

## **Eight Uncles 661**

### [Chapter 661 We've Found the Corpse](#)

As Blake talked with the family, Lilly stood up and excitedly ran over to play with the two other children.

The two elderly couple sat together and chatted with Blake, the presumed "boss", while the woman fed the younger child. She would occasionally glance at Lilly and Josh, asking them questions but then diverting her attention as she saw them playing happily.

Lilly and Josh played with the two children, sharing toys and running in and out of the room. Meanwhile, they quietly observed their surroundings.

The apartment consisted of two bedrooms and a living room. It was not overly spacious, but it was not cramped either. The old man's room was slightly smaller, while the master bedroom was larger. There was a bed that was taller than 6 feet, which appeared to have been custom-made using bricks.

Lilly asked, "Your bed is so big, how many people sleep on it?"

The two children eagerly responded, "I sleep with my parents, my sister, and my brother. There are five of us!"

Josh exclaimed in surprise, realizing that it must be quite crowded to fit five people on a 6-foot bed.

The bed appeared somewhat disheveled, and the space underneath was utilized as a storage area, filled with various items.

Josh noticed a tool bag beneath the bed, resembling the one seen in the video, and it instantly caught his attention.

"Lils... do you think we should check under the bed..."

They were here to find the body.

Lilly shook her head and replied, "No."

In a situation like this, it was only natural for Michael and the others to come out!

When it came to searching discreetly, what could be more suitable than ghosts?

Lilly shook the jar of souls, summoning the harem spirit, unlucky ghost, cowardly ghost, and the rest of the gang.

"Michael, please help us!"

Before coming here, Lilly sought their assistance in finding things.

The cowardly ghost nodded and whispered, "Don't worry, I'll help you find it."

Lilly responded cheerfully, "Great!"

The ghosts split up and began their search.

The harem spirit remained inside the house, as one ghost was sufficient to cover the entire area.

The unlucky ghost, the cowardly ghost, the female ghost in a wedding dress, the foolish ghost, the crying spirit, and the rebel ghost went outside, each searching a floor.

The rebel ghost grumbled, "I've been a ghost for so long and I'm not supposed to look for something."

The Cowardly Ghost remained expressionless and replied, "The jar of souls would consume useless ghosts."

The rebel ghost was speechless.

Recalling how the jar of souls swallowed the dark energy, he fell silent and changed the subject, saying, "Hey, seriously, do you have issues with me? Or do we have some beef with each other? It feels like I owe you five million dollars every time I see you."

The cowardly ghost snorted and floated upstairs.

The rebel ghost made a face at him and muttered, "I'm sick."

The house had six floors. The cowardly ghost thoroughly searched the entire building but found nothing. It even searched other people's houses.

The harem spirit also completed her search and said in confusion, "There's nobody in the house. Where could he have hidden the body? It's puzzling."

The unlucky ghost suggested, "Would it be possible if he didn't bring the body back?"

The cowardly ghost shook its head and replied, "That's impossible. Many people are paying attention to the missing girl. If the body was thrown into a trash can, it would have been discovered. If the body was intentionally disposed of, it would have left behind traces. Moreover, after such a long investigation, there's no evidence of an unidentified body being found."

"The most important point is that Blake checked the surveillance footage and said that Barry came back with a tool bag. He took the bus home without changing stations..."

So, he must've brought the body back.

While there was no surveillance in the alley, there were cameras inside the building after entering the door. Interestingly, the building's surveillance had been nonfunctional for a few days. Given Barry's occupation as an electrician, it was highly likely that he had deliberately disabled the camera.

The harem spirit thought about the situation and replied, "So, the body is in this building. The question is, where is it hidden? There's no basement or underground car park here..."

The cowardly ghost narrowed its eyes and exchanged a knowing look with the harem spirit.

"The roof!"

They had not searched the roof yet.

The ghosts immediately floated up to the top of the building.

The female ghost in the wedding dress was a resentful ghost, who could not venture into direct sunlight, so she positioned herself near the door, keeping watch and saying, "Let me know if you find anything!"

The building had stairs leading to the roof, which was open and featured several drying racks in the center. Various clotheslines crisscrossed the area, with clothes and quilts hanging from them.

"The balcony seems cramped, the residents here dried their clothes on the roof..." one of the ghosts remarked.

In addition to clothes drying, there were foam boxes placed along the wall at the edge of the roof. These boxes were filled with soil, and various vegetables were grown in them.

It appeared that the building's residents planted them. Some boxes were well-tended, while others showed signs of wilting. Some boxes nearly deteriorated, and the sizes of the boxes varied, creating a messy sight.

The cowardly ghost stopped in front of two particular boxes, and the harem spirit squatted down, rubbing its chin as it examined them closely.

"The vegetables in these two boxes seem unusual," the harem spirit touched her chin as she squatted in front of the boxes.

The cowardly ghost nodded in agreement. "These vegetables appear to be growing well, but they seem a bit wilted. It's not because it's dehydrated. It's more like they've been deprived of something."

The harem spirit chimed in, "Exactly. It means that the body must be inside one of these boxes."

The unlucky ghost rolled its eyes at their hesitation. "We're ghosts, for crying out loud! Why don't we just go inside and take a look?"

The harem spirits shrugged. "Who's going in?"

The foolish ghost shook its head. "Not me!"

The unlucky ghost sighed, realizing that expecting an elderly ghost to do such a task was unrealistic. "I'm old, I can't go in. Rebel ghost, go in."

The rebel ghost immediately fled the scene, declaring, "All of you can go in on your own. I'm not joining you!"

Even though they were all ghosts, encountering the charred remains of someone was something none of them wanted to see.

The unlucky ghost grumbled, "You... damn it!"

As it attempted to run away, it stumbled and fell headfirst into one of the foam boxes. Taking advantage of the situation, the harem spirit kicked the unlucky ghost, sending it plunging into the soil.

Walking through walls was easy for ghosts, let alone a box filled with dirt!

The unlucky ghost found itself submerged in the soil, face to face with the charred corpse inside. The corpse was blackened and contorted, with its mouth open in a silent scream...

### [Chapter 662 The Wire Snapped](#)

Could ghosts experience fear?

The unlucky ghost was frightened to death.

"What in the world! Who kicked me?!" The ghost in distress pulled himself up and shouted in anger.

The harem spirit and the cowardly ghost turned around and left, saying, "Let's go back to Lilly."

The female ghost in the wedding dress peeked her head out and asked, "Did you find it? Hurry up and tell me!"

She hurriedly caught up.

The unlucky ghost wiped his face and expressed his anger, saying, "They're a bunch of betrayers! They tricked their teammates!"

...

Lilly sat cross-legged on the mat, playing with building blocks.

Josh was absent-minded, occasionally glancing outside, wondering if the ghosts returned.

Blake discussed various topics, ranging from the issues of children's diapers when Barry and the others came to work in the city, to the medication for elderly individuals with high blood pressure, and the essential skills needed to become an electrician...

Finally, a figure appeared at the door.

Barry came back!

