

Eight Uncles 561

[Chapter 561 King Libra's After Cloud](#)

After an all-nighter, Cloud successfully traced an IP address starting from the internet café. He closed the system backstage, ensuring there were no traces left, and stretched his tired muscles.

"Hey, Calvin, I'm here. Sorry I'm late, there was a traffic jam," the substitute network administrator hurriedly greeted Cloud.

Cloud smiled and reassured him, "No worries, I was just finishing up a game. Take your time."

The substitute network administrator marveled at how friendly Calvin was and began the handover process.

"Wait, something seems off with the 25 dollars," the substitute network administrator remarked.

Cloud nodded, "Oh, there was this guy who went crazy and paid with underworld currency to access the internet."

He pointed to two underworld banknotes in the corner and whispered, "Have you noticed anything unusual happening in our county recently? Something that just looks abnormal at first sight?"

The substitute network administrator was scared as he saw the underworld currency!

Oh my...

"Well, nothing out of the ordinary..." The substitute network administrator replied nervously, "There was an elderly lady in the southern part of the city who committed suicide by jumping off a building. But that's unfortunately not uncommon... Could she be the one who was accessing the internet last night?"

Cloud shook his head, "No, it was just a regular young man."

The substitute network administrator pondered for a moment and added, "I did hear about a man getting hit by a bicycle the day before yesterday and being rushed to the hospital. The doctors said he couldn't be saved... But the next day, he disappeared."

Cloud speculated, "Could he have come to our internet café?"

The substitute network administrator cautioned, "Come on, Calvin, don't say such things!"

Cloud realized that he could not find any abnormal people or incidents in the county. He patted his colleague on the shoulder and said, "I was just joking. Let's get on with our work."

The substitute network administrator nodded while sending a voice message to his friend, briefly

mentioning the incident of receiving underworld currency at the internet café. However, he quickly added a warning at the end, urging his friend not to talk about it, as it could affect the café's business negatively and the boss might kill him.

Meanwhile, Cloud went inside to retrieve something, and when he returned, he noticed that the substitute network administrator was still recording a voice message:

"Yeah, I'm scared! Hey, why don't I just take up that part-time job you mentioned yesterday? I can earn 2,000 dollars a month just by taking photos, which is only 500 dollars less than my salary as a network administrator, and it's much easier."

Cloud glanced at him, intrigued by the mention of a part-time job involving photography.

"What kind of part-time job is it? Count me in if the pay well!" Cloud joked.

The substitute network administrator replied, "I'm not sure if it's legit though. There's a rumor that an environmental research organization needs people to take photos to document the biodiversity in the western region."

Cloud asked, "What kind of pictures? Is it that hard to take a picture?"

The substitute network administrator shook his head, "Doesn't sound too difficult. It seems they want photos of the vegetation, the overall forest environment, and such. They said they're looking for someone to go to Kongo Jungle for this purpose."

Kongo Jungle was right at the border, and on the other side of the mountain was Grookey. The area was densely forested, but there was a road that led up the mountain. Residents often went up the mountain to collect herbs and mushrooms, and it was also frequented by tourists exploring the county, although it remained relatively unknown.

Cloud nodded, "Okay, take me with you if you decide to go."

He did not ask for the substitute network administrator's WhatsApp or contact information, as he did not want to appear too eager or suspicious. After discussing the matter, Cloud finished his work for the day and prepared to leave.

However, as soon as he stepped outside, he came face to face with a man in black. The man had a sharp and somewhat sinister appearance, and their eyes met.

Unexpectedly, the man halted, positioning himself slightly sideways as if giving way to Cloud. However, his fixed gaze smirked at Cloud, who was puzzled.

If Cloud was alone, he would have approached the man and stopped him to ask what he was going to do. After all, the man appeared rather suspicious. But he reminded himself of his current identity. He

was merely an internet cafe administrator.

So, Cloud responded with a perplexed expression and asked, "What are you staring at?"

The man in black chuckled and scratched his neck as he continued to smile at Cloud.

Without hesitation, Cloud walked ahead, but as soon as he turned his back to the man, his eyes sharpened instinctively.

Something's definitely wrong with him.

The man's action of scratching his neck, combined with subtle changes in his facial expressions, suggested a malevolent intent. Drawing upon his professional training, Cloud's analysis led him to consider the possibility of an impending threat to his life.

Could his true identity be exposed?

Cloud frowned and felt like he was being watched from behind. Pretending not to notice, he proceeded to a nearby shop, ordered a bowl of noodles, and bought a pack of cigarettes from a convenience store.

As he gazed into the reflective glass window, Cloud noticed the man in black standing silently across the street, resembling a ghostly figure.

Confirming his suspicions, Cloud averted his eyes, lit a cigarette, and was about to place it in his mouth when suddenly, a small hand reached out to him.

Emerging from a heap of plush toys, Lilly poked her head out and said, "Uncle Cloud, you shouldn't smoke!"

Cloud was taken aback.

Lilly?! Why is she here?

Behind Lilly, Blake leaned against something and waved his hand, assuring Cloud, "Don't worry about us. He can't see us."

Cloud quickly realized that Blake referred to the man in black who had been tailing him.

Lilly whispered, "Uncle Cloud, keep moving forward and you should... Daddy said it's a game of tag now!"

Cloud nodded in, even though he could not understand why Blake was so confident that the man in black would not find them. Nonetheless, he chose to trust Blake, whose abilities far surpassed his own.

After lighting his cigarette, Cloud continued walking towards his destination, the cigarette dangling from his lips. The memory of Lilly earnestly warning him not to smoke lingered in his mind, causing him to curl his lips. Lilly was truly an adorable child, and he understood that holding a lit cigarette did not mean he was smoking. Spotting a nearby trash can, he stubbed out the cigarette and discarded it.

Uncertain whether Lilly and Blake had followed him, Cloud momentarily paused when the pedestrian signal turned red, calmly observing the bank across the street. The bank's expansive glass windows had a reflective surface, allowing him to view the street behind him.

To his astonishment, Cloud was left speechless upon casting his gaze toward the reflection.

[Chapter 562 I'll Send You to the Ruler of Hell](#)

Across the street, the man in black appeared like a phantom, intermittently emerging at the intersection and the entrances of various shops, trailed by a swarm of shadowy figures resembling skeletal insects.

And then...

To Cloud's bewilderment, Blake was following the man in black with Lilly!

Cloud's mind raced with confusion. Was Blake being so blatant in his approach?

How could he tail someone like this? Is this how Blake stalks people in broad daylight?

Cloud quickly averted his gaze, feeling foolish for even entertaining such thoughts.

When the traffic light turned green, Cloud continued walking, after that, he reached an alleyway. However, he knew that the man in black would discover Blake.

Cloud pondered.

Perhaps Blake is certain that the man in black didn't recognize him. But the man in black didn't appear to be dumb...

Unable to understand what Blake was doing, Cloud reluctantly chose to trust that Blake had a plan and that reinforcements would arrive.

As he entered the alley, Cloud's surroundings transformed. The small, winding pathway led deeper into the older residential area of the city. While Lemon County boasted newly constructed commercial buildings, this particular neighborhood consisted of homes built by the residents themselves. The layout was irregular and less orderly, causing the alleyways to become increasingly secluded. During the day, most people were at work, with only a few going out early to buy groceries.

Silence enveloped the alley.

Finally, upon hearing footsteps behind him, Cloud turned his head and spotted a dark figure standing not far away, locking eyes with him.

Blake and Lilly stood motionless, concealed behind a nearby wall, their presence shrouded in secrecy.

Cloud felt a lump forming in his throat, almost choking on the words he intended to say. However, he managed to react swiftly. He glanced back and forth before yelling, "Who the hell are you? Why are you following me?"

Just as he thought about what the man in black would say, in the blink of an eye, the man closed the distance, pressing his face close to Cloud.

"Hehe! Cloud," the man addressed him using his real name.

Cloud's expression abruptly changed, his eyes sharpening with suspicion. "Who are you?" he demanded.

King Libra burst into laughter.

How amusing.

Did he think he was so well-disguised that no one would recognize him?

He seems like he's just as dim-witted as a kid.

"Who am I..." King Libra grinned, tilting his neck to the side. "I've come to take your head."

Cloud instinctively stood in a defensive stance, taking a couple of steps backward.

Meanwhile, Blake and Lilly stepped forward, as if they believed they were hidden well enough.

