

Eight Uncles 591

[Chapter 591 Some People Just Want To Hear An Apology Or A Thank You](#)

Cathy sat on the bed in a daze, unsure what had happened.

She only saw her brother cry.

She climbed to the bedside table and plucked out a tissue, climbed off the bed to Sean before getting on her tiptoes and holding out the tissue clumsily.

"Wipey tears, Sean! Don't cry, Sean!" Cathy seemed a little panicked.

Sean turned his face to the side, determined not to make a noise even as tears streamed down his face.

Cathy could only hug her brother's leg, pressing her cheek to his calf.

A long time later, Sean let go of Lilly at last. His voice was hoarse when he croaked out, "Thank you."

Lilly swung Cathy's hand, beaming at Sean. "Don't worry about it, Sean!"

She lifted Cathy's arm into the air, hauling Cathy into her arms in one move.

"Cathy, say thank you to Sean!"

Cathy didn't understand, but obediently chirped, "Thank you, Sean!"

Lilly said, "Say 'You've done well, Sean!'"

Cathy said, "Say you've done well, Sean!"

Lilly frowned. "No, say it without the first word."

Cathy said, "It without the first word!"

Sean stifled a laugh, forcing his face to go back to neutral.

**

Lilly put the rebel ghost into the jar of spirits. She still had to heal Cathy's sickness and get rid of the last of her bad aura, and so Lilly came over everyday to play with Cathy in the next few days.

They were all in the park. Sean had his hands in his pockets, leaning against one of the exercise facilities as he watched Lilly and Cathy play a game of freeze.

"One, two, three... Freeze!"

Lilly and Cathy stopped moving at the same time, contorting into weird poses.

The two girls played together, competing on who could run to Sean first. Every round ended in Cathy charging into Sean's arms in a fit of giggles.

"You lost!" Lilly shouted, running after her from behind. "You're not playing fair!"

Cathy's laughter tinkled through the park like a peal of silver bells.

"Freeze!" She hugged her brother's leg, yelling as she raised her head.

Sean froze posed like a robot, setting Cathy into even harder laughter. Sean picked her up, hauling her into his arms with ease.

"Come on, let's go home," he said.

Cathy was having none of it. "No, more! I'm not going home."

Sean dragged her away by her armpits. "Nope, not letting you."

Cathy struggled in his grasp, and Sean tickled her from the back. "Gotcha gotcha!"

Cathy let out a peal of giggles. Lilly could not help but laugh along.

Not too far away.

Cathy's mother stood rooted to the spot, staring at her children.

She had never seen Sean and Cathy get along so well...

That wasn't right.

Cathy's mother's mind was racing, and she suddenly remembered seeing Sean carrying Cathy in her ward when she was just born, pacing about and cooing at her.

Then during her confinement, she would wake up after her naps to see Cathy lying on the couch with Sean next to her, playing with Cathy with a rattle in hand.

Then after that... Cathy's mother and father thought that Sean hated his sister because she got in his way, and that was why they did their best to get Cathy away from Sean...

Then whenever anything happened, they would avoid Sean as well.

When did this start happening?

Cathy's mother covered her mouth with her hand, tears streaming down her face.

It was all her fault.

She was a bad mother.

She had thought that she would be able to be a good mother to her kids, and fix their relationship.

Only for everything to be screwed up.

It was all her fault...

Cathy's mother could not stop crying, her chest aching. She wanted to sob out loud but was afraid of making a scene, and turned around to walk away at top speed.

All of a sudden, a voice called out to her. "Mom?"

Cathy's mother turned around, trying to force out a smile. Yet her tears continued to fall for some reason, and she hurried to wipe them away with a smile. "Ah, this wind keeps blowing dust into my eye."

She choked out a laugh, wiping at her tears as if nothing happened.

Sean held Cathy in his arms, looking at his mother quietly.

Cathy's mother could not hold it in the end, bursting into sobs.

"Sean, I'm so sorry," she sobbed. "I'm sorry... I'm really, really sorry."

"It's all my fault, I neglected you."

"I'm really so sorry..."

Cathy's mother fell to her knees on the ground in between sobs.

This was her son, who she had raised herself all the way.

How had this happened, for them to be at war with each other all the time?

She had held him at some point too, she had lost sleep over him too and wanted to hit him but did not have the heart to in the end.

She had watched him learn to crawl too, then walk, then run...

He would run further, and further away from her.

"I'm sorry..."

Sean's eyes reddened, and he turned his head to the side and croaked, "Come on, get up. If people see, they'll think I made you angry again."

He held onto Cathy, hurrying to the elevator and swiping his card on it.

He held the door open, calling out to his mother. "Come on, hurry."

Cathy's mother scrambled to her feet. A thought came to her a few steps in, and she turned around...

Lilly, of course, was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's Lilly?" She asked, surprised.

Sean said, "She just went back."

Cathy's mother did not feel the best, silently following Sean into the elevator.

He was now taller than his mother, and they stood in the elevator with Cathy. The elevator dinged, just as Sean said lightly, "Thank you."

Sean hit the close button, Cathy in his arms. "Let's go!"

The elevator doors closed, and the three people disappeared from sight.

Lilly leaned against the pillars underneath a viaduct, waving a flower around leisurely.

Pablo said, "Ah, these family relations..."

"So many parents just want their children to appreciate them, but their children are waiting for an apology from them instead... A lot of them will never get it, though."

Families with two children were never going to be equal. This was a challenge that every family like that was destined to face.

Even the most enviable siblings on television or the internet went through arguments and fights on their own.

Understanding was the key to a good relationship...

Just then, Blake's phone rang with a video call request from Bettany.

Blake stared at the phone.

A few days ago Bettany had called, and saw the bandaid on Lilly's cheek...

That had resulted in Blake getting an earful.

Two days ago she called again. The band aid was taken off, but there was still a dab of iodine on Lilly's cheek and looked pretty terrifying...

So Cloud had gotten an earful...

Today...

"Lilly... Grandma's looking for you," he said.

Lilly scrambled to her feet, taking the phone and picking up the call with a big smile. "Hello, Grandma! I miss you!"

Lilly understood something today.

There were several children in the Crawford family. She had three brothers, and a sister.

Maybe it was because they all had different parents, or it was because they lived together at the Crawford house.

Lilly suddenly felt very lucky to have such wonderful brothers and sisters from the start— oh, wait. They hadn't liked her at the start, actually.

But that was alright! She would treasure them either way!

Bettany stared at the screen at Lilly's face.

"What are you doing, Lilly?" Bettany asked with a huge smile.

[Chapter 592 All This Way For A Skillet](#)

Lilly said, "Grandma, we're on vacation! Look at all the flowers!"

She turned the phone around.

Above the viaduct, Spring City was in full bloom. There were flowers everywhere you looked.

It was the middle of spring, and things were a lot less busy than in Alford. Some people pushed their strollers along the streets, strolling under the flowering trees.

A few children ran over from the garden, playing with a piece of grass in their hands.

"Isn't it pretty? Lilly asked. "Do you see it, Grandma?"

Bettany nodded. "Yes, I see it."

Lilly said, "Grandma, when are you coming here to play too? Spring City's so, so pretty. Uncle Cloud says there's a beautiful lake a hundred miles away from here, you can boat on it!"

"It's a lake and not the ocean, but it's huge just like the ocean!"

Bettany listened with a neutral expression. "Ahh..."

Lilly said, "Yeah! Grandma, I've got to tell you this— Sean and Cathy solved their misunderstanding! Sean was actually really happy about it, he just looked sour."

Bettany listened to Lilly quietly, and before long both of them had chatted for an hour.

Blake and Cloud led the way for Lilly, and they eventually ended up at their hotel.

"Grandma, we're here! Dad says we should eat, let's talk at night?"

Bettany nodded. "Of course."

The call ended. Blake and Cloud heaved a sigh of relief at once.

God, they had been so afraid that Bettany would say out of nowhere—

Lilly, where's your Dad?

Lilly, where's your Uncle Cloud?

They'd avoided yelling at today, this was worth celebrating!

Blake hauled Lilly onto his shoulder. "Let's go, we'll have something good today!"

"Yes, yes! I wanna drink flower wine!"

