

Eight Uncles 441

Chapter 441 Auntie?

Lilly went into the bathroom shouting and screaming. She then did her best to wash herself until she smelled like a garden of roses. The ghosts could smell the scent of her shampoo from a mile away.

Weakling spirit shook his head, smiling, then he grabbed hypocrite ghost. "Come with me. You're under observation for a month. If you can't prove yourself to be useful, you'll be fed to the jar."

Harem spirit was staying far away. "Man, he smells like sh*t to me." Even seeing hypocrite ghost now filled her head with the imagery of maggots.

Weakling spirit said nothing. He didn't want this job either, but he could do it if it meant keeping this piece of sh*t away from Lilly.

Hypocrite ghost cried. "We're all malignant spirits. You can't be cannibalizing me."

Weakling spirit smiled. "We're not the same." And he dragged hypocrite ghost into the jar.

There was a place of detainment in the jar, and it was called the observation room. The ghost bride was still locked up there even now. Even though they were poker buddies, the ghosts were still worried she might be hiding some trick up her sleeve like Baldy, so they locked her up, much to her chagrin. "Aw, let me out. I wanna play some poker," she pleaded. "I submit, alright? I promise I've submitted. Please believe

me."

And then she saw hypocrite ghost getting tossed into the prison.

Oh gods.

Lilly came out, her hair wet, and she covered herself with a towel, staring around. Good. No one's around. She ran ahead and got changed.

Josh knocked on the door and came in. "Are you done? We're gonna grab something to eat, then we'll pick Zachary up."

It was almost nine, and Bettany came to see her once, but then she left. Lilly quickly dried her hair, and she said, "I'll be done soon."

Josh came in and saw her messing her hair up, much to his amusement. He quickly took the towel from her. "I'll help you." He carefully dried her hair and blew on it with a blowdryer. When Anthony came in, he saw Josh holding Lilly's hair and clumsily blowing it with a blowdryer. The poor boy was sweating.

"Just a minute!" Josh was panicking. He wanted to dry Lilly's hair fast, but he was worried she might get hurt, so he tried his best to learn from the hairstylist in the salon, moving gently as he patted her head.

Lilly was on the ground, her head raised. "Slow down, Josh. Don't pluck all my hair out. I don't want to be a baldie like Hannah."

Anthony laughed. He found this heartwarming.

Lilly's eyes shone, and she turned around. "Uncle!" Uncle's back! She quickly got up and ran toward him, much to Josh's shock.

He followed her quickly and pulled off the blowdryer's socket. Lilly kept running, and Josh kept chasing with a blowdryer trailing behind him. "Wait up!"

Lilly pounced into Anthony's embrace, and Josh couldn't stop in time.

Anthony picked them up, and he said, "Let your cousin's hair go." Are you dumb, boy?

Josh let go of her. Wait. Dad's holding me? This is the first time he's sonic to me.

Anthony let him go, and Josh fell to the ground. Ugh. Fortunately, he was tall enough to not fall too much, but he could only watch as his father took Lilly away lovingly, and he followed him. "Am I even his son?" he muttered. "Really?"

After they had their meal. Anthony took the kids out. Liam had gone to the hospital, and Jack followed him, holding the lunchbox.

Zachary was on his bed in the ward, looking a little miffed. It had been seven days since Lilly came to see him. Weekdays were for school, so that was excusable, but she didn't even come on the weekend. And it's Monday now. I bet they've gone to school. They won't come for me. Hmph!

A doctor came in and looked at him, then she smiled. You'll be discharged today huh, cutiepie? I'll check on you one last time."

Zachary frowned. "And who are you? Where's Dr. Leicester?"

The doctor whipped out her stethoscope and said, "He's gone for a surgery, so he told me to go through with your checkup. Now show me your hand."

I don't like this woman. He reluctantly extended his hand and looked away, staring at the doctor's watch. It was conspicuous, since the watch was clearly a men's watch. Zachary wondered where he had seen that watch before.

The doctor left after the checkup, but she stopped at the doorway, her eyes glinting with delight. I might be able to see that man. He's the CEO of Crawford Holdings.

When Lilly came to the ward, she was greeted by a listless Zachary lying on the bed. He harrumphed and turned around, hiding his surprise. "Finally decided to come?"

Lilly huddled closer. "Are you angry, Zachary?"

Zachary was angry. You haven't been here in forever. You had school on most days, so it was fine, but what about weekends? You didn't even come to see me then. Am I that unimportant?

Lilly combed his hair with her hand and calmed him down, "Alright, alright, we're here now, aren't we?"

He harrumphed. "Without a gift?"

Lilly rummaged through her pockets. Oh, I have no lollipops left. I'll borrow one from the ghosts. She curled her finger, and a lollipop appeared beside the jar of souls. Here."

Zachary harrumphed. "Fine, I can forgive you. Um, why is this unwrapped?"

Lilly froze, and she was horrified. Just when she was about to tell him not to eat it, Zachary had popped the lollipop into his mouth. Oh, no.

Unlucky ghost stuck his head out, trying to look for his candy. What? I can't believe someone would take my candy even when I was already eating it.

Lilly couldn't bring herself to tell Zachary that the lollipop was already licked before. She stared at him, thinking. It's not dirty. Ghosts don't eat stuff, so it's not dirty

Noticing her staring at him, Zachary asked, "What is it? Since he was getting discharged, even the candy felt sweeter than usual.

Lilly shook her head so fast, she almost left an afterimage. "N-Nothing." Daddy said sometimes you have to make a white lie. It's alright. I'm a kid anyway.

Liam came back from doing the paperwork, and a doctor was following him. The doctor rolled her sleeves up and said, "Nothing left to be done, but for safety's sake, I should check on him."

Liam nodded and said nothing. The good thing about private hospitals was that even the wards were luxurious. There was a big couch in the room, an office, and a room for the caretaker's family to stay in.

Anthony sat on the sofa and crossed his legs, looking at the files Charlie sent him. When he heard someone coming in, he looked up and narrowed his eyes. He saw a doctor holding up a stethoscope, and he saw the watch she was wearing. The same watch he lost eight years ago.

So much time had passed, he had almost forgotten about the woman. Ten years ago, she ran off, and then she left a baby in front of his house ten months later. She did the same thing eight years ago, this time leaving Josh. He had no idea why she would do that. No one had ever seen her, and he couldn't find out who she was. The only thing she took with her was a purple watch. His face fell, and he stared at the doctor. "Who are you?"

Chapter 442 The Mocking Bird

The doctor froze for a moment. She had no idea Anthony would be this much of a brilliant man. He had an air of cold regality about him, a face even the gods would envy, and even his every move told her that this man was powerful. There were a lot of handsome men in this world, and a lot of successful men too. However, handsome men usually had nothing else going for them. Their career was either in the dumps, or they had no career at all.

On the other hand, successful men were usually old, pudgy men with beer bellies as big as a pregnant woman's stomach. Men who were handsome, dashing, and successful were one of a kind, and she couldn't believe her sister would give up on having a relationship with a man like this. Fortunately, I

have the watch
with me.

A hundred thoughts flew through her head, and she pretended to have just snapped out of her stupor, then she nodded. Tm Veronica McCarthy. Dr. Leicester had a surgery to attend to, so I'll be attending to

the boy.”

She put on an aloof and professional look. Before Anthony could say anything, she approached Zachary “Come on. One more checkup and you can go home.”

Zachary was feeling reluctant, and he muttered, “But you just did a checkup. I never knew there was a checkup right before discharge.

Veronica smiled and placed a book on the table, then she picked her stethoscope up. “Well, you are the son of Mr. Crawford. The director has told us to keep a close eye on you, so I have to be professional.”

She made it sound like she was just doing this because of the director. And there was an arrogant undertone, like she was saying, ‘I didn’t want to do this, but the director told me to.’”