Upon seeing a stranger in the house, Barry froze for a moment and unconsciously halted before entering.

Blake glanced at his feet, smiled, and said, "Mr. Stark, you're back!"

Barry instinctively took a step back upon hearing Blake's words, as if he wanted to flee. However, he swiftly turned around and stood his ground, his face subtly displaying a trace of panic.

His wife immediately spoke up, "Barry, what are you doing? You're like a piece of wood, you're such a coward for running away when you see your boss"

Barry hesitated and addressed Blake, "Boss?"

Blake replied, "Well, I've come to offer you some work. It pays three thousand dollars a day, including food and shelter, but it might require you to be away from home for a while."

The eyes of the two elderly couple and Barry's wife widened in the room.

Three thousand a day!

Was the boss here for this reason?

Blake smiled faintly and continued, "However, the project is confidential, and you'll need to travel to different locations. You'll only be able to come back once a year. The project is expected to last one or two years."

Barry's face turned pale.

He had a hunch about something.

Having worked as an electrician for many years, he knew that a daily wage of 3,000 dollars was

impossible. Even working with high voltage did not yield such high pay.

He stammered, "Wha... what project is it? Where would I have to go..."

His wife immediately scolded him, "Hey! Are you out of your mind? Didn't the boss just say it's confidential? Why are you asking questions at the door?"

"Quick, come inside."

The elderly woman quickly chimed in, "Oh, no, we'll bring the children outside for a while..."

From the moment Blake entered the house, he knew that Barry was the sole breadwinner for his family.

Barry's elderly father had suffered a stroke and was paralyzed, with limited mobility and requiring constant care. His elderly mother was frail and hunched over, only capable of doing simple chores.

The responsibility of supporting the family fell on Barry's wife, Keisha. She took care of their two children, managed the household chores, accompanied the children to school, bought groceries, and cooked meals...

This family had a challenging life, representing the struggles faced by countless migrant workers.

Pablo folded his arms, crossed his legs, and floated to the side, gazing out the window. He had already expected that this would be another issue...

It was Lilly's issue.

Blake said, "There's no need, Mr. Stark and I..."

The harem ghost and the others came down from upstairs, and the cowardly ghost interjected, "It's in the foam box where the vegetables are grown on the roof."

Blake continued, "Mr. Stark and I will talk on the roof.."

Barry's complexion grew paler.

His family quickly agreed, observing Barry's dazed state. The elderly woman nudged him urgently, saying, "Go!"

Opportunities like this do not come often.

The son's family was not doing well, and if they could earn this amount of money and return, their grandchildren could have a better education...

Barry clenched his lips, placed the toolbox in his hand down, and replied, "Alright."

Blake led Lilly and Josh upstairs first. They knew that Barry could not escape.

His family was here, and he had nowhere to run.

On the roof...

Blake stood before two large foam boxes.

These boxes were quite spacious, meant for a family of more than seven people. Blake had intentionally selected a large foam box, which would be just right for burying the body.

He sighed and asked, "Why did you bring her back and bury her here? It was an accident. There was no need to hide the body."

"Hiding the body means taking responsibility."

Barry's legs weakened, and as a grown man, he knelt, gripping his hair in anguish, and admitted, "It wasn't an accident, it's all my fault, all my fault!"

Tears streamed down his face in an instant.

Lilly squatted beside Barry, silently offering him a tissue, but he did not take it and simply cried, "It's all me..."

He felt an overwhelming sense of frustration as if all his strength had been drained, and he slumped to the ground.

Lilly asked, "What happened?"

Barry struggled to find his words for a while as he was in tears.

Blake spoke calmly, "Speak up and I'll consider helping you. You need to think about how your family will sustain themselves when you're gone."

"For the sake of your parents and wife, I can offer you the job I mentioned earlier, and you can figure things out."

It was then that Barry quickly said, "No, that's not what I meant. I wasn't being honest..."

This man had an air of authority and righteousness that made Barry think he might be a police officer.

"On that night, it was very windy, and the high-voltage line fell," he began.

After everyone had gone home, Barry received a phone call informing him that his fellow workers were unwilling to go there. Barry believed that the high-voltage line was extremely dangerous, and their response to the phone call indicated that they had not taken the necessary precautions while working.

"So I went alone because I was afraid someone might accidentally step on the wire..."

Barry wiped his tears, his face etched with bitterness.

"When I arrived, I discovered that we hadn't secured the high-voltage wires properly, and they had all fallen into the alley. The wind was strong that night..."

"I brought my tools and prepared to fix it, but I was alone, and I needed to call a specialist for assistance."

He was also concerned that outsiders might come into contact with the high-voltage line, so he did not put up any warning signs at the time. Instead, he placed two boards on top of the line, hoping that people would avoid stepping on them if they noticed the boards.

But the wind was strong!

The two boards were too light...

The high-voltage line remained exposed, right in the middle of the two boards...

### [Chapter 663 Too Late](#)

Barry was an employee of the power supply company and had accumulated significant experience at his relatively young age.

For him, this job was considered a secure and stable source of income.

However, he was an honest individual who did not resort to questionable means. He had been transferred to the big city for career development, but little did he know that life would become even more challenging in the urban setting. Despite the salary increase, the cost of living soared. To support his family, Barry had to take up additional work.

"I don't possess any specialized skills. I've always relied on working harder and waiting for an opportunity. I'm willing to do anything," Barry expressed.

"After a harsh winter, the wires and dampers between the transmission towers required a thorough inspection. We were responsible for maintaining this particular line..."

In urban areas, high-voltage power transmission typically involved underground cables with insulation layers. However, in more remote regions, overhead lines supported by iron towers were commonly



used.

According to mandatory standards, newly planned power lines above 35kV in urban areas should utilize underground cables, particularly in downtown areas and busy streets.

However, in Xigbar District, there was a designated "high-voltage line corridor," and a section of the line passed through the city center where the incident occurred.

"We paid special attention to this line, and every maintenance team was vigilant to prevent any accidents..."

The collapse of a high-voltage line due to strong winds was a grave accident.

"When I arrived at the scene, I realized that no one was there. It dawned on me that everyone was unwilling to take responsibility for the accident. If I were the first to arrive, I had to shoulder the responsibility."

Although the worker originally assigned to handle the maintenance that day held more accountability, Barry understood that if anything went wrong upon his arrival, it would be his responsibility.

"I was such a fool..." Barry covered his face and wept bitterly. "I didn't know what I was thinking, using two boards..."

Addressing an emergency failure of a high-voltage line required a power outage operation. Upon reaching the scene, the fault point needed to be identified, and the power outage had to be completed within 20 minutes.

After Barry reported the incident, it only took 20 minutes for the accident to happen.

He was overcome with fear and self-blame upon the girl's tragic death.

He believed that he could have prevented the accident from happening if he had acted differently.

Blake shook his head and explained, "Taking into account the overall circumstances of the incident, the high-voltage line didn't fall due to your error, nor was it related to your work that day. You hurried over out of concern, and it took you some time to notice the warning sign. The warning signs were not enough, and the girl's accident wouldn't have happened just by looking at the road."