Cloud was left speechless.

What kind of tactic is this?!

Even if they walked openly and without suspicion, nobody would suspect a thing!

Cloud was about to gesture to Blake not to come any closer but to take Lilly away instead. However, before he could speak, the figure of the man in black flickered and reappeared before him, grabbing his neck with one hand.

Cloud's pupils contracted.

The man's speed was astonishing!

This person... was not a human!

"You..."

Cloud was speechless as the man's grip tightened around his neck, causing him to wonder if his head would be twisted off right then and there.

King Libra, sensing his victory, wore a cruel smile on his face. "Do you want to know why I'm ending your life?" he taunted.

"If you're looking for someone to blame, blame your obedient niece, Lilly! Once you become a ghost, remember that it was Lilly who killed you," he continued with a malicious sneer. "I wouldn't have killed you if it wasn't for her."

Cloud desperately attempted to break free from the man's grasp, but his efforts proved futile. He realized he was utterly powerless against such force.

All he could do was cast a pleading look towards Blake, his eyes filled with anxiety and despair, silently urging him to take Lilly and flee.

King Libra turned his gaze back, his expression filled with suspicion.

Blake and Lilly immediately froze in place, as if time had stopped.

Father and daughter locked in synchrony, like statues caught in mid-motion.

Cloud's frustration reached its peak.

I need help here, hello? Why aren't yall doing anything?

Cloud wanted to scold Blake. He wanted to scold Blake for drinking too much which fried his brain, leading him to involve Lilly in this deceitful scheme.

However, to his astonishment, he saw the man in black before he turned his head back, his eyes brimming with suspicion.

Cloud was even more confused.

Didn't I see Blake and Lilly earlier? What's going on?

Were Blake and Lilly invisible to the man?

Cloud was dumbfounded.

To King Libra, Cloud's expression seemed like he was deprived of oxygen and was on the brink of death.

"Tsk tsk, I hope you'll die a painful death." King Libra said coldly. "When I present your severed head to Lilly, she'll be consumed by anger, heartache, and despair..."

"Hahaha...uh!"

King Libra's smile had barely spread across his face when suddenly, a colossal Palace of the Ruler of Hell was hurtled toward him!

His pupils contracted in terror, but before he could evade the disaster, he was obliterated into a bloody mist!

"Poof!"

Cloud saw a crimson-red haze.

His innocent and adorable niece, seemingly powerless, had wielded a palace larger than a house and smashed the man in black who had been choking him into a mist of blood. He witnessed a person evaporate right in front of him, leaving behind not a single trace of flesh or skin.

Oh no, he left a hand!

Horror-stricken, Cloud ripped off the arm that was still clasped around his neck, seizing the opportunity while the other party was still frozen. Otherwise, it would have been near impossible to free himself later on!

"Lilly, you..." Cloud was taken aback. "You killed someone!"

Lilly blinked innocently. "He's not a human!"

Cloud felt his heart pounding and his ears ringing.

He knew that Lilly could see ghosts.

He also knew that ghosts existed in the world...

However, the person was right in front of him just moments ago. He could still tell if he was a human or not.

The man had a shadow and he could feel the man's warmth when he was being choked. Cloud could even see the veins on his face.

How isn't he human?

Even if he was not human, what was the arm Cloud was holding onto?

"Lilly, you and your father should go ahead! I'll stay here to handle the aftermath," Cloud urged.

He understood that now was not the time to dwell on whether the man was human or not. Lilly killed someone, and he needed to address the situation promptly.

Cloud's immediate instinct was to tend to the aftermath and ensure Lilly would not be affected by it.

If this incident were to be classified as murder, he would bear responsibility.

However, before he could react, Lilly reached out and seized the severed arm from his hand. "Uncle Cloud, give it to me!" she insisted.

With a swift motion, Lilly flung the arm towards the Palace of the Ruler of Hell.

The scene unfolded with remarkable precision, leaving not a trace of blood behind.

"I'll send you to the Ruler of Hell with a trick!" Lilly muttered to herself.

Cloud remained speechless, his mind overwhelmed by the surreal turn of events.

[Chapter 563 I've Found Where You're Hiding](#)

There was a concealed presence of dark air within a sculpture at a temple.

The body of King Libra was hidden at this location.

He shut his eyes, sensing his distraction.

Through his diverted gaze, he observed how he had seized Cloud and tightly gripped his neck.

"I wonder what kind of expression you'll have if I showed you Cloud's severed head..." he wondered aloud.

King Libra had started imagining the tearful expression on Lilly's face.

The events that took place on Saffron Island last time unexpectedly allowed them to avert a catastrophe. King Libra could not help but think Yena was useless.

Nevertheless, Lilly could not simply abandon a child, so Yena became a messenger to help King Libra in capturing spirits.

He required allies.

He needed more followers!

...

On the rooftop of a mansion approximately one mile away from the Crawford family, a lady looked at the diligent figure in front of her with respect.

"Mrs. Preston, please just remove this!" Yena said sweetly, wearing a smile.

Mrs. Preston promptly expressed her gratitude, saying, "Not only did you save my son, but you also tidied up our house... Thank you so much!"

Yena shook her head and replied with a smile, "It's nothing! I'm glad I could assist you!"

She emulated Lilly's demeanor whether it was on purpose or not.

She had never met Lilly in person, but she had only watched some short videos that were circulating, causing her to subconsciously imitate her.

"By the way, Mrs. Preston, the house on the hillside over there looks like a castle. Whose house is it?" Yena asked with curious eyes.

Mabel and Yena's visit to the Crawford family remained unknown to others. Bettany spoke in a hushed tone, saying, "It's the Crawford Mansion, but..."

Mrs. Preston continued in a low voice, "It appears that something has happened to Mrs. Crawford."

Yena paused for a moment, surprised, and asked, "What happened?"

Yena gazed at the Crawford Mansion. Despite the Crawford Mansion's spacious residence, cleverly arranged buildings and trees concealed any hint of privacy, not even revealing the unsightly boulder.

Only a portion of the lake, flourishing trees, and a broad lawn beside it were visible.

"I'm extremely grateful to you for not only healing my son but also helping us get rid of the malevolence. As a token of our appreciation, please accept this small gesture..."

Mrs. Preston handed Yena a card.

Holding the card, Yena bid farewell to the Preston family with a sweet smile, and they politely escorted her out.

Yena suddenly felt a swelling in her heart. She had never been so respected before, but the female ghost

mother's teachings had instilled in her the importance of earning respect. Yena found herself treating her ghost mother more and more like her own mother.

The female ghost in a red veil appeared and said, "If you keep this up, you can monitor the Crawford family."

Yena nodded, although she was somewhat absent-minded.

Upon arriving home, she saw Shane sitting on the sofa with a stern expression.

Mabel rushed up and said softly, "Darling, how are you back so early?"

Shane glared at her and said, "Have you both been to the Crawford family? How many times have I told you not to provoke the Crawford family? Do you truly believe that your blood ties can make Blake acknowledge you? How audacious can you be?"

Mabel awkwardly replied, "Yena is his niece after all..."

He doesn't need to acknowledge you as her cousin, he just needs to acknowledge Yena.

"Don't cause any more trouble for me! Stay at home and focus on giving birth to a son for me! That's where your greatest value lies!"

Mabel lowered her head, feeling deeply upset.

Shane constantly monitored her, pressuring her to conceive a son, as if her sole worth lay in giving birth to a male heir!

But was it her fault that she could not conceive a child?

She longed to have someone else impregnate her, but he watched her every day, never letting her out of his sight!

"Okay..." Mabel responded.

At that moment, Shane's gaze landed on her wrist. "Where's your bracelet?" he asked.

Mabel panicked and glanced at Yena.

Yena obediently spoke up, "Mom, I almost tripped and fell earlier..."

[Chapter 564 Walking Into an Abyss](#)

Yena inserted the black needle into Shane's neck discreetly, watching it sink in as blood emerged.

Shane only felt slight fatigue in his neck and instinctively turned it. Yena immediately offered to massage his neck.

Shane was clueless as the black needle continued to penetrate deeper and became firmly lodged in his neck...

Yena obediently asked, "Daddy, what is a birth chart?"

Unusually, Shane patiently provided an answer.

Yena then asked, "And what about your birth chart, Daddy?"

...