Lilly had no idea about underlying messages, but she didn’t like how Veronica talked. She stared at her for a moment and asked, “Doctor, is something wrong with your hand? Why are you raising it so high? And you even shook it for a bit. Is that part of being professional?” Lilly was confused. She could just check on Zachary, but why’d she raise her hand like she was starting a surgery? Uncle said they only did that because the doctors wanted their hands to remain germ-free after their disinfection, I guess? But we’re not doing any surgery right

note.

Because of what Lilly said, Liam looked at Veronica as well. He hadn’t noticed it at first, but now he thought that movement was redundant.

Veronica was feeling awkward, but she said, “Um, force of habit. I would have to do surgery sometimes.

Lilly shook her head. “But my uncle said doctors would never wear watches or accessories during surgery. If you’re used to doing surgeries, why would you wear a watch?”

Veronica held her hand up so Anthony would notice her watch. She got distracted for a moment when she came in, so she wasn’t sure if he had seen it. Anthony didn’t even look at her after she came in, so she had to show off her watch more, or she would have no avenue to see him once he left the hospital.

She was relieved that Lilly brought up the matter of her watch, and she swung it for a bit. “Sorry. Someone important to me gave me this watch as a gift. It’s a men’s watch, so it’s a bit big for me. I have to adjust it every so often.”

Zachary and Josh were speechless. Um, sounds wrong, but okay?

Lilly, however, saw through her lies. “Doctor, you said that you raise your hands because you’re used to doing surgeries, and now you’re saying it’s because of the watch’s size. So which is it?”

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A hundred thoughts flew through her head, and she pretended to have just snapped out of her stupor, then she nodded. "I'm Veronica McCarthy. Dr. Leicester had a surgery to attend to, so I'll be attending to the boy."

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Veronica was speechless. She loved that someone brought up the watch, but she hated it when it was used to poke holes in her lies.

Lilly asked, "Are you really a doctor, miss?"

Veronica looked at her. "Of course. Why would you ask that?"

Lilly shook her head. "I don't think you're a doctor."

Pablo said, "Probably not someone who went through actual medical training. Private hospitals aren't as stringent as public hospitals anyway. Some doctors they have are fakes. This woman is tainted. Unclean. There's darkness on her head."

Lilly nodded. "You're probably a bad doctor." Under Blake's tutelage, something in Lilly changed. She used to be polite to everyone, even the worst people, but now her attitude would change depending on who she was dealing with.

To Veronica, this girl was ill-mannered. She accused me of being a fake and bad doctor? Man, this girl is annoying. She said nothing more and 'professionally' checked on Zachary. It should've been a five-minute check, but she took fifteen minutes for it.

She then wrote down all the data on a paper, and she even included her name and number on it. "Call me if the patient feels unwell. Dr. Leicester and I will be in charge of the boy. Dr. Leicester might be busy, so just call me if you need anything."

Liam took the paper and tucked it into a folder without looking at it. "Let's go," he said.

Veronica frowned. Not even a thank you? If he had said so could offer my private services to them. She said, "Mr. Crawford, since your son is a special individual, the director specifically told us to take care of his every need. After all, he just went through a brain surgery, and we need to visit from time to time. First checkup is in a week, then a month, then six months after that.

Liam said, "No, thank you." They had Gilbert to do the checkup anyway, and he could do it every day. There was no need to employ the services of an outsider.

Veronica was at a loss for words, and she was a little miffed. Most doctors wouldn't even give private services. They'd only have the patient come back for checkups. She was already feeling embarrassed offering her services, and yet she was still rejected.

Veronica calmed herself down and put on her aloof persona, nodding. "Call me if you need anything." I need to take this slow. Gotta create chance encounters, then. She put her hands into her coat's pockets and smiled at Zachary.

“Congratulations. You can leave the hospital now. Oh, are these your siblings? My, your sister is adorable.” She tried to pat Lilly’s head in an attempt to make herself look approachable. They seem to adore this girl. I should gain her favor first.

Lilly tilted her head, and Polly unzipped the bag and climbed up Lilly’s shirt, then it stood on her shoulder. Noticing that, Veronica said, “Oh, is this your pet? What a nice parrot it is.”

Polly rolled its eyes. No, birds couldn’t roll their eyes in reality, but this was a fictional world anyway. “Caw. caw, fake b*tch. Get yo filthy hands off me.” It extended its claw and swung its head around. “Ey, would you look at the time. It’s clock out time. See ya, work. Wouldn’t wanna be ya.” The bird specifically mimicked what Veronica was doing earlier by swinging its claw around.

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Chapter 443 No Tricks, Only Counter-Tricks

Veronica McCarthy chuckled awkwardly and said, "This bird is quite interesting."

After speaking, she instinctively reached out to touch the parrot, to display her generosity and let bygones be bygones.

However, she didn't understand the parrot's nature.

Parrots should not be touched randomly; they might nip at people.

Without hesitation, Polly bit Veronica McCarthy hard, causing her to take two steps back, turning her face pale.

Polly said, "Hmph, daring to show off insignificant skills before an expert? Tremble before the mighty heavenly dragon!"

Veronica McCarthy remained silent.

The onlookers were speechless.

Josh Crawford clapped his hands and laughed heartily Haha! Well done, Polly!"

He had disliked this doctor for a while now, even though she hadn't said anything or deliberately tried to get close to his dad to play innocent.

But he felt she had ulterior motives towards his father!

"Let's go, let's go! Liam!" Josh Crawford didn't want to stay longer.

Zachary Crawford had already changed his clothes and jumped off the bed. He exclaimed, "Let's go!"

Little did he know that as soon as he landed, he stepped on the monitor's wire.

He couldn't believe his bad luck. He had only lightly stepped on it, but it caused the bedside monitor to crash down.

The ECG monitor resembled a small television, reminiscent of black and white TVs from the 70s and 80s, and it was quite heavy.

Zachary Crawford was startled, but the ECG monitor didn't hit him; instead, it landed on Veronica McCarthy's toe.

It hit her toe directly, causing even more pain.

"Ah..." Veronica McCarthy cried of surprise and pain. She was on the verge of screaming a string of expletives: "You...!"

Zachary Crawford glanced back and Veronica McCarthy quickly changed her tone, saying, "I'll suggest to the nurse another day to be careful with the ECG monitor was..."

No one paid attention to her. Lilly Crawford was carried by Anthony Crawford, while Josh Crawford held Lilly Crawford's hand, and Liam Crawford held Zachary Crawford. Anthony Crawford stood up and scooped Lilly Crawford into his arms.

During his business trip, he couldn't see Lilly Crawford at all. Now that he was back, he felt like he couldn't

1/4

hold her enough

Veronica McCarthy stood alone in the hospital room, reeling awkward and ashamed

"New »2. "Os gritted her teeth. What's no special about them? Looking down on people! One day. I will someday step into the Crawford family and become one of you"

Not to ISOINNOM, the Crawford family has two children who carry McCarthy blood"

She would have patience and wait to see

They left the hospital

Liam Crawford, who remained silent, glanced at his older brother and hesitated saying, "Brother, that watch seems to be yours"

Zachary Crawford suddenly remembered something. Yes, his uncle had such a watch, kept in the study

Josh Crawford paused for a moment and realized. That purple watch! No wonder it looked somewhat familiar. It's just like my dad's

Liam Crawford hesitated to speak and said. There were actually two versions of that purple watch"

The two versions of the watch had slight differences

Jean Crawford chose the first purple watch for Anthony Crawford in the past, so Anthony Crawford always kept that watch.

Later, it was lost and returned.

During this period, Anthony Crawford bought a second watch. He never expected that the watch he had lost would return and not only that, it also brought along a baby—Drake Crawford.

At that time, the Crawford family was perplexed, but Anthony Crawford's expression seemed of He not only brought the child home, but also arranged a paternity test. This shocked everyone in the Crawford family—the little baby turned out to be Anthony Crawford's child.

