

Eight Uncles 551

[Chapter 551 Hey, What Are You Doing?](#)

Night fell.

A convoy of ten Maybachs made their way back to Crawford Mansion.

At the same time, a group of thieves also headed toward Crawford Mansion in a truck to steal the uncut gemstones.

Unable to locate the original stone, they decided to enter the mansion to search for it.

With the Crawford family set to return the following day, the precious stone might be relocated, placed under tighter security, or taken to a secure location.

Tonight was their only chance to steal it.

Their main plan was to immobilize all the guards.

Tranquilizing them seemed like the simplest and swiftest method.

The leader of the thieves reached the mountain behind Crawford Mansion, parked their vehicle by the mountain road, and flew a drone to survey the surroundings.

The drone footage revealed guards who appeared relaxed and at ease.

"The Crawford family is about to return. That's why they're so relaxed and kept their guards down..."

How could one say that the longer they persisted, the more challenging it becomes?

The guards responsible for protecting such a large gemstone must have endured sleepless nights and were anxious.

It was their final day of guarding it so, naturally, they relaxed themselves.

"Let's do it!" The leader commanded.

His accomplices, who were already in position and concealed in the shadows, began firing tranquilizers one after another.

This was their best method—using a gun equipped with a silencer that produced colorless and odorless projectiles.

The guards collapsed with a loud thud.

Despite their appearances, these thieves had a history of successful heists. Each member had their respective role, allowing them to target guards who were still standing and on the verge of triggering an alarm. They swiftly immobilized them using tranquilizers.

"The main entrance is secured!"

"The side door is secured!"

"The back door is secured!"

The vanguard rushed inside, and soon, the leader received a message in his earpiece, "The main building is secured!"

"All of the servants are immobilized!"

A wave of relief washed over the leader.

Indeed, a private residence was that easy to be broken into. No matter how grand the mansion was, it was easier to break in compared to museums or banks.

"Damn it... If only we knew it would be this easy, we should have done it two days ago!"

"Everyone, come in!"

"Luc, stay with the first team and guard the entrance!"

The sound of shuffling footsteps filled the air as eleven or twelve thieves entered the Crawford family manor, searching everywhere for the gemstone.

In the end, they were left dumbfounded. They scoured every corner of the Crawford Mansion but to no avail.

"Could it be a hoax?" the leader muttered, furrowing his brow.

However, at that moment, a younger accomplice burst out excitedly, clutching a palm-sized piece of gravel. "leader! I found it! I found it! It's the genuine royal purple jade!!!"

The leader swiftly took the stone and gazed upon it, his eyes widening in amazement.

He had never laid eyes on such exquisite purple jade before.

The purple jade possessed an extraordinary allure, its breathtaking beauty captivating anyone who laid eyes upon it.

"But why just this piece?"

Although it was still a valuable treasure worth hundreds of millions of dollars, it fell far short of their expectations.

I heard it was a large gemstone, didn't they say they wanted to carve it into a magnificent carving?

"Hurry up, find the rest! They must be somewhere in Crawford Mansion!"

The leader's heart burned with fervor as he stared at the gravel in his hand, his eyes seemingly ablaze.

The thieves looked through every nook and cranny of Crawford Mansion, traversing the premises, passing by the enormous stone where mustard greens and salted fish were dried by the entrance.

Yet, no one paid any attention to it.

After all, it was a massive gemstone. It was so gigantic that it could not be transported into the mansion by hand.

Initially, one of the dim-witted thieves thought of the gravel in the leader's hand, with a sense of familiarity lingering within him.

"Strange, why does it feel like I've seen it somewhere before?" he murmured to himself.

The leader pushed him further, growing impatient.

"Where else could you have seen it? You've never come across anything like this piece of rough jade before!"

If there were such an exceptional piece available on the market, it would have undoubtedly garnered attention long ago.

However, the dim-witted thief suddenly spoke up, "Sir, don't you think... the color of the crushed stone... is it the same as the enormous boulder outside?"

The leader was prepared to smack him once again, but the dim-witted thief hastily approached the massive rock in front of the main building and stripped away the mustard greens.

"Look! The colors match!"

The leader was on the verge of cursing him when, suddenly, his eyes froze. He examined the gravel in his

hand and then glanced back at the boulder outside.

In an instant, his eyes widened.

No... it can't be true. Can it?

He rushed outside in a couple of quick strides, holding the gravel up and down to compare it, and his gaze fixated on the area of the boulder covered in white plastic film.

The dim-witted thief hastily tore off the plastic film, and in an instant, their eyes were dazzled by the resplendent purple hue.

The leader trembled and pressed the gravel in his hand—it fit perfectly, it was the same piece!

The gemstone they had been searching for these days had been right in front of their eyes all along!

To think that such a massive stone... was being used to dry mustard greens...

An angry voice erupted from one of the younger accomplices, "And salted fish, too!"

The thieves seethed with frustration.

A priceless gemstone being used to dry condiments!

The leader was so infuriated that his voice trembled as he exclaimed, "Move it! Move it now!"

"We've hit a jackpot!"

Eyes gleaming with anticipation, hearts ablaze, the thieves sprang into action without hesitation.

At that moment, a voice rang out, "Hey, what are you doing? Do you need help?"

Perched atop the rough stone was a glossy green bird, its presence unnoticed until now. One of its feet seemed to be curled up, its feathers ruffled, and its neck retracted as it observed them with a tilted head.

[Chapter 552 Tears Behind Bars](#)

Due to its green plumage, the parrot almost blended in with the mustard greens being dried, causing the thieves to overlook its presence.

Polly retracted one foot and began singing "Tears Behind Bars" in a mournful tone, "Iron gate, iron window, iron shackles, everything is iron... I gaze out the window... how beautiful is the life outside these bars..."

"With only the moon as my company... I miss my mother, I regret not listening to her, now I'm locked up in here..."

Polly sang with the utmost sentiment, each word dripping with emotion, yet it managed to hold back tears.

The thieves were speechless.

"Where did this bird come from?" the leader furrowed his brow.

Here they were, working, and the bird sang about being behind bars as if it was celebrating its birthday alone and someone was crying in front of it

The leader grew irritated and grabbed a mustard green, hurling it at Polly!

Polly flapped its wings and flew to a nearby tree.

The thieves ignored the bird. What could a bird do? It was not as important as the gemstone.

The leader called Luc, "Hurry, bring the truck in!"

The thieves destroyed the surface of mustard greens, scattering the dried fish all around.

Polly had a sense of heartbreak, exclaiming, "Margaret's going to throw a fit! Margaret's going to throw a fit"

"Squawk! Margaret! Margaret, come quickly! Someone ruined your sauerkraut!"

The leader's eyes darkened. He found Polly annoying.

"Kill it! It's too noisy," the leader said coldly.

Polly immediately took flight, exclaiming, "How dare you challenge the great bird!"

The gun equipped with a silencer was aimed at Polly, but it missed.

At one point, Polly managed to grab a phone watch with its claws. Although the gun missed Polly, it hit the watch, releasing a puff of black smoke.

Polly flew higher and urgently dialed 911.

"Hey, police, there's a burglar in my house! Catch the thief, catch the thief!"

The naive thief burst into laughter. He had only ever witnessed parrots learning to mimic speech but never imagined one calling for emergency services.

No matter how clever the bird seemed, it could not possibly dial 911. What it held in its paw was a pink watch that resembled a plastic toy, now emitting smoke.

The thieves ignored it, as they were busy figuring out how to move the giant gemstone. Meanwhile, Polly perched on the tree, racking its brain to tell its address.

"Sandyshore Island, Starlight Road, No. 5, Crawford Mansion! Crawford Mansion!"

The dim-witted thief burst into laughter upon hearing this.

The leader furrowed his brow and grumbled, "What's Luc up to? We've been waiting for the truck for so long. You two, head over and tell him to hurry up!"

The others were busy wedging bars under the boulder.

However, it was so heavy that they could not lift it using a lever...

As long as they attached chains to it, they could still move the boulder by rolling it.