At some point, the female ghost in a red veil left the Hatcher family, reaching the base of a cliff near a temple. Emerging from the cracks at the bottom of the cliff, she approached King Libra.

"Master, the black needle has penetrated Shane's neck. This is his birth chart," she informed him.

King Libra unfolded a piece of yellow paper, swiftly transcribing Shane's birth chart onto it, and then a green flame ignited...

If Lilly were present, she would undoubtedly recognize this as a spell she was intimately familiar with "borrowing life."

King Libra took a deep breath, and an invisible dark aura flowed from a distance, gradually healing the shoulder that had been injured by Lilly's attack.

"Let's go, we'll find another location," King Libra stated.

The female ghost was puzzled. "Master, didn't you say this was the best site? Why are we leaving?"

King Libra coldly stared at her. "Are you questioning me?" he asked.

The female ghost hastily replied, "No, I would never dare!"

King Libra snorted. "I've absorbed all the luck in this area. We need to find a new location!"

He could never tell anyone that Lilly found out where he was hiding.

At the moment when King Libra was still confident that Lilly would not be able to find him, a vision suddenly appeared before him. Lilly tilted her head and smiled innocently, saying, "I've found you..."

King Libra quickly realized that Lilly had sensed him through his avatar!

To his surprise, she had achieved this level of ability!

As time passed, King Libra could not help but feel increasingly frustrated and foolish...

He decided to flee overnight.

Of course, he did not view it as an escape. It was merely a strategic maneuver to avoid danger.

And as for Shane, the one whose life he had borrowed...

After Yena's massage, Shane felt quite comfortable but grew increasingly drowsy.

He eventually fell asleep.

When he woke up, he found that he could not lift his shoulders and had a peculiar sensation as if his hands were not his own.

"Cervical spondylosis?" Shane mumbled to himself as he ventured out to continue his business.

Little did he know that his beloved daughter, Yena had borrowed his life...

Yena gained favor from her father at home and earned so much money for catching ghosts. Whenever her sister would hurt her, Yena could call upon the little ghost to punish her sibling.

For a while, she basked in the love of her family and the admiration of many others... It felt as though she had reached the pinnacle of her life!

Yena finally realized that the reason why Lilly was so favored by others was that she could capture ghosts!

As a result, Yena became even more obedient to her ghost mother's commands...

...

Now, let's shift our focus to Lilly.

After eliminating King Libra's clone and disposing of the body, Blake took care of the necessary cleanup. Coincidentally, the nearby surveillance system malfunctioned.

Lilly tossed a talisman, igniting the area where King Libra's clone had been destroyed, completely eradicating any remnants of malicious aura.

The scene became bright and vibrant, with fresh air, melodious bird songs, and fragrant flowers.

Cloud observed the father and daughter duo working seamlessly and efficiently, their movements perfectly synchronized. He could not help but think to himself...

How many times have they done this? They're so proficient...

Fifteen minutes later.

Anthony never expected that he would be having a hot pot meal from morning till afternoon. They simply changed tables and moved to a private room.

He refrained from eating further and dedicated himself to serving Lilly and Lisa. Lisa, who had an enormous appetite, kept going in and out for food and continued to eat.

After Lilly had her fill, her previously bloated stomach miraculously flattened, yet Lisa was still going strong.

Cloud sat across from the two food enthusiasts, with Anthony, Lisa, and Lilly in front of him.

To his left was Blake... and a doll?

He touched his neck absent-mindedly.

The image of Lilly lifting a mansion and smashing a living person into a mist of blood still haunted his mind.

His adorable little niece had transformed in his eyes!

Cloud did not spend much time at home and missed out on the events of the first five hundred chapters.

He was not aware of the full extent of Lilly's actions. It was not until he met his younger sister Jean on July 15th that he realized that he missed out on a lot.

But little did he know that Lilly's true identity was the Ruler of Hell!

It was like seeing a small, innocent kitten long ago, only to meet her again in the blink of an eye as a fierce tiger, engaging in conversation while playfully slapping a massive paw and presenting a bloody antelope before you...

Lilly reached out and playfully waved Cloud closer to her, "Uncle Cloud!"

Cloud responded with a puzzled expression, saying, "Huh?"

Lilly presented a piece of meat in front of him and said, "Uncle Cloud, have some food!"

Cloud glanced at the meat before him. Not wanting to indulge in meat, he quietly put down his cutlery.

"Lilly, are you guys leaving today?" Cloud asked. "You came to protect me, but now that you've defeated King Libra's clone, shouldn't you go back?"

Cloud felt a slight reluctance within him.

Lilly nodded, "Yes, I'm going back! Grandma called and told us to hurry back."

Suddenly, she remembered something and swiftly took out a large stack of talismans from her small backpack.

The talismans were packed in a simple plastic bag.

"Here, Uncle Cloud! You have to take all of these!" Lilly exclaimed.

"I made this bracelet myself! Uncle Cloud, you must wear it at all times. You're not allowed to take it off, it doesn't matter if you're bathing, sleeping, working, or anything else!"

Lilly, the assertive little president, grabbed Cloud's hand and put the bracelets on him.

Cloud did not know whether to laugh or sigh, so he nodded and said, "Uncle Cloud will keep them on at all times, I won't take them off."

But why did you give me so many talismans...

How am I supposed to carry all of these?

Do I have to carry a plastic bag every day?

Lilly quickly pulled out a vest from her bag and said, "Here, take this!"

Cloud looked at her and asked, "What's this for?"

Lilly explained, "Grandma made it for you. She used to hide money in the interlayer like this."

Cloud instinctively took the vest and realized it was useful. It had a double-layered design, similar to a down jacket, with multiple pockets.

It was like a treasure chest for storing personal belongings...

Cloud smirked.

Lilly insisted, "Take it! Grandma wants me to tell Uncle Cloud that It's still chilly, so wear more clothes. Don't try to act tough or be stubborn about seeking comfort!"

Cloud sighed at the affectionate concern from his mother that was afar.

"Alright..." He took the vest, pondered for a moment, and handed it to Anthony. "Anthony, since you're not eating right now, could you help me put the talismans into the vest?"

Anthony's expression froze.

"Uh..."

[Chapter 565 Giving Uncle Cloud Three Female Ghosts](#)

In a hot pot restaurant, Anthony sat upright, maintaining an indifferent expression.

Holding a vest in his hands, he meticulously stuffed one talisman after another into the hidden pockets, resembling an old lady putting insoles into her shoes.

In front of him, his brother, brother-in-law, niece, and wife were all happily enjoying their meal. Their faces were flushed and radiant with smiles, and occasionally glancing at the vest.

Anthony shook the vest and said coldly, "Here."

Cloud glanced at it, seeing his brother's methodical movements as he filled the hidden pockets with over a hundred amulets and talismans to ward off evil spirits.

Lilly exclaimed, "Wow, Uncle Anthony is amazing! Uncle Anthony is even better at this than the lady on TV who puts insoles in shoes!"

Anthony sighed.

If he were asked to do this again, he would kick all his siblings out!

"Are you all full?" Anthony, who was preparing to pay the bill, crossed his arms and said coldly.

Lilly blinked and asked, "Uncle Anthony, are you worried about the bill because we overate?"

Anthony responded immediately, "It has nothing to do with you. Uncle Anthony is happy to spend money on all of you. Is there anything else you want to eat?"

Cloud and Blake exchanged glances.

Blake took the last sip of his drink, nodded, and said, "We're full, Lilly ordered too much, and we just don't want to waste it."

Cloud followed suit and agreed, "We're just helping Lilly finish the food."

Blake turned to the waiter and said, "Can we have the bill please?"

Cloud pointed at Anthony and said, "My brother will pay!"

Anthony let out a sigh.

Lilly observed her father, then looked at Uncle Cloud and Uncle Anthony, sensing a subtle atmosphere among them.

Why did Anthony feel betrayed by Blake and Cloud?

Cloud went to the restroom and changed his vest, putting on a new T-shirt and then wearing the same shirt he had on before.

He felt heavy as he wore an additional vest.

This is made with my niece's love.

Can other people's nieces do that?

Of course, not!

Suddenly, Cloud felt like he had a golden body and a special advantage, making him fearless even if he was shot by bullets.

Cloud came out, opened his arms, and smiled, "Does it look good?"

Anthony glanced at it, wondering if there was any noticeable difference from before.

Lisa also carefully examined him, finding that the way he appeared now was exactly how he looked when he entered earlier!