Later, Anthony Crawford searched for the person who brought the child but couldn't find any clues. He decided to keep the purple watch he had bought for himself and continued wearing his original one.

"Later, when my older brother lost his watch again, you came to the Crawford family in the the watch didn't return."

may, but this time

Liam Crawford was quiet and briefly explained the events of that time without going into detail

Josh Crawford: un

seat tube baby?

We were both born from the same mother.

Liam Crawford looked at Anthony Crawford and said, "Bag beten aren't you planning to take back that breaker

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It was personally chosen by our sister.

Anthony Crawford replied calmly, "I will take it back."

Josh Crawford had an indescribable expression on his face until they arrived at the Crawford family and walked towards the main building. Then he hesitated and said, "Dad, you're not going to have some pampered mistaken lover' story with that woman, are you?"

Anthony Crawford glanced at him and coldly replied, "No."

Lilly Crawford turned her head and wondered. "What does pampered mistaken lover' mean?"

Josh Crawford said, "It's like those romance novels." The female lead has a one-night stand with the male lead, and afterwards, the male lead gives her a watch, telling her to find him! But the female lead refuses and when they come out of the hotel, her own sister or best friend sees it."

"Her best friend sees the watch and snatched it away!"

The female lead is very proud and doesn't want the male lead's token!"

Afterwards, the male lead's bodyguard arrived and saw her holding the male lead's watch. Mistakenly thinking she was the female lead, he exclaimed, "Hello, Madam!"

Lilly Crawford: "?"

Anthony Crawford: "...

Polly listened with great interest, saying, "And then? And then?"

Josh Crawford continued. "Turns out, the male lead had to leave the hotel in a hurry and instructed the bodyguard to pick up a woman, mentioning that she would be holding his watch, the future president's wife!"

"The best friend was overjoyed and got into the car with the watch, vowing to kill the female lead so that she could stay in the position of president's wife without revealing her true intentions!"

"It's that kind of plot in the novels! Right from the beginning the male lead mistakes someone, and it's always the supporting actress replacing the female lead!"

Josh Crawford grew frustrated as he spoke. If it was really like that, he and his brother would be the two adorable babies in the plot.

This book should be titled "Double Blessings: The President's Little Darling Takes the Lead."

Lilly Crawford exclaimed, "Wow!" Even though she could understand, she sensed it was impressive.

Polly chimed in, "Wow!" Although she couldn't comprehend, she imagined herself sharing the story in the

future.

Josh Crawford anxiously looked at his father and asked "So, Dad, would you do something like that?"

Anthony Crawford strode into the room with long legs and threw him a remark, "In my world, there's only reverse tricks."

Those novels that Jean used to read when she was sick he had already secretly finished reading them at long time ago...

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In real life, there aren't so many tricks.

These are only his tactics. If he couldn't see through Veronica McCarthy's intentions, he wouldn't be fit to be the president of Crawford Holdings.

Chapter 444 Is His Sister Truly The King of Hell?

Bettany Levine came out of the kitchen wearing an apron and furrowed her brow, asking, "What's this about the president's little darling taking the lead?"

Bettany Levine stared at Anthony Crawford and exclaimed, "What nonsense did you show Lilly Crawford again?"

Anthony Crawford: “.....

He glanced at Josh Crawford and said, “It wasn’t me.”

Josh Crawford stood frozen in surprise.

Goodness, his father actually made him take the blame?

Although it was indeed him who said it, he didn’t tell Lilly Crawford these melodramatic stories!

When Granny gave a dangerous look, Josh Crawford immediately raised his hand and said, “Granny, I didn’t say a word! It was Jack playing an audiobook in the car and we just listened!”

Jack:?”

Josh Crawford looked at him pleadingly.

There was no way around it. If he said it was his father who played the audiobook and listened to the novel, Granny wouldn’t believe him!

He had no choice but to put the blame on Jack, feeling sorry for him.

Jack’s mouth twitched, and he quietly said, “Old Mrs. Crawford, it was me who listened to it. I’ll be more careful next time.”

Bettany Levine nagged, “You’re almost forty or fifty years old, a grown man, and yet you’re reading romance novels?”

Bettany Levine also knew these romance novels.

Jean secretly read every novel she had while hospitalized and sick...

Jack chuckled innocently and said, “I got used to listening before, and suddenly I found them quite enjoyable.”

Bettany Levine’s gaze dimmed slightly. Yes, during Jean’s illness, she couldn’t pick up her phone to read her favorite novels.

But she would let it play and listen.

Everyone had become accustomed to listening.

Bettany Levine didn’t say anything further, she just called everyone to eat

“Lilly, go wash your hands and let’s eat. The weather has turned cold today, so we’ll have hot pot.”

“Zachary Crawford stayed in the hospital for so long, his taste buds should have become bland... I made a few braised pig’s trotters for him.”

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Zachary Crawford nodded and obediently washed his hands.

He had never realized how comfortable it felt to be back home.

While Zachary Crawford ate, he contemplated his visit to the Palace of the King of Hell.

During his hospital stay, he kept himself busy.

He researched a lot of information and even customized an upgraded map for his little sister.

As a mischievous king... he established his name and reputation at a young age!

Zachary Crawford was so engrossed in his thoughts that he didn't hear Bettany Levine talking to him.

Bettany Levine looked at Zachary Crawford with a worried expression on her face.

She had spoken to him for so long, but he remained expressionless, engrossed in his meal just like before.

This child had already undergone surgery.

Whether it was a public hospital or a private hospital, they all said he was recovering well, with no more brain swelling.

But why was he still so slow?

At that moment, Zachary Crawford looked up and exclaimed, "The pig's trotters are so tender!"

That was the question Bettany Levine asked him five minutes ago.

Bettany Levine:

Oh no, this is bad. He really hasn't recovered!

His reflex arc is still slow!

Josh Crawford exclaimed, "Liam, your reflex arc is still in euter space, hasn't returned yet!"

It's as if... his reflex arc was previously on Mars, and now it has finally reached the atmosphere?

If before, it took half an hour for the reflex arc to complete a cycle, now it only takes five minutes....

Josh Crawford shook his head, "No hope, it's innate."

Zachary Crawford was still pondering over Lilly Crawford's identity. He wasn't sure if his sister was truly the King of Hell.

In traditional mythology, the King of Hell is always depicted as male.

It's not that there were no women in that role. As a result, he looked it up and found that in feudal society, women were looked down upon. So, when compiling stories, they discovered a female King of Hell. How could a woman be a king? So, they forcefully changed the female King of Hell to a male King of Hell.

If that's the case... could it be that his sister is truly the King of Hell...?

After eating half a bowl of rice, Zachary Crawford couldn't come up with a conclusion. He could only respond to what Josh Crawford had just said, "That's not true."

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Everyone: ..

Did he really say that?

He only continued the conversation after finishing half bowl of rice.

Polly's mouth dropped open, with yellow millet falling out: "No hope, no hope!"

Chapter 445 Twisting Veronica McCarthy's Wrist

Blake MacNeil drove back to the city and stopped in front of a pharmacy. He bought some gauze, hemostatic powder, and alcohol for disinfecting wound

During the short drive back, his wound soaked through the gauze he used earlier.

Blake MacNeil didn't want to worry Lilly Crawford by heading home immediately, so he decided to change the dressing in the car before heading home.

At that moment, a voice rang out, "Hello, do you need help?"

Blake MacNeil looked up and saw a woman standing in front of him.

He replied coldly, "No, thank you."

The woman, however, refused to give up and said with concerned expression. "My name is Veronica McCarthy, I'm a doctor. Your hand seems to be seriously injured, is it from broken glass?"

Veronica McCarthy maintained a gentle demeanor, appearing professional.

Blake MacNeil coldly replied, "Can't you understand human language?"