However, they seemed unlucky.

When they finally managed to wedge the chain under the boulder, it snapped!

The clumsy thief who was struggling with the chain stumbled, and the item he was pulling flew out.

The iron chains crashed onto the leader's head, leaving his head swollen.

The pain fueled his rage, and he unleashed another outburst of anger toward the hapless accomplice.

"Sorry, sir! It was an accident, I didn't mean to do that!" he apologized and bowed profusely.

The clumsy thief stepped on something by accident and fell on the leader's crotch.

Muffled groans filled the air as both of them collapsed to the ground, with the leader clutching his injured crotch, experiencing excruciating pain.

"You..." His anger surged, and his finger was trembling as he pointed at the thief who fell onto him.

Just then, the truck pulled in, and the leader growled fiercely, "We'll settle the score later!"

The foolish thief shielded his head, he seemed to be unlucky today.

Why was everything going wrong for him today?

Several people walked toward the truck to get new chains to transport the boulder.

Unexpectedly, as soon as they opened the truck's compartment, they were greeted by the sight of a female ghost in a red wedding dress, standing silently atop the vehicle.

The female ghost grinned and taunted, "Hello... Hehehe... Do you need my help?"

The thieves' pupils constricted, and no matter how brave they considered themselves to be, they let out horrified screams and fled as soon as they saw her.

But as they turned to escape, they found another female ghost in white standing behind them and had an expressionless face. She was pale and blood was trickling from every orifice.

"What are you doing in our house, brothers? Do your girlfriends know you're doing something shameful here?"

The thieves were petrified.

Horror engulfed them as ghosts appeared from all directions, and a ghastly hand suddenly emerged from the ground in front of them. An abhorrent female ghost, with a hideous countenance, crawled out and extended her hand with an eerie laugh.

"Ahhhh!"

This group of thieves encountered ghosts for the first time despite having several successful heists, and they were now petrified with terror. They were trapped and had no way to escape, so they huddled together.

"Don't... don't panic!" The leader struggled to regain composure. "Ghosts aren't real, they can't harm us!"

But even as he said those words, a malevolent ghost seized one of the smaller thieves, effortlessly twisting his head 90 degrees with a sickening click!

The terrified thief, though not twisted to death, was on the brink of being scared to death. His adrenaline surged, and his pupils constricted to pinpoints.

"Help..."

The foolish ghost sneered, "How dare you steal from us!"

With a sudden motion, the ghost opened its bloodied mouth and fiercely bit into the head of one of the thieves.

This horrifying sight sent the remaining thieves into a panic. They frantically raised their guns and fired randomly.

But the ghosts twisted their necks effortlessly, while the bullets failed to hit one of them.

They no longer cared about the gemstone they bolted in terror. They were desperate to leave the place.

However, the harem spirit and the other ghosts latched onto their legs, playing a trick on them as they slowly crawled upward.

"Help... help!" the thieves screamed.

Suddenly, the door of the truck swung open, and a tall man stepped down, casting a cold glance at the scene.

"How dare you steal from the Crawford family!" Blake's voice was icy as he spoke, "Be more careful in your next life."

The thieves were taken aback by his cold demeanor, and they calmed down. Instinctively, they looked back, only to find no trace of the ghosts, as if their encounter had been nothing more than an illusion.

Suspicion crept into the thieves' minds as they turned back around, only to be met with the ghosts' malicious gazes.

They were astonished.

One of the thieves, overwhelmed by fear, lost control and peed his pants.

Having stolen from numerous places before, this was the first time they regretted targeting the Crawford family. Not only was there a gigantic gemstone here, but even if all the world's gold was piled up there, they would not dare touch it!

At that moment, sirens blared, and soon the police surrounded the Crawford family, shouting, "Put your hands in the air and don't move!"

The thieves, who had always fled upon encountering the police in the past, now saw them as saviors. They rushed toward the officers like a swarm, exclaiming,

"Police, help me!"

"I'm guilty, please arrest me!"

"Please take me away!"

The police were dumbfounded upon seeing the scene.

[Chapter 553 A Sudden Change](#)

The leader of the thieves cried and pleaded to be taken away, finding solace in the presence of the policeman. After all, they were familiar with each other, which was preferable to encountering ghosts!

With a fearful glance back, the Crawford Mansion was brightly illuminated, cleared of any ghostly figures.

All the members of the Crawford family had returned, and a man with a stern face was talking to the policeman, occasionally glancing at the leader.

A chill ran down the leader's spine as he thought of the parrot singing "Tears Behind Bars" and echoed in his mind, "Iron gates, iron windows, iron chains..."

It's over, it's all over!

Anthony joined Lilly after talking to the policemen, and Bettany began to complain, "I've been living for so long and how dare they steal from us! They even wanted to steal my stone!"

The stone was a gift from Lilly, so stealing it was out of the question.

Bettany was furious, thinking that if Lilly had not suddenly decided to come back early, the thieves might have succeeded in stealing her precious stone.

"Where's my frying pan?" the elderly lady grumbled, rolling up her sleeves.

Edward hastily intervened, grabbing her arm. "Hey, Mom, let's not go that far!"

Anthony suggested, "Alright, let's bring Lilly back to her room first. I'll handle the situation outside."

Edward nodded, "Lilly, let's go!"

Edward, clutching Lilly tightly in his arms, made his way inside as if he were safeguarding a treasure.

He did not care whether it was jade or not. He had already hidden one piece anyway.

The rest was none of his concern...

Suddenly, Lilly glanced at the leader and spoke, "Uncle Edward, he has your stone."

Edward came to an abrupt halt, a fierce expression crossing his face. "Who? Who took my stone?!"

Lilly was silent.

The stone held by the leader was photographed and registered by the police before being returned to Edward. With disheveled hair, Edward proceeded, casting a stern glance at the leader.

Lilly furrowed her brows, a sense of unease creeping into her heart. Her attention shifted to the gravel in Edward's hand, sensing that there might be something concealed within it...

"Uncle Edward, can you give me the stone?" Lilly requested, extending her hand.

Meanwhile, Bettany, standing near the boulder, reached out to touch it and immediately detected a pungent aroma of mustard and salted fish.

Lilly cautiously examined the stone in her hand, Anthony cooperated with the police on the follow-up procedures, and Blake called someone.

The leader of the thieves, who had been escorted into the police car, raised a gun.

No one knew where he got the weapon, but his eyes turned black.

"Bang!" A sudden gunshot erupted.

Lilly's hand trembled, causing the stone to slip from her grasp, shattering into two halves upon hitting the road.

The sound startled everyone and shifted their attention...

Bettany stood frozen, instinctively reaching for her chest, only to find her hand covered in blood.

Her eyes lost their luster, and she collapsed.

"Granny!"

"Mom!"

"Bettany!"

The Crawford family descended into chaos as the police swiftly apprehended the leader, only to discover that he had died at some point.

There was a gun in his hand, the very weapon they had confiscated earlier.

The police were gripped with fear as they realized someone had been killed, and it was none other than Bettany, who suffered the tragic accident!

They had already confiscated all the thieves' weapons, so how could there be a gun present?

If they had failed to thoroughly check, it would be a grave dereliction of duty on their part, and innocent lives had been harmed as a result.

"No, I remember taking away this gun. I'm sure I took it away..." said a bewildered police officer, desperately running his hands through his hair.

His memory was accurate, yet somehow the confiscated guns had ended up back in his hands!

"Get him away! Get him away!"

"Quick, call 911!"

"Call headquarters, call headquarters..."

Bettany could no longer hear the voices around her.

Her eyelids felt unbearably heavy.

She faintly heard her little girl sobbing anxiously by her side.

Bettany's heart ached as she struggled to open her eyes and reassure Lilly, but no matter how hard she tried, her eyes refused to cooperate.

"Lilly..."

Bettany whispered silently, plunging into complete darkness.

In the hospital, the Crawford family paced back and forth anxiously.

Bettany's heart had narrowly avoided a fatal blow as the bullet grazed its edge, prompting the emergency room to issue multiple critical condition alerts.