Lilly's eyes sparkled as she exclaimed, "You look so handsome, Uncle Cloud! You're shining like gold!"

As the saying goes, people need accessories to look better, right?

Blake observed Cloud closely and noticed that he appeared slightly more powerful than before. He nodded and commented, "The old lady sewed a fine vest."

The only question was whether the "old lady" referred to Bettany or Lisa.

Anthony picked up Lilly's small backpack and said casually, "Let's go."

Cloud's face was reluctant. After leaving the private room, he would have to return to being a young man who ate instant ramen all day.

He had no idea when he would be able to complete the mission and return home to be with his niece, who disappeared five hundred chapters ago.

He was told that after completing this mission, he would be granted a seven-day vacation...

At that moment, Cloud felt a tug on his trousers and looked down to see Lilly gesturing for him to come closer.

"Uncle Cloud, say something," she said.

Cloud was puzzled. "What am I supposed to say?"

Lilly urged, "Say whatever you want, hurry up!"

Without hesitation, Cloud blurted out, "Anthony... sew a vest."

Anthony's reaction was...

Lilly nodded approvingly. "Uncle Cloud, you're looking for a total of seven people this time, and you must not miss any of them out."

Cloud was taken aback.

How did she figure it out?

But... seven?

They told me to look for six people on the mission!

There's one more?

Cloud's expression turned serious.

Lilly spoke again. "Uncle Cloud, you'll be successful on your mission. Remember, your lucky number is 2468, and you will definitely find something valuable if you head southeast. Don't miss the opportunity to make money. Your current colleagues will be guiding you, so have confidence and be bold in whatever you do. You don't need to be overly cautious!"

Cloud couldn't help but smile faintly. "Thank you, Lilly."

Despite being a young child, she seemed like a little adult, and her expression oddly resembled Bettany's back home.

"Oh, Lilly wants to give you something nice!" Lilly waved her hand.

To Cloud's surprise, the harem spirit, Ms. Ugly, and the ghost bride who were playing cards in the jar of souls tumbled out.

The three female ghosts were puzzled.

Cloud was shocked.

What... What kind of "nice things" are these?

Lilly introduced the three ghosts, saying, "This is Miss Harem, this is Miss Ugly, and this is the wedding dress lady. They will help Uncle Cloud in your mission, and they're guaranteed to be better than technology!"

As she spoke, she placed a black rope on Cloud's wrist.

Once Lilly left, Uncle Cloud was unaffected by her presence and could no longer see the ghosts.

However, with this black rope, it was assured that Cloud could see everything.

Cloud, upon later discovering the truth, shed tears.

Cloud was speechless.

The harem spirit understood the situation and let go of the cards in her hand. "Oh, so, it's a mission. Are we supposed to stay with him? Hello, my name is Stella."

Cloud remained silent.

Lilly grabbed harem spirit. "Miss Harem, please don't let me address you as Aunt Harem. Please don't hurt my Uncle Cloud!"

The harem spirit chimed in, "No, no! I was just introducing myself. It won't hurt him. I quite like this mission!"

The bridal ghost assured Cloud, "Don't be afraid, husband. Miss Harem means no harm. Don't worry, I'll protect you during this time."

Cloud was taken aback. "Husband?"

The slightly more normal-looking Aunt Ugly laughed. "Hello, handsome man."

Cloud sighed.

Lilly beamed at Cloud. "That's all from me! Good luck on your mission, Uncle Cloud!"

Cloud was still puzzled and called out to her, "Hey, Lilly! Lilly!"

Lilly turned around and skipped downstairs, leaving Cloud alone with the three female ghosts.

It felt like a dream.

The harem spirit asked, "What should we do now, Mr. Cloud? The three of us can work together."

The bridal ghost cautioned, "Miss Harem, be careful."

Miss Ugly chimed in, "Is it appropriate to say such things to a young man? Young man, look at me. You just need to tell me if you don't want to work anymore."

The bridal ghost remained silent, realizing she might have been too subtle.

Cloud sighed.

He leaned against the window, watching Lilly as she left. She climbed into the car and waved at him through the closed window. Despite that, Cloud could see her clearly, and the little girl gave him a big smile.

Cloud's spirits immediately lifted. Well, at least it was a gift from his little niece.

Can someone else's niece give him three ghosts?

No, they can't!

So he should be grateful.

Cloud waited for the owner of the restaurant to clear the table, ordered another pot of tea, and sat there for half an hour before leaving.

Inside the car, Anthony sat in the driver's seat, Lisa sat in the passenger seat, and Blake and Lilly sat in the back.

Anthony asked, "Lilly, why did you give three female ghosts to Uncle Cloud?"

Lilly explained, "Daddy said that Uncle Cloud is involved in a top-secret mission, and if we assisted him directly, it would only bring him trouble. So, we can only give him ghosts who are invisible to others. This way, Uncle Cloud won't be in trouble."

According to Daddy, Uncle Cloud is on a solo mission, and if more people get involved, he would eventually have to report it to his superiors and might face severe punishment.

Daddy is a special case, so it's okay if he occasionally appears by Uncle Cloud's side, but Lilly can't do that.

Anthony remarked, "Uncle Anthony doesn't mean that. I remember there are also male ghosts in your jar of souls. Why didn't you give Uncle Cloud male ghosts instead?"

Lilly replied thoughtfully, "Because, on TV, men and women work best together and make the work less tiring. So, Lilly gave Uncle Cloud three female ghosts."

Anthony and Blake were taken aback by Lilly's explanation and were both speechless.

There was nothing wrong with Lilly's reasoning. She simply did not want her Uncle Cloud to exert himself too much and wanted him to complete the task quickly and easily.

It was the adults who had complicated thoughts...

[Chapter 566 Wait, What Happened to Your Lips?](#)

Blake felt a sense of absence this time and asked, "Lilly, where's your master?"

Lilly truthfully replied, "Master went to the underworld to seek out other Rulers of Hell to capture King Libra."

Blake was surprised. "Will they come?"

For so long, he had assumed that those beings below did not care!

Lilly explained, "That's why Master went down!"

With just that one sentence, Blake could sense the complexity of Lilly's situation.

It meant that those beings did not come, so Pablo had to go down himself.

He could not help but wonder about Lilly's status in the underworld. Did those beings truly respect and fear her? And why did she come to the mortal world to experience things? Were there other reasons behind it?

If they knew that King Libra rebelled, why did Pablo have to seek help from the underworld?

Blake frowned. He knew that there were ten Rulers of Hell in the underworld. In myths and stories, the most commonly mentioned figures after death were Behemoth and Leviathan, the Grim Reapers, and the judges.

These beings served the Ruler of Hell.

This meant that the other Rulers of Hell rarely made appearances, and their roles and responsibilities were largely unknown.

As for Emperor Prosper and the Five Ghost Emperors, they were even more elusive. Only those who wrote novels would delve into their information, and they were rarely mentioned in everyday conversation.

"What's happening in the underworld right now?" Blake questioned with suspicion.

Lilly shook her head. "I dunno..."

Master said she just needed to focus on growing up.

Those who should come will come, and those who should not come would not come.

Blake decided not to ask any more questions. Sometimes, it was better to seek answers himself.

He believed it was better to rely on himself than anyone else.

"Should we go after King Libra now?" Blake inquired.

He remembered that Lilly had just discovered King Libra's hiding place.

Lilly shook her head. "He escaped."

Blake questioned, "Escaped?"

Lilly nodded. "I saw him through his clone, and he could see me too. Daddy, if you knew that the enemy had discovered you, would you stay or run?"

Blake replied silently, "You have a point."

It would be pointless to stay and risk being caught.

Lilly added, "But it's not a complete waste. At least I gave him a great scare!"

Blake was speechless.

Lilly continued, "We'll find him."

Just like ants leaving a trail as they move, King Libra stood out from the crowd and would surely leave behind traces of his presence.

When they reached the airport, the Crawford family's private plane was already waiting for them.

Anthony drove up to the plane's rear. While most people travel by car or plane, the Crawford family's plane would take the car up into the sky and then they would continue the journey by road upon landing.

It was a world that was difficult to understand unless you were wealthy.

When they arrived back at the Crawford Mansion, it was already past nine in the evening.

Lilly called her grandmother, who was in the hospital to let her know he was safe. After washing up, she prepared to go to the hospital to accompany his grandmother.