If Barry followed the regular reporting procedure, he would not have had to shoulder much responsibility. At most, he would have faced internal repercussions within the system.

However, in a panic, he took the girl's body away.

Lilly asked with sadness, "Why did you take Tracy's body?"

Barry sobbed as he struggled to answer, "I was afraid of bearing the responsibility. I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to explain it clearly. They are skilled at evading blame, and I'm scared that I wouldn't be able to fight back..."

"And deep down, I felt like I was the one who caused her death. If people found out, I would lose my job..."

"My elderly father needs medication and medical care, my mother's health is deteriorating, and my wife is unable to work. If I crumbled, what would happen to the entire family?"

"So I took the body away. Even if an investigative team arrived later to ask about what happened that night, I would simply claim that after reporting the fault, I waited at the back door of the mall and knew nothing..."

Everyone suspected that the girl had been electrocuted to death. However, because Barry had placed two boards that were blown away, leaving no traces at the scene, this suspicion was ruled out.

Barry's words were accompanied by uncontrollable tears.

Blake shook his head slightly, dialed a phone number, and quietly instructed a few people to come over, maintaining a low profile.

Such was the nature of Barry's family and his character.

In a moment of confusion, Barry made a grave mistake.

The consequences were unfortunate, and it seemed misfortune targeted the poor.

Lilly whispered, "Josh, what is the crime of hiding a corpse? How many years will you be sentenced to?"

Josh shook his head, "I'm not sure. If you fail to report what you know, you may not be charged. However, taking away and hiding the corpse could be considered a similar offense to covering up or harboring a crime. It could result in a sentence of at least three years..."

Earlier, Uncle Blake said that Barry would be on a "business trip" for one or two years, so it seemed that Barry wouldn't be able to escape for the next couple of years.

Soon, some officers arrived and dug up the two corpses from the foam box where the vegetables were being grown.

The bodies were charred and severely burned. At first glance, one might mistake them for the remains of a child around eight or nine years old. The body was thinner than the average child of that age...

The girl's body was stiff, and Barry had pressed it down to facilitate burial. Her arm was broken, and she was wrapped in layers of plastic wrap...

The police placed the girl's body in a body bag, covering it with other bags, and quietly took it away.

Barry hurriedly returned home and packed some clothes, only mentioning that the project required his immediate departure.

His elderly mother chased after him, calling out, "Shall we have lunch before you leave? Just a quick bite so that you won't be hungry on the way."

Barry paused for a moment, then shook his head and replied, "No, we've assembled several maintenance teams from across the country, and each team is sending one member... My boss is waiting for me, and I can't keep him waiting."

The elderly woman nodded repeatedly, saying, "That's right, work hard when you go, don't cause any trouble... The boss trusts you by choosing you, but don't forget to eat properly after working hard!"

Keisha held her children while the younger one was propped up on the steps. She spoke, "Stay safe, the boss mentioned that the project is confidential and you're not allowed to make phone calls. I'll be waiting for you at home, so don't worry about us."

Barry struggled to hold back his tears, but his nose felt congested, and tears welled up uncontrollably in his eyes.

He quickly took his little daughter's hand and reassured her, "Don't worry!"

His two sons ran over and clung to his thigh, saying, "Daddy, we'll miss you."

Barry could only manage to say, "Okay, okay."

He hurriedly walked away with his luggage.

His family stood at the foot of the stairs, craning their necks to watch him leave. Keisha pulled the children back, trying to shield them from the emotional scene.

The elderly couple stood there for a long time, before finally letting out a deep sigh, "One or two years..."

When people are about to leave, they fear accidents.

Naturally, they also carried their worries, afraid that something might happen during the next two years, and they would not see their son before he left.

But what could they do? They had to keep running to make a living...

### [Chapter 664 Who's Right?](#)

Blake leaned against the wall by the door, while Lilly nestled her face on her father's lap. Josh let out a sigh, expressing his weariness. At that moment, the door on the first floor opened, and Barry came out with a small bag. Still groggy, he quickly noticed Blake and the others wiping away their tears, prompting him to say, "Let's go..."

Barry was being held in custody until his sentencing.

The girl's body was returned to her grieving parents. Learning about the incident, the parents found it impossible not to hold Barry responsible.

After all, that was their daughter, a real person. Denying the truth would not bring her back.

Consequently, they did not show any understanding, and Barry was sentenced to a two-year prison term for hiding a corpse.

The police issued a notice, considering Barry's family circumstances, where they withheld his full name and surname. They only mentioned that an off-duty power company employee had received a call to check on something. The notice also explained the relatively short duration of the prison sentence.

It was expected that the official announcement would quell the rampant speculation and rumors circulating on the internet.

However, the prominent influencers remained silent for an extended period.

The controversy surrounding the matter was immense. Barry had acted out of good intentions and a sense of responsibility. He acted alone, while it was the workers who had deliberately evaded their duties.

Barry was also innocent in a way.

But the girl's parents were also in a pitiable state. They had searched for their daughter for over a month, only to face such a tragic ending—her body torn into two pieces.

Blake managed to keep Barry's identity a secret, so the influencers would fail to locate Barry and the others involved in the accident, instead discovering the girl's parents.

"Your daughter is so pitiful... I haven't been able to sleep for three days after reading the news. From now on, I'll be your daughter!"

This was their attempt to visit Tracy's parents, shedding crocodile tears.

"Now that the truth has been revealed, sir and ma'am, how do you feel? What kind of emotions are you experiencing?"

"Hiding the corpse and making her parents search for it for so long. Is he thrilled from watching the girl's parents crying in front of the camera every day? How can such scum only receive a two-year sentence?"

This was akin to getting clout online.

Then there was the most controversial comment that sparked discussion.

"A certain employee is also in a pitiable situation. He acted with good intentions, so he shouldn't be held responsible. He could have let it slide, but he didn't! Why? Was it out of goodwill or a sense of responsibility? He panicked and took the girl's body away, so why was he sentenced? Shouldn't it be the on-duty worker responsible for making emergency repairs?"

"This incident is horrifying. A responsible and dutiful person has been convicted. In my opinion, the girl's parents should fight for a commutation of his sentence. Not only did the girl's parents not offer any help, but they also refused to forgive him. Isn't it pitiful for an innocent person to be sentenced?"

Immediately after these comments, some people genuinely felt that the employee had been treated unfairly. It was not his fault that the girl was electrocuted. The only mistake he made was being too frightened and unfortunate!

Some people understood the truth, but where there is controversy, there is heat, and people tend to hop on the trend to get clout.

Some criticized, while others engaged in debates, but ultimately, it was the girl's parents who bore the blame.

When Lilly saw Tracy's parents again, it had been seventy-seven days since Tracy's death, and she had come to pay her respects.

To her surprise, Tracy's parents looked even more exhausted.

Upon seeing Lilly, Tracy's mother burst into tears, asking, "Were we wrong? Is it wrong of us not to forgive that person?"

Lilly was taken aback for a moment.