Lilly sat on a chair outside the emergency room, her entire body growing cold as she stared blankly at her hands.

It was entirely preventable.

Why hadn't she told Granny her fortune just moments ago?

Lilly's attention had been fixated on the stone in her hand, but now she was overwhelmed with guilt and self-blame. She believed that if she had been more vigilant, her grandmother would not have been injured. She felt it was entirely her fault.

Covering her face, Lilly began to cry uncontrollably.

Blake embraced her tightly, trying to console her, saying, "Don't cry, it's not your fault! Your master always warned you against telling someone else's fortune. None of us could have expected something to happen to Granny..."

Amidst sobs, Lilly choked out, "But I knew something was wrong. I felt it."

The cowardly ghost hovered nearby, filled with distress.

"Darling, please don't blame yourself. It's not your fault at all," the ghost interjected, disregarding Blake's attempts to comfort Lilly. He held her close and said, "Hey, don't cry. Michael would feel terrible."

Lilly's tears flowed uncontrollably as she grew more and more agitated.

As the Ruler of Hell, she understood the truth of life and death a long time ago. She had witnessed her mother's departure and bid her farewell.

If her grandmother's life were to end here...

The more Lilly dwelled on it, the greater her fear grew, rendering her unable to console herself.

Suddenly, the corridor outside the emergency room turned chillingly cold, and an invisible cloud of bad aura permeated the air.

Ghosts from the hospital, a multitude of deceased individuals, gathered together—men, women, the elderly, and even babies lay on the ground.

They all wore eerie smiles as a collective voice emanated from their mouths:

"Hehehe...hahaha...cry, cry harder."

"You who killed your grandmother."

"I'll kill your beloved family... Bettany is just the beginning..."

"I killed them because of you. They will suffer because of you... Hahaha!"

Lilly stared in astonishment at the numerous ghosts surrounding her.

The ghosts closed in, their presence suffocating Lilly.

The cowardly ghost positioned himself in front of Lilly, his eyes filled with determination. "Back off! Get lost!"

Anthony, unaware of the eerie situation, noticed Lilly's pale face and expressed concern. "Are you okay, Lilly? Don't blame yourself..."

Blake sensed that something was amiss and urgently instructed, "Stop talking!"

He surveyed the surroundings cautiously.

Lilly clung tightly to Blake's clothes, her despair palpable. She was not even like this when she faced King Libra.

Pablo held the pen of justice, and with a single wave, the surrounding ghosts vanished!

However, more spirits spawned due to the high death toll in the hospital.

Their eyes bore an unsettling strangeness, their smiles enigmatic, and their voices carried a low, ominous tone, yet they all spoke the same words.

"Little Hades... Haha, how amusing. You're the Ruler of Hell?"

"Equality doesn't exist. Look at how weak you are. How dare you control the destiny of others! How is that fair?"

"You're bound to lose... I'll kill all your beloved family and friends, one by one..."

"Just wait..."

[Chapter 554 Lilly Misses You So Much](#)

Lilly's hands trembled.

It was true that she could not protect her entire family all the time.

What were they supposed to do?

Just because she was the Little Hades, King Libra kept challenging her for her position and endangering the lives of her loved ones...

Pablo waved the pen of justice once more and called out, "Lilly!"

These ghosts before them were not King Libra. Even if they were eliminated, they would not be able to touch King Libra's true self.

Pablo sensed that things were becoming complicated.

Lilly lifted her gaze and looked at the multitude of ghosts in front of her.

Each face was different, yet they all spoke the same words.

"But if you wish to keep them safe... Hehe, you should understand and surrender the Palace of the Ruler of Hell and the throne to me... I promise I won't harm the Crawford family ever again!"

Lilly's gaze fell upon the Ruler of Hell emblem on her wrist and removed it...

King Libra's voice grew instantly heated and suppressed. "Yes... give it to me, and your beloved grandmother will be safe..."

Lilly lifted the Palace of the King of Hell.

In a distant location, King Libra witnessed Lilly's actions through the eyes of the ghosts.

He could not help but feel ecstatic. The Palace of the Ruler of Hell... would be his!

However, his excitement turned to shock as he witnessed Lilly lifting the Palace of the Ruler of Hell and forcefully slamming it down right before his eyes!

King Libra reacted instinctively, hastily severing his connection with the spirits in the world of the living.

Although the Palace of the Ruler of Hell did not strike him, it left him feeling fearful.

He re-established contact with the spirits in the living world and yelled, "You don't know your place!"

Lilly's eyes turned red, and she spoke sternly. "I will find you. Just wait. I'll reduce you to ashes!"

The small, soft-spoken girl's eyes made King Libra hesitate for a moment.

He actually hesitated. At this moment, he genuinely feared that Lilly would seek him out and end his existence.

King Libra became immediately irritated. Lilly was not the Ruler of Hell yet, and all her loved ones around her were just her weaknesses!

How could he be afraid of her?

King Libra sneered, "Alright, I'll wait for you to find me! Your Uncle Cloud is next on my list, Haha... Let's see how many of your uncles you can protect!"

Lilly's heart skipped a beat, and panic instantly consumed her.

Uncle Cloud!

Uncle Cloud was not in the capital but far away, and she did not even know his whereabouts.

"Don't you dare touch Uncle Cloud!" Lilly exclaimed anxiously, and a black whirlpool suddenly surrounded her.

Gripping the Palace of the Ruler of Hell, her gaze seemed to pass through the ghosts before her, focusing on a place distant!

She swung the Palace of the Ruler of Hell!

King Libra chuckled, ready to reply with, "You can't do anything to me," but in the next moment, a black figure emerged from the void and struck him forcefully on the head!

King Libra's pupils contracted sharply as he recoiled in fear, yet he was still struck by the force of the blow from the Palace of the Ruler of Hell!

Letting out a cry, he swiftly severed all control over the spirits in the living world, shocked and enraged!

He was still knocked off by the Palace of the King of Hades from a distance!

"Damn it..."

King Libra's eyes burned with resentment as he gritted his teeth. "Just wait. When I place Cloud's head at the doorstep of Crawford Mansion, you'll regret every word you said today...!"

In the hospital, Lilly clutched onto the Palace of the Ruler of Hell tightly, her eyes bloodshot.

"Uncle Cloud, where is Uncle Cloud? Please call him to come back quickly," Lilly pleaded urgently.

Anthony hurried off to make the call.

Pablo silently let out a sigh of relief, relieved that Lilly had not handed the Palace of the Ruler of Hell earlier.

"Master, if Lilly leaves, will King Libra spare Uncle Cloud?" Lilly asked softly.

Pablo shook his head. "Whether you leave or not, even if you disappear to the farthest corners of the earth where no one can find you, it won't make a difference. King Libra won't let Uncle Cloud go."

It did not matter if she chose to leave or stay. Even if she vanished from sight and no one could find her, it would not change the situation.

The Ruler of Hell's previous experiences were solitary, clear, and detached, without any concerns. He only needed to see through the various forms of sentient beings in this world.

But this time, Lilly had her beloved family and many more people she cared about. She could not guarantee everyone's safety.

"Then what should we do?" Lilly was lost, her tear-streaked face turning towards the emergency room. She then looked at Pablo and asked, "Is Granny going to die?"

Pablo could not bear it and unintentionally said, "Mrs. Crawford's life is not yet over..."

He halted at that point as he should not reveal the contents of the Book of Life.

He suspected that his young apprentice was tricking him once again.

However, Lilly was truly heartbroken and sobbing. Pablo did not mean to cause any distress.

Pablo sighed and tried to comfort her, "Don't worry, everything will be fine."

Lilly nestled quietly in her father's arms, wishing to find King Libra and kill him.

At the same time, Lilly wanted King Libra to regret his actions today!

Blake gently stroked Lilly's head and spoke in a hushed tone. "Lilly, you asked earlier what we should do, right?"

Lilly nodded, tears streaming down her face. "Daddy, that villain said he wants to kill each and every one of my uncles. What should we do?"