His face was icy cold, and his slightly curled black hair hung over his eyebrows, making his eyes even more menacing and dangerous.

Veronica McCarthy's hands and feet turned instantly cold. She had no doubt that if she dared to say another word, the man before her would immediately strike her down.

Taking a step back, she hurried away.

Blake MacNeil stared at Veronica McCarthy's receding figure.

The calculations hidden in his eyes were well concealed Was she deliberately approaching him?

Interesting. Besides himself, no one knew his whereabouts. A pharmacy visit was also on his way... If this woman approached him, how did she know he was here?

Blake MacNeil picked up alcohol and wiped the wound with it directly.

Indeed, his wound was caused by glass.

Just a moment ago, inside the abandoned chemical plant, he punched a piece of glass to fight off a demon.

and the shattered glass embedded into his flesh.

However, before leaving the chemical plant, he remove the broken glass.

Alcohol disinfected better than iodine, but was highly irritating. Most people couldn't tolerate the pain, but Blake MacNeil remained expressionless throughout the process.

As soon as the wound had been disinfected, he sprinkled powder on it and violently wrapped it. His movements were far from gentle, as if it wasn't his own hands.

Once the bandage was secured, Blake MacNeil's phone received video surveillance footage of Veronica McCarthy being tracked.

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Veronica McCarthy hadn't left; instead, she secretly observed him from a coffee shop across the street.

Blake MacNeil hacked into the coffee shop's surveillance system.

Coincidentally, he overheard Veronica McCarthy seemingly talking on the phone. Her voice lowered: "As you instructed, I have indeed found the closest person to Lilly Crawford... but I can't get close!"

"I have to target Lilly Crawford now..."

Blake MacNeil's gaze turned cold, not directed at him but at Lilly Crawford?

In that case, he couldn't hold back his strength.

Half a minute later, Blake MacNeil obtained all of Veronica McCarthy's information and hacked into her phone for surveillance.

However, strangely enough, Veronica McCarthy wasn't actually making a phone call; she was only pretending to do so.

But she was indeed having a real conversation with someone...

Blake MacNeil squinted his eyes. Was there a ghost? But just moments ago, he hadn't sensed any eerie presence.

After extensive training, he became accustomed to the aura of ghosts and supernatural entities. Even if he couldn't see them, he wouldn't miss their presence.

Blake MacNeil decisively got out of the car, crossed the street, and entered the coffee shop.

He disliked twists and turns. Knowing the other party had a conspiracy, he didn't let them plot first and counter it. That was not how he operated.

He jumped straight for it.

Blake MacNeil sat down in front of Veronica McCarthy

As Veronica McCarthy turned her face to take a sip of coffee, she completely missed Blake MacNeil getting out of the car. When she looked up, she was startled to see Blake MacNeil sitting in front of her, nearly jumping out of her skin.

Blake MacNeil tapped his fingers on the table and inquired coldly, "Were you on the phone?"

Veronica McCarthy quickly pretended to hang up the phone and said, "Ah... yes, but it's nothing. I just finished talking..."

She quickly composed herself and looked at Blake MacNeil's hand, asking "What's wrong? Did the bandaging not go well? Do you need my help?"

"When you get glass shards inside a wound, you have to remove all the glass fragments. Otherwise, the wound can easily get infected, and in severe cases, it can develop into an abscess..."

Blake MacNeil stared at her. "How did you know I was bandaging myself? Are you sitting here watching me?"

Veronica McCarthy choked, unable to maintain her composure in the face of Blake MacNeil's powerful presence. Her expression showed a hint of panic.

Blake MacNeil asked again, "How do you know that my hand was injured by glass? Did you have someone

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following me?"

Veronica McCarthy's heart raced, struggling to withstand the overwhelming weight bearing down on her.

She took a deep breath and shook her head helplessly. "Sir, you're too suspicious. I happened to be waiting here and happened to see you bandaging yourself through the window..."

As for the wound, I'm a doctor, I can tell."

Blake MacNeil sneered, "I don't believe you."

As he spoke. Blake MacNeil looked around calmly, without speaking.

He held his breath and focused, trying to sense that familiar chilling presence, but couldn't feel it.

He arrived too late; whatever non-human entity it was, it escaped.

Blake MacNeil took out his phone again and hacked into Veronica McCarthy's device, scrolling through it. However, he didn't find any particularly strange files or images.

He looked up and asked, "Was it directed at my daughter, Lilly Crawford? What is your purpose?"

Veronica McCarthy was instantly horrified. How did he know?

She hadn't told anyone about what she did today!

Blake MacNeil leaned in slightly, gripping Veronica McCarthy's wrist through her sleeve. "I'm not patient. Explain yourself properly or I'll twist your hand."

Veronica McCarthy felt her hand about to be twisted and forced a smile. "Sir, you've really misunderstood. I don't even know your daughter..."

Crack!

Blake MacNeil forcefully twisted her left wrist.

Veronica McCarthy was on the verge of screaming in agony, but Blake MacNeil had already grabbed the tablecloth from the table and stuffed it into her mouth.

With only two or three customers on the second floor, and Veronica McCarthy sitting in a secluded corner booth, no one noticed anything unusual at the moment.

Veronica McCarthy broke out in a cold sweat, unable to scream, her broken left hand trembling incessantly.

In this modern society governed by the rule of law, how could there be such lawless individuals who casually twist someone's wrist without provocation?

This is still a coffee shop, a public place!

This person is terrifying, simply... a criminal!!

Chapter 446 He's Just a Child, Longing for a Mother

"Mmm... mmm..." Veronica McCarthy struggled.

The tablecloth in the café wasn't particularly clean; it was spread on the tabletop every day, and the taste in her mouth was not very pleasant.

"I'll count to three." said Blake MacNeil as he removed the cloth from her mouth and then grabbed her right

hand.

"One, two..."

Veronica McCarthy hurriedly spoke, "I'll talk!"

It was terrifying. She didn't want her hand to be twisted again.

"I, I am the mother of Drake and Josh, I just wanted to get close to Anthony Crawford, really. I have no intentions towards you or Lilly Crawford, let alone any intention to harm Lilly Crawford..."

"It's just that in the Crawford family, everyone adores Lilly Crawford. Anthony Crawford treats Lilly Crawford better than his own son, and that's why I wanted to get close to Lilly Crawford..."

Blake MacNeil looked at her coldly, "How do you know my whereabouts?"

Veronica McCarthy opened her mouth and said, "You might not believe it when I say this, but... I can tell fortunes."

Seeing skepticism in Blake MacNeil's eyes and feeling the increasing pressure from his grip, she hurriedly added, "I'm serious, I really can tell fortunes!"

Blake MacNeil sneered at her, "Did you foresee that you would lose both hands today?"

Veronica McCarthy was taken aback for a moment.

Then, there was a snap!

Before she could scream, the tablecloth was shoved back into her mouth.

Blake MacNeil stood up, shook his black coat, and coldly said, "Don't have any ideas about the Crawford family, or next time it will be your neck that gets twisted."

With that, he turned and walked away.

He could discern that Veronica McCarthy was telling the truth about why she was getting close to Lilly Crawford.

However, she lied about how she knew about his whereabouts.

At the same time, he realized that even if he were to twist her neck today, she wouldn't dare reveal the support she had behind her.

He might as well go back and ask Lilly Crawford.

Blake MacNeil casually grabbed a wet tissue from the cafe counter, wiped his hands, and without looking back, tossed it into the trash bin behind him..

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The receptionist at the counter had her mouth wide open in an 'O' shape....

Upstairs.

Veronica McCarthy's two hands hung limp, and the pain had drained the color from her face.

Her mouth was still stuffed with the tablecloth, and she trembled all over.

Veronica McCarthy struggled to remove the tablecloth and then examined her hand... it was dislocated. and could be popped back in, but it would definitely be excruciatingly painful.