Her heart was in turmoil, and she did not know what to say.

Tracy's mother choked back tears, saying, "Every day, we receive calls from people who scold us, accusing us of being cruel and lacking conscience. They claim that our unforgiveness will set back

civilization by 20 years and that nobody will take responsibility for future incidents..."

Tracy's father lit a cigarette and let out a deep sigh. "Yesterday, someone called and said that our daughter is dead, but that employee still gets to live. It wasn't his intention. We won't forgive, and we aren't afraid to speak up about Tracy's death. Then someone crossed the line... I couldn't hold back and cursed over the phone."

As a result, the video of him cursing was leaked the next morning.

"Girl's parents argue and got what they deserved, Who told you to meddle with someone else's business?"

Suddenly, they went from being objects of pity and sympathy across the internet to being seen as repulsive and despicable.

"I didn't mean it that way..."

"But... but are we wrong? Is it wrong not to forgive him?" Tracy's father murmured. "Our poor Tracy couldn't find her way home after death, and her body was torn apart. Her arm was broken too..."

"She had her mouth wide open as if she was calling for help... She must have been calling out to us before she died... He knew that we had been searching for so long and enduring so much suffering, yet he didn't say anything..."

How could they be wrong?

Lilly felt a sense of discomfort and instinctively leaned into her father's arms, her gaze unfocused.

Tracy's parents were unaware of what was happening at Mr. Stark's house. All they knew was that someone had hidden their daughter.

But she knew!

From Tracy's parents' perspective, she understood why they found hiding the corpse unforgivable.

However, from Barry's perspective, she also felt pity for him and could understand his actions.

Suddenly, a red pen appeared in front of Lilly's eyes.

She instinctively raised her hand and grasped it.

Pablo, who had been lost in thought, jolted up as soon as he saw Lilly. He became nervous and exclaimed, "Lilly!"

It was the pen of judgment!

Why did it appear now?

The pen of judgment was used by the Ruler of Hell to determine right from wrong and to discern cause and effect. Everything recorded by this pen represented the judgments of the Ruler of Hell, affecting all past and present lives, and the rules of right and wrong and their consequences.

There was no room for error...

Lilly gazed at the pen before her with clear eyes. Once she acquired the pen of judgment, she instinctively understood what she needed to do.

She needed to pass judgment on this matter... and deliver the sentence.

However... this was incredibly challenging!

Blake's black string could see ghosts, but it could not see things at the same level as the pen of judgment.

Blake noticed the abnormal expression on Lilly's face, and Pablo appeared nervous as well. Something must be amiss.

"What's wrong, Lilly?" he immediately asked.

Lilly's voice sounded empty as if drifting from a distant place. She softly replied, "Daddy, who's right?"

### [Chapter 665 Pen of Judgment](#)

Who's in the right?

Lilly nodded, fixated on the pen in her hand, and asked, "Daddy... Shouldn't Mr. Stark have not gone there that night? Shouldn't Tracy's parents forgive?"

Are they all in the wrong?

Without hesitation, Blake replied, "Tracy's parents are in the right. They have the right to protect their daughter's body and, understandably, they cannot forgive Barry."

"Barry was in the wrong, but his mistake was being panicked, hiding the body, and continuing to conceal it while Tracy's parents were searching for it. However, when he hurried there immediately after the accident occurred, he was completely in the right."

Lilly murmured, "They're both right, but why hasn't the situation been resolved? Who is to blame then?"

Blake responded, "The fault lies with those who cling to this matter and want to exploit it for their gain, wanting to savor a few more morsels of human suffering."

Lilly shook her head, "But what if Barry hadn't gone there that night?"

In that case, Sister Tracy might have still been electrocuted, but her body would have been found.

There would be no debates on the internet.

The concepts of right and wrong, and cause and effect, were not easily distinguishable and interconnected.

Everything was intertwined in this incident.

If Tracy had not been pressured by those people to inspect the goods before leaving, she would not have been delayed and would not have encountered the high-voltage wire.

In that case, those older employees who pressured her were in the wrong.

But if Sister Tracy had not been using her phone while walking, if she had been more attentive, she might not have stepped on the high-voltage wire. In that case, she would have been at fault.

If...

If...

Various "what ifs" flooded Lilly's mind one after another.

She realized there was no way to trace it back to the very beginning. If she could not trace it back to its origin, then was she the one at fault?

The Ruler of Hell's verdict was wrong, and Tracy was placed into the wrong life.

Witnessing Lilly's confusion, Pablo's heart skipped a beat.

"Lilly?"

She raised the pen of judgment and pointed it at herself.

Pablo broke out in a cold sweat. "No, Lilly! It's not your fault!"

It's over. This was a never-ending loop.

If she could not find an answer, she might descend into madness.



Blake noticed that Lilly could not hear him, so he quickly lifted her up and, disregarding Tracy's parents, rushed to the car and closed the door.

"Lilly, don't scare Daddy! Lilly!"

Blake shook Lilly anxiously, but she still could not hear him.

"What's happening?!" He yelled at Pablo.

Pablo was both anxious and helpless. "What's the use of yelling at me? This is her own struggle!"

Blake asked, "What struggle? Is there any struggle we can't face together?"

Pablo pointed to her hand. "She's holding the pen of judgment."

"The pen of judgment is the pen used by the Ruler of Hell to judge all ghosts and departed souls, determining their past lives and future reincarnations."

"Everyone who dies will undergo trial in the Palace of the Ruler of Hell. They can only proceed to reincarnation after the Ruler of Hell's verdict. The verdict determines the nature of their future reincarnation."

"At the same time, the pen of judgment records the cause and effect of Yama's judgment, influencing the rules of reincarnation."

Blake understood, and a feeling of powerlessness washed over him. He believed that as long as he remained by Lilly's side, teaching her right from wrong, and helping her navigate the world, he would be able to support her through any difficulty.

Yet, he now realized that there were some things that he could not help her with.

"You can do it, Lilly..." Blake held Lilly tightly, his gaze fixed on the pen in her hand.

As she was about to tap the pen on her forehead, it halted, but she showed no intention of letting it go.

"What happens if you're tapped by the pen of judgment?" Blake inquired.

Pablo explained, "The pen of judgment only judges ghosts. If you're struck by the pen of judgment, you'll die, you will be given your verdict, and be sent to either reincarnation or hell. Regardless of the outcome, it indicates that Lilly has failed in her trial."

"If the trial fails, the Rulers of Hell will no longer be able to restrain themselves."

They were still envious of Lilly. If she overcame all her challenges successfully, upon her return to the underworld, she would judge those who had harmed her.

Thus, if they refrained from intervening, they simply awaited Lilly's failure in her own trial.

Once she failed, it would be an irreparable situation, and she would face retribution.

"Why would there be retribution?" Blake queried, his brow furrowing upon hearing Pablo's words.

"The failure in the trial implies that Lilly has done something wrong. The rules of the underworld and the rules of reincarnation are being questioned as incorrect. Consequently, all the tragedies endured by individuals as they pass through life and are reborn could be attributed to her actions. If Lilly is not held accountable, then who should bear the responsibility?"