Blake could not help but recall the painful memories of his past when his grandfather was exposed, and his parents and grandmother were killed in revenge. He had to keep running and hiding when he was a kid.

His heart ached as he spoke in a hoarse voice, "The only way to protect those around you is to make yourself stronger."

So powerful that the enemy trembles at the sight of you.

So powerful that those malicious people don't dare to make a move on you!

Lilly cried, "But I'm too weak right now."

She could not defeat King Libra.

She had been training tirelessly, but she still could not defeat King Libra. She let him escape once again just now.

She did not know where he was hiding as he watched over her grandparents, father, brothers, sisters, and uncles in secret.

Blake reassured her, "It's okay, Daddy will help you search for him."

The only way to protect your loved ones is to eliminate the threats that might endanger them.

He had done it before.

And this time, he would stand by his little girl and make sure it was done!

Lilly took a deep breath, nodded, and said, "Yes! Let's go now!"

She was about to jump down anxiously, but then she realized that her grandmother was still inside. If her grandmother woke up and could not find her, she would be very worried.

What if King Libra returned in her absence? What if everything spiraled out of control?

Lilly was torn.

Just then, Anthony approached Lilly after ending the phone call. He said, "Lilly, we couldn't reach Uncle Cloud. I've contacted a few people, but they said that he's currently on a mission."

Lilly's anxiety intensified.

Blake reassured Anthony, "Don't worry, I'll take it from here."

As Blake made a phone call to search for Cloud, Anthony held Lilly in his arms and went to attend to the doctor's call.

Meanwhile, the door of the emergency room opened, and Bettany was wheeled out.

The doctor called out, "Where are her family members? Can you please come forward?"

Hugh hurried over, and Lilly broke free from Anthony's grip, rushing to the operating bed. With all her might, she looked at Bettany, desperately calling out, "Granny, please wake up..."

The doctor whispered to Anthony, "The bullet grazed the edge of her heart. Right now, she's out of immediate danger, but we're unsure when she will regain consciousness. It might take some time..."

Gilbert stood nearby, diligently noting down everything the doctor said.

Eventually, Bettany was taken to the ICU.

Lilly lay beside her bed, tightly holding onto her grandmother's hand.

Granny's hands felt a little cold, it's not as warm as before.

Lilly's eyes turned red, and she choked on her words, "Granny, please wake up. Lilly misses you so much, I want to hug you..."

Tears streamed down Lilly's face as Bettany showed no signs of waking up.

[Chapter 555 Waking Bettany up With Just a Sentence](#)

Lilly held onto Bettany's hand tightly, refusing to leave her side until her grandmother woke up. She drew a circle around her bed so that no ghosts or monsters could get close to Bettany.

She was busy making protective charms, charms that repel malignant spirits, and amulets every day.

She made sure that everyone she loved had their pockets and clothes filled with protective charms. However, she regretted not making more amulets for her grandmother.

Feeling that her amulets were not strong enough, Lilly decided to use the piece of jade she had brought back to the Crawford Mansion. She carefully cut it into large-sized pieces and ground the beads to create strings of jade beads for protection.

The creation of spiritual tools is distinct from amulets, belonging to a separate realm of spiritual objects.

The scarcity of spiritual tools stemmed from the demanding requirements of their materials. For instance, crafting a spiritual tool might need extremely cold iron that has been frozen for thousands of years. This extraordinary iron possessed a chilling essence, allowing it to maintain its coldness even in the hottest of environments.

In certain cases, spiritual tools may require the roots of a thousand-year-old tree or the skin of a snake that lived for thousands of years.

The jade she had was of the purest quality. It could only be made into the lowest level of protection, but

Lilly knew it was the best she could work with.

She gave everyone the jade bracelets, including Anthony. He looked at the pure purple jade bead on his wrist and asked, "What's this?"

Lilly, who was looking down, focused on making more jade beads, and replied, "It's a spiritual tool to keep you safe. Uncle Anthony, please take care of it, and don't take it off even when you bathe or sleep."

Anthony nodded solemnly, "Alright."

However, he noticed Lilly's trembling fingertips and frowned, "Lilly, are you okay?"

Lilly looked up, her lips trembling as she tried to force a smile. She responded, "Uncle Anthony, Lilly is fine. I just didn't sleep well."

Anthony felt that this was not the case, so he firmly gripped her hand from grinding the jade beads. Only then did he notice that there were multiple talismans wrapped around her hands.

One of the talismans fell off, revealing Lilly's bloody fingers.

It turned out that when Lilly rubbed those jade beads, not only did she grind her fingers to pieces, but she also exhausted herself mentally because the making of spiritual tools required her blood so it would be effective.

She was afraid of her father and uncles knowing about this and hid her bloody fingers using talismans.

Feeling overwhelmed, Anthony removed the talisman.

Anthony's heart raced, and he hastily grabbed her hand, pleading, "Lilly, please stop!"

Lilly's complexion was pale, and it was only after the talisman fell off that Anthony and the others noticed her bloodless lips.

Struggling to muster a reassuring smile, she whispered, "I'm alright, don't worry..."

Before losing consciousness, she repeatedly whispered to Anthony, "Lilly drew circles around Granny's room..."

"I also drew a circle around the Crawford Mansion..."

"Around Uncle Anthony's office, the car..."

"Please don't remove the bracelet..."

As everyone gazed at Lilly, who was incredibly exhausted and tears welled up in their eyes.

Their precious little one...

They wanted nothing more than to shield her from harm.

But they felt utterly helpless.

At times, they contemplated taking Edward's advice by ending their lives.

Perhaps they could help Lilly if they became ghosts.

However, after thinking about it, they realized that if they were to die, they might not be able to remain by Lilly's side, just like what happened to Jean... They were going to be reincarnated.

The first bracelet for protection and the initial batch of amulets made by Lilly were intended for Blake. After receiving them, Blake looked for Cloud in a hurry.

Lilly had used up too much energy and ended up sleeping for two days after losing consciousness, and Bettany had remained unconscious during this time as well.

As the sky darkened, the lights were switched on. When Lilly regained consciousness, she felt dizzy. She glanced outside, then at the ceiling lights, and shielded her eyes with her hands.

Anthony entered the room and greeted her with a warm tone, "Lilly, are you awake?"

The doctor recommended keeping the lights on in order to make it look like it was daytime as Lilly had not gotten up for two days and it would help her wake up.

Lilly had gone without eating for two days and had received nutrition through injections, but the first words she uttered upon waking up were, "Is Granny awake?"

Anthony could not bear it, yet he still shook his head.

Gilbert and Edward, who had rushed over, felt distressed upon hearing Lilly's words.

She had been in a coma for two days, yet her thoughts remained focused on her grandmother!

Lilly got out of bed and staggered towards Bettany.

Anthony supported her without hesitation.

Both of them were in the same hospital, sharing the same wards.

Lilly quickly lay down beside Bettany, softly calling out, "Granny..."

Bettany remained motionless.

Lilly sniffled, then pouted, and said with a sense of grievance, "Granny, Lilly's hungry..."

Upon hearing these words, all her uncles could not help but turn their faces away and cried.

However, nobody expected they would hear Bettany's voice, "Hungry? Lilly's... hungry?" it was as faint as a mosquito's buzz!

Everyone heard it!

Gilbert and the others turned their heads in astonishment, their gaze fixed on the hospital bed.

Lilly, too, was taken aback for a moment before urgently exclaiming, "Granny? Granny!"

Bettany's eyelashes quivered as she used every ounce of her strength. Finally, with a tremendous effort, she managed to open her eyes.

"Lilly's hungry... Granny will... make... delicious food for... Lilly..."

Bettany's lips trembled.

Having spent several days bedridden without food or water, relying solely on nutrient solutions, her lips were often moistened with water by Margaret, yet the thirst persisted, leaving her voice unbelievably hoarse.

She struggled, still unaware of her condition, simply thinking that she had overslept and failed to prepare food, and struggled to get up as if she was going to cook for Lilly...

Lilly burst into tears instantaneously, crying out, "Granny!"