Suddenly, she looked up at the sky.

Huh, why did the sky above the Crawford family's house seem to be covered by a glass dome?

Lilly's senses were incredibly sharp now.

Both good and bad auras existed in the world and were moving slowly.

Currently, the Crawford family Manor was surrounded by a stagnant aura of death. Although there was still a presence of good and bad aura, they were not moving.

The concept of a fortune arises from the fact that the fortune of certain terrains remains relatively constant, and only a few people can perceive the flow of fortune. Hence, there is a saying "Fortune turns."

No one would be able to notice this subtle difference. Including Lilly when she was less skilled.

However, Lilly could perceive it now. Even when she looked up, she could see that the Crawford Mansion was enveloped by an invisible barrier.

Anthony asked, "What's the matter, Lilly?"

Lilly shook her head. "You wouldn't understand, Uncle Anthony."

She turned to Blake and asked, "Daddy, don't you feel something strange?"

Blake concentrated and replied, "Not just now, but now that you mention it, I have had a lingering feeling that something is off."

However, he could not pinpoint exactly what was wrong.

He couldn't sense any bad aura or any other dangers.

Lilly pointed at the sky above the Crawford Mansion and said, "Our house is being surrounded by something."

After a momentary pause, she added, "How dare they! I admire their courage."

She learned this phrase from Polly.

Anthony, who was about to speak, was taken aback by her words, causing his response to get stuck in his throat.

"What should we do now?" Anthony asked. "Do you need my help?"

Lilly replied, "No, Uncle Anthony. Just focus on making money!"

Anthony sighed. Alright, he was now an emotionless money-making machine, a walking wallet.

Lilly carefully surveyed the area for some time before pointing to the west and exclaiming, "There's still an unsealed opening over there, and the bad guys will surely come to seal it. We just need to keep guard!"

It was such a big problem, did King Libra do this? Lilly could not help but anticipate his arrival.

However, regardless of her anticipation, nothing was as important to her as her own grandmother. She went to the hospital with Anthony because her grandmother would only feel relieved upon seeing Lilly safe with her own eyes.

Even though her grandmother had advised her not to go to the hospital over the phone, Lilly chose to ignore it and visit her anyway.

Meanwhile, Blake remained behind, keeping a close watch on all the people, vehicles, and objects within a one-mile radius of the Crawford family towards the west.

Upon reaching the hospital, Lilly approached the ward cautiously as she was worried she might make noise. She peered inside through the door, hoping to see if her grandmother was asleep. If she was, Lilly did not want to disturb her.

To her surprise, her grandmother's gaze met hers.

Bettany lay on the bed, aware that Lilly had returned but unable to sleep. She wondered if Lilly had eaten and if she was hungry or tired after returning so late. Lilly had left yesterday and only returned tonight. What had she eaten throughout the day?

As if by some telepathic connection, Bettany instinctively turned her head towards the door, catching sight of Lilly sneaking in.

She let out a chuckle and exclaimed, "Lilly! Grandma saw you!"

Lilly quickly entered the room, smiling, and said, "Grandma, why are you still awake?"

Bettany replied, "I was just about to fall asleep, but then I saw you."

Hugh sneered from the side, "Just about to fall asleep? Your eyes were so wide and you were tossing and turning around in bed."

The woman was puzzled. Even after Lilly told her that she returned home, she still could not sleep.

Hugh muttered to himself.

Bettany glared at him. If she could move, she would have to give him a good scolding.

Lilly nestled against Bettany's hand and asked, "Grandma, were you thinking about me?"

Bettany's heart warmed at the affectionate gesture of her granddaughter.

She nodded and replied, "Yes, grandma misses you. You've traveled so far, and grandma doesn't know if you're eating well..."

Lilly lifted her head and beamed, saying, "I'm full, and the food was delicious!"

Just as Bettany was about to nod, her eyes narrowed, and she exclaimed, "Wait, what happened to your lips?"

Lilly's smile froze.

Anthony tensed up.

Lilly hurriedly covered her lips.

Oops, she had forgotten about it!

But it had been a day, and her lips no longer hurt. She had even taken a shower and looked in the mirror, not noticing anything amiss.

Bettany had sharp eyes, capable of noticing even the slightest detail.

Lilly's lips felt warm, likely still swollen and not fully healed.

Bettany's gaze shifted sharply towards Anthony.

Anthony coughed, maintaining a composed expression. "Blake treated Lilly to hot pot, and it might have been too spicy."

Anthony did not dare to mention how Lilly had rolled the meat in chili oil and eaten it.

Bettany was furious. How could they treat such a delicate and tender little girl like this?

It seemed that what others said was true. Fathers brought nothing but trouble!

When there was no danger, fathers were the greatest danger!

"Tell me, where's Blake?" Bettany said in a seemingly gentle tone. "Was he afraid I would scold him, so he didn't come? There's no need for that."

Lilly blinked, suddenly finding her grandmother a little intimidating.

What's going on?

Just as Lilly was pondering, she noticed her grandmother's gaze fixed on her once again. "Lilly, do you think you're wrong?" her grandmother inquired.

Lilly was taken aback, but under the pressure of the moment, she stammered, "Wrong! I was wrong!"

Bettany pressed further, asking, "Why were you wrong?"

Lilly replied, still unsure, "Everything?"

Anthony remained silent, while Hugh muttered to himself, "Hmm... why do these words sound strangely familiar?"

[Chapter 567 | Train by Eating](#)

If you were to ask about Bettany's medical miracle, it would undoubtedly be her cooking prowess.

To be more precise, she could cook for her granddaughter.

After a night of rest, on the third day of waking up, Bettany managed to sit up.

"Doctor, can I go home now?" Bettany asked eagerly.

The doctor examined her medical records and smiled, saying, "It has been a week since the operation, and there have been no complications. Your recovery has been excellent! However, you only need to stay here for ten more days, so don't worry!"

Bettany responded, "But I need to cook for my granddaughter..."

The doctor was momentarily speechless. "Let me put it this way, even if you're discharged in ten days, you still need to rest and recover for at least a month at home. Do you want to cook?"

Playfully, the doctor mimicked stirring a pot and flipping a spatula, saying, "Cooking involves exerting pressure on your chest. Considering your age, I recommend avoiding such labor for at least three months."

Bettany argued like a stubborn child, "How can cooking be considered labor?"

Hugh chimed in, "Alright, even if there's no one at home to cook, you should be obedient and not risk reopening the wound by coming back to the hospital and suffering!"

Bettany shot him an annoyed glare.

After sharing a few words of advice, the doctor left the ward.

Bettany leaned back against the pillow with a forlorn expression.

What kind of life would she be living if she could not cook to fatten up her children and grandchildren?

One of the essential qualities of a qualified grandmother was being able to nourish her loved ones.

Lilly has become noticeably thinner in her absence!

Margaret offered, "Old Mrs. Crawford, let me handle it! I've been assisting you all this time, and I know Lilly's tastes well."

Bettany smirked, but she remained silent.

Margaret chimed in once again, saying, "I'll take care of the cooking, and you can handle the feeding. I'll make sure to fatten them up for you."

Bettany sat up straight, nodded, and exclaimed, "You're right! Come, get a pen and paper. I'll create a menu for you."

"It's now 7.30 in the morning... Lilly usually wakes up at 9 o'clock if she doesn't have school."

"You can start by steaming a bowl of eggs for her, followed by two pan-fried buns, and then prepare a bowl of noodles, fish, and tofu porridge... and a basket of shrimp dumplings."

Hugh was about to interject with, "Isn't that too much to eat?" when the determined old lady continued, "That's just the appetizer... For the main breakfast, make some roasted chicken, serve a plate of boiled lettuce, and then steam some spare ribs... We shouldn't have anything too greasy in the morning, so this should be fine."

Hugh remained speechless.

Bettany held the pen and paper, surveyed the menu she had compiled, and nodded in satisfaction. "We have protein, vitamins, carbohydrates... Well, let's include fresh milk at the end. That should complete the nutrition."

Hugh still could not speak up.

And so, everyone's breakfast consisted of pan-fried buns, noodles, porridge, roasted chicken...

Margaret had long grown accustomed to such elaborate meals and shared the same views with Bettany.

"Are you worried they might get tired of it? How about adding blueberry sauce to some yogurt, and we can also serve them some barley."

Bettany nodded enthusiastically, "Yes, let's include those too! We need to ensure they have well-rounded nutrition!"