Flower wine, like its name suggested, was wine fermented from flowers. Blake had brought it up two days ago without much thought, only for Lilly to have remembered it...

Over on another end.

Bettany hung up the call, her eyes flashing with yearning.

Her little darling had been away from home for five days, and she was missing her dearly!

"Hey, Hugh, book us a flight," Bettany said all of a sudden. "We're going to Spring City!"

They were just going to go like that?

Bettany said, "Why not! We're old, what if we don't have that long to leave! We should just go wherever we want to!"

Hugh said, "You just came out of the hospital! I've truly never seen anyone have the itch to be jetting around less than half a month after an open surgery."

Bettany said, "What about an open surgery!"

Hugh then said, "There's a spike in air pressure when you're flying in the air! It'll tear your stitches!"

Yet when it came down to it, Hugh could not bear to see Bettany upset for long. He paused, before finally saying, "We can take the train."

Bettany smiled at once. "Yeah, we can take the train!"

It was just a ten-hour ride, after all!

They could just book an entire carriage to themselves.

They could even bring a fold-up bed there.

Then they'd be able to sleep all the way to Spring City!

Bettany got to work at once, urging Hugh to book the tickets then having Margaret prepare for the trip.

Hugh blinked. "Are we just going now? We'll reach at two or three in the morning if we go now. We can leave tomorrow, or at night. We'll be there in the morning right after a night of sleep if we leave at night."

Bettany said, "No! I want to go now."

Hugh lasted all of two seconds. "...Fine."

"Bring a skillet." Bettany piped up, all of a sudden.

Bettany said, "We'll stay by the lake for a while. Book a hotel with a stove... I want to cook for Lilly!"

This wasn't just a matter of cooking for Lilly, was it? All this way for a skillet!

**

Blake brought Lilly to the Antipolo Tavern.

It was full of people, especially crowded at night.

The owner of the tavern sat by the door. There was a table in front of him, filled with the flower wine he'd brewed along with some snacks.

He tapped on his drum leisurely, the whimsical rhythm adding a layer of fun to the city.

Cloud said, "It's time to go home."

Blake hadn't felt this relaxed in a long time. He leaned back in his seat leisurely. "What's the rush? Let's sit for a while longer."

Cloud glanced at the time. "It's almost eleven."

Antipolo was at its most lively at eleven!

Despite not going to any bars, they sat on the second floor on their wooden stools leaning against the window. They'd take a sip of flower wine every now and then, the night making them feel even lazier to move.

Lilly took a sip of her barley milk, feeling a little drunk just from it alone.

"Yummy!" She raised her glass. "Cheers!"

The sounds of the shop owner's drum got quicker by the second. A few tourists linked hands, forming a circle out of nowhere and beginning to dance.

More and more people joined, the air ringing with laughs and chatter.

Blake hoisted Lilly up. "Let's go!"

Cloud got to his feet.

Blake said, "You stay put, or they might think we've left and clear our table."

Blake was tall and broad, and the sight of him with Lilly on his shoulder drew the attention of the crowd at once.

Antipolo was called the land of fate. It was easy to fall in love at first glance with the dizzying, intoxicating atmosphere.

Several women flocked over to flirt.

"Hey, handsome! Let's be friends!"

Blake said, "No, thanks. My daughter's almost five."

The women left, disappointed.

Another girl came over. "Hey, you. Wanna chat over some drinks?"

Blake was emotionless. "I'll pass. My daughter's almost five."

The girl walked away, disappointed as well.

"Hey, Mister. Like what you see?"

Blake said, "Go away. My daughter's almost five."

Bulletproof-shield-Lilly asked curiously, "Dad, why can't you make new friends or have a drink just because I'm five."

Blake raised his eyebrows. "I'd act the same even if you weren't five."

He had never considered getting Lilly a stepmother, ever. He had never thought of it, and would never as well.

Lilly had enough family. She wasn't lacking any maternal love at all.

Blake and Lilly played downstairs for a long, long time. Cloud was going to go crazy from being hit on. He leaned against the window, yelling, "Come upstairs!"

Whoosh...

A flock of girls ran up.

Blake brought Lilly upstairs, finally squeezing over to their table with great effort.

Cloud gritted his teeth. "It'll be half past one if you keep going!"

Blake glanced at Lilly, who was clearly still rearing to go. "Who knows when we'll be back here? Lilly's never experienced Antipolo before, what's the harm in going back a little later?"

Cloud did not know what to say. "Are you really going to stay the night?"

Blake asked, "What's wrong with that?"

The old lady was thousands of miles away, anyways.

She'd just had surgery, and couldn't get on a flight.

There was no way she could somehow get here and give him a skillet to the face.

Cloud did not know what to say.

Blake sat down with Lilly, and slowly less and lesser girls came over to hit on them.

On the other hand...

There were more and more men who came over to flirt.

Cloud and Blake had not noticed at first, but slowly started realizing something was off.

In the end, both of them ended up in a bad mood.

Lilly was thoroughly spent, dozing off in Blake's arms.

It was past three already. Blake carried Lilly in his arms, Cloud walking next to him as the three of them headed back to their hotel.

Just as they got to the hotel entrance, a familiar looking figure walked past them.

Cloud stopped short. "I think I'm seeing things. Why do I feel like Mom just walked past us?"

Blake said, "Ha, no way. It's the middle of the night, the old lady's still in Alford! Even if she left at night she'd only get here in the morning."

There was no way the old man would let the old lady have her way to this extent.

Just as he was thinking to himself, a cold voice rang through the air. "Blake MacNeil!"

[Chapter 593 Uncle Anthony's Up-And-Coming Attack](#)

Blake trembled all over. He sped up his footsteps with Lilly in his arms, reaching the elevator within three quick strides.

"Let's go, we've seen a ghost!"

He said in a low voice.

Cloud held Blake back.

Stop running.

The enemy had already arrived at the scene of battle.

Blake mustered up all his courage. "Old Mrs. Crawford? What are you doing here!"

Bettany smirked. "I wouldn't have known that you brought Lilly drinking if I didn't come!"

Blake and Cloud had been drinking flower wine, which still smelt like alcohol and Bettany caught a whiff of it at once.

Cloud hurriedly said, "Mom, let me explain!"

Bettany said, "Margaret, get me my skillet!"

What? Had she actually brought her skillet all the way here?

That was a little too much, wasn't it?

Blake coughed once. "We drank, but Lilly didn't! She just drank milk."

Bettany said, "You went drinking, and brought a child with you?"

Blake and Cloud was speechless.

Hell, it was like nothing they said was right!

Blake said, "Let me take Lilly to bed first... she's tired!"

Bettany could not help but say, "Oh, so you remembered that after all!"

Lilly looked so thin now!

The kid must have not had enough to eat in the days she was not around.

How much hope could she have in letting two men take care of her baby?

"Take her to bed!" Bettany held back her anger, lowering her voice as she hissed. "Don't wake my sweet baby up!"

Blake let out a breath of relief. Sure enough, Lilly was the best human shield there was.

He carried Lilly away, exiting at top speed.

Cloud, with nowhere to run to was speechless.

How dare Blake ditch a fellow soldier just like that! What a man of zero honor!

Cloud forced out a smile. "Mom..."

Bettany's hand came slicing over.

She had just finished a surgery, and did not have much energy. Bettany did not go too far either... she only properly hit the old man and no one else.

Cloud rubbed his head, taking her suitcase from her. "Have you booked a room? I'll get your bags."

Bettany scoffed. "I've booked them."

She handed her room card over. Cloud took a glance at it, and realized that Bettany's room was just across theirs.

To think that the kid had actually snitched on them.

The next day.

Lilly slept all the way till it was ten in the morning.

Her stomach was rumbling loudly.

She yawned, getting out of her bed and padding around barefoot. She opened the door and shouted, "Grandma... I'm hungry."

She was still in a post-slumber daze, thinking she was still at the Crawford household.

Upon saying so she returned to her senses. This was a hotel, how could her grandma be here?

Lilly ran a hand through her messy hair, when a delicious smell filled her nostrils.

She was staying in a suite with her father and Uncle Cloud. The bedroom opened to the living room, with a kitchen across it.

Lilly stopped short. Was Dad cooking?

Yet it was Bettany who walked out, holding a plate with a steamed bun on it.