[Chapter 556 She Would Live Her Life to the Fullest](#)

Lilly's uncles were dumbfounded.

When Lilly uttered the words "I'm hungry," the old lady's eyes fluttered open!

For a brief moment, the uncles could not discern their own emotions, but their astonishment was palpable. Edward rushed off in a panic to find a doctor. Gilbert stepped examined Bettany, while Anthony hastily ordered someone to fetch some food, just in case.

Hugh grasped the old lady's other hand firmly, stopping her from trying to get up. "Don't move! Lie

down!"

"Mom, please don't try to get up." Gilbert pressed down on Bettany's shoulders urgently. She took a deep breath and spoke in a slower tone, "You're injured and shouldn't exert yourself."

Bettany's gaze appeared clouded as she looked at her surroundings, realizing that she was in a hospital.

Suddenly, a sharp pain surged from her chest, causing her brows to furrow and making it difficult to catch her breath.

Enduring the pain, she took a deep breath, even breathing caused her discomfort.

Yet she did not forget that Lilly said she was hungry.

"There's so many people around... you should... prepare food for the children..." Bettany's voice was feeble. "Children are ignorant... adults should know better..."

Gilbert's eyes welled up with tears as he responded in a gentle tone, "Mom, don't worry. Lilly was just playing for too long, and we've already prepared food. I'll feed her right away."

He did not dare to mention that Lilly had also been in a coma for two days as they were afraid Bettany would be furious.

To his surprise, the old lady refused to let it slide. "You should... keep an eye out for them... even if they're playing..."

"And you... why are you grinning?" The old lady glanced at Hugh. "They forgot about it and you didn't remind them... You're so old...!"

Upon hearing her nagging, Hugh could not help but burst into laughter.

Although Lilly's master said that the old lady's life force had not been depleted, lying down and not getting up could also be considered as such.

He was truly afraid, afraid that he would never have the chance to hear his wife's scolding again...

"I was wrong, I was wrong." The old man held Bettany's hand tightly. "I'll be more careful next time."

Bettany let out a snort and spoke after regaining consciousness, but she now felt exhausted.

She also recollected what happened before she collapsed. A group of thieves had invaded the house, and she had fallen down after being shot in the heart.

Before losing consciousness, she heard Lilly's cries.

It felt as if Lilly was still crying beside her.

Bettany's heart ached once again, and she forcefully turned her wrist to hold onto Lilly's little hand. "Granny's fine... Lilly, don't worry.."

Her voice was weak, but she did her best to console Lilly.

Lilly sniffled, visibly torn. She should have been overjoyed when her Granny woke up, but for some reason, she could not help but cry.

"Get better soon, Granny." Lilly clung to Bettany's arm. "I want Granny to hug me."

Bettany desperately wanted to nod her head, but she could only manage a slight movement. She said, "Okay..."

Granny wants to hug you too.

Bettany's cloudy eyes welled up with tears. In truth, she was frightened. If she were to die, who would cook for her little girl in the future?

There were many men in the family, but they were all unreliable, and as for the only daughter-in-law... Well, one could not expect much from her culinary skills.

And as for Margaret... Though Margaret was good, she could not be compared to Lilly's biological grandmother.

Therefore, Bettany vowed to live her life to the fullest!

...

Blake breathed a sigh of relief upon learning that Bettany had regained consciousness. He listened as Anthony explained that Lilly had exhausted herself and fainted while making the jade bracelets.

After ending the call, Blake could not help but touch the bracelet on his wrist.

He thought it was just an ordinary bracelet for protection, but little did he know that it had been infused with Lilly's energy.

Blake pondered for a moment, then took a piece of gauze and carefully wrapped it around his wrist, concealing the bracelet.

At that moment, a person who seemed to be a high-ranking official approached him and exclaimed in surprise, "Mr. MacNeil, did you injure your hand?"

Blake tied the knot on the gauze and remained silent, he then asked, "Where's Cloud?"

The official showed a respectful and solemn demeanor as he replied, "He's on a classified mission and is currently in the western region. I don't have any further information."

Blake frowned and said, "Didn't you tell him to come back?"

The official shook his head and explained, "Mr. MacNeil, this mission is important... We have a crucial lead codenamed 0467, and Cloud has been tasked with identifying all their operatives within two weeks."

Blake paused, understanding the gravity of the situation.

Cloud was a national security personnel, belonging to the counter-espionage department. Their duty was to stop spy activities that might threaten national security.

In their line of work, national security took precedence above all else.

Codenamed 0467 was a covert espionage operation that escaped the country. The individuals behind it were intricate and spanned various fields. They had been undercover for a decade.

This time, they made a significant breakthrough, which prompted Cloud to identify all the key figures within two weeks...

So, Blake understood that Cloud could not come back. The official had merely mentioned the western region, but in reality, no one apart from Cloud's superior knew his whereabouts.

Blake, too, was someone who fought for his country, and he understood that he should not ask any further.

The cadre in front of him might not be aware of the situation, and even if he was, it would be against protocol for him to disclose any information.

"I understand," Blake said as he stood up, preparing to leave.

The cadre breathed a sigh of relief and suggested, "Mr. MacNeil, since you're here, why don't I clean up the room for you tonight..."

Blake waved his hand dismissively. "No need."

He left the room after his response.

As he saw Blake leaving, the cadre did not notice anything amiss earlier, but now he found his behavior

strange.

His wrists were wrapped in bandages, and his flak jacket seemed to be stuffed with something.

The most confusing of all was the fact that Blake was holding a worn-out and patched-up doll in his hand...

"Uhh... I really don't understand!" The cadre shook his head and left.

Meanwhile, Blake held onto the doll, securing it to his belt—or rather, not a belt, but a multi-functional waistband designed to hold a firearm.

The doll cursed silently.

Blake seemed to sense the doll's restlessness and gently patted it. "Be quiet."

The doll was silent.

Blake decided to head to the western region alone, in hopes of finding Cloud and ensuring his safety to complete the mission.

Although Lilly had just woken up, Blake hesitated and still chose to find Cloud first. After all, if he could not find him, Lilly's efforts would be in vain.

He took a plane and three buses, Blake finally arrived in a small, underdeveloped county. He had narrowed down the search based on the clues he had about the mission about Codenamed 0456.

Standing on a hillside, Blake surveyed the small county.

Is Cloud here...

In that moment, Blake felt as if a pair of eyes were watching him from behind.

Calmly, he placed his hands on his waist and gripped the doll...

Then, he tossed it swiftly in a specific direction.

"Go!"

The doll was speechless.

[Chapter 557 Cloud, the Network Administrator](#)

As the doll cursed silently in its heart, it collided with something.

A white-haired female ghost, who had been about to attack Blake from behind, let out a scream and was swallowed by the doll.

Another white-haired ghost lunged at Blake, opening its mouth to bite. Blake instinctively raised his hand...

In the next moment, he witnessed a burst of purple light emanating from his wrist, knocking the white-haired female ghost away!

Having just devoured the doll of one white-haired female ghost, it turned around and swallowed the other ghost as well.

Within a second, Blake had swiftly slain two white-haired female ghosts, leaving them no chance to report what was going on to King Libra.

Blake's heart sank.

The white-haired female ghosts were ghost generals under King Libra's command.

Was he followed by the white-haired female ghosts as soon as he arrived?

Or had they been tailing him throughout his journey, and he just did not notice them?

Blake unwrapped the white gauze from his wrist, revealing a split purple jade bead. As the gauze fell to the ground, he noticed that the once vibrant purple hue of the bead had faded, and it now appeared as rough as an ordinary pebble.

"If only I had an invisibility talisman," Blake muttered to himself, feeling a tinge of regret as he touched the talismans on his body.

The doll was speechless.

Why don't you ascend to heaven?

...

Blake meticulously searched the small county throughout the day, but he could not find any clues about Cloud.

The county's overall population, including townships, exceeded 400,000 people, while the urban population amounts to approximately 100,000 people.

However, Blake could not find a person who stood out among the 100,000 people.