I curse you..." Her lips turned pale, and she cursed fiercely, "Rot in hell!"

Then she looked to the side and softly called out a few names of fairy beings, but there was no response.

She hurried back, vowing to cast a spell on Blake MacNeil. Today's events couldn't be left like this. She had fallen in love with Anthony Crawford and wouldn't give up.

Blake MacNeil returned home, pushed open Lilly Crawford's bedroom door, and overheard her and Josh. Crawford murmuring.

Lilly Crawford asked, "Brother, is that doctor lady really our aunt?"

Josh Crawford shook his head, "You're asking me? I have no idea!"

If it's really true... then the difference is too great compared to what he imagined a mother would be like.

Josh Crawford's eyes dimmed slightly. Deep down, he still longed to have a mother. It wasn't that the Crawford family was bad or that his dad was bad.

Actually, which child doesn't yearn for a mother? He was only seven years old, and he had never had a mother before.

He had no idea why his mother had abandoned him and his brother all those years ago. They had reached the doorstep of the Crawford family, so couldn't she at least come in for a moment and explain why?

Josh Crawford couldn't understand.

Blake MacNeil said, "You'll find out by investigating."

He took out a regular plastic bag from his pocket, containing a few strands of hair.

"Take it, pull out two strands of your own hair and get a paternity test done."

Josh Crawford was puzzled, he opened the plastic bag, and on it was written something about a café...

As a result, there were indeed a few strands of hair inside.

Confused, he asked, "Whose hair is this?"

Blake MacNeil replied, "Your mother's."

Josh Crawford remained silent.

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Why did he have to resort to insults as well?

Chapter 447 Assassin and the Dog

Upon hearing Master's words, Lilly Crawford fell into deep thought. It's not a mischievous spirit, is it a celestial being?"

Pablo Belmont shook his head. "Not sure. A magician never reveals his secrets. If you want to know what lies behind Veronica McCarthy, you'll have to go and see for yourself"

Lilly Crawford nodded. "Hmm, hmm, hmm! Master, go quickly."

Master flew away in an instant, nothing escapes their sight!

Pablo Belmont looked at her helplessly. "No, you have to get there and see for yourself. If Master does everything for you, then Master would raise a worthless individual."

Lilly Crawford responded, "How could that be? Lilly Crawford won't be worthless."

After a pause, she pinched her round belly and said resentfully, "I might turn out to be a chubby ball... But a worthless person wouldn't have a powerful Master, so I won't become worthless, just a chubby ball."

Pablo Belmont choked, unable to respond.

Polly was cooking when she heard the words and looked up. A person being chubby adds three points to their fortune. Even if you're not rich, it brings protection! The more you weigh, the more I love you! It's good to be chubby, it's wonderful to be chubby, chubby and chirping!"

Lilly Crawford remained silent.

She didn't want to chirp!

Suddenly, Blake MacNeil spoke, "By the way, my dear, I'll take you to a place."

Lilly Crawford asked curiously, "Where?"

Blake MacNeil smiled and picked her up, walking towards the exit. "You'll know when we get there."

The MacNeil Villa.

A certain hall master had just returned from a mission still exuding a murderous aura and blood scent.

However, in their arms, they held a small puppy.

The little puppy appeared to be only three or four months old, trembling in the arms of a strong man exuding a menacing aura.

The hall master entered the villa and walked to reach the back mountain.

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Below the back mountain was a spacious area, about the size of a soccer field, covered with weeds. Several low houses were built nearby, offering openness on all sides while sheltering from the wind and rain.

The hall master casually put the puppy down and called someone over to take it away.

Blake MacNeil brought Lilly Crawford back and said, Laddy has established a shelter."

Last time he noticed that the little one wanted to help stray cats and dogs, how could a child establish a shelter?

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The Crawford family villa was also spacious, but there were some factors to consider. Firstly, the elderly lady cultivated a garden and grown vegetables within the villa premises. Additionally, there were neighbors nearby, and bringing all the cats and dogs back might disturb them.

If Lilly Crawford really wanted to bring the cats and dogs home, the Crawford family wouldn't object. They could afford to hire someone to take care of them. However, personally, Blake MacNeil believed there was no need to turn the Crawford family into a shelter.

On the other hand, the MacNeil villa was different. It was a true villa, and for training purposes, it had a large land area. They created small-scale simulated battlefields in the mountains, forests, rivers, plains, and valleys.

So Blake MacNeil issued a command that whenever they encountered stray cats or dogs in need of rescue while on missions, they should bring them back.

During this period, the assassins at the MacNeil Villa had almost become accustomed to bringing back a cat or dog whenever they ventured out. It astonished their opponents. Can you imagine a moment when a killer was shooting at them one second, and the next second, they picked up a playful kitten and stuffed it into their pocket?

Lilly Crawford exclaimed in excitement. "Daddy is amazing!"

Upon seeing Blake MacNeil approaching, over a dozen logs rushed towards him, barking, but abruptly stopped in their tracks. They still held a deep respect for Blake MacNeil, wagging their tails vigorously.

Lilly Crawford burst into laughter and said, "They're wagging their tails so hard that their butts wag too."

These stray cats and dogs weren't taken care of by dedicated staff, but rather by the hall master and his subordinates at MacNeil Villa. During their free time after completing missions, it was amazing to see that some individuals who previously had some psychological issues from their missions were actually healed. While taking care of these cats and dogs..

Lilly Crawford looked at the clean and fluffy group of dogs and couldn't resist reaching out to pet them.

The dogs tentatively touched Lilly Crawford's hand and glanced at Blake MacNeil. Seeing the man before them with a smile, they became bolder and started playfully interacting with Lilly Crawford.

Lilly Crawford spent the whole afternoon playing here. Whenever a new person appeared, a string of dogs followed immediately. While Lilly Crawford picked flowers in the grass, the dogs ran around, fetching leaves or twigs to bring back to her..

One country dog even brought back a piece of stone for her.

Lilly Crawford shook her head upon seeing the stone and said, "No, I don't want a stone."

After saying that, she threw the stone away.

In a flash, the country dog went out and picked up the same stone again, placing it in front of Lilly Crawford, wet with its saliva.

Lilly Crawford was surprised.

The country dog looked at the stone, then at Lilly Crawford, gesturing for her to continue throwing it.

Lilly Crawford picked up the stone and threw it again.

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The country dog ran swiftly and retrieved the stone, placing it again at her feet.

This time, the stone was even wetter, covered in its saliva.

Lilly Crawford expressed her disapproval, saying, "Eww I don't want to play with stones."

The country dog spun in place, looking at her and then at the stone, as if to say, "No, you want to play!"

Lilly Crawford then said. "Fine... let's throw it again."

And with that, she threw the stone again. The dog picked up the stone again and dropped it at Lilly Crawford's feet. Lilly Crawford's unwillingness to play made it anxious. It grabbed the stone once more, rolled its tongue around it, and threw it. With a loud thud, the stone hit Lilly Crawford's forehead.

It wasn't intentional, but Lilly Crawford's forehead swelled from the impact, and she let out a cry of pain.

Blake MacNeil was speaking to a subordinate nearby but immediately responded upon hearing the noise. He asked, "What happened?"

Lilly Crawford held her forehead and pointed at the countryside dog, saying, "It threw a stone at me."

The countryside dog: "No, I didn't!"

Seeing Blake MacNeil's reaction, it immediately spirited away.

Blake MacNeil couldn't help but laugh. He picked up Lilly Crawford and examined her. Fortunately, it was just a small stone that caused a slight bump and a hint of bruising.

"Hmm, it should be fine." Blake MacNeil thought.

"Let's go, I'll take you to freshen up, and then we'll pick up that wolfhound from the clinic. Do you still remember that wolfhound?" he asked.

Kelly Franklin poisoned it with rat poison, with her assistant.

Lilly Crawford nodded, "Yes, I remember!"