"Lilly, you're awake! Come on, go brush your teeth and get ready for breakfast!"

The kid was in a confused daze.

"Grandma, are you in my dreams?" She thought she was dreaming.

Bettany smiled at Lilly fondly, walking over and pinching Lilly's cheeks. "You're not dreaming. I'm really here."

"Didn't you say that you wanted to see the flowers with me? That's why I came."

She had not fully recovered from her surgery, or would have lifted Lilly into a huge hug.

Lilly finally realized what was going on, and threw her arms around Bettany joyously. "You're the best, Grandma! I'm going to brush my teeth, I'm so hungry!"

She flitted off to get ready like a little bird.

It had been a long time since she had had her grandmother's cooking. Lilly was especially ravenous, eating up a storm.

The sight only made Bettany's heart ache more. It felt like Lilly hadn't eaten a proper meal at all in the past few days.

Bettany chatted with Lilly, casually mentioning, "Lilly, where'd you and your Dad and Uncle Cloud go yesterday?"

Lilly garbled through stuffed cheeks, "We went drinking wine!"

In Lilly's head said, " she had indeed been out, and her dad and Uncle Cloud had been drinking wine.

In Bettany's head said, " Blake and Cloud brought her darling to a rowdy bar...

Blake and Cloud had just come out of their rooms then, and heard Lilly's words was speechless.

"Mom, let me explain!" Cloud said

Duang... duang...

It was unclear what sound that was, but a moment later Blake and Cloud were obediently sat at the dining table.

Blake said, "You still make the best breakfast, Old Mrs. Crawford! I've been having Michelin star chefs send breakfast over these days, but it still can't compare to what you make."

Cloud said, "That's right, that's right!"

Bettany smiled. "Is that so? Which Michelin star chef was this?"

Blake's mouth was stuffed full of food, and he mumbled a response.

Bettany did not look into it too much.

Sometimes there was not much point in insisting on finding fault with some things.

"Are you going to work tomorrow, Cloud?" Bettany asked.

Cloud nodded. "Mmmhmm."

Bettany was about to ask where he was going this time, but the thought of the nature of his work made her heart ache. Thus she did not ask any further, and merely said, "Be safe, and don't go hungry."

Cloud nodded. "Alright."

Bettany nagged a little more. "It's spring now, the weather's different all around the world. It's still a little cold up north, and some places are actually even colder this time of the year. Bring an extra coat with you, don't forget to stay warm."

"The south would be a little hot, you're going to have to wear short sleeves over there!"

Cloud understood that she was only bringing up the different weathers to remind him said, "

If you go up North, wear thicker clothing and keep yourself warm. If you go down South, don't catch heatstroke.

With the nature of his job, there really was no knowing where he would go next.

"I know, Mom," Cloud said. "You take care too."

Hugh asked, "Are you still coming back to the Crawford household?"

Bettany said as well, "You only come home once a year, you're always so busy."

Cloud's heart warmed slightly. "I can't go home this time. I'll be leaving from here, it'd be a hassle to move to and fro."

The sight of his parents' graying hair made Cloud's chest ache, and the image of them wiping away tears the second he turned his back to leave popped into his head...

These two old folks must have missed him so much...

The thought filled his head, and a lump formed in Cloud's throat.

Yet Bettany nodded "Well, that's good. You have a safe trip. We're taking Lilly to Bondee Beach a little later, we won't be seeing you off."

Cloud was speechless.?

The lump in his throat disappeared at once.

A thought seemed to come to Lilly, and she raised her head. "Oh, Uncle Cloud! Where's that black bracelet I gave you?"

Cloud did not understand the upcoming attack that would hit him, and lifted his hand. "It's right here! I've been keeping it safe, don't worry!"

Lilly truly cared about him the most!

Lilly stopped short. She stared at the bracelet on Cloud's wrist, her expression uncomfortable...

[Chapter 594 Just Let Me Beat You Up A Little](#)

Lilly stared at the bracelet on Cloud's wrist, lowering her voice to a whisper. "Uncle Cloud, why don't you take it off and give it back to me..."

Cloud was confused. "Why?"

Lilly said, " Uhhh... it's not good.

Cloud thought that she meant the black bracelet didn't look good, and chuckled. "It's alright. Black bracelets generally look pretty good on guys. It doesn't matter if it looks good, as long as it's of use."

Lilly looked even more uncomfortable.

Well... it was indeed useful. Extremely useful, even.

Blake stared at Lilly's expression, understanding something at last.

He could not even see ghosts and could only sense them, but Cloud could.

From how he had acted at Sean's house, he could indeed see them.

Blake had been right there too, and there was no way Cloud could see ghosts when he couldn't.

Thus, the only explanation that made sense was that Cloud was wearing something that helped him see ghosts.

There was only one truth, then...

Blake lowered his gaze, zeroing in on the black bracelet on Cloud's wrist.

He hadn't known that such a good thing existed.

How dare his little darling not give such a treasure to him?

It was his now, then!

Blake grabbed Cloud by the wrist, and the black bracelet was on Blake the next second.

Daylight robbery?

"Give it back!" Cloud grabbed at it.

Blake smiled lazily. "Trust me, you don't want it."

Cloud scoffed.

What did he mean that he wouldn't want it!

Blake probably had a whole truck of gifts from Lilly...

Blake already had the bracelet on his wrist, and there was no way Cloud was going to be able to get it from him. No one could take anything from Blake's hands.

"You're a thief!" Cloud fumed.

Lilly said, "Uncle Cloud, I'll make you another one!"

Cloud shook his head at once. "That's alright."

His brother had said before that Lilly's protection bracelet took a great deal of her energy to make. She had even fallen unconscious making them before.

And so, Cloud turned to look at Blake with his hand outstretched. "Give it back!"

Blake said, "No, I won't."

Cloud turned to look at Bettany at once. "Mom, he took my bracelet!"

Bettany was speechless.

How childish!

How old were they to be snitching on each other like this?

"Lilly, let's keep eating. Pay them no mind." Bettany put another few chicken feet on Lilly's plate.

The chicken feet were stewed long enough to be soft to the bite. Lilly had already had a whole plate of them.

Bettany saw that she liked them, and kept refilling her plate. When Lilly couldn't eat anymore, she handed her a glass of hand pressed juice.

Finally seeing that Lilly was truly full and would explode if she ate anymore, Bettany nodded at the

leftover food. "You're finishing all of this. Don't let it go to waste."

Blake and Cloud, in the middle of their 'fight' was speechless.

After breakfast.

Lilly waited until Bettany was not around to say to Cloud, "Uncle Cloud, you really shouldn't take the bracelet back. It's supposed to help you see ghosts..."

Cloud was speechless. What?

Lilly chewed on her yogurt straw. "If you couldn't see ghosts, you wouldn't have been able to talk to Auntie Harem and the rest. That's why I gave you this bracelet..."

Cloud was speechless.

"..."

God, this kid.

What the hell was this bracelet?

He had taken so much care of it, making sure that it was on his hand every night before he went to bed.

He guarded it with his life, treating it as a protection amulet.

Only for it to be that kind of amulet!

Blake asked teasingly, "Still want it?"

Cloud was speechless.

He did not want to speak to Blake.

He wanted a bit of peace and quiet!

Cloud stared at Lilly, frustrated.

She hadn't told him that he'd be able to see ghosts with the bracelet on!

This was more than a lie... this was a whole trap!

Lilly admitted to her mistakes meekly. "I'm sorry, Uncle Cloud!"

Cloud looked at her earnest little face, puffed up with guilt. He could not find it in himself to be angry, even if he wanted to be.

"It's alright." Cloud pinched her cheeks. "Just tell me beforehand next time!"

Lilly tilted her head. "Would you like there to be a next time, Uncle Cloud?"

Cloud was speechless.

Lilly beamed, giving Cloud a big hug. "Uncle Cloud's going to pass on! I wish you all the best with your future, and hope you excel in your career, your finances and your love life!"

Cloud grunted awkwardly.

"Uh, that's called leaving. Not passing on." He paused, before saying, "Who taught you how to say that last line?"

Lilly looked at the air next to her. "My Master, of course!"

Cloud said, " Oh, that old man with a face paler than Cloud's uncle who had been dead for three days.

Blake looked over.