Hugh remained in disbelief.

When Lilly woke up, a sumptuous breakfast awaited her.

Ever since returning from the Palace of the Ruler of Hell, Lilly's appetite had noticeably increased.

The others were in for a filling meal.

What Lilly consumed would be transformed into strength, relying on eating to cultivate and upgrade her strengths. While others diligently cultivate immortality, she effortlessly ascends through eating.

Eating became a form of training for her, and it was challenging for her to gain weight again. This was why Bettany is so fixated on feeding Lilly to make her plump.

After dinner, Lilly returned to the Crawford Mansion. Her siblings were currently hiring tutors, but Lilly,

being in kindergarten, did not have to worry too much about her studies.

In any case, until King Libra was eliminated, everyone should remain cautious, and their lives could not return to normal.

"Have you seen anyone weird lately, Daddy?" Lilly immediately sought out Blake upon her return.

Blake focused his gaze on the surveillance screen.

No suspicious ghosts were visible.

It would be easy for him to detect suspicious people.

"Look, isn't this her?" Blake pointed to a familiar figure in the footage.

Lilly scoffed, "Isn't that Yena?"

She felt a bit disappointed, thinking it might be King Libra.

Yena always claimed to be her cousin, but Lilly refused to acknowledge her as her relative. She even felt uneasy when Yena addressed Lilly as her sister.

Blake nodded, "That's right, it's her."

He stared at Yena coldly.

"Arthur," Blake called out.

Arthur swiftly appeared, responding, "Here, sir!"

Blake commanded, "I'll give you half an hour to find out all of Yena's recent activities and every place she has been to in the past month!"

"Yes, sir!"

After half an hour, Arthur presented a USB flash drive to Blake, saying, "Mr. MacNeil, this is all the information I could gather! Yena's movements during the first half of the month were not suspicious, but in the latter half, she visited the Preston, Taylor, Lean, and Zink families respectively."

Blake opened the map and marked the locations of these families.

Furthermore, she appeared at the Ferguson family's house today.

It formed a circular pattern around the Crawford Mansion.

Lilly looked at the sky and then at the circles on the map, saying, "That's right, it's like a plastic wrap!"

Arthur was puzzled, "Plastic wrap? Do we need to buy plastic wrap?"

Arthur left with his doubts.

Blake asked, "Is it dangerous?"

Lilly shook her head, "It's not. We can just destroy it. We can deal with it ourselves if it's necessary."

It was not King Libra who wrapped the Crawford Mansion, so it would be easy to destroy it.

Blake's mouth twitched.

Destroying it was easier said than done...

Lilly rushed back to her room to grab her small backpack and said, "Let's go, Daddy! We're going to confront her!"

How dare Yena meddle with her family!

She could not tolerate that!

...

Yena happily headed towards the last house.

Her ghost mother had told her that once she captured the ghosts of the Ferguson family, the Crawford family would be enveloped in her blessings, and they would naturally develop stronger affection for her.

Her life would be better after today.

The female ghost could not help but sneer.

What a fool.

Only Yena would believe in such nonsensical lies to deceive children.

But why were there ghosts in the Preston, Taylor, Lean, and Zink families? In fact, they were released there a month ago. Or else how could she say that King Libra was far-sighted?

Yena rang the doorbell and was greeted by Mrs. Ferguson.

She tilted her head and spoke in an innocent voice, "Hello, Mrs. Ferguson! I'm Yena. You called me yesterday."

Mrs. Ferguson eagerly invited her inside, saying, "Please come in, please come in!"

She had heard from the noble ladies of the Taylor and Preston families that Yena possessed great power, and her reputation had spread within their circle.

Rumors had it that an expert had enlightened her, and her abilities suddenly blossomed.

Mrs. Ferguson lowered her voice and sighed, "Oh, I don't know why, but now it's my son's turn to fall ill! This time, I must rely on your help..."

She could not shake off the feeling that their families had been incredibly unlucky lately. Either their children fell ill without any reason, or they witnessed ghosts floating by their doors in the middle of the night, or they experienced various misfortunes. It felt as if someone had cursed them.

Ah, yes... the feeling of being looked down upon!

If she were to find out who was behind all this mischief, she would make sure they regretted it for the rest of their lives!

[Chapter 568 Why Would You Speak Nonsense?](#)

Yena pretended to stroll around Ferguson Mansion, observing the surroundings.

Then she asked, "Mrs. Ferguson, did you happen to pick up something outside last week?"

Mrs. Ferguson paused, trying to recall. Picking up something? She pondered for a moment and suddenly remembered, "Oh, yes! Someone lost their wallet and I found it. But since nobody came to claim it, I handed it over to the police."

Yena remarked, "There's something weird about that wallet. Mrs. Ferguson, you shouldn't have picked it up."

Mrs. Ferguson's eyebrows furrowed in confusion. What did Yena mean? Was it wrong to do a good deed?

"I picked it up and didn't keep it for myself. I handed it over to the police..." Mrs. Ferguson felt a sense of unease. Could she have made a mistake?

Yena looked up at her with innocent eyes and said, "You shouldn't be punished for doing a good deed, but the person who lost the wallet might have done it intentionally. By picking up his belongings, you've inherited his bad luck. The deathly aura might have transferred to you."

Mrs. Ferguson was taken aback. "But the police took it, didn't they?"

She had held onto the wallet for less than half an hour, and after handing it over to the police, they had it for a few days.

Yena explained, "The police are righteous and unaffected by these twisted ways. But you're an ordinary person and don't possess that same righteousness."

Mrs. Ferguson suddenly had a realization. The explanation seemed to make sense.

As Yena performed her ritual and successfully expelled the ghost, Mrs. Ferguson's son, who had been bedridden for a week suddenly sat up and said that he was hungry. Mrs. Ferguson's family was completely convinced.

"Thank you!" Mrs. Ferguson cried tears of joy.

Yena blinked and softly replied, "You're welcome, Mrs. Ferguson. It's my duty to help. However, the fortune of your house seems to have a hole, allowing evil ghosts to enter. Yena can help you get rid of it and seal the hole for you."

Mrs. Ferguson was about to agree to Yena's suggestion when a servant entered and informed her that Little Miss Crawford visited them. Mrs. Ferguson hurriedly asked Yena to wait and went out to receive Lilly.

Yena's face went dark as Mrs. Ferguson left the room.

Her little cousin was here? Was she coming to steal her stuff again? How annoying!

After a while, Mrs. Ferguson returned with a displeased expression, accompanied by Lilly and Blake.

When Yena saw Blake, her eyes lit up, and she spoke softly, "Uncle Blake!"

Blake did not even spare her a glance.

Lilly focused her gaze on the female ghost in a red veil standing behind Yena and said, "Mrs. Ferguson, your son is not haunted by a ghost..."

The female ghost took a step back nervously.

Being targeted by the Ruler of Hell's descendants was a pressure that ordinary ghosts could not bear. Even though her master would become the true Ruler of Hell in the future, this troublesome little brat in front of her could still suppress her...

The female ghost immediately wanted to escape.

Lilly raised his hand and commanded, "Hey! Call me Daddy!"

The female ghost blinked in confusion.

What nonsense is this?

She was about to continue running, but to her shock, she found that she could not move anymore. She and Yena were inexplicably trapped together!

The female ghost was terrified. She did not know how Lilly had managed to do it. Why was she suddenly locked up when she did not see anything? She also found herself unable to speak!

That made no sense!

Upon hearing Lilly say, "Hey! Call me Daddy" out of a sudden, everyone present was left bewildered.

Yena quickly spoke up, "Lilly, what are you doing? Mrs. Ferguson's son was haunted by a ghost, and I helped Mrs. Ferguson to get rid of it just now."

She made sure to emphasize that she was the one who helped Mrs. Ferguson.

However, Lilly shook her head and refuted, "Mrs. Ferguson's son isn't haunted at all, you're the one who made the ghost haunt him!"

Yena was taken aback, finding it hard to believe.

Her ghost mother had told her that it was the bad fortune of the Ferguson family that allowed the malevolent spirit to enter. She knew that Lilly was up to no good, with her meddling in the Book of Life and tampering with her life. Now she was accusing her of something she did not do!

Yena's eyes turned red, and she looked at Blake with a pleading expression, saying, "Uncle Blake, I didn't do it!"