"Cloud's doing a good job at hiding," Blake thought, taking a pen and writing on a piece of paper, "Is he not here?"

Lemon County was located on the western border and had multiple entry ports, adjoining several neighboring countries.

The location was unique, but compared to the development of the economic zone, this was the only place that lagged behind.

However, it served as a crucial military stronghold, although the local residents might be unaware of its significance.

Logically, there was a higher likelihood that Cloud was hiding in Lemon County.

Blake planned to continue the search the next day, and if he was unsuccessful, he would return to Alfordada.

Lemon County lacked upscale hotels, with even the largest hotel was not a three-star establishment. Blake booked a room and intended to rest upon returning to the hotel at night.

Considering easy it was to encounter something bad at night and the unknown whereabouts of King Libra, Blake believed it was wise to be more cautious.

Taking precautions, Blake placed the doll on the doorknob.

"Keep an eye on the door!" Blake instructed.

The doll was speechless once more.

...

At night, a small country town's internet cafe was bustling with young people and students who stayed up all night.

Most of the students were addicted to playing video games on their computers. Their excitement occasionally led to shouts.

"Sir, can I have a cup of instant ramen?" someone called out.

A black-eyed network administrator with messy hair and a stubble beard on his chin approached, holding a cup of instant ramen and placing it in front of a young man.

"That'll be ten dollars," he said.

The young man expressed surprise, exclaiming, "That expensive?"

With a cigarette in his mouth, the network manager nonchalantly responded, "Yeah, it's 10 dollars if I have to make it for you and 6 dollars if I made it myself."

Speechless, the young man took out 10 dollars and muttered, "If I had known earlier, I would have made it myself and saved four dollars."

"Sir! Another pot of coffee," someone called out.

With a cigarette in his mouth, the network manager lazily replied, "Place an order on the website. You don't need to call me. I'll send it to you later."

"I prefer to call," the man said.

The network manager sneered, walked back to the front desk with the money, and checked something on the computer. As someone approached him, he extended his hand and asked for their ID card.

"Do you want to charge the card? It's 25 dollars for overnight usage, it's quite affordable."

The network administrator wore a T-shirt with a jacket that seemed like it had not been for a couple of days.

The customer handed over the card, and his girlfriend could not help but glance at the network administrator twice.

At first glance, she did not notice anything, but as she saw him up close, she realized that he was actually somewhat handsome.

However, the girl did not pay much attention and was dragged away by her boyfriend.

Afterward, the girl quickly forgot the network administrator's face. She thought he was somewhat handsome a moment ago, but his face slipped from her memory as she turned around.

The network administrator poured the coffee and delivered it to the person who ordered it earlier.

The person calling for the coffee was also a young man who initially seemed idle, casually browsing a forum.

He appeared to have a keen interest in military affairs and was currently engaged in a heated argument with others on the internet.

Leaning back in his chair, the network administrator glanced at the man's screen and added, "I've noticed you've been arguing all night. If it's getting you so worked up, why not try green tea? It costs 25

dollars."

The teenager was speechless, then fumed, "No way! These idiots have no idea what they're talking about. How can someone make such stupid comments?"

He pointed at the screen, saying, "Anyone with even a little knowledge about the military knows that... can't be... This person is an idiot!"

Cloud patted him on the shoulder, smiled, and walked away.

He was on a military forum for fans.

When browsing the web, it was common for them to encounter conclusions that shatter common beliefs and were incredibly wrong.

For instance, the young man in front of them could not stand the other person's perceived ignorance and lack of professionalism, so he vented his frustration by scolding and educating them, even providing domestic military information he was familiar with.

The person behind the post collected a significant amount of information.

These individuals are known as the "Cyber Army".

They lurk on social media platforms and come in three main forms.

The first type would initiate discussions about military and meteorological knowledge, attracting like-minded individuals to participate and gather information in the process.

The second type would deliberately spread misinformation, presenting opinions that contradict popular beliefs and engaging in arguments with other internet users. By stirring up emotions, they coax valuable information from agitated users.

The third type would distort the truth, and fuel conflicts to manipulate public opinion on purpose.

Contrary to the dramatic spy scenes portrayed in movies, espionage was not limited to thrilling encounters. It could involve ordinary people in their day-to-day lives.

"What you may perceive as irrelevant information can contain valuable intelligence."

Espionage activities were not limited to gathering high-level or classified information. Any aspect of life that poses a threat to national security should be regarded with vigilance.

Cloud typed something on the keyboard, causing the computer screen to flicker. A black background with green characters emerged, appearing as a minimized window within the chat box.

By tracing the IP address of the previous young man and following the network cable, Cloud attempted to locate the person behind the post. However, the IP address was untraceable. Nevertheless, if the person happened to be within the same county, there were alternative methods that could be used to reach him.

Just as Cloud was pondering the situation, another person approached him. With seamless ease, Cloud casually requested their ID card, effortlessly hiding what he was doing.

"Are you looking to recharge your card? It's just 25 dollars for overnight usage," he offered.

[Chapter 558 The Mysterious Man Who Tiptoes](#)

Holding the ID card, Cloud furrowed his brow, sensing that something was amiss. The person standing in front of him, who had been awake all night, had a dull look in their eyes. While it was common for frequent late-night internet users to appear somewhat lifeless, this individual seemed different.

"Do you want to recharge the card?" Cloud asked, raising his head.

Upon lifting his head, he found the person staring directly at him, causing Cloud to react with surprise. Frowning in annoyance, he questioned, "What's the matter?"

The man chuckled and replied, "Just recharge the card."

He then handed him 25 dollars.

Cloud grabbed the money and counted it. He proceeded to issue a card and handed it over, pointing to a designated unit. "Unit 97, over there."

The man continued to stare at Cloud as he accepted the card, he then walked strangely.

Cloud watched the man as he left.

What's so odd about him?

Normal people walk steadily. However, the man in front of Cloud seemed to be limping...

Subconsciously, Cloud glanced down at his pocket which contained an amulet Lilly gave him. The man was so strange, it made Cloud think that he was an abnormal person.

Clutching the amulet tightly in his hand, Cloud adjusted his sleeves to conceal it, feeling somewhat reassured.

Soon, another customer arrived, and Cloud collected the money as usual to recharge their card. However, when reached out in the drawer to give him his change, a cold sweat broke out on his

forehead.

Two underworld banknotes lay quietly in the drawer, one of them being green with the inscription "Universal Use" on it.

Placing these two banknotes on top, they amounted to the 25 dollars he received!

Cloud carefully examined the change he had received earlier, confirming that it was indeed 25 dollars. Taking a deep breath, he handed the change to the customer, swiftly closed the drawer, and glanced at the amulet in his hand.

It seemed that the presence of the amulet had helped him realize that he received two pieces of underworld bank notes. Without it, he might not have noticed it at all.

While serving tea to another customer, Cloud observed the person using the computer at Unit 97. After the man sat down, he played a horror movie, remaining quiet with only the top of his head visible.

Returning to the front desk, Cloud thought about the situation and decided that ignorance is bliss. As it was easy to see ghosts at night, and it seemed normal for supernatural occurrences to happen in an internet cafe that was operating all night.

Cloud reminded himself about his mission.

He firmly believed that with Lilly's talisman, he would be protected from monsters and malignant spirits. So, he continued tracking the IP address as if nothing unusual had happened.

At Unit 97, the man sat in his seat with a vacant expression, his gaze unfocused as he stared at the computer screen.

Unseen by anyone, a ghost clung to his back, laughing and saying, "I've found him... I've found him!"

"He didn't notice... hehe..."

"I've sent two ghost generals to kill Blake... Now, she's about to lose two of her loved ones!"

The ghost never expected that the white-haired female ghost would be killed, considering they were both ghost generals.

However, Blake possessed some skills and visited haunted buildings often to capture and battle spirits, making him somewhat like a practitioner.

"Cloud's head..." The ghost hovered in the air, fixating its gaze on Cloud.

It wanted his head...

With an intense gaze, the ghost stealthily approached Cloud.