Blake fell silent.

Lilly could no longer hear any other voices—neither her father's nor her master's.

In her world, there was only one resounding question, "Who's at fault? Who's to blame?"

The pen of judgment seemed intent on pointing out the person who was guilty.

Lilly tightly grasped the pen of judgment, her thoughts spiraling into chaos, rendering her unable to think amidst the cacophony.

"Who's at fault...at fault?"

She whispered in a low voice, the pen in her hand wavering with uncertainty.

Several options lay before her, each with its own weight.

Was Tracy at fault?

Were Tracy's parents to blame?

Should Barry bear the responsibility?

Did those influencers have a role in the matter?

And... was she, herself, in the wrong?

#### [Chapter 666 Finding the Root of the Problem](#)

Lilly gazed vacantly at the available options as if each one posed a fatal question and selecting any of them would be deemed wrong.

"Why must there be blame?" Lilly whispered. "Why are we compelled to divide ourselves into right and wrong?"

Considering this perspective, a clear stream of thought rushed into her mind instantly.

The clear stream flowed, jolting her racing mind awake in an instant.

Wait... Lilly was perplexed.

Was there a limit to what's right and wrong?

Doesn't that contradict cause and effect?

Cause and effect are cyclical and boundless.

So why must there be boundaries between right and wrong, and why must we label someone as wrong?

Lilly experienced a sudden enlightenment, and her eyes became crystal clear as the few options in front of her vanished without a trace.

She gazed ahead as if overlooking everything.

She saw life, each one was a shining star, converging into a vast sea of stars that now filled her vision.

Lilly smiled, and with a flick of her wrist, she put away the pen.

The pen of judgment merged with her mind, suspended before the sea of stars in her eyes.

The sea of stars and the pen of judgment moved and rotated slowly, following invisible rules.

"So, that's how it is," Lilly suddenly realized. "It's so simple, just look at the sea of stars, look right in front..."

Hearing her muttering, Blake questioned, "What?"

No, it couldn't be that simple.

Lilly's eyes refocused, and she exclaimed cheerfully, "I know now, Daddy!"

Blake was astonished. "Well... you truly are my daughter!"

Don't worry about it, praise her first!

Lilly wore a smile.

She stepped out of the car once again and stood in front of Tracy's parents.

Tracy's parents had seen her suddenly freeze earlier, and in a panic, Blake had hurriedly carried her into the car, thinking she had fallen sick.

They stopped crying, and awkwardly stood up, grabbing each other's hands, their gazes fixed on the black SUV.

It turned out that Lilly had stepped out of the car again as if nothing had happened...

She ushered them both inside and reassured them, saying, "Sir, Ma'am, you haven't done anything wrong. Don't worry about what those bad people say."

"Let's focus on honoring Tracy! That's what matters, right?"

Tracy's parents looked at each other with complex emotions and walked slowly as if they had come to a realization.

Then, Lilly brought Tracy's soul up, and in the front hall, there was a table with incense and talismans for burning, to send Tracy off. They bid their farewells, and there was no regret or tears as they parted this time.

Gradually, they began to feel a sense of relief.

Tracy smiled mischievously. "Mom and Dad, I'm leaving! I heard I can be reincarnated into a very wealthy family! How great is that?"

Tracy's parents wiped their tears and nodded. "Yes, Tracy, you're the best."

Tracy laughed again. "But I'll miss you too much! You're still young, you can have a second child! I'll come back in three years."

Tracy's parents stammered, "Huh?"

Tracy waved at them. "So you must take care of your health! Live well, because, after all, I'll be reincarnated into a very, very rich and influential family, and it'll depend on you."

Tracy's parents felt a mix of terror, surprise, apprehension, and heartache.

Will we be able to meet again?

Tracy raised her arm and pointed to a birthmark. "Hey, remember this birthmark. I won't recognize you

when the time comes, but you'll know it's me."

There was a black mark on her arm.

Tracy's parents nodded repeatedly. "Okay."

"Mom, remember, don't worry, Tracy..."

As Tracy vanished once again, Tracy's mother, unable to recognize her, took a few steps forward, wiping her tears and saying, "Remember to come back... you must come back..."

The figure disappeared completely, and the vibrant yellow flames in front of their eyes extinguished.

Lilly stood up, clapped her hands, and said, "Alright, you two take care!"

"Live well."

"In this vast world, even after parting, there will always be reunions, so stay strong!"

Lilly smiled and waved goodbye to them, got into the car, and drove away.

Tracy's parents regained their composure.

Lilly was right. They will meet again.

Tracy would return, without a doubt.

"Honey, let's quickly tidy up and work..."

Tracy's dad added, "Let's change our phone number too. Those people might come looking for us here. Let's leave..."

Even if they had to leave their hometown, they needed to find a place where nobody knew them, so no one could bother them.

They would work hard. Even though they're in their middle age, they could still strive.

Tracy said she would be reincarnated into a wealthy family, and they would surely become prosperous...

"Let's go!"

The two of them swiftly packed their belongings and left their home that very day, venturing far away...

Perhaps when they returned, it would be a time when everyone had forgotten about the past.

By then, they might have saved up enough money to renovate their home and start a small business in town.

They did not desire wealth and power. They simply longed to be reunited with Tracy.

Three years later, Tracy's parents welcomed a new daughter into their lives, and the baby girl had a black birthmark on her arm.

They knew that Tracy had returned.

This was a story for another time.

...

As Lilly settled into the car, she lay down behind the driver's seat and watched her father drive.

Blake was still concerned and asked, "What's on your mind, Lilly?"

Lilly replied, "Daddy, it's better to have money!"

Blake was puzzled.

### [Chapter 667 Seeing a Different World](#)

After arriving home, Lilly locked herself in her room and did not come out for a long time.

This was the first time Bettany encountered Lilly in such a state. In the past, no matter when she returned, Lilly would always come to her except at midnight.

But now?

"Blake, what's going on?" Bettany grew concerned.

Blake reassured her, saying, "Don't worry, Lilly has her matters to attend to."

If something were amiss, Pablo or the other spirits would have hurriedly emerged.

Bettany wanted to say something, eventually, she remained silent and turned around to cook.

Meanwhile, Lilly was inside her room.

She sat cross-legged on the bed, clutching a pen in her hand.

"The Pen of Judgment... connects the Three Realms and the Six Paths?"

It was a rulebound spirit tool.

"What exactly is a rulebound spirit tool?"

Lilly muttered, unable to understand a single word.

Pablo explained, "I'll tell you what a rulebound spirit tool is. We possess supernatural abilities and magical weapons. The supernatural abilities are like the one called Daddy... Uh, and the people who knew how to use these tools are called prodigies."

"A spiritual tool is the most basic of all tools. spiritual tools have different tiers, ranging from spiritual weapons to treasure weapons..."

Lilly responded with an "Oh."

To be honest, she did not understand whatever Pablo just explained.