The black bracelet was firmly on his wrist. He put it on, opening his third eye.

And saw Pablo floating next to Lilly, flipping through a book as he sat cross-legged.

"So you're the master," Blake said.

Pablo coughed.

He would like to be left out of this, thank you very much.

Blake waved the arm with the bracelet on it. "Lilly, how'd you make this bracelet?"

Lilly repeated the exact words Blake had said to Cloud. "Dad, you don't want to know!"

Blake was speechless..

All of a sudden, the bracelet didn't seem so appealing anymore.

He did not ask any further, and changed the subject instead. "Where's the rebel ghost you caught off Sean?"

He had caught the ghost by pure instinct, and suddenly wanted to see what it looked like now.

Just to try out the bracelet, of course.

Lilly yanked the rebel ghost out.

The rebel ghost came out cussing at once. "I'm fifty pounds of skin and bones, and fifty-five pounds of pure rebellion! You can't make me cave in!"

Lilly asked curiously, "Why would you have five more pounds of rebellion?"

The rebel ghost scoffed. "That's just how rebellious I am!"

Lilly did not know what to say all of a sudden. That was, after all, a pretty smooth line.

"Hey, brother Rebel Ghost! What's your name, where are you from and how'd you die?"

The weakling spirit had somehow come out of the spirit jar at some point, and was leaning to the side.

The sound of Lilly calling the rebel ghost her 'brother' made the weakling spirit's expression darken, and he glowered at the rebel ghost.

"His name's Hank Channing, he's thirteen years old. Male, from Novak City in Brookvide. He died getting hit by a car," the weakling spirit said.

Lilly hummed in confusion. "How'd you know that?"

The weakling spirit smiled gently. "Kill with kindness. I asked him."

The rebel ghost smirked coldly.

Kill with kindness?

Those answers were beaten out of him...

But it would be too embarrassing to admit, and so he did not mention it.

The rebel ghost turned his face to the side haughtily. "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but I won't give in to you so easily!"

Lilly said, " Oh..."

She turned to look at Blake. "What should I do, Dad?"

Blake cracked his knuckles. "It's common for children to not listen to others. You just have to beat them into it."

The rebel ghost was speechless.

Lilly nodded, taking out her purple sledgehammer at once.

"Brother Rebel Ghost, just let me beat you up a little. Just a little!"

The rebel ghost was speechless.

[Chapter 595 Can't Last Five Seconds](#)

The rebel ghost stared at the gigantic weapon in Lilly's hands.

That was supposed to be 'just a little' beating up?

"All you know is violence, and nothing else!" He flared up in anger, a thought seeming to come to him as he said in a pained voice, "Hitting me every time I don't listen! Is there anything else you even know how to do? If I was as smart as you were, you'd have no right to discipline me!"

The harem spirit and unlucky ghosts stuck their heads out of the spirit jar to eavesdrop, shaking their heads. "There's no hope for this kid."

He really was so stubborn. They'd questioned him for days on end, even beating him up. They'd pretty much tried everything... but could not find a way for him to talk in the end.

Lilly gave it some thought. "Alright, I won't beat you! How about this..."

"I've got another disobedient ghost on me, how about you get in there and spend five minutes with it? If you last five minutes, I'll let you go."

All he had to do was stay there for five minutes to gain freedom?

That simple?

Malignant spirits were the most powerful spirits in the world. The rebel ghost knew that he was not the most powerful malignant spirit there was, but thought that five minutes would be no problem.

The rebel ghost narrowed his gaze. "Promise?"

Lilly nodded. "Promise!"

The rebel ghost said, "Alright, you're on!"

Lilly reminded, "Remember to shout for help if you can't take it!"

The rebel ghost scoffed. What was there to not take!

So what, even if it was a ghost general or ghosts lord he was dealing with?

The rebel ghost was nothing but confident. Lilly picked him up, and threw him into the Palace of the Ruler of Hell.

King Libra was in there, drained from all the cursing and shouting he had been doing. He had gone from violent and aggressive, to resentful and indignant.

There was a chain in the palace attached to his feet, making him feel nothing but humiliated.

Yet he knew he could not just back down like this. All he had to do was restore a third of his energy, and he'd be able to flip the palace upside down for sure.

Yet there was nothing in the empty palace, not even a shred of aura that he could feed on.

If only there was a ghost for him to usurp now.

Just as King Libra was thinking to himself, a malignant spirit was hurled into the palace with a thump!

King Libra's eyes lit up. He stared at the rebel ghost, as if he was a predator seeing its prey for the first time.

Before the rebel ghost could adjust to his surroundings, he felt a pair of cold, murderous eyes on him!

Before he could even react, the 'thing' pounced on him with a howl!

The rebel ghost's chest lurched. "What the hell!"

Why did he feel like he was being hunted down by the god of death?!

The rebel ghost got a fright, running for his life.

King Libra was held down by the chain and could not kill with just one blow, but getting to the rebel ghost was merely a piece of cake!

"My, my, my... Come here, you little thing! I promise I'll swallow you in one swift move, you won't feel the slightest bit of pain!" King Libra smirked coldly.

He pounced once again, reaching out... and grabbing one of the rebel ghost's ankles.

Then, without hesitation, he opened his mouth to bite down hard!

The rebel ghost was scared out of his wits.

This was unlike the beating that he had gotten from the harem spirit and the rest!

The rebel ghost could clearly tell that the harem spirit and the rest had only been interrogating him. They were not beating him up to kill him.

But this ghastly, monstrous thing in front of him was going to eat him for real!

"Help..."

The rebel ghost had forgotten all about the five-minute bet.

He couldn't even last five seconds.

As his scream rang through the air, he was sucked out by a black whirlpool with a whoosh!

King Libra chomped down on nothing, nearly taking out his jaw from the force.

"..."

He had been fooled?!

King Libra howled out in resentment!

The rebel ghost stood outside in a state of terror, listening to King Libra shriek and howl.

How terrifying!

He had really almost been gone!

The weakling spirit chuckled. "We really overestimated him by giving him five minutes. He couldn't even last five seconds."

The harem spirit shook her head. "Sigh. So young and fit, but sadly a minute man."

The other spirits were speechless.

Blake, who could hear the ghosts now at last, was speechless.

The rebel ghost had not returned to his senses yet, and could hardly hear the harem's spirit teasing him.

His face was pale. "What... what is that..."

Lilly responded, "Not much... He's just a ruler of hell that I've got locked down there for causing chaos."

Hold on. This was pretty big news.

She had locked a ruler of hell up... who was she, then? Why did she have a palace for that?

A ruler of hell who caused chaos... and she had been able to lock him up?

The rebel ghost stared at Lilly, terrified and confused. "Who are you, really?"

Lilly beamed at him. "Just a regular ghost-catcher!"

The rebel ghost was speechless.

Lilly asked again, "Can you tell me now? If you don't, I'll just have to lock you in the Palace of the Ruler of Hell, and I won't let you go this time..."

The rebel ghost was speechless.. He thought of himself confidently agreeing to last five minutes there...

How embarrassing.

He said, with utmost reluctance, "I'll tell you..."

Blake's gaze flashed mockingly. Oh, to be rebellious...

The rebel ghost knew deep down that the other spirits would not do too much with him, and that was why he was not afraid.

But when it came to life and death, of course he would never dare to rebel.

The rebel ghost said, "My name's Hank Channing... I lived in Novak City. I learnt how to play games with my classmates in middle school."

That was when technology had just started innovating, and the best phone a kid from a wealthy family could have was one with a touchscreen, with the best, latest games installed on it.

Hank sat next to the wealthiest student in class. He got addicted to the games on his deskmate's phone, and ran home to his parents demanding for them to buy him a phone of his own.

[Chapter 596 Rebellious Teenager](#)

If one were to want to keep a secret, they would hold it in for as long as they wanted. But once they started talking, they wouldn't be able to stop.

The rebel ghost continued to speak. "I got the phone, and kept playing with it. I'd be gaming in and out of class, before I went to bed, even when I was eating or showering..."

Lilly said, " ?

The weakling spirit asked for her, "How could you play while you shower? Wouldn't water get into your phone?"

The rebel ghost said, "I'd just wash my lower body."

The ghosts were speechless.

Lilly and Blake were speechless.