Though Cloud could not perceive its presence, he had a lingering feeling of being watched. He calmly scanned his surroundings but found nothing out of the ordinary.

Suddenly, the ghost let out a chilling laugh, shrieking as it lunged toward Cloud!

"Boom!"

A radiant golden light illuminated the area.

The ghost was immediately repelled, crashing to the side and yelling in pain.

It stared at Cloud in astonishment.

"He possesses an amulet... It's so powerful too!"

Realizing that it was useless to continue targeting Cloud, the ghost gave up, "I need to report this to the ghost general..."

As it spoke, the ghost retreated to the man.

The man removed his earphones and tiptoed away.

Cloud watched him leave. He still did not know if he was a human or a ghost.

It was dawn and Blake prepared to leave. He picked up the doll that guarded the door throughout the night.

"Good job," Blake praised, "You're more effective than the mythical creatures in warding off spirits."

The doll was speechless.

I'll tear you apart!

Blake turned the doorknob and prepared to step outside. However, as the door creaked open, he felt something amiss. He froze and held his breath. Then, peered through the narrow opening.

Faint footsteps echoed in the corridor.

Soon, a pale man tiptoed instead of walking like a normal person.

His eyes remained fixed on him, staring straight ahead.

Blake's heart tightened. This was no ordinary person. He watched the man pass by his door and attempted to close it quietly.

Just as he was about to shut the door, the man's face suddenly turned towards him. Through the narrow gap, their eyes locked onto each other!

Blake was taken aback.

What the hell!

He swiftly opened the door and pulled the man inside before he could react.

The doll in his hand ignored the situation and landed on the man's head.

A scream echoed through the empty corridor.

Everything happened in less than half a second, and it was faster than lightning.

The man in Blake's grasp collapsed to the ground with a thud, looking lifeless.

"Is he dead?"

Blake glanced at the doll. "What did you just devour?"

The doll remained silent, its dark eyes fixed on him.

Blake was dumbfounded.

Meanwhile, in another room, a black figure sat on the edge of a bed with his eyes closed.

He opened his eyes abruptly, furrowing his brow. "Strange, I could sense it a moment ago. Why did it disappear?"

The black figure was none other than a fragment of King Libra's soul in the form of a human.

He had brought the white-headed female ghost to Lemon County and set her loose to conduct an investigation.

Simultaneously, he gathered local resources and enlisted a group of ghosts and spirits to find Cloud.

He was sure that Cloud was in Lemon County and intended to present Cloud's severed head at the entrance of Crawford Mansion.

However, after the white-headed female ghosts left to do their missions, their connection was abruptly severed.

He still had other ghosts working for him, but a resentful spirit had momentarily disrupted his sensory link.

"What's going on?" the man in black clothing frowned.

Even if a ghost was captured or killed, he would still sense it as it would only take him a second to perceive the ghost's existence.

It was very unlikely for there to be a powerful practitioner capable of vanquishing a ghost within a second in such a small county.

[Chapter 559 Using Technology to Catch Ghosts](#)

The man in black continued to search for any trace, but he could not sense anything anymore.

He summoned the white-headed female ghost, but she did not return.

He felt a sense of bewilderment.

He trained the female ghost himself and they shared a close bond. Even if she had been killed, she would have sent a distress signal before her demise.

The man in black's eyes narrowed. "Could Lilly be here as well?"

He was no longer willing to wait in the room, he stepped out and traversed the corridors, trying to sense any presence of ghosts.

As long as there were ghosts nearby, even if they were concealed from his view, he could still detect them.

However, he encountered nothing along his path.

...

Meanwhile, Blake had already left the hotel.

He chose a hot pot restaurant across the street, where the chef on the first floor diligently tended to the soup over a high flame.

The stove in front of Blake burned fiercely, enveloping the hot pot restaurant in a sweltering atmosphere.

Hot, bustling places were ideal for concealing oneself.

However, the doll was not exactly thrilled about the situation.

As they ate, Blake gazed intently at the hotel across the street and spoke, "This level of positive energy should be nothing to you. Just stay quiet!"

The doll was speechless.

You're so mighty, yet you want me to hide under the table while you're eating!

Just then, Blake noticed a man in black clothing coming out of the hotel.

His eyes narrowed, instantly locking onto the figure.

Blake's intuition led him to lock onto the man, despite his seemingly ordinary appearance. The reason behind this intuitive response was unclear to him.

After the man's collapse, Blake swiftly left the room and locked the door behind him. With his connections, he could handle the situation discreetly by contacting the local authorities.

However, the man's death and the subsequent disappearance of his soul, as well as the ghost being swallowed by the doll, did not raise any suspicions for King Libra.

Observing the man as he left the hotel and strolled, Blake retrieved a small drone.

"I'm using technology to catch ghosts," Blake said to the doll, "You can't be useful in situations like this."

The doll remained silent.

The drone was about the size of a mobile phone. It transformed from a folded state to a drone, it extended several "claws" and flew out of the window.

The tiny drone followed closely behind the man in black, transmitting live footage back to Blake's phone.

Once King Libra left the hotel, he carefully surveyed his surroundings. Although there were a few ghosts scattered along the roadside and near the bridge, none of them matched his target.

He continued to walk, he converted wandering ghosts into his informants and underlings.

If his ghost general had truly been killed, the person who did it had to possess considerable power. Such a formidable individual would either be a practitioner or an expert in defeating fierce ghosts.

King Libra was confident that he would be able to the person, be it a ghost or a practitioner. However,

little did he know that Blake was watching his every move using technology instead of using old methods.

Blake's "ace pilot" was flying 1600 feet above his head, monitoring his every move...

...

Blake leisurely enjoyed a hot pot while casually observing the surveillance footage on his phone.

Being able to access the plug-in was advantageous. He watched as the black-clothed man strolled through the streets, meticulously ruling out certain locations.

Given his swift pace, it seemed he could search the entire county in the dark.

"He's here. The Cloud must be nearby."

Blake knew that he could not move as swiftly as this person who seemed to appear out of thin air. Judging by his actions, this person could be King Libra.

"I overlooked it. I should have learned fortune-telling from Lilly," Blake grumbled. "If only Lilly were here..."

Suddenly, his gaze shifted toward the doll in his hand. "Why don't you deal with him for me?"

Didn't you say you're gonna deal with him with technology earlier?

Blake found the idea quite logical.

The doll was silent.

At that moment, a familiar, gentle voice called out, "Daddy!"

Blake looked up in astonishment and saw a small figure dashing towards him—it was Lilly!

"Why are you here?" Blake swiftly caught Lilly and looked at her little face.

Anthony told him on the phone that Lilly fainted and her complexion was pale.

While Blake appeared composed as he searched for someone, deep down he was genuinely worried about Lilly.

There was no way to compensate for the fear of losing her.

But now, looking at her with her rosy complexion and clear eyes...

It seemed like everything was fine.

Lilly explained, "I came with Uncle Anthony. Uncle Anthony and Aunt Lisa are behind me!"

As she finished speaking, Anthony entered through the door. He glanced at Blake and said, "Having hot pot early in the morning?"

Blake replied, "Well, hot pot is full of positive energy. It helps me replenish my strength."

Anthony was silent.

Following Anthony, Lisa poked her head out and exclaimed, "Hot pot, yum yum!"

She stared at the steaming pot and drooled.

It smelled delicious!

Lilly also raised her hand and said, "Uncle Anthony, I want to have hot pot too!"

Anthony glanced at the restaurant infested with flies and thought it was not that clean.

It doesn't matter if we can't handle it but Lilly's still young!

Blake pulled out a chair, placing the doll on the seat next to the window for Lilly to sit on.

Hidden amidst the streets and alleys, there were always some culinary delights. Despite the unimpressive ambiance, the ingredients were still fresh.

Having tried this hot pot himself and finding it delicious, Blake thought it was worth a try. Since they were far from the old lady's place, he seized the opportunity to let Lilly experience the flavors of a small county town.

"What would you like to eat?" Blake asked, holding the menu. "How about some pork belly? Or perhaps beef? Uh... would you like some pork?"

