butt in? You wanted her to rely on you forever? To forage for nothing but wild greens?"

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Hypocrite ghost shook his head. "I'd help anywhere I could. Even lent her my soy sauce when she needed it. Never asked for anything in return. Her mother-in-law wouldn't stop praising me, telling me how kind I

was."

Everyone in the village praised his kindness. Even the villages nearby knew of him. Whenever his family was mentioned, everyone would go, "Oh, that philanthropist. He helped a mother and her ailing family and gave them a place to stay."

The villagers were nice to him. After knowing the help he gave to Lila and her family, they'd help his family out a lot. Even the grocer would give his wife a bit more greens when she bought things from him. Yep, I wasn't hurting her. If I was hurting her, no one would call me kind. "And I asked some people to get her a job. Couldn't get one, but I'd been helping her out. Everyone knows I was trying to help. Everyone but her. She never smiled at me."

Harem spirit was furious. No wonder he's a hypocrite. He was doing all that for his own reputation. Everyone thought he was supporting Lila and her family. They thought he was looking for a job for her. He used her family's

suffering to build his reputation.

Unlucky ghost glared at him. "And how did you die?"

Hypocrite ghost's face fell. "She wouldn't listen to me and insisted on working. I did everything for her own good, so I lectured her a little, and she cracked my head with a hammer when I turned around."

Josh asked, "What did you say to her?"

Hypocrite ghost said sheepishly, "That she was trying to become a gravure model for the new year's calendar, and that she was shameless for trying to show her skin to everyone."

Weakling spirit sneered. "She should've smashed your whole head open." Man, I feel for her. She couldn't even complain to anyone. Her children were still too young to know anything, and her MIL basically kept her on a short leash and spoke ill of her even though she was relying on Lila for survival.

And she actually praised the useless Sora instead. This b*stard tried to stop her from finding hope, and he had the gall to call her shameless? No wonder she killed him. He deserved it.

Hypocrite ghost said, "Everyone in the family was at work. As if killing me wasn't enough, she stuck me into the furnace and burned me up. As if that wasn't enough, she stuck my ashes into the walls of the toilet. Everyone came back to nothing but some bones and a few patches of blood. They asked her where she hid the body, and she refused to say anything. They asked her why she killed me, and she got agitated. Tore her clothes open and said I assaulted her! She ruined my reputation!"

Hypocrite ghost angrily said, "And the villagers accused me of being a pervert. Said that was why I took them in. And they called me evil for letting them live in the pig pen. I can't believe it. That wasn't what they said earlier, but they believed that b*tch's every word. I can't believe they'd call me a sex offender."

He had nothing but a grudge in his heart. I did good all my life. I should be respected and celebrated, but she stuffed my remains in the toilet. Toilets in the nineties were unsanitary. The excrement was never flushed, and the toilets were always filled with maggots. He was subjected to the stench after he died, and he was soiled. He would not stand for that.

1/2

Everyone stepped back a little. They didn't feel it at first, but now they thought the new ghost smelled like

poop.

Unlucky ghost said, "Let's go."

Ms. Ugly said, "I think we shouldn't keep him in the jar of souls."

Harem spirit said, "I say we get rid of him. The jar's going to level up soon. One malignant spirit's aural doubles its internal space anyway. I'd like to make a garden for myself."

What? Wait. They want to get rid of me? He looked at the jar they spoke of. It radiated something that made him uneasy. It felt like the jar could swallow him up and destroy his soul.

Quickly, he knelt before Lilly and held her leg, screaming, "Please don't kill me! I'll do anything! Anything!"

The ghosts were speechless, and Lilly pulled her leg out. Panicked, she shouted, "I'm tainted, master! I got poop all over my body!"

Hypocrite ghost was speechless, and Pablo's lips twitched.