The image that appeared in their heads was truly something else.

"And then?"

The rebel ghost's eyes flashed viciously. "One day I was about to surpass the game's highest score! But at the very last moment, my dad grabbed the phone from me!"

His eyes were bloodshot, as he screamed, "What are you doing!"

His father responded with a slap to his cheek.

His face had swelled up from the pressure, and he had even lost a tooth. It was clear how hard of a slap that had been.

"I'd been a little scared at first, because Dad really looked like he wanted me dead... but Mom pulled him away, looking at my missing tooth. Both of them even get into a fight."

His father had said that he would rather beat Hank to death. His mother insisted on talking it out calmly... how could he hit a kid like that?

"That's right! I was their child, not their little puppet! Who did they think they were, beating me up and yelling at me whenever they wanted? It's all Dad's fault!"

"If it hadn't been for him, I wouldn't have been roaming the streets late at night and coming across an internet cafe. I wouldn't have been addicted to them, either!"

The rebel ghost spoke, his expression indignant.

Blake smirked coldly at the words. "Don't be sounding all high-and-mighty there. You wouldn't be nearly as cocky if your dad had really beaten you to death."

It was exactly that... Hank knew that his parents would never dare to go further than a broken tooth. What could they do?

The rebel ghost scoffed, not saying anything.

The weakling spirit crossed his arms. "That's right. We beat him up for days and he hardly said anything, but still obeyed when we fed him to King Libra, didn't he? It's just up to whether the other person will beat him to death or not."

The blunt words made the rebel ghost's face flush... oh, wait, he was dead. The rebel ghost's face flashed an ugly shade.

The weakling spirit harrumphed. "Continue."

The rebel ghost glared at him. This ghost just seemed to be on his case, for some reason.

He continued. "So time passed just like that. I spent all seventh grade in an internet cafe."

Schooling competition was pretty fierce for a small town like Novak City. All of Hank's classmates had gotten into pretty good high schools. Even the kids with poorer results got into pretty decent schools with the help of their wealthy parents.

Some families even went as far as to buying a house within the top schooling areas, and thus got into them easily.

Hank's results were far, far too bad. He couldn't even do addition and subtraction within the number ten, and they did not live in a schooling area. He could only get into a few more rowdy schools.

The school he ended up in was quite the mess. Fights broke out all the time, and playing truant to go on dates or to the internet cafes was more than normal.

"I got a total score of 30 for my first ever midterm..."

The weakling spirit, having been to high school as well, found this hard to believe. "How many?"

"30!" The weakling spirit roared in return. "You must be wondering how that was possible, right? My dad asked the same thing too, how could I do so terribly! Even though my teachers didn't care about me, what was I supposed to do? They refused to teach me themselves! I just wrote whatever I wanted, and didn't write anything if I couldn't make it up!"

The weakling spirit did not know what to say. "You've got seven subjects. Even writing whatever you wanted would get you a higher total score than 40."

There were seven subjects, and thus a total score of 700. Even making up answers and guessing everything on the multiple choice questions would at least yield a score of 10 marks per subject.

But Hank had only gotten 30 altogether!

The rebel ghost's expression was ashen, and he did not say anything.

His dad had said the same thing. That was why he almost beat Hank to death.

"I was a little too old to be getting beat up, wasn't I? I was my own person, what right did he have to meddle in my business!"

"He beat me all my life, every time the slightest thing happened. Who did he think he was! Who the hell was he to rule my life! I'll do whatever I want! I admit my results weren't the best, but who was he to beat me to hell and back for it?"

"He's got himself to blame, if you think about it! He could've just sent me to a better school if he was rich enough like other parents, but could he?"

"Other parents could afford a house in the top schooling areas. But could my Dad do that?"

"If I had gotten into a better school with better teachers, do you think I would've gotten a total score of 30?"

"He took out his own incompetence on me! He's a coward, he's garbage!"

"Was it my fault that I didn't do well in school under those surroundings? My dad didn't do better himself, but turned around to blame me!"

"Just take a look at the school I went to! Everyone was going to the internet cafes, was I just supposed to not do so? You'd have been bullied! Were you just supposed to stand and watch if your friend ran into trouble? My reputation would have been ruined!"

Everyone was shocked. Was this what a rebellious child was like?

Lilly was in a daze. "What trouble did your friend get into?"

The rebel ghost said, "He was short of a warrior. I had to be brave and fight with him."

Everyone else was speechless.

This kid was truly something else...

"So how'd you actually die?"

Everyone had thought at first that he had been beaten to death by his dad. But when he said that he died getting hit by a car, they thought he got into an accident after running away from home... and now it seemed like neither were the case.

The rebel ghost said, "I met my best friend during my darkest times! He was 10 years older than me, but understood me so well."

"I spent all night at an internet cafe and had no money for breakfast, and it was him who bought me food."

"I told him I was fighting with my parents and didn't want to go home, and he found a place for me to stay."

The harem spirit did not know what to say. "No one's going to be that nice to you out of nowhere for no reason. Weren't you wary of getting plotted against?"

The rebel ghost seemed to think of something, and let out a chuckle. "My mom said the same thing to me."

"She told me to come home, but I didn't want to. I wanted to go with my friend. My mother said that he was only being so nice to me to scam me."

But of course, he didn't believe it.

He felt like he had nothing to lose. What was there to be scammed off him?

His friend didn't even care that he was poor, helping him whenever he needed it. He gave Hank food to eat, and a place to stay.

"I told my mother she had a cruel heart, and didn't want good things for me," the rebel ghost said. "I said that my friend was once like me too, abandoned by his family and his school. That's why he's so nice to me now."

"My friend and I were the best of pals. We bled the same blood, we were brothers! We hated nothing more than evil, we were all each other had."

The harem spirit pushed her jaw up. "How innocent! That's like if a man was suddenly nice to a girl out of nowhere. Would you believe that he didn't want to get her naked?"

Blake snatched up a cup from the table. He stuck an amulet on it, and hurled it at the harem spirit's

head.

The harem spirit cried out with a howl...

[Chapter 597 That 'Stupid Spirit Jar' Has Feelings Too!](#)

Lilly made a noise of confusion. She looked at her father, then at the harem spirit.

"Dad, why'd you attack Auntie Harem?" she asked.

Blake was calm. "Nothing. Just reminding her to speak politely."

Lilly was speechless.uhh.

The harem spirit rubbed her head. That was supposed to be a reminder... sure.

All she could do was put on a solemn expression. "And then? I'll bet you a lollipop that it was definitely your friend who caused your death."

The rebel ghost opened and closed his mouth, as if he wanted to retaliate but had nothing to say.

"That's right. I died because of him."

They had been right. No one would be nice to you out of nowhere, and Hank's friend was no exception.

He was the head of a small gang, and was trying to rope Hank into joining them.

When he told that to Hank, he did not think much of it.

He even thought of the scenes of honorable, loyal gang members as depicted in the movies, and felt like he was going to be destined for greatness.

But reality was never quite like what the movies made it out to be, and Hank was far from the lead actor.

He was merely a scapegoat.

"One day my friend told me to pack my things up and go with him to make a trade. I immediately felt like the lead role in a gangster movie I saw, young and full of spirit. I felt trusted by my fellow brother, I was so touched."

He packed up his things at once, and got ready to leave Novak City.

His mother did her best to stop him upon finding out, even getting down on her knees crying as she begged him.

His father, in a fit of anger, picked up a clothes rack and threw it at him. He said that he would rather beat Hank to death than have him start any trouble outside.

He laughed at them coldly. He felt like his parents did not care about him at all, only worrying that he would be a burden to them.

He took their beating, and stood up at the end to deliver a monologue to them like in the movies,

"Take this beating as repayment for you raising me! I'm disowning you starting from today, and want nothing to do with you!"

Then he left, never looking back.

His task was just to safely deliver his friend's bag to Bol City.

Yet when he was going through security, the alarms went off. In the crowd behind him, his friend lowered his cap and turned to leave at once.

Hank finally realized that he was in trouble. He turned to run instinctively, the police hot on his heels as he chased after his friend.

He called out to his friend over and over, but his friend got into a car and drove off without even turning around.

He chased after the car. Amidst the chaos, his friend drove the car straight at Hank, sending him flying ten meters away.