Lilly and Lisa's eyes widened as Lisa said, "All of them!"

Anthony had no choice but to sit down and let the boss take their orders once again.

He selected fresh mushrooms, vegetables, beef, and lamb. While cooking the mutton for Lilly, he asked, "Have you found anyone?"

Blake shook his head. "Cloud has impressive skills. He's hiding quite well."

He proceeded to recount the events of the past two days.

Suddenly, Lilly asked, "Dad, will King Libra find us?"

Blake shook his head. "Not for the time being. From what I saw, he's rather arrogant. Once he confirmed that the person he was searching for isn't here, he won't return."

Sometimes, overconfidence could be a fatal flaw.

Blake asked again, "Is Mrs. Crawford doing well? Did she agree when all of you said you were coming here?"

Anthony replied, "She's doing well now. Lilly wanted to come, and she had no objections."

Bettany was aware of everything.

[Chapter 560 Getting Puffy Lips From the Spice](#)

In a small streetside hot pot restaurant with limited space, two tall and striking men sat at a table.

Beside them was a woman with an icy demeanor and an incredibly adorable little girl.

Lilly held a small bowl in both hands. The newly served hot pot was split into two different soups, with a non-spicy chicken soup base. Lilly took a sip and found it to be delicious and aromatic.

"Mmm, it's so good!" Lilly's face lit up with delight.

Lisa followed Lilly's lead, also holding her bowl with both hands and quickly downing a bowl of chicken soup.

"So yummy!" she exclaimed as well.

Lilly chuckled, gazing at the simmering hairy belly, bloody meat, shrimp, and crispy duck intestines in the spicy pot.

"Are they ready to be eaten yet?" The little one stared at the hot pot without blinking.

Lilly's presence eased Blake's tension.

Lilly was here, and he could also access the plug-in.

There was no need to rush to find Cloud at the moment.

Let's focus on enjoying the hot pot.

Blake skillfully picked up a piece of pork belly and said, "It's ready to eat."

Anthony frowned. "Cook it a bit longer."

Blake retorted, "There's a way to cook it so that it'll taste better."

"If you swish the pork belly in the hot pot, it'll be perfectly cooked."

Anthony was silent.

Blake exclaimed, "I'm serious, why would I lie to you?"

Having traveled the world and experienced various hardships, including dining at countless street stalls, Blake knew that the method was the best way to enjoy pork belly.

Anthony pushed Blake's cutlery back into the hot pot.

He knew what Blake was about to say, and said, "Do you mom smack you?"

Blake promptly withdrew his cutlery.

Anthony casually added, "It's not like I haven't had hot pot before. While it may be fresh and tender, it's not fully cooked. We need to be careful of parasites."

He glanced at Blake, his eyes seemingly conveying the message, "It's fine if you want to take risks, but don't drag me into it, man."

Blake was silent.

He rubbed his nose, leaned back in his chair lazily, and continued, "It's natural selection, the strong prey on the weak. If the worm doesn't kill me, I'll kill the worm."

Anthony was speechless at Blake's remark.

Lilly nibbled on her finger and asked, "So, should we continue cooking it?"

The fragrance of the hot pot was so enticing that she could not help but drool.

Eventually, Blake said, "It still needs some more cooking. Let's wait for a few minutes, Lilly."

On the other side, Lisa had already picked up a piece of meat, sprinkled pepper on it, and popped it into her mouth.

No matter how delicious the food was at home, sometimes the taste of dining out could not be matched. Lisa ate until her cheeks were bulging, and Lilly could not help but gulp as she watched.

Finally, when the food was cooked thoroughly, Anthony scooped them up and placed them in each of their bowls.

Following Lisa's lead, Lilly rolled the meat in pepper and eagerly stuffed it into her mouth.

Before Anthony and Blake could stop her, they saw her spitting out the spicy meat.

"Ouch!" Lilly stuck out her tongue as tears streamed down her face.

Anthony and Blake, the two towering figures, were in a state of fluster. One of them grabbed a glass of water, only to find that it was scalding hot, so he hurriedly rushed to the refrigerator to fetch a carton of milk for Lilly.

After guzzling down a bottle of chilled soy milk, Lilly's lips were left swollen from the scorching temperature.

Hmm...pouty lips...

The two men couldn't help but find the situation amusing, yet they were left speechless. Fortunately, the old lady was not present, or else they would have faced her wrath.

Lilly caught a glimpse of her swollen lips in the mirror and asked with a mournful expression, "Daddy, do you think my lips will heal by tomorrow when we go back?"

She could not let Granny see her like this!

Yesterday, when she told Bettany her plan to find her father, Bettany was not pleased but eventually gave her consent.

Before leaving, Bettany kept nagging, "Eat well and stay safe."

Safety should always be a priority, even when enjoying a hot pot meal.

After their meal, Blake caught sight of the man in black on the surveillance footage, still roaming the main city of the county.

"Lilly, you didn't have to come here in person. You could have just told me where Uncle Cloud is through the phone."

Lilly shook her head. "I don't know where Uncle Cloud is either."

Blake snorted. "Aren't you skilled in fortune-telling?"

Lilly picked out a non-spicy shrimp and replied while munching, "Daddy, do you think fortune-telling can be done casually, anytime, anywhere?"

Blake questioned, "And what if it can?"

Lilly shook her head. "That's a misconception about fortune-telling in the world. People who excel in fortune-telling might think they have access to all knowledge."

Blake grew intrigued. "Is that so?"

Lilly proceeded to share what she had learned from Pablo. "Fortune-telling has its timing, location, and individuals involved. Sometimes the opportunity arises, and sometimes it doesn't. There are mysteries that cannot be unveiled and secrets that can be unraveled... There are things that can be told and things that must remain unsaid... Some predictions work in the north but fail in the south. There are fortune-telling methods that rely on a written word from the seeker, while others require the seeker to utter a specific phrase..."

Blake asked, "What do you mean by that?"

Lilly paused for a moment and mumbled, "I mean, Master's explanations tend to be long-winded..."

In her own interpretation, Lilly continued, "Fortune-telling requires a foundation and cannot be done out of thin air."

Blake pondered over her words. It fascinated him, and he made up his mind to learn fortune-telling in the future.

Lilly took hold of Blake's hand and said, "Pick a number, Daddy."

Without much thought, Blake casually replied, "5."

Lilly nodded in agreement. "Alright, let's go! Uncle Cloud is in the northern part of the main city, on the main road. He works tirelessly day and night, surrounded by many people."

As she spoke, the man in black halted in front of an internet cafe.

Blake peered at the surveillance screen, puzzled.

On the surveillance, it read "North, main road."

Since Lilly said Cloud was surrounded by many people, Blake thought of him working at an internet cafe made sense.

Working day and night tirelessly... Does he work as a network administrator?

A sudden realization dawned upon Blake, and he swiftly stood up. "Let's go! Your Uncle Cloud is in danger!"

Lilly exclaimed, "Huh?" She quickly took two more mouthfuls of the delectable food before standing up and rushing out alongside her father.

Blake shouted to the boss, "Bill please!"

The boss hurriedly followed them out with his notepad.

Blake waved his hand without turning back. "That handsome and wealthy guy in there will pay for it."

Anthony sighed in disbelief.

Lisa swallowed what she had in her mouth and asked, "Aren't we... going with them?"

Anthony placed another serving in her bowl and replied, "There's nothing we can do to help."

Lisa nodded, determination gleaming in her eyes. "You might not be able to help... but I can."

Anthony's mouth twitched and he confidently said without hesitation, "You have to protect me."

Lisa looked at him, puzzled. "Huh?"

Anthony clarified, "Just in case, make sure I don't cause any trouble for Lilly."

Lisa understood his intention.

He meant that he lacked the ability to keep a low profile.

If King Libra were to suddenly come back and discover his presence, he would be captured.

In that scenario, Lilly would be at risk.

Therefore, Lisa had to guard him, allowing Lilly to venture forth without worries.

Lisa nodded, fully understanding her role.

She would guard him all her life!