After washing Lilly Crawford's face, Blake MacNeil took her home.

Following the incident where Boris' Workshop falsely claimed to rescue cats and dogs but actually engaged in selling cat blood, the short video platform launched a cleanup campaign.

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They conducted strict inspections of related videos, and internet users spontaneously organized patrols. If they discovered any cases where the rescued cats and dogs were missing or didn't match the ones in the shelter, they immediately shared and reported them to verify the information.

The occurrence of such wicked transactions has indeed decreased, but a group of bloggers claiming to be genuinely helping emerged in its place. Surprisingly, this event even brought them a surge in traffic. Sometimes, one can't help but admire their "talent." Fortunately, although some of these individuals have profit-seeking motives, they do provide some assistance to stray cats and dogs. At least they are

not causing harm, and internet users quickly expose suspicious activities. Who would dare take such risks?

"Is this helping the cats and dogs?" Lilly Crawford asked.

Blake MacNeil nodded. "Yes."

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In the past, he was a cold-hearted person, bound only by the mountains and rivers of the world, without family or loved ones.

But now, he was willing to protect and cherish this world's tenderness for his beloved sweetheart.

Chapter 448 He lost love

Veterinary clinic.

Blake MacNeil brought the wolfhound out. Previously, the wolfhound had been poisoned, appearing emaciated with dull fur, unable to stand.

After a few days of treatment at the clinic, it recovered remarkably. Although it still looked quite thin, its spirit had greatly improved.

Back at the Crawford's house, Bettany Levine came out of the sunroom holding a pot of flowers. Upon seeing Lilly Crawford bringing back another dog, she exclaimed in surprise, "Is this the wolfhound you mentioned before?"

Lilly Crawford, holding the dog's leash, nodded and said, "Yes, Granny, can I keep it?"

They already had a cat and a dog at home, and Lilly Crawford wasn't sure if Granny would agree. If she didn't, then Daddy could take it back to MacNeil's house.

Bettany Levine nodded and said, "Sure, you can. However."

Lilly Crawford felt a tightening in her heart.

-Bettany Levine looked at the wolf dog.

It was tall, but too thin.

"Tell Margaret to get some food! It's so skinny," she exclaimed.

Lilly Crawford let out a sigh of relief and exclaimed happily, "Thank you, Granny!"

She started running inside with the dog when suddenly she heard Bettany Levine say, "Wait!"

Lilly Crawford's heart tightened again... Did Granny change her mind?

"Granny?" she turned around, puzzled, and asked.

Bettany Levine squinted her eyes and stared at Lilly Crawford's forehead. "What happened to your forehead?"

This time, Blake MacNeil's heart tightened.

He didn't apply any medicine this time!

Such a small red swelling, Old Mrs. Crawford noticed it.

Blake MacNeil ruffled Lilly Crawford's head, accidentally pushing her stray hair down to form bangs that covered her forehead.

"It's nothing, just a mosquito bite," he said.

Bettany Levine placed the flowerpot she was holding and wiped her hands with a towel as she walked over. "Is that so?"

Blake MacNeil coughed, pressing his fist against his lips. "Yeah. Oh, by the way, I need to go upstairs to take care of something."

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After saying that, he walked away.

Bettany Levine bent down and lifted Lilly Crawford's stray hair from her forehead, only to discover a thumb-sized red and slightly bruised bump.

Her face instantly tightened, and she exclaimed, "Blaagaake Maaaaac Neccccceil!"

With his long legs, Blake MacNeil practically crossed the door in just two steps, disappearing from sight.

Lilly Crawford smiled, her eyes shining, as she reached out her little hand to touch the top of Old Mrs. Crawford's head. Don't teorry, Granny, it doesn't hurt at all I was playing with the dog, and it accidentally threw a stone that hit me."

She was being honest, narrating how she played the game of throwing stones with the dog, animatedly describing the fun they had.

Bettany Levine, however, frowned.

The stone, soaked in dog saliva, hit Lilly's forehead...

Looking at the bruised area, who knows if it broke the skin?

After dinner, come with me to get a tetanus shot."

Lilly Crawford's smile instantly froze: "P"

After dinner, Lilly Crawford dragged her feet, sometimes saying she wanted to feed the parrot, sometimes the cat, and sometimes mentioning feeding the wolfhound.

She also wanted to give the wolfhound a name.

Lilly Crawford didn't want to go anyway...

Big Head Hannah laughed. "Lils, are you scared? Last time I went for a shot, you weren't like this!"

Lilly Crawford defended herself, "Nonsense, I'm not scared at all! It's just that the wolfhound isn't feeling well... It was poisoned by someone. Daddy said its stomach got burned, so I have to feed it."

Josh Crawford chimed in, "Exactly!"

Lils isn't afraid of anything, why would she be scared of a sho

For Lils, getting a shot is like getting sprinkled with water-

Lilly Crawford sat crouched on the steps, leaning on her knees, watching the wolf dog eat.

The family welcomes an additional member.

In the realm of pets, Polly's position was unshakable, at least in her own mind, and Mr. Tortoise held the esteemed status of an elder.

Alongside these two unwavering members, there were also Bellflower, the calico cat, Bailey, the stray dog who lost a companion, and the wolfhound who had been poisoned.

One bird, one tortoise, one cat, and two dogs.

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"What should we name them?" Lilly Crawford tilted her head, looking at the wolf dog who was eating listlessly.

Bailey, who had already become familiar in the house, wagged his tail and quietly moved behind Lilly Crawford. He acted as if he was a cushion.

Bellflower perched on a tree, eyeing Polly with a hunting stance.

Polly, on the other hand, leapt from Lilly Crawford's shoulder to Bailey's shoulder and playfully nudged her head with her beak. "Hey, man, do you know what bigvent is about to happen?"

Bailey took it all in stride, offering no resistance or retaliation.

Polly said, "You say you don't know."

Bailey:

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Polly shook her head and responded, "For those who understand, no explanation is necessary." For those who don't, I won't say much. All I can say is that it's a major event, to the point where 'rivers of blood' wouldn't be an exaggeration.. As for what it is, don't bother asking. Even if I told you, you wouldn't understand."

Bailey:

Lilly Crawford, Josh Crawford, and Big Head Hannah:

Pablo Belmont squinted his eyes and glanced at Polly.

Polly clearly enjoys nonsense literature...

Polly has a special identity. In addition to acting as enforcers of celestial creatures, her words serve as prophecies as well.

A major event with blood rivers?

...Pablo Belmont buried his head in the book and flipped through its pages.

At that moment, Bellflower suddenly leapt down from the tree and pounced towards Polly!

Startled, Polly squawked and flew up in the air, exclaiming, "Holy cow, holy cow!"

It was never expected that Lilly Crawford would dare lay a hand on it even in a playful manner.

A feather was plucked off its wings..

Indeed, it was a "river of blood" moment!

Pablo Belmont rubbed his forehead, suddenly feeling easy. It had been a while since clues about Lilly Crawford appeared in the book, and he had a lingering sense of unease.

Lilly Crawford quickly scooped up Bellflower and placed it in front of her, admonishing, "Bellflower, you must not be mean to Polly, okay?"

Bellflower obediently crouched in front of Lilly Crawford, wearing a pitiful expression and meowing softly. Suddenly, Lilly Crawford thought and asked, "Di Polly bully you again at home?"

Bellflower: "Meow, meow, meow!"

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Polly looked at this and couldn't bear it anymore. It flew onto Lilly Crawford's shoulder, tears welling up in its eyes. "Sniffle, sniffle, sniffle, Lilly, it's all my fault. Rookie just wanted to get back at me. I'll be fine. I don't want you to argue because of me!"

Lilly Crawford: ""

This statement seemed like an apology and admission of fault, yet something didn't quite seem right.

Not sure, let's look again.

Lilly Crawford tilted her head and glanced at Polly.