Pablo patiently continued, "A spiritual tool is the most basic form. For instance, the protective bracelet you crafted before was made from jade, making it a fundamental magical artifact. If it were made from amethyst from the underworld, its abilities would be more potent, transforming it into a spiritual weapon."

"Let's say your Uncle Cloud is in danger. A magical artifact can help him block a fatal blow, but there's no guarantee that he won't be injured. A spiritual weapon, on the other hand, will not only protect him from harm but also ensure he remains unscathed. A treasure weapon goes a step further—it not only shields your uncle but also safeguards his teammates nearby. And if it's a Taoist weapon, it can even reflect bullets..."

Pablo was speechless.

Feeling somewhat insulted by his nerdy response...

He silently thought to himself, "Next, let's talk about the rulebound spirit tools."

"Let me explain. Imagine drawing a graph with the vertical axis representing the level of the magical weapon and the horizontal axis representing its category."

"For instance, the bracelet you made that provides protection is defensive, making it a defensive magical weapon. Your purple sledgehammer, scale, and frying pan... well, that's used for attacking others. These are offensive magical artifacts. And rulebound spirit tools are the most powerful of them all—they can defend, attack, and even rewrite the rules."

Lilly was silent

Master, why don't you go teach somewhere else...

I still don't get it at all.

Lilly suddenly thought of Zachary.

Why not ask Zachary about this complex question?

Lilly immediately got out of bed and hurried to Zachary's room.

Pablo muttered, "Hey..."

Can't he explain it differently?

Zachary was perfecting Lilly's attack and defense techniques in his notebook.

When he heard about the rulebound spirit tool, he was momentarily stunned, and then his excitement skyrocketed.

"This is amazing, Lils! It's incredible!"

Lilly nodded eagerly, like a chicken pecking at rice. "Yeah!"

Zachary continued excitedly, "To put it in simpler terms, having a rulebound spirit tool means you can create your own rules! Within the confines of your magical weapon, you can determine who lives and who dies! You could even determine how they'd die!"

"If you swing your purple sledgehammer at a group of ten people on the opposing side, and you only want one specific person to die while sparing the others... Well, if you're using your purple sledgehammer, it's a sweeping strike that affects everyone, and achieving precision becomes challenging."

"But with a rulebound spirit tool, you can achieve precise targeting... This is the ultimate power move! Wow, the possibilities are mind-boggling!"

Lilly chimed in with excitement, "Wow, I get it! It's like bullets equipped with radar, capable of turning corners and identifying specific targets!"

Super intelligent bullets.

The siblings murmured excitedly.



Meanwhile, Pablo was silent.

Should he just pack his bags and leave?

"Lils, give it a try. What can you do with the pen?"

Pablo hurriedly interjected, "Hey, let's not get too carried away with trying things out!"

Can things like these be taken lightly?

"Try and die," as in someone else's demise.

But Lilly had already picked up the pen, and she was ready for a thrilling adventure.

She said, "Let's give it a try."

Zachary immediately grabbed the notebook and a pen, ready to jot down everything.

Lilly sat cross-legged on the bed and closed her eyes.

She held the pen... and gently tapped it in the space before her eyes.

The sea of stars still stretched out before her, and through this sea of stars, she could see the vast world and all living beings.

Not just past lives, present lives, and future lives.

And... hmm?

Lilly snorted, "What kind of world is this?"

"We're here!"

"I'm first!"

"I'm second!"

As she looked, she discovered that this world was somehow connected to her own experiences. She observed numerous people engaging in conversations and discussions, resulting in a cacophony of noise and chatter.

"Blake indulges in extravagance, even using his money for charitable purposes"

"Why did you give Barry money?"

"I'm not entirely convinced by this approach. If we give this time, will we be expected to give every time? Are we supposed to give to the entire world?"

Suddenly, Lilly was startled by the commotion and felt a sense of horror. Overwhelmed by the noise and confusion, she desperately sought to understand what was happening in this bewildering world.

What... What's going on?

### [Chapter 668 Confused With the Fictional World and the Real World](#)

Lilly witnessed a shocking sight, causing her to retreat instinctively. Now she was unable to understand what she saw and wanted to take another look, but the world she saw was nowhere to be found.

Zachary swiftly asked, "How was it, Lils? How was the pen?"

Lilly was confused and muttered, "I just saw a group of people clocking in... numerous people clocking in."

Zachary was confused.

What does that mean?

Were they office workers clocking into work?

He could not understand what she was saying, but Lilly remained silent for an unknown reason.

Lilly could not understand the situation unfolding before her.

Suddenly, she caught a glimpse of that world, like a reflection in a mirror, impenetrable and mysterious.

This time, Pablo was also perplexed and asked, "What's wrong, Lilly?"

Lilly simply shook her head.

For some reason, she knew that she should not say anything about it.

Lilly put away the pen, stood up, and said, "I'm hungry... Zachary, let's go downstairs to eat!"

"Let's go, Master!"

Zachary and Pablo were dumbfounded.

Only when Lilly had left did Zachary say, "Ah, oh, alright."

As Lilly went down the stairs, she noticed her uncle had come back.

For some reason, she suddenly thought of those voices from earlier.

They mentioned that Mr. Stark should not receive any money...

Lilly stepped forward and hugged Anthony's thigh.

Just as Anthony was about to lift Lilly, Lisa swiftly stepped in, scooped her up, and held her in her arms.

"Lilly's... mine!" she exclaimed happily.

Anthony let her go, but he sensed that something was amiss with Lilly. In the past, if Lisa hugged her like this, Lilly would surely laugh and join in the joy.

He inquired, "What's wrong, Lilly?"

Lilly pondered for a moment and replied, "Uncle Anthony, some people are saying that Daddy has bad intentions."

Blake had just brought a bowl of pork for the elderly lady when he overheard the conversation. He interjected, "What bad intentions?"

Lilly pursed her lips and continued, "They were talking about Daddy giving money to Mr. Stark."

Blake paused and furrowed his brow.

The fact that he paid Barry's salary was strictly confidential, and the one-million-dollar advance payment had not yet been transferred to Barry's account.

Logically speaking, no one should be aware of it.

Anthony asked, "Who said that?"

Lilly replied, "I can see another world, and it's what the people in that world said."

"They said they disagreed with it. If you give it to him once, will you keep giving him money? Will you give away money to everyone in the world?"

Anthony and Blake exchanged puzzled glances, unsure of where she heard it from.

Who said those words?

Why did it feel weird...

Nevertheless, Anthony responded earnestly, "Uncle Anthony can't possibly help everyone. It's unrealistic, but I just happened to see the situation and lend him a helping hand."

"It's like walking down the road and coming across a manhole cover that has been washed away by heavy rain. We can cover it up. There are thousands of manhole covers in the world that we haven't encountered or can't control, so we can't cover all of them up."

"All we can do is cover the manhole right in front of us, and that's enough."

Anthony never goes out every time it rains, nor could he come across every manhole cover that gets washed away.

Some manhole covers were already repaired and did not require his attention, while others are broken, and covering them would only mislead others, so he chose not to cover them.