The collision was so harsh that his head nearly separated from his body. All that was left of his neck was a thin layer of skin, the rest of him a bloody mess.

"The last thing I saw before closing my eyes forever was my parents."

"They said they wouldn't care about me anymore, but still came for me in the end."

"They did everything they could, but the police held them back. My father, the man who threatened to beat me to a pulp... was held down on the ground, his cheek to the dirt..."

It was only then that the rebel ghost realized that he had messed up.

It hurt so bad. He wanted to cry and scream for his parents, regretting every stupid mistake he had made. All those threats and taunts he had said to them before seemed laughable now.

But it was too late... you only got one chance at life. He died, just like this.

His mother's deafening sobs rang by his ear, along with all the other emotions overtaking his soul... rage from being betrayed, regret for everything he had done, fear and terror at the very last moments of his life. They shackled him down, forcing him to relive his death over and over again at the very same place. He was tortured endlessly, until his resentment overtook him and he developed a dark aura.

That was how he became the rebel ghost.

He had thought that he was not like the others, and his parents were just too stubborn and close-minded and refused to understand him... only for the joke to be on him...

Lilly sighed. "Now you regret it, don't you! Grandma always said to listen to your elders or you would regret it!"

The rebel ghost scoffed coldly, turning his head to the side. "What regret? The word 'regret' doesn't exist, not in my vocabulary."

Lilly was confused. "What textbooks did you study from? That won't do, they clearly took important words out! It has to be a pirated book, report it to the police!"

The rebel ghost was speechless.

After listening to the 'ghost story', the other spirits returned to the spirit jar, satisfied.

Lilly said, "Hank, are you coming back to the spirit jar as well?"

The rebel ghost crossed his arms. "Why should I go back into your stupid jar? What if I don't want to?"

Lilly said earnestly, "Well, I'll just have to put you in the palace of the Ruler of Hell."

The rebel ghost was speechless.

Did he have a choice after that?

The rebel ghost flew towards the spirit jar reluctantly, spewing a string of curses. The 'stupid spirit jar', clearly upset, narrowed its opening as he entered, pinching him by the neck.

The rebel ghost's head came flying out.

"!!!" He cursed even louder.

The spirit jar let out a loud sucking sound, swallowing the rebel ghost's head altogether.

The rebel ghost was speechless.

Having lost his head, the rebel ghost could only feel around him blindly as he stumbled along.

The harem spirit said, taking pity on him, "Just apologize. The spirit jar has quite the temper... I mean, the spirit jar treats people as they deserve to be treated. If you don't apologize, you're going to lose your head."

The rebel ghost continued to shout insults and curses in the dark, but slowly started to feel like something was off. It felt like he was in a different space from the spirit jar. Was this actually the spirit jar's... stomach?

He felt like his head was going to be eaten alive!

It was going to turn to dust, and disappear forever!

"I'm sorry!" The rebel ghost screamed. "It's my fault, I'm sorry!"

The spirit jar did not seem like it wanted to let go in the slightest.

Lilly's voice rang from outside, shouting out loud in her adorable voice, "Hank, the spirit jar wants you to say, said, " I'm the biggest idiot!"

The rebel ghost had no other choice. "I'm sorry, I'm the biggest idiot!"

The next second, he was spat out by the spirit jar.

The rebel ghost's head returned to his neck. He wiped at the strange, slimy substance on his face, not daring to say anything further!

Next to him, the weakling spirit aimed a kick at his bottom. "Come on!"

The ghosts returned to the spirit jar.

Blake, on the other hand, was frozen to the ground. He stared at the bracelet on his hand... as well as the substance that the rebel spirit had just flicked to the ground from his face.

"How'd you make this bracelet?"

"Dad, you don't want to know."

Blake was speechless.

All of the sudden, the black bracelet on his wrist felt just a tad bit prickly to the touch...

[Chapter 598 Goodbye, Uncle Cloud](#)

When it came to a journey, someone was bound to get off at some point and say goodbye.

When it was time for Cloud to go back, everyone sent him off at the airport.

Cloud held Lilly in his arms, a backpack on his back.

That was all he had on him. Two sets of clothes and a bottle of water, as he rushed off to wherever he had to be.

Cloud did not want to let go of Lilly, nagging at her before he left. "Lilly, be good and listen to Grandma! I'm not home all the time, please take care of her for me..."

Lilly nodded. "Mmhmm! Don't worry, Uncle Cloud!"

Cloud wanted to tell her to remember to call him, but found that he could not bring himself to do such a simple thing.

The nature of his job made it impossible for him to pick up the phone if his family called. Sometimes, he would even need to cut his family off entirely if his job required it.

Other people could call home to talk to their parents if they got homesick.

If he got homesick, all he could do was look at the moon... the one thing that was constant wherever he was.

"Take care." Blake stroked Lilly's head, his heart aching. "You might be all grown up the next time I see you."

It was one of his regrets, not being able to grow up with her.

"Don't forget Uncle Cloud, alright?" Cloud said half-jokingly.

Lilly nodded. "Don't worry, Uncle Cloud. I won't forget you. You can pass on in peace... no, I mean, you can leave in peace!"

Cloud was speechless. Why did it feel like changing the phrasing didn't really do much?

He let out a chuckle, stroking Lilly's head adoringly. "You and that brain of yours."

Lilly held onto Cloud's neck, pecking him on the cheek. "I wish Uncle Cloud the best of health, wealth, prosperity, luck, hopes, love, and dreams!"

Cloud took out an envelope of money...

Oh, he hadn't brought an envelope. Cloud felt around his pockets, taking out two hundred bucks and handing it to Lilly. "Alright, my darling girl."

Lilly broke out into a dazzling beam.

Everyone else said, "??"

Then it was time to say goodbye, to everyone's reluctance.

Bettany had a bag of food in her hand. "Alright, off you go, or you'll be late... I made these tea-brewed eggs for you, as well as your favorite dumplings, steamed crab roe and shrimp noodles. This box has chicken feet in it, you can snack on them. I've vacuum-sealed everything so you can take it all onto the plane."

"You can't take drinks with you of course, so just get the air hostesses to get you a drink if you're thirsty..."

A lump formed in Cloud's throat, and he whispered, "Mom, take care of yourself."

Bettany nodded, gesturing at him to go. "Go on."

Cloud turned to leave, his reddened eyes full of reluctance.

It was hard to be patriotic and filial at the same time. Cloud had known from the second he had decided to serve his country that he would not be able to see his parents much anymore.

It was good that he had seven brothers, though. His brother was the head of the Crawford Holdings and was thus at home all the time, his second and fifth brother worked in construction and also lived at home. His third and fourth brothers had busy schedules, but were still able to make it home every festive season for a visit.

His sixth brother had a harder time coming home, but could call home whenever he was free. Gilbert was a doctor, and still lived at home despite his busy life.

Thinking of things that way made it easier to leave. Cloud would be filled with regret if his aging parents had no one by their side.

Cloud got through the checkpoint, turning to wave at everyone else.

Yet there was no one in the departure hall anymore.

Everyone was already at the airport entrance. Lilly was riding on Blake's shoulders, chatting away happily.

Cloud was speechless.

He finally teared up.

A long while later, he chuckled and shook his head before turning to leave.

Outside the airport, everyone had gotten into the car. Blake was at the wheel, but he did not drive yet.

Bettany pretended to thoughtlessly cast a glance at a plane taking off not too far away.

She let out a barely-audible sigh. All the yearning and worry she felt was held back, at the bottom of her heart.

Lilly lay by the window, waving towards the plane.

"Let's go!" She sat back down in her seat. "Off to Bondee Beach!"

The original plan had been to drive, but that would take four hours. The plan changed to taking the train.

The family sat in a business class carriage, which looked about the same as a first class cabin on a plane. There were only three seats in a row, and the entire carriage only contained three rows of seats that could be adjusted to a 180 degree angle for lying down.

Every seat was equipped with a screen and reading light, slippers and snacks. It was spacious and luxurious.

The spontaneous trip consisted of Hugh, Bettany, Blake, Lilly and Margaret. There were five people in total.

They booked five spots, not wanting to waste resources by taking up an entire carriage.

"Lilly, you can't be running around on the train or making too much noise, or you'll be disturbing others."