Then she turned to Mrs. Ferguson and continued, "Mrs. Ferguson, he's my uncle... I wouldn't do such a thing."

Mrs. Ferguson was about to say something, but she hesitated due to her jealousy towards Blake. Although Blake did not have a good relationship with the MacNeil family in Alfordnada, he was an adult, so what if he did not care about children...

But Blake coldly replied, "How many times have I told you not to involve me in your wrongdoings? Do you think I won't hit a kid?"

Yena felt her face stinging as she was humiliated.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Ferguson's son, who had been ill for a week, stood nearby. Despite being able to eat, he still had not fully recovered.

Lilly did not want to argue any further. In the end, it was all about who had the power to back up their words.

So Lilly reached out and pulled on him, tugging him forcefully. Suddenly, a little ghost emerged from him!

The little ghost appeared charred as if it had been burnt to death, but its pale, lifeless eyes were fixed on everyone in the room.

Earlier, when Yena had mentioned collecting ghosts, Mrs. Ferguson had not seen any ghosts. She only saw her son suddenly get up and felt hungry.

As Lilly pulled out the little ghost, Mrs. Ferguson screamed in shock, nearly knocking over a vase.

"There really is a ghost!" Mrs. Ferguson exclaimed, stepping back in fear.

Yena was momentarily stunned, but quickly recovered and said, "Yes, there really is a ghost! How strange, I just took care of it, why is it here again?"

She glanced at Lilly as she spoke, implying that Lilly brought the little ghost back.

Lilly asked directly, "Are you saying that I put it back on him?"

Yena immediately denied it, saying, "Yena didn't mean that!"

Lilly snorted and explained, "It's not easy. This kind of little ghost is called a rebellious child and it's usually the spirit of an aborted fetus. After being burned and trained, it becomes an obedient little ghost that always stays by its mother's side."

"He recognizes his mother. And as soon as you release him, he will know who set him free."

Yena did not understand at first but soon realized that the little ghost might recognize her as its mother. However, she was only five years old, so she could not be the child's mother.

Yena felt relieved at the thought.

She nodded and said, "Then let him go. After all, Yena has a clear conscience and is not afraid at all."

Lilly thought to herself, "You won't be saying that for long."

As soon as Lilly released the little ghost, it immediately ran towards Yena, feeling the invisible coercion of the little Hades.

Yena's eyes widened in disbelief, and she said, "Lilly, are you framing me..."

But before she could finish her sentence, the little ghost leaped into the air beside her.

She choked on her words.

At that moment, a female ghost in red clothing appeared next to Yena. The little ghost nestled in her arms, showing a sense of attachment.

What was more surprising was that the female ghost in the red seemed anxious and desperately wanted to speak.

The moment she revealed herself, she blurted out, "Yena, run!"

The female ghost in red was dumbfounded.

She could not speak earlier, and now that she could. Why did it have to be now?

Was Lilly playing with her?

[Chapter 569 Confession Talisman](#)

The female ghost in red cursed under her breath, wishing she could escape, but she was trapped and unable to do so.

Yena panicked and waved her hands, desperately trying to explain, "No... it's not like that... it's Lilly... yes, Lilly is the one who summoned the ghost!"

Upon seeing the female ghost in red appearing next to Yena, Blake initially thought it was one of the ghosts Lilly summoned with her jar of souls. He was wondering when his daughter had learned such unconventional methods...

But now he realized that this ghost in a wedding dress was different from the one in the jar of souls.

Mrs. Ferguson, startled and enraged, said, "So it's you!"

She had found it strange from the beginning. The Preston family, the Taylor family, the Lean family, and the Zink family had all experienced ghostly encounters recently, and now it was their turn. Moreover, Yena had been the one to discover their misfortune and offer to catch the ghosts.

It turned out that Yena was the one who summoned the ghost!

Mrs. Ferguson became furious and sneered, "Very well! I'll call your father right now. If he doesn't explain what's going on today, this matter will never be resolved!"

Yena was dumbfounded when she heard that Mrs. Ferguson intended to call her father.

Panicking, she quickly said, "No, I don't know this ghost mother... No, I mean, I don't know this female ghost!"

She was so used to calling her ghost mother, that it slipped out as she spoke.

Mrs. Ferguson sneered, and she had already called Shane, demanding him to come right away.

Coincidentally, Shane happened to be nearby, and upon hearing that Blake was also present, he promised to arrive within ten minutes.

Yena's heart sank as she realized the seriousness of the situation. She could not help but feel that Lilly was being evil. And thought that Lilly came to the Ferguson family when she was catching ghosts on purpose to frame her!

Yena, with tears streaming down her face, pleaded desperately, "It's not me, it isn't!"

She could not understand why Lilly would frame her like this when all she had been taught by her ghost mother was to help others and do good deeds.

Mrs. Ferguson's suspicion grew after the phone call.

Yena didn't seem like she's lying!

Did Lilly frame her intentionally?

Mrs. Ferguson could not help but look at Lilly suspiciously.

Yena continued to cry and made a firm declaration, "I swear, it's really not me! I swear to Zeus that I'll be struck by lightning if I lie."

As soon as the words left her mouth, a crack of lightning split the sky, followed by a resounding thunderclap.

Everyone was speechless.

Lilly shook her head and said, "See, you shouldn't make random oaths. God is watching!"

Yena was silent.

Lightning struck as she spoke earlier. So, she decided not to make things worse.

But she continued to cry, looking at everyone with an aggrieved expression, as if she had been genuinely wronged.

Lilly said, "Don't you think there's enough evidence?"

Daddy always said not to give others a chance to turn things against you.

Of course, she had some evidence to convince everyone so that Yena would not find an excuse to claim innocence.

Daddy said that this is called honing the blade, where we must learn to sharpen the knife and not give the enemy an opportunity to rise again.

In response, Lilly took out a talisman.

"This talisman is called the Confession Talisman. Once it is applied to someone, they will confess everything to you obediently no matter if it's a human or ghost!"

Blake was shocked, "Huh?"

That kind of talisman exist?

Lilly continued, "To prove that the talisman is real, let's start with Mrs. Ferguson."

Mrs. Ferguson was startled, "What... what's this?"

Then she noticed a talisman stuck on her forehead.

Mrs. Ferguson was suddenly rendered speechless!

Observing this, Blake intervened without waiting for Lilly to speak, "My apologies, Mrs. Ferguson. Since you don't believe it, you should try it out for yourself. This way, there won't be any misunderstandings when you share it with others."

His tone was cold, and his eyes were indifferent. Mrs. Ferguson did not dare to say a word...

Blake then looked at Lilly and said, "Go ahead."

Lilly suddenly realized that her father was concerned that others might misunderstand her act of casually applying talismans. To avoid any misconceptions of rudeness, he took over her role.

Feeling touched, she held her father's finger with her small hand and reassured him, "Don't worry, Daddy, Lilly knows how to behave!"

Lilly looked at Mrs. Ferguson and said, "I'll only ask harmless questions, Mrs. Ferguson, so please don't be nervous!"

"Mrs. Ferguson, do you know how to whistle?"

Mrs. Ferguson was silent.

What an odd question!

"Yes!" Although her mind seemed to have a mind of its own, she answered honestly.

Lilly continued, "Do you ever secretly fart under the covers and then trap Mr. Ferguson in it?"

Mrs. Ferguson was stunned.

However, she could not control her words, "Yes!"

Wait, how is this a harmless question?

Mrs. Ferguson felt her face reddening, not knowing where to hide her embarrassment.

Lilly swiftly took off the talisman.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Ferguson, I initially wanted to ask you how much money you have privately, but I realize it's not appropriate to ask about personal finances!"

Mrs. Ferguson thought to herself, I'd rather you ask me about the money rather than the questions earlier... boohoo...

However, seeing Lilly's sincere expression, she could not stay angry.

Upon reflection, it was understandable. After all, she had doubted Lilly earlier...

Come to think of it, if she had gone out like this today, she would have genuinely suspected something was amiss with Lilly later on, thinking that the female ghost was under her control.

But now Lilly was obedient and trustworthy. The incident of trapping her husband in bed after farting... Only she and her husband were aware of it.

Who knew there was such a talisman in the world... How scary!

Holding the talisman, Lilly approached Yena, who backed away in panic, saying, "Don't come near me, don't stick that on me..."

"Slap! Slap!"

The talisman was stuck to the foreheads of both Yena and the female ghost in red.