But if everyone sees uncovered manhole covers, or if everyone witnesses situations where a little effort can make a difference but does not do anything... Anthony felt that this world is not a beautiful place.

He believed in doing what he could, focusing on what is within his reach.

Blake nodded and said, "Two million dollars might be a significant amount for ordinary people, but it's only two dollars for your Uncle Anthony. So, he can help him without overthinking it."

Anthony was speechless.

You have a stylish and generous perspective of me.

Lilly thought to herself...

I want two dollars as well!

Blake wanted to hug Lilly, but Lisa refused to hand her over to him.

He had no choice but to hold Lilly's hand and "lead" Lisa to the dining room, saying, "Thinking too much can be exhausting. Let's not dwell on it and just enjoy our meal!"

Lilly exclaimed, "Yeah!"

Blake then asked, "By the way... what kind of world did you see?"

Lilly pondered for a moment and replied, "It's the same world as ours, but different, like a scene in a mirror..."

Blake inquired further, "What's in there?"

He started to worry.

What was happening in there that he was not aware of?

Could he accompany Lilly if she were to go there?

Anthony shared the same concerns and asked, "What else did you hear?"

Lilly replied, "I also heard them saying, 'clock in,' 'sofa,' 'I'm the first,' and 'reminder.'"

Blake, Anthony, and Zachary were equally confused.

Drake, Josh, and Hannah who came downstairs and heard the conversation were also puzzled.

Bettany disrupted the solemn atmosphere, saying, "What are you all staring blankly for? Let's eat!"

Lilly immediately grabbed a piece of pork and started eating.

Both Blake and Anthony could not understand the world Lilly was referring to, so they decided to set it aside for the time being.

Only Pablo was floating in a meditative posture, his hand on his chin, deep in thought, with a furrowed brow.

Could someone... see them in that world?

What's going on...

This was the first time Pablo encountered an entirely new realm, something he could not understand at all.

Perhaps he needed to consult Emperor Prosper to unravel this mystery...

Just then, while Lilly was gnawing on a piece of meat, she sighed, "Ah... being rich is amazing!"

Anthony, Blake, and Pablo exchanged bewildered glances.

Bettany interjected, "Are you feeling rich just by eating a piece of pork? Even if you don't have money, I would sell my shoes to buy you pork... Don't worry!"

She believed that Lilly's sudden emotional reflection on life stemmed from the appreciation of being able to enjoy pork.

Due to the greasiness of the dish and it was hard to digest, so she had not cooked it for a month.

Little did she know that it would make the child crave it even more.

Inspired by Lilly's comment, Bettany decided to prepare various pork dishes, including sauced pork, salt and pepper pork, and spicy pork, for tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, and the day after that. The mention of pork trotters made Lilly curious, and she asked her grandmother, "Grandma, why are we having pork trotters today?"

It had been a while since they had it, and the sudden craving for the dish made everyone, including Blake, Anthony, Lisa, and a few other children, eagerly enjoy their meal.

Bettany replied, "The weather has cooled down today, I don't know why. July and August are usually scorching hot..."

The temperature was no longer unbearable, and the thought of cooking pork came to Bettany's mind.

Blake chimed in, "There might be a typhoon."

Bettany nodded, saying, "Perhaps... But we're not in a coastal city, so the temperature difference won't be too extreme."

Coastal cities often experience a significant temperature drop of ten or twenty degrees when a typhoon passed through.

While eating and listening to their conversation, Lilly suddenly recalled that she had seen a typhoon while holding the pen of judgment earlier.

"Daddy, let's go and see the typhoon!" Lilly exclaimed.

She had a strong desire to understand what she saw in that world.

Everyone in the Crawford family looked at her with confusion.

Bettany intervened, saying, "No way!"

#### [Chapter 669 I'm Only Asking About Lilly](#)

Despite the old lady's disapproval, Lilly was determined to watch the typhoon. In a surprising turn of events, Blake swiftly took Lilly and snuck out.

Bettany called out angrily, "Blake, bring the children back! Why are you bringing them to watch the typhoon? Aren't you afraid the typhoon will blow everyone away!"

Blake pretended to be confused and replied, "Watch a typhoon? What are you talking about? We're not going to see the typhoon, we're visiting Lilly's Uncle Max!"

Bettany was speechless.

Blake continued pretending to be clueless, "Isn't her Uncle Max in Wyndon? The little one suddenly said she misses her sixth uncle."

Bettany thought to herself...

I don't believe you!

The typhoon was at Wyndon.

The unreliable father led the children, then quickly departed.

Even Drake joined them, which was quite unexpected. Before, he would have chosen to stay home during the holidays, claiming that going out was pointless. But now, he realized that the saying "Travel broadens the mind" held some truth and that children needed to experience the outside world more.

She glanced at her brother, Zachary, who seemed lost in thought, while Hannah chattered excitedly. Blake, the bodyguard, was studying how to fly a large plane with a notebook.

"I'll fly a big plane next time. The Crawford family's private jets are often parked at the airport, and are unused," Blake mentioned.

They arrived at Wyndon, in the neighboring province, by plane. The typhoon had not affected the area much, so they could still reach their destination without any major issues.

Their next mode of transportation was by car.

"Woohoo! I'm finally going to see Uncle Max!" Lilly joyfully exclaimed as she lay against the window, watching the rain outside.

The rain was not too heavy, as the car drove by.

This effectively fulfilled Blake's promise to accompany Lilly wherever she desired, regardless of the weather.

Lilly dialed Uncle Max's number on her phone.

"Hello, is this Uncle Max?"

Max, who had stayed up all night working on a problem, was still groggy when Lilly called.

"Who is this?" he inquired.

Lilly questioned, "Uncle Max, do you have any other nieces?"

Lilly was puzzled, wondering if Uncle Max had other nieces. Her sister, Hannah, was also his niece... but Lilly was the only one who called him Uncle Max!

Finally regaining his senses, Max cheerfully replied, "Lilly! Why did you suddenly decide to call me?"

Lilly responded with an unrelated remark, "Because Uncle Max usually doesn't answer his phone!"

Max did not know whether to laugh or sigh. He spoke softly, "Uncle Max is usually involved in scientific research, so I often forget where I placed my phone."

Lilly scoffed, "What if someone wants to call you?"

Max's voice sounded somewhat youthful. If one had not met him before, one might mistake him for a sixteen or seventeen-year-old boy. "They would call my landline. An assistant would answer the landline for me, and then the assistant would come to me."

Lilly suddenly understood, "Ah, I see. Uncle Max, we're in Wyndon right now!"

Max paused once more and asked curiously, "Did Lilly come to visit me? I happen to be involved in a project that might take a few days... Why didn't you tell me you're visiting me in advance?"

On the other end of the line, Max looked at his calendar.

My niece is here.

Of course, I should spend time with her.

If I rush it, it could take at least two days... It seems I'll have to stay overnight for two days.

Oh well, I won't go home tonight.

Just as he was thinking about this, Lilly spoke up, "No, Uncle Max, we didn't come here to see you. We came to see the typhoon. But if Grandma calls, just tell her that we're not here to see the typhoon!"