Lilly had always traveled using the Crawfords' personal vehicles, be it by car or plane. This was her first time on a train.

She nodded. "I've got it, Grandma. Can I make a little bit of noise, if I whisper?"

She lowered her voice, speaking softly.

Bettany was amused, chuckling at her. "Of course you can. Not disturbing anyone doesn't mean you can't do anything at all."

Lilly nodded. She had learnt something new again!

This was her first time on a train, and she sat down on her seat with excitement and curiosity. She felt around her, adjusting her seat to recline fully before having it come back up.

Her eyes were full of shock and surprise.

Pablo floated next to her, smiling as he watched over her while reading.

The view on the way was nothing but flowers and the beautiful sky.

Bettany and Hugh were having their own free and easy time. Lilly was even freer, her kindergarten classes having turned outdoors. Blake was the only one feeling not so free.

On the train, Blake got a call. He lowered his voice. "A meeting? I haven't got any time."

Another half an hour later, he got another call. "No, I've resigned. I'm not in charge of that anymore."

Another half an hour. "You can ask Layton."

Another half an hour... his phone vibrated again.

Blake put his phone on silent altogether.

(The leaders from the other side of the phone said, "Refusing to pick up the phone and sounding all annoyed? What happened to the ghost-catching teams??")

Blake did not pick up the phone, but another woman's voice rang behind him full of annoyance said, "

"So we can't even rest now? You've been taking calls the entire way over here, do you think you own this train?"

Blake frowned.

Lilly turned to look behind her, and saw a fashionably-dressed woman taking off her sunglasses to reveal an angry expression.

She frowned. "Ma'am, my Dad put his phone on vibrate. I couldn't even hear it sitting next to him! He even lowered his voice when he was speaking, Grandma was sleeping next to him but didn't even wake up. My Dad only took three calls, and spoke one sentence every time! I don't think he was disturbing anyone."

It was important to say sorry when you messed up, but her dad clearly hadn't done anything wrong this

time.

Lilly was hell bent on protecting her Dad.

The woman smirked. "Do you know I've got heightened senses? I'll wake up at the slightest noise!"

Lilly said earnestly, "No, I don't. I don't know you! How would I know that you had heightened senses?"

"You don't own this train, either. You can sleep, so I can make calls too."

Lilly's grandma had told her before getting on the train that making noise or running around would disrupt other people getting rest, but it was alright to do your own thing.

The woman was properly angered.

They were all in the same carriage, and she thought that the family in front of her was just some regular wealthy family.

The kid in front had seemed like she had hardly seen much of the world judging from how shocked she was at the reclining chairs. It was probably their first time in business class.

What peasants. She, on the other hand, was a self-made millionaire who dared to stand up for herself and all the injustices in the world.

"How low-class! This is a public space, not your house! Making a call every few minutes and speaking so loudly, and even talking back when confronted! I really am down on my luck to run into you people!"

"And you, you can't even be a good role model with a kid around! The apple really doesn't fall far from the tree. I truly feel bad for this kid of yours. God knows what kind of terrible person she'll grow up to be!"

Lilly was speechless.

[Chapter 599 I'll Show You Bad Luck](#)

Lilly stopped short. Why had she turned into a terrible person all of a sudden?

She was a good child of the nation, learning from her brothers and doing her best to be a good person.

She was going to be just like her Dad and Uncle Cloud when she grew up, loving and serving her own country.

The wronged look on her face made the eavesdropping spirits frown in pity.

The harem spirit said, "What the hell, this girl's asking for a beating! Get him, Unlucky!"

She'd said she was down on her luck, hadn't she! Well, they'd show her bad luck for good!

The unlucky ghost pounced on her with a howl.

Lilly did not even have the time to stop him...

Blake stood up, his expression icy.

"Apologize to my daughter," he said coldly.

He was a tall man, and brought about an air of authority standing up that made the carriage feel pressured. He stared the woman down, boring holes into her like a hunter eyeing his prey.

Bettany had not woken up from the kerfuffle until now, waking up with a start from the aura.

The woman found it hard to speak all of a sudden. She had always had a sharp tongue, but could not make a single sound for some reason.

"Ha... why should I even apologize!" She mumbled, nowhere as loud as she had been.

Blake continued to stare at the woman, and she lowered her head by instinct. Yet upon realizing what she had just done, she was all the more frustrated.

Where had she been wrong? Why did she have to say sorry?

With the way this bastard was abusing his power, he had probably just come into money! New money people were always trashy just like that. This man had probably broken the hearts of countless women, ugh!

Bettany frowned, whispering, "What happened?"

Hugh said, "I don't know. I just woke up too.

Bettany was speechless.

Margaret leaned over from her single seat, whispering what had happened.

Bettany smirked coldly. "And I was wondering what terrible sin my kid had committed! You said it yourself... This is a train, not your house. You aren't royalty, but expected to be treated like a princess and have everyone do as you wish?"

"You made three calls sound like he was on the phone the entire way over here, you made one phone call consisting of one sentence that sounded like he was talking endlessly. Do you make your own

thread? You sure know how to spin a yarn!"

"The two passengers beside him weren't even woken up! What are you on about?"

"My kid isn't a terrible person, but you definitely seem like one! Don't you mess with me! Are you going to say sorry, or not?"

How dare this lady call her darling girl a terrible person.

Even though Bettany was angry, she still managed to keep her voice down out of care for the two other passengers in the middle.

Said passengers had their headphones and eye masks on, oblivious to their surroundings as they slept peacefully.

The woman glowered at Bettany. This old lady was dressed quite simply, but seemed to have an air about her...

What a shame it was, that she was not a person of logic either!

The woman felt like she was being ganged up against. She had only said a few words, but was now getting bullied by a whole group of people!

The woman raised her head, getting ready to retaliate. Yet she saw Blake's icy gaze, that old lady squinting at her threateningly, and the old man next to her looking at her unkindly as well. Even the shabbily-dressed woman next to all of them was glaring at her.

Crackle...

Blake clenched his fists, his knuckles making a series of cracking sounds.

The woman could not hold her ground in the end, gritting her teeth. "I'm sorry! Is that enough?"

The whole family was like that! She cursed them to have a whole life of bad luck!

The woman reached out for her glass of water angrily, about to take a sip to calm down.

Yet she somehow slipped, and the glass fell from her grasp!

Splash...

A full glass of water upended itself on her, drenching her completely. She stood up in a panic, and the glass fell to the floor with a clatter.

Before she could react, the overhead luggage compartment opened out of nowhere. A suitcase fell from its square on her head, before hitting her toe.

The woman was wearing flip-flops, and she squealed in pain. "Ouch..."

Her sling bag hit the passenger next to her.

The unlucky ghost said, "Sorry! Didn't mean to do that!"

His aura was just too strong, affecting others.

The passenger next to the woman woke up. She took her eye mask off and frowned at the woman, but still returned her sling bag to her.

The woman was nothing but embarrassed, filled with rage and humiliation that she could not express anywhere. She glared at the passenger instead, snatching her bag over.

The passenger, another lady, did not know what she had done to be glared at. The passenger cursed, "Trashy b*tch."

The woman was furious. "What did you call me! Who are you calling trashy? Apologize to me right now!"

The passenger next to her could not be bothered to argue with her, tapping her husband next to her.

Her husband woke up, and took his eye mask off. The blanket on him dropped from his shoulders, revealing his arms full of tattoos. There was a scar next to his eye as well.

The mere look of him was enough to send chills running down one's spine.

The woman was speechless.

She did not dare to say anything further. She saw a train steward passing by, and projecting all her anger onto him at once. "What are you all doing? Did you just get here? Aren't there supposed to be two stewards on standby in all the luxury cabins? Were you playing truant?"

The steward explained that he had been doing a luggage check, but the woman refused to listen and shouted that she was going to make a complaint.

Lilly shook her head. "This lady only knows how to bully those weaker than her."

She talked a big talk, but was silent the second she ran into someone stronger than her.

Bettany raised her phone all of her sudden, her voice calm like she was narrating. "Take a look at this,

everyone. Coming live to you, it's a lady waking other people up and throwing her bad at others but getting angry the second she's confronted."

"She knows she can't bully her fellow passengers, so she takes it out on the stewards. Man, there really are all kinds of people in the world these days. What society scum, tsk tsk."