Polly held the pluck feather in its beak, struggling to put it back in place, wearing a look of sorrow. "It's okay. I only lost a wing, but Rookie lost love!"

Lilly Crawford: "?"

Big Head Hannah: "?"

Josh Crawford:

Speechless indeed.

Where did this bird learn so many lines? What does it actually do at home most of the time?

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Chapter 449 Did Veronica McCarthy cast a spell on Old Mrs Crawford?

Lilly Crawford looked confused, saying. "This sounds familiar, like something she saw in a cheesy TV drama before!"

She shook her head, furrowing her brows seriously. "No more fighting or arguing in the future. Fighting and arguing are behaviors of naughty children!"

Bellflower obediently lay on the ground, rubbing against Lilly Crawford with its head.

Polly was also well-behaved, using her little head to rub against Lilly Crawford. "Good girl, Polly! Good girl!" she exclaimed.

Lilly Crawford burst into giggles as Polly rubbed her head against her.

The wolfhound glanced up, then looked at its food bowl, showing zero interest in eating.

Lilly Crawford sighed, saying, "Why don't you like eating? That's not allowed! When you're sick, you need to eat well to regain your strength!"

In looking at the wolfhound, the little one leaned on her knees and rested her chin on her knees,

The wolfhound silently gazed back at them.

The wolfhound, with its yellow and black fur, should have appeared fierce, but now it seemed lacking energy, unable to eat properly.

Lilly Crawford suddenly exclaimed, "I know, your stomach is not feeling well!"

She understood this. When Josh, her older brother, was telling stories yesterday, he mentioned that nightmares were caused by an upset stomach.

The little one's eyes sparkled with excitement. "Then its settled, your name is Nightmare!"

Wolfhound: "?"

Lilly Crawford stood up and sprinted into the house.

While shouting for her grandmother, "Grandma! Nightmare has a stomach issue, and Lilly Crawford wants to make pills for Nightmare!"

Grandma, who was cooking, was puzzled.

Previously, when prescribing medicine for Anthony Crawford, the family stocked up on some Chinese herbs. Lilly Crawford rummaged through the pantry where the dried goods were stored and gathered a few herbal ingredients, kneading them together.

Then she carried a small basket and placed it in front of Nightmare. "Come, take medicine!"

Wolfhound: "?"

In the end, the wolfhound didn't consume those pills. No dog eats medicine like that....

Bettany Levine decided to have someone take the medicine and simmer it in a bone and meat broth. specifically for the wolfhound.

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However, the wolfhound's fur remained lustreless, and its body was skeletal. Nevertheless, it was given a fierce name-Nightmare....

Bettany Levine took Lilly Crawford to get vaccinated.

Lilly Crawford: I really want to escape, but I can't!

They soon arrived at the hospital and quickly found themselves seated in the vaccination room.

The nurse aunt pressed the needle, and with a quick "whoosh," a drop or two of medicine came out of the

needle.

"Come on, don't be nervous, raise your hand."

Lilly Crawford had a nervous expression. "Nurse aunt, not nervous."

Hannah Crawford covered her face and pecked through a gap between her fingers at Lilly Crawford, relishing the moment. Haha, don't be afraid, little sister. you're scared, just sing a song!"

It was unclear who had sung last time, but the nurses in the vaccination room still remembered her.

Upon hearing the remark, a nurse looked up and smiled. "Oh, it's Hannah Crawford. Let me check... Here are two forms. Hannah Crawford is due for the third shot."

Hannah Crawford's smile froze instantly.

Lilly Crawford tightly closed her eyes and shouted, "Nurse auntie, hurry up! Don't be polite with me!"

The nurses couldn't help but burst into laughter. As a result, when the needle was administered, it didn't penetrate in.

The nurse chuckled even more. Little one, you're too nerous. Your muscles are too tense, the needle can't even go in!"

"You're kidding. I see that it's in."

The nurse rubbed her arm while saying, "Relax..."

At that moment, a woman walked out of the office into the vaccination room. She noticed Lilly Crawford and exclaimed, "Oh, it's you!" in surprise.

It was indeed Veronica McCarthy.

Veronica McCarthy saw the sweating nurse struggling administer the injection and smiled, saying, "Let me handle it! This requires a bit of experience and technique if the muscles are too tense, even if the needle is inserted in, it can easily break."

Lilly Crawford's eyes lit up upon seeing Veronica McCarthy.

Master had instructed her to investigate, after all.

Then she appeared.

Lilly Crawford looked up and around, being extremely vigilant. However, she really didn't see anything following Veronica McCarthy, neither on her body nor behind her.

It was strange. There was dark energy at the center of her forehead, so why was there nothing around her? Veronica McCarthy noticed Lilly Crawford's eyes light up with joy upon seeing her and couldn't help but feel delighted.

She immediately spoke gently, saying, "Don't be afraid, Auntie will give you the shot."

The nurse hesitated for a moment. This won't work..."

Giving injections to someone else casually is simply not possible.

Veronica McCarthy may be a close friend of one of the directors here, but even so, it's not permissible.

Veronica McCarthy glanced at her and calmly said. To it, it's fine. I am also a doctor."

The nurse became hesitant for some reason, staring at the needle in her hand....

Veronica McCarthy then took the needle.

Veronica McCarthy smiled faintly, leaning down. "Little Miss Crawford, my injections don't hurt, you know. If you don't believe me, see for yourself."

She quietly took out a talisman from her pocket. Her movements were discreet, intending to stealthily stick the talisman to Lilly Crawford's arm.

Veronica McCarthy was confident in her methods, knowing that the 'immortal' guiding her from behind was truly capable.

However, she had no idea that these actions were like showing off one's skills before an expert in front of Lilly Crawford....

Lilly Crawford had been worried about not being able to detect any unusual behavior from Veronica McCarthy. However, she saw a burst of black energy emanating from above her head.

"Wow!" Lilly Crawford exclaimed in surprise, instinctively blocking Veronica McCarthy's hand as she tried to stick the talisman on her. "Auntie, are you trying to put talisman on me?"

Bettany Levine's expression turned grim as she directly pushed Veronica McCarthy aside.

"Is your hospital so unsystematic? Anyone can administer injections here, even Tom, Dick, or Harry?!" Her expression turned stern. "Call your director out!"

Veronica McCarthy was taken aback. This was Bettany Levine!

Her future mother-in-law!

Fortunately, she was wearing a mask, so she immediately lowered her head and said, "I'm sorry!" After apologizing, she hastily left!

Bettany Levine furrowed her brow, and the vaccination room director also came out, apologizing profusely.

Because both children needed to receive vaccinations, Bettany Levine frowned but didn't pursue the matter further after being held back by Lilly Crawford,

Soon, the vaccination room echoed with the sound of Hannah Crawford crying while singing...

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She had complete trust in Lilly Crawford and offered her full support-otherwise, this incident would not have been resolved so smoothly.

Veronica McCarthy hid behind the consultation room her face looking dreadful.

She couldn't believe that she was actually discovered by that child... Damn it.

She couldn't let Bettany Levine have a negative impression of her... Veronica McCarthy mumbled something, asking the 'Immortals' to cast a spell on Bettany Levine, making her dazed and forget about today's events...

In the following days, Lilly Crawford resumed school, and Nightmare settled in with the Crawford family.

Strangely enough, Veronica McCarthy remained silent and inactive.

Bettany Levine thought she was at a loss, as the Crawford family saw through her intentions and were not swayed by her tactics. This rendered her efforts futile.

A week passed in the blink of an eye, and Bettany Levine received an invitation – Old Mrs. Crawford, a little internet celebrity, was invited to attend a square dance gathering.

Hugh Crawford looked up, surprised, and asked, "Are you going?"

A prominent lady of high society...

Bettany Levine said haughtily, "What's the big deal about going? There will be many old men there this time. If you make me unhappy, I'll find an old man to dance with."