The little one's voice trembled nervously, stuttering as if telling a lie.

Max was speechless.

Hmph, she didn't come here to visit me.



"I'm not covering for you," he replied.

Lilly immediately pleaded, "Please!"

Max replied, "Okay, okay..."

Max could see her pleading eyes even though they were talking over the phone.

He could not resist her for even a second.

"What typhoon are you going to see? Be careful. The impact of the typhoon here is much stronger than in Alforrada."

Lilly replied, "Don't worry, Daddy is with us!"

Max nodded, "Then go straight to my place. Your father knows my address, and the password to the door is..."

They exchanged a few more words before hanging up.

Just as Max was about to put his phone away, it rang again.

It was Bettany.

"Hello, Mom," Max said. "What's the matter?"

Bettany asked, "Did Lilly get in touch with you?"

Max nodded, "Yes, I spoke to her and told her we'll be staying at my place tonight."

Bettany seemed skeptical, "She's staying with you?"

Max nodded, "Yeah, my place is big enough for all of us."

He was not just a rigid researcher.

Although his workplace provided him with housing, he bought a large apartment spanning over 2000 square meters. He liked arranging things on his own and needed ample space.

It was more than enough.

Bettany sighed, "Alright, Lilly will be there for a while. If you're busy, go ahead and do your work. Don't stay up too late."

Max was about to feel touched, but the old lady continued, "Besides, Lilly doesn't necessarily need your company. It doesn't matter if you take time off or not."

Max was speechless.

### [Chapter 670 A Futuristic House](#)

"Alright," he said silently.

Just as Bettany was about to end the call, she could not resist and added, "Take care of yourself, don't stay up all night."

Max nodded silently.

Meanwhile...

Lilly and her father had already arrived at Max's residence.

The surroundings were pleasant, it was situated near Loop River and a lake, with apartments.

Lilly entered the password, and the door opened with a jingle, accompanied by a gentle mechanical voice saying, "Welcome home, master."

On a stormy day, the weather was gloomy, and as the voice echoed, all the lights in the house turned on automatically.

The curtains opened by themselves, a chair extended from the shoe cabinet near the entrance, and a soft, sterilized cotton mop also emerged.

Lilly widened her eyes in astonishment. "Wow, it's like a scene from a movie!"

Josh exclaimed in amazement, "It's just like Iron Man's house!"

The technologically advanced light strips were dazzling, and the center of the spacious living room had a sunken area with a built-in sofa.

Next to the living room was an open study, with only one wall adorned with various machines emitting a soft, warm white glow, striking a balance between futuristic technology and soothing aesthetics.

At that moment, a virtual figure appeared in the middle of the house.

It had long legs, black stockings, professional attire, and curly hair...

Blake coughed.

Young people these days...

Though he thought he was young himself.

"Guests detected... Hey, where's the master?"

Lilly observed the virtual assistant curiously.

The harem spirit peeked out and exclaimed, "It's quite human-like. It even asks for its master."

The virtual assistant wore a curious expression on their face. After a moment of silence, they spoke, "I received the master's instructions. The master will be working late today, and I, Stacy will be responsible for entertaining everyone."

The virtual figure transformed, wearing suit trousers and a small jacket while tying up their hair.

Blake was speechless.

Too late, Max!

I've seen it all.

It turned out that after Max answered his mother's call, someone approached him to examine a machine part, so he rushed off.

It was only after he left that he remembered about the virtual assistant at home...

Lilly reached out her hand, cautiously attempting to touch the virtual assistant, but her hand simply passed through the light curtain.

How incredible!

The virtual assistant smiled sweetly and said, "You can't touch me, but my service won't be halted because of that. Your name is Lilly, right? You're so adorable!"

Lilly nodded, "Yes, you're adorable too, Miss!"

Stacy bashfully covered her face, saying, "Really? Oh, I'm embarrassed."

Josh and the others were silent.

Hmm... So Uncle Max is fond of this kind of thing.

Stacy led Lilly to a room and spoke sweetly, "The master usually lives alone, so the space is a bit smaller, 2000 square feet should be enough. It might feel more cramped since you're all here. Please bear with us!"

Hmm...

Josh thought to himself...

Isn't this supposed to be 2000 square feet? It looks like it's 3000 square feet though.

Blake pondered...

This virtual assistant should be in Versailles, but there's no evidence.

After all, they lived in Crawford Mansion, which spanned several hundred acres.

As Stacy approached the room, the door clicked and opened on both sides, resembling an airlock chamber.

The lighting inside seemed to be temporarily designed and controlled.

When the lights turned on, the pink princess bed immediately caught Lilly's eye. The room's layout was dreamlike, with butterflies and petals seemingly flying around.

Lilly exclaimed, "Wow! It looks amazing!"

Her eyes gleamed with awe.

It felt like being in a princess's garden. Although it was not an actual garden, the play of light and shadow created that atmosphere.

Lilly loved it!

Stacy smiled joyfully, "I'm so glad that you love it, Lilly! Now, please follow me to your room, Mr. MacNeil!"

Blake interjected, "I'm not in a hurry. You can bring the children to their rooms first."

Josh was already getting excited.

This is so cool!

"Where's my room?" he asked impatiently.

Stacy led Josh and said, "Please follow me."

With a click, the door opened upward. Just by looking at it, it resembled something out of a sci-fi movie. Stepping through the door, they could see a vast starry sky outside the window, as if they were in space.

Of course, it was a world constructed with light and shadows.

Josh could not contain his excitement and threw himself onto the bed. The bed resembled an astronaut's sleeping pod. The design was truly remarkable!

Hannah also grew eager with anticipation, while Drake remained expressionless, finding it amusing that everyone was so excited about a room.

Stacy then brought Hannah, Zachary, and Drake to their respective rooms.

Each of their rooms had a unique design. Despite being done in a hurry, the house was embedded with panels that exuded a technological feel. With well-designed programs, the desired effects could be achieved.

Hannah's room had a soothing powder blue color scheme, and the "window" portrayed a serene beach scene.

Zachary's room showcased a punk style, with edgy decorations and bold colors.

Drake's room recreated the ambiance of Scholars' Bookstore.

The children eagerly followed along, and with each door that opened, it felt like stepping into a whole new world!

"Now it's Daddy's turn!" Lilly exclaimed, full of anticipation. "I wonder what Daddy's room will be like."

Josh joked, "A battlefield, perhaps?"

Blake's mouth twitched at the suggestion. "No, thank you!"

Hannah pondered for a moment before suggesting, "Maybe it will be filled with various frying pans."

Blake was speechless.

Stacy smiled sweetly and said, "Here we are, please come in."

The door opened conventionally.

Inside, there was a high-quality bed, and the curtains automatically opened...

Apart from that, there was nothing remarkable.

It was just an ordinary room.

Blake raised an eyebrow, asking, "Are you sure you've prepared a room for me?"

Stacy replied, "Well, the master mentioned that Mr. MacNeil doesn't prefer extravagant things!"

Blake was silent.