Yena's eyes widened, and the female ghost looked furious, but they could not utter a word.

When Lilly posed the question, the female ghost could not control her mouth and revealed all the details of her plan.

She was tasked with following Yena, teaching her how to catch ghosts, deceiving her that if she performed well, others would like her, and manipulating her against the Crawford family.

She had released all the little ghosts to the Preston, Taylor, Lean, and Zink families, all with the purpose of setting up a formation to seal the Su family and monitor them.

Yena was astonished upon hearing this.

The ghost had actually been deceiving her!

No... it can't be!

During this period, Yena was being manipulated and believed that Lilly had stolen her life. She could not accept the reality at all.

After questioning the female ghost, Lilly intended to ask Yena more questions, but Yena was no longer afraid of her as she had been deceived!

Regardless of what Lilly asked, she was innocent.

Surprisingly, Lilly did not follow the expected pattern and continued questioning Yena.

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Lilly continued to ask, "Are you trying to steal my father?"

Yena was taken aback for a moment and answered honestly, "Yes!"

As soon as she finished speaking, she regretted it. She could never say that!

But she could not control her mouth.

Lilly proceeded with another question, "Are you jealous of all the uncles I have?"

Yena responded, "Yes!"

She wished she could deny it, saying that she was not jealous of Lilly having so many uncles. Deep down, she envied the fact that so many people liked Lilly, unlike herself, who felt so empty...

Unfortunately, her mouth was brutally honest, admitting everything she should not have said.

Lilly pressed on, "Were you pretending to like me?"

Yena burst into tears and sobbed, "Yes."

Finally, Lilly asked, "Do you want to drive me away and take my place?"

Yena answered with a hoarse voice, "Yes..."

Lilly remained calm, "You also want me to disappear and never return."

Yena choked on her tears, "Yes..."

Blake's expression turned cold.

Yena could not control her tears.

Blake no longer liked her anymore!

How could Lilly do this?

Lilly has so many uncles, but Yena only yearned for one uncle... Lilly did not give in and made her look terrible!

Everyone was astonished by Yena's answers. Just moments ago, this child seemed different, well-behaved, and sensible!

Unexpectedly, at such a young age, Yena had mastered the art of pretending to be righteous. She had learned a lot from her mother, which was quite surprising...

At that moment, Shane entered with an ugly expression on his face!

He had rushed over, almost out of breath, and leaned against the wall by the door to catch his breath.

Shane had not arrived when Lilly was questioning the ghost in red, but he had heard Lilly's question and Yena's answers clearly.

However, Shane was still affected by the black needle in his neck, and the first words he uttered upon meeting them were in defense of Yena.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry! It's my fault for not disciplining Yena properly. She's still young and doesn't know any better... I've told her not to bother you before, but she didn't listen!"

Lilly focused her gaze on Shane's arm and suddenly asked, "Mr. Hatcher, do you feel numb in your arm lately? So numb that you can't lift it?"

Shane was taken aback, wondering why Lilly suddenly showed concern for his physical condition.

In the past few days, his arm had indeed been numb, and he struggled to lift it. The condition seemed to be worsening.

He had visited a doctor, but the doctor said there was nothing wrong.

"Thank you, Little Miss Crawford for your concern... I've been feeling unwell recently, probably due to cervical spondylosis," Shane replied.

Lilly shook her head and said, "Not only can you not lift your arms, but you also feel weak and tired after taking just a few steps."

"You often wake up from nightmares at night, drenched in sweat."

"You even have difficulty urinating in the toilet and end up wetting your legs."

Shane's eyes widened in horror, "How did you know?"

These were private and embarrassing issues that he did not tell the doctor!

Lilly stated, "Your life force has been sucked out!"

"Do you know what borrowing life is, Mr. Hatcher? You could have lived until you're 80 years old, but now you may only live until 60 years old."

Shane, who was 56 years old, married Mabel and put in great effort to have a child, hoping for a son to inherit the family property.

Now, upon hearing that he only had four years to live, he was taken aback and became suspicious.

"What? No, it's impossible! Little Miss Crawford, stop talking nonsense!"

He acknowledged his health issues, but living for only four years seemed unfathomable. What could one accomplish in such a short time?

He had worked hard to earn money and had started a family at the age of forty, welcoming his first daughter at the age of forty-two. However, his first wife struggled to conceive a son, so he married Mabel.

He had hoped for a son even when he crossed the threshold of fifty, but Yena, another daughter, was born instead.

With his goal of having a son unfulfilled, how could four years be enough? He had not enjoyed life to the fullest yet!

Lilly didn't offer much explanation. Instead, she asked Mrs. Ferguson to bring a mirror and instructed Shane to squat down while she placed her little hand on the back of his neck.

As Shane felt a sharp pain in his neck, he watched in disbelief as Lilly extracted a large black needle from his neck.

The needle was large, resembling those used for injecting cattle, and Shane broke out in a cold sweat at the sight of it.

"How... How could something like this be inside my body?"

Lilly stated, "Ask your daughter!"

Shane stared at Yena, demanding an answer, "Did you do this?"

Yena's eyes were filled with terror, but she could not control her words. "Yes..."

Shane's expression suddenly turned grim.

Now that the influence of the black needle was gone, he returned to his normal state, free from the inexplicable affection he had felt towards Yena.

He recalled that Yena had given him a massage a few days ago.

Shane's arm had indeed started to go numb and became immobile after Yena's massage. Now, he confronted her as he frowned, demanding an explanation.

Yena tearfully confessed, "Yes, I stuck the needle in when I massaged you..."

It's all over...

Enraged, Shane grabbed Yena's arm and delivered a powerful slap across her face.

"It's not a good thing to follow in your mother's footsteps at such a young age!"

What kind of ungrateful child had he raised!

He provided her with food, shelter, and raised her, and this was how she repaid him!

Lilly retrieved the talisman from Yena's head and burned it. Yena cried loudly, desperately pleading, "Dad, it's not like that! Yena didn't do it on purpose! Yena was also deceived by the ghost!"

"The ghost even told me it can give you back your life force..."

Shane looked at Lilly.

Lilly shook her head, "There's nothing you can do to get back your stolen life force."

Whether it was borrowing luck, borrowing life, or any other form, they were all deceitful and filthy tricks.

Shane's life had likely been drained by King Libra to recover, taking away twenty years in one go.

How could it be reversed now?

Shane grew even angrier, thinking about the pain he had endured in the past few days, and slapped Yena across the face again.

Yena sobbed uncontrollably.

Mrs. Ferguson sneered, "I thought she would harm other people's families, but I never expected that she would even try to kill her own father! I underestimated her."

"I don't care about other people's affairs, but she almost killed my son!"

Yena continued to cry, insisting that she had also been deceived by the female ghost in red.

At this moment, how could she recall the joy she felt when her ghostly mother granted her a favor, only to be overcome with terror as she attributed everything to the ghostly figure.

The female ghost dressed in red with a talisman attached remained silent, leaving an eerie silence in the air.

Indeed, she appeared to be an unfamiliar and malicious figure. If given the chance, she would undoubtedly be the first to take Yena's life tonight, and keeping her alive would serve no purpose whatsoever.

However, Lilly did not grant her that opportunity. She swiftly raised her hand to strike the ghostly,

causing fear to fill the eyes of the ghost, who let out a shrill cry before disintegrating into ashes.

"Let's leave now," Blake said, picking up Lilly and leaving without looking behind.

From a distance, Yena's cries could be heard...

She did not know whether Mrs. Ferguson would chop off her arms and legs.

But Shane would undoubtedly suffer severe consequences.

Lilly grabbed onto her father's neck and asked, "Daddy, isn't she incredibly pitiful?"

Blake responded, "A person consumed by misfortune will harbor resentment. She brought this upon herself, this is her nature. If she's not corrected at a young age, she will only cause harm to more people as she grows older."

While it was believed humans were born good. However, Blake was inclined to believe that human nature was inherently wicked.

There was a philosophy that said people were born into this world to face hardships as evil beings. As they grow, they gradually cleanse their sins and ultimately become good people.

He was convinced that the majority of kids do not grasp the concept of good and evil from the get-go. In their cluelessness, they might even be cruel to small animals. It's only through their parents' guidance and upbringing that they eventually learn right from wrong.

No matter what others might say, he simply did not feel any sympathy for Yena, even though she was just five years old.