Hugh Crawford: "..."

That old grumpy wolf! Who was the one filming her videos and showering her with praise all this time, only to find other old men?

Bettany Levine was delighted to see him back down.

She picked up a large bowl of food and sat at the doorway, calling out, "Come, Nightmare! Come and eat!"

Hugh Crawford: "..."

Every time he heard that name, he couldn't help but feel like he was being called a son.

Back at the office, Anthony Crawford sneeze.

Chapter 450 Be Good and Bite Me Instead

Nightmare was feeling better than a few days ago, and Lilly Crawford's prescription worked.

When Bettany Levine called it to eat, it reluctantly took small steps forward, seemingly afraid of food.

Its stomach had been scorched by rat poison, and eating was no longer a joyful experience for it.

Bettany Levine put down the food bowl, used her left hand to scoop Nightmare closer. She held a spoon in her right hand, stuffing spoonfuls of rice into Nightmare's mouth.

"Eat more, Lilly Crawford prescribed the medicine for you. Look, you've been feeling much better these past few days."

"Not eating will only make your stomach ache more. Eat well and in a few days, your stomach will surely feel better."

"Lilly Crawford weighed you, and with your size, this bowl of food is definitely no problem. You must finish it."

With each sentence, she fed the dog a spoonful of food

Granny fed the dog, mouthful after mouthful.

Nightmare:

It had to swallow, with more than half the bowl inside its stomach, it couldn't eat anymore.

Bettany Levine persisted, "Full? No, you're not full!"

After saying that, she pried open its mouth and continued to feed.

Nightmare: ..."

Hugh Crawford: .."

He chuckled and was speechless. Old Mrs. Crawford had too much time on her hands, it seemed.

But he didn't dare say it directly.

Hugh Crawford stood up, stretched his waist, and walked over to Bettany Levine. Seeing her working so hard, he picked up the bowl from the ground to help her.

The two elderly people, with vigor and enthusiasm, squatted by the doorway to feed the dog.

Nightmare had a look of despair but finally finished the bowl of medicinal bone broth rice.

After spending so much time together, Bettany Levine hadn't noticed that Nightmare's fur had become slightly glossier than a few days ago. It also appeared stronger and more robust.

"You're still too thin," Bettany Levine shook her head. "Should I add a little more?"

Nightmare: ..."

It turned its head and looked towards Bailey, who was asking in the sun with squinted eyes.

Bailey turned its head and said, "Don't look at me, I can't eat anymore either."

Just then, Nightmare's two cars suddenly perked up, and its previously gentle expression turned fierce in an instant. It stared at the door with sharp eyes.

Bettany Levine turned her head to look but found nothing.

"What are you looking at?" she asked curiously.

Nightmare suddenly stood up and started barking wildly, even the usually submissive Bailey adopted an aggressive posture.

Hugh Crawford exclaimed, "What's happening?"

The dogs barked fiercely in the direction of the door, but there was no one there.

This eerie scene made Bettany Levine feel anxious. She had a lingering feeling that someone or something would appear before her in the next moment.

Hugh Crawford whispered, "Let's go inside."

He called Jack, who brought the security guards to inspect the entire Crawford Mansion, but they found nothing unusual.

Hugh Crawford reassured, "It's broad daylight now, there's nothing to worry about. Don't overthink it."

Bettany Levine nodded in agreement, but her heart remained uneasy.

Even though it was midday, the weather had turned cold, and despite the brilliant sunshine outside, there was an eerie chill inside the house.

Nightmare was barking outside. Crawford Mansion was spacious enough to keep both dogs outside.

Bettany Levine looked up and met a pair of eyes, causing her heart to skip a beat. Then she asked, "Bellflower, what are you crouching here for?"

Bellflower stared down the corridor, emitting a deep growl from her throat warning of something.

Bettany Levine turned her head to glance at the corridor, feeling her scalp tingle.

The corridor was empty....

Unnoticed by anyone, a woman stood rigidly at the end of the corridor, dressed in white. Her hair hung straight down, and her lifeless eyes were fixed on Old Mrs. Crawford.

She extended her hand directly towards Bettany Levine, drifting closer...

Bellflower suddenly let out a sharp scream and lunged at her!

But it was futile.

The female ghost passed through Bellflower and her hands forcefully gripped Bettany Levine's neck...

Lilly Crawford had just woken up from her nap at kindergarten when she saw Jack rushing to pick her up. Not fully awake yet, she asked in confusion, "Huh? Uncle Jack is here to pick me up?"

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However, Jack whispered, "Little Miss, hurry back... Your Granny suddenly fell ill!"

Lilly Crawford immediately snapped out of her daze, not even bothering to put on her shoes as she ran. Jack picked up her shoes and chased after her, saying, Little Miss, wait!"

Pablo Belmont floated beside her, comforting her. Dont worry, Old Mrs. Crawford won't deteriorate so quickly... Be a good girl, put on your shoes first, it's getting cold!"

Lilly Crawford hopped into the car, leaving Jack astonished. He couldn't help but realize that he couldn't catch up

with children when they started running – he was getting old....

The car drove back to the Crawford family, and worry covered Lilly Crawford's face. She suddenly understood the advantages of having Daddy drive.

If Daddy drove, they would have been home by now!

Feeling helpless, she counted her fingers.

Jack, seeing Lilly Crawford playing with her fingers, furrowed his brow like a little adult and asked, "How did Granny fall ill? Did anything strange happen at home today?"

Jack continued. At noon, Old Mrs. Crawford was feeding Nightmare at the front door of the main building. Suddenly, Nightmare started barking loudly, Mr. Crawford was worried that there might be a thief climbing over the wall, so he asked us to check, but everything seemed normal. After we returned to the house, Old Mrs. Crawford collapsed."

Lilly Crawford asked. "Did she collapse immediately, or was it a gradual fall?"

Jack pondered for a moment and replied, "She collapsed immediately."

Lilly Crawford's brow furrowed even deeper.

At that moment, Bettany Levine's forehead turned dark, her lips became purple, and she stared at the air in front of her while muttering and cursing, appearing crazed.

Suddenly, she opened her mouth wide and fiercely bit her own tongue.

Everyone was shocked and quickly tried to pry open her mouth. The family doctor was in panic, sweating. profusely, saying, "These symptoms in Old Mrs. Crawford resemble epilepsy. We must prevent her from biting her tongue!"

But Old Mrs. Crawford clenched her teeth tightly, even making a grinding sound. Hugh Crawford was terrified what if she bit her tongue off?

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With determination, he firmly pinched Bettany Levine cheeks and tried to pry open her mouth, attempting to insert his hand to prevent her from biting.

However, no matter what he tried, even employing the family doctor's professional techniques, he couldn't pry open her mouth..

As Old Mrs. Crawford was about to bite her own tongue, a small figure dashed forward and slapped her across the face. She shouted "Granny! Wake up!"

Bettany Levine was confused.

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First, she saw a ghostly figure suddenly appear before her, with its tongue hanging out and blood flowing from its seven orifices, choking her.

She naturally refused to surrender and fought back against the female ghost. In the midst of the struggle, she bit down on the ghost's hand, intending to tear off a piece...

But at that moment, a small slap crossed her face.

Bettany Levine was taken aback, and suddenly everything became clear. There was no female ghost in front of her, only a group of anxious people trying to pry open her mouth.

Margaret said, "Old Mrs. Crawford, please open your mouth quickly!"

Mr. Crawford said, "Old lady, why are you biting yourself? You want to bite, bite me!"

Lilly Crawford pleaded, "Granny, wake up!"

Bettany Levine couldn't help but open her mouth. Before she could feel the pain on her tongue, Hugh Crawford's hand was inside.

Hugh Crawford had a pained expression on his face as he whispered, "Be good, don't bite! If you want to someone, my skin is tough and thick enough."

bite