Lilly glanced over curiously, but saw that Bettany's phone screen was dark.

She was pretending!

The woman, however, seemed to be terrified of being exposed. She cursed, lowering her head and retreating to her seat.

Bettany scoffed. She had all the men of the Crawford family at her mercy from the strong to the powerful to the burly. It was best not to mess with her!

After she was done, she reminded Lilly, "Lilly, don't ever be like that. Got it?"

Lilly nodded her head. "Got it."

She sneakily called out to the unlucky ghost to come back.

The unlucky ghost, currently on a rebellious streak, said, "Hell no!"

There was limited space on the train, and he hadn't even shown the woman what true bad luck was. No, he wasn't coming back quite yet!

The fashionably-clad woman sat out the rest of the journey just like that, her soaking wet clothes making her miserable and uncomfortable. She wanted to change in the toilet, but found that she could not get up for some reason.

At last, everyone reached their stop. She ordered the stewards around loudly to get her suitcases down, her expression ashen. At last, she strode out haughtily on her high heels.

Yet the second she alighted, one of her heels went sideways.

Whatever she was holding flew out of her grasp at once as she went keeling over, falling on the floor in a starfish formation.

She scrambled to her feet in a panic, only for her other heel to break off and sent her falling to the ground again.

Blood trickled from both her nostrils as well as her mouth from her chipped teeth. Even her forehead was scraped.

The unlucky ghost clapped, satisfied at last. "That's what it's like to be down on your luck."

"You should be lucky you only cursed them once, or you would've gotten worse than just falling twice!"

The unlucky ghost whooshed back into the spirit jar.

The woman wanted to cry. She raised her head, and saw Bettany and the rest coming out of the train with Lilly in tow. They looked at her once, and left.

None of them even helped her!

What trashy, new money peasants!

The woman cursed to herself. "Who do they think they are... I hope their boat sinks when they take a trip around the lake, and their entire family goes down. God, it's because of people like them that the country's in shambles..."

[Chapter 600 Have You Done Your Homework?](#)

Lilly held Bettany's hand, hopping and skipping along as they headed to the MPV that Blake had booked beforehand.

The MPV was big enough to hold seven to eight people, and would take them straight to Bondee Beach.

Blake had also booked a B&B that opened right up to a view of the seagulls.

"I'm rooming with Lilly this time!" Bettany walked along with her sling bag, Blake carrying her suitcase behind her.

Blake was pulling along two suitcases and a backpack, as well as an adorable bag in the shape of a strawberry... Lilly's.

Blake, the mover on duty, said, "Old Mrs. Crawford, you can't let Old Mr. Crawford stay by himself."

Hugh walked over casually. "We'll both room with Lilly."

Blake said, "There's only one bed in that room."

Bettany said, "That's fine. He can take the couch."

Hugh said, "What?" His smile froze on his face.

Blake, being left with no choice, upgraded to a bigger room last-minute.

The B&B owner smiled at him. "You're in pretty good luck! The booking made on the biggest room just got canceled. It's a seagull room, too."

Lilly was curious. "What's a seagull room?"

The owner could not help but give the little pigtails on her head a light pinch.

"You'll find out once you're inside!"

The owner said, opening the room door.

Lilly widened her eyes in shock and joy. "Whoa!"

The room was enormous, with a gigantic floor-to-ceiling glass door that took up an entire wall facing Bondee Beach.

The door opened up to two swimming pools. There was a group of seagulls soaring above the deck.

Lilly padded over, and the seagulls were within reach at once. The seagulls were used to seeing tourists, and called out as they flew over.

The owner smiled as he reminded them, "Seagulls aren't afraid of people, but you shouldn't feed them. The food you throw out, along with their poop, will only pollute Bondee Beach. The seagulls will also get used to being fed, and lower their hunting skills."

Lilly nodded. "OK, OK!"

The B&B owner wished them all a good trip, and left.

Lilly sat by the pool, taking out her phone to give her brothers and sisters a call.

"Look, it's a seagull!" Lilly raised the phone up high.

Hannah was so envious she was close to tears, complaining bitterly. "It's not fair! Why can't I skip class, but kindergarteners can? I want to go too!"

Liam's voice rang from the background. "Tomorrow's Monday, where are you going? Have you done your homework?"

Hannah stopped talking.

Having caught King Libra, Josh and the rest were now back in school with their lives back to normal as well.

Lilly comforted Hannah. "Come on, Hannah, I'll take you here next time! We can all come!"

Hannah finally relented, pouting at the screen. "Bring me a souvenir."

Lilly asked, "What would you like?"

Hannah said, "Not much, just get me a seagull!"

Lilly was speechless.

Josh's hand appeared, pushing Hannah to the side. "All you think about is seagulls, huh? Why don't you try flying yourself?"

Josh's face finally showed up on the screen. "Lilly, did you get any ghosts?"

Lilly nodded. "Yeah, I got a rebel ghost!"

The siblings chatted on and on, as if they had countless things to talk about.

A long time later.

Josh asked, "Drake, wanna talk to Lilly?"

Drake's voice came back calmly. "It's not like she's never coming back. I'm fine!"

Josh said, "Alright. I'll hang up, then."

Drake was speechless.

The call actually ended.

On Drake's phone was a group video call of him and his schoolmates studying together.

Ivan's voice came through the phone. "What's up?"

Drake hummed. "Not much. My sister's at Bondee Beach, she was on the phone with them."

There was a pause, with no reply for quite a while.

Lilly played with the seagulls for a whole hour, before getting ready to find a place to eat.

Only for them to run into a familiar-looking woman at the lobby.

She was fashionably-dressed with sunglasses on her face. It was the woman from the train.

She was currently throwing a huge tantrum. "I clearly booked the room! Why are you telling me you gave it to someone else?"

The B&B owner said, "You just cancel your booking on the app. Of course I gave it to someone else."

The woman slammed her bag on the counter, fuming. "I know I canceled it on the app, but why didn't you even bother calling me to make sure? My finger slipped and I canceled it by accident, I didn't even realize it happened!"

The owner did not know what to say.

"It couldn't have been by accident. There's a double confirmation required when you cancel your booking, and you need to authorize both of them and key in your password before it's confirmed."

The woman flared up even more. "Are you saying I lied, then? I'm making all of this up? Fine! Well, it's only been an hour since I canceled my room. You can't be out of the room completely so soon!"

She had seen the room online. It was huge, with a big bedroom and two swimming pools as well as a balcony with a sea view... perfect for her travel vlogs.

It was expensive, too. One night alone cost eight thousand dollars, and most people would not be able to afford it.

She saw another room with a sea view as well, and the pictures looked pretty good too. It was only a little over a thousand dollars, and she thought that there wouldn't be much of a difference as long as she was able to see the seagulls...

Only for her to reach and realize that her vlogs would not look hardly as good from over there.

Thus she canceled her booking over there and came back, only for her pre-booked room to be gone.

The B&B owner had seen his fair share of bad customers, and was more than used to this sort of attitude.

He said bluntly, "You canceled it, so it's canceled. You can book another room, we have other rooms available too."

The woman refused to budge. "Who took my room? Tell them to give it to me! They just checked in anyways, I can compensate them a hundred dollars!"

The owner was speechless.

These people could afford a room that cost over eight thousand dollars per night. As if they would care

about a measly hundred dollars!

As they were talking, the owner saw Lilly and the rest walking out. He smiled at them. "Heading out for dinner?"

Bettany nodded.

The woman said, "Are these the people staying in my room?"

The owner had lost his patience with her. "They're staying in one of the B&B's rooms. It's not your room."

The woman was fuming. This family again!

They were everywhere! It was bad enough that they disrupted her sleep on the train, now they had taken her room too!

"That room was supposed to be mine! I don't care, don't give me excuses! Either think of a way for them to give me the room, or I'm making a report!"

The owner said at once, "Go ahead. It's your right to complain, I can't stop you."

The woman fully lost it. "What kind of attitude is that? Is this how you treat your guests? How do you even do business around here?"

She had a high income, and considered herself to be one of society's highest contributors. Of course, she was a top customer.

The B&B owner should obviously do as she wanted!

This was a new money family, anyways! Did they even deserve to stay in a place so classy? What a waste.