

## **Eight Uncles 671**

### [Chapter 671 Max's Precious House](#)

In Max's technologically advanced house, the glass windows served as both windows and LCD screens. With the right program design, any desired room could be created.

Lilly's room was a magical garden, with petals and butterflies fluttering around.

Hannah enjoyed a room with a stunning sea view, featuring her favorite shade of blue.

Josh had a room adorned with vast stars, while Zachary's room embraced a punk aesthetic, and Drake's room exuded a scholarly ambiance.

Blake examined his room.

Well, it was his turn, but apart from the electric curtains, which barely displayed any advanced features, there was nothing remarkable.

Blake pondered, "What does your master think of me?"

Tracy smiled and replied, "Honestly, Mr. MacNeil, he didn't have any specific preferences in mind for your room. I can make changes for you if you don't like it."

Blake waved his hand dismissively, saying, "No need."

He was just making an observation. He was an adult and did not require coddling.

After the rooms were assigned, Tracy led everyone to the kitchen.

Everything in the kitchen was automated. The rice cooker automatically measured, cleaned, and cooked the rice, preparing clay pot rice with bacon.

Fresh steaks and fish were stored in the high-tech refrigerator. As the refrigerator opened, the steaks and fish were transferred to the sink for cleaning. After draining, the steaks were sent to the steak cooking machine, while the fish went into the steamer.

Onions and vegetables were automatically cleaned, and then the vegetable cutting operation panel chopped them up with a satisfying "ding." The chopped onions, tomatoes, and broccoli were sorted and prepared accordingly. The broccoli was blanched and cooked, the onions were air-fried for ten seconds to retain their freshness and crispness, and the tomatoes were placed directly on the plate.

Trays lined up on a conveyor belt, with the steaks, broccoli, and onions carefully arranged. An automatic juice machine squeezed a glass of juice for each person, and everything was neatly presented on the table.

Blake's mouth twitched.

I didn't know there was a kitchen that can cook itself!

After a while, the steamed sea fish was served on the table, garnished with chopped green onions. Along with the fish and steak, the kitchen also prepared pasta, vegetable salad, toasted bread, and fried eggs.

Lilly and Hannah eagerly held their knife and fork, their eyes shining with excitement as they exclaimed, "Wow! This is amazing!"

Josh was impressed and said, "This is so cool, why don't we build the same thing in our kitchen too!"

Drake replied as he sliced his steak, "Grandma would destroy it."

Josh agreed, "You have a point."

Cooking was their grandmother's hobby.

Hannah was about to start eating when Lilly stopped her and said, "Hold on, let's wait for Uncle Max to come back."

Hannah nodded and said, "Okay then!"

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Just then, the door opened, and a sweet voice greeted, "Master, welcome home!"

A sterilized cotton mop extended from the door, and a coat rack emerged from behind. Max hung his coat and bag on the rack and removed his shoes.

"Lilly? Lilly, Uncle Max is back!" Max called out while changing his shoes.

In an instant, a small figure rushed over, Lilly threw herself into Max's arms, hugging his thigh tightly.

"Uncle Max, welcome home!" she exclaimed, opening her arms and beaming with a big smile.

Max felt his exhaustion melt away as he lifted Lilly high in his arms, a gentle smile adorning his face. With his glasses and fair skin, he appeared gentle and younger, almost like an eighteen or nineteen-year-old boy.

Lilly expressed, "We've been waiting for you, Uncle Max! Hurry up, Hannah is so hungry that she might even eat the plate."

After washing his hands, Max entered the dining room and saw Blake, casually and playfully leaning on the chair with his arms crossed and legs raised, saying, "Ah, welcome back, master!"

Max's face turned red as he thought about Tracy's usual attire, realizing this could potentially lead to an embarrassing situation.

He composed himself, walked over to the table, and sat down, saying, "Let's start eating!"

Drake promptly placed the sliced steak in front of Lilly.

Max jokingly remarked, "Drake, where's mine?"

Drake's expression turned cold as he replied, "You're so old, do you still need my help?"

Max was silent.

His behavior was just like Anthony's.

Josh asked while eating, "Uncle Max, your house is amazing! Especially Miss Tracy, she seems so lifelike. Can you make one for me as well?"

Apart from being untouchable, the appearance, movements, and even some thoughts and subtle expressions resembled a human.

Max explained, "This is the virtual assistant I've been researching for the past few years. It's constantly receiving updates. Tracy can learn independently, and possess her own thoughts, hobbies, interests, and even a unique temperament. I'm currently studying how to make her even more human-like."

"But it's not perfect yet. As she's my virtual assistant, I had to provide comprehensive services throughout the house. Tracy is connected to all the house's facilities. Replicating another one might be challenging."

"This technology isn't great enough, and the owner needs to possess sufficient procedural knowledge and practical skills."

He gestured toward the sumptuous dishes on the table, saying, "For instance, she manages the kitchen and cooks delicious meals. However, compared to the homemade meals, there's still something missing..."

Lilly chimed in, "Uncle Max, I know what's missing—it's Grandma's frying pan!"

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Henneh exclaimed, "Nom, nom nom..."

I don't know what's missing, but I know it's delicious.

Josh asked, "Is it not as experienced as Grendme?"

Mex shook his head, saying, "Trecy is equipped with an advanced cooking system developed by a seasoned chef and has learned the skills of top-tier chefs worldwide. Therefore, the problem isn't in experience."

While Lilly enjoyed her meal, she could not help but think that if she were at home, her grandmother would continuously serve her vegetables and insist on filling her up with soup.

"What's missing is Grendme's love," Lilly remarked.

Mex paused for a moment, carefully contemplating her words.

"Yes, what's missing is the scent of nostalgia..."

Everything was perfectly calculated from a scientific standpoint, but there was no touch of life...

Suddenly, Bleke asked, "Is this system of yours the latest research and development project from your laboratory?"

Mex shook her head, saying, "No, I did it all on my own. I had this idea, so I bought this house to bring all my ideas to life."

The house was equipped with smart technology, LCD panels, and carefully designed decorations, amounting to nearly 100 million dollars.

Of course, it was all funded by Mex himself although Anthony provided some support.

"Due to the high cost, it's not feasible for widespread implementation. Not everyone can afford such a significant expenditure. Additionally, there is a shortage of programmers for installation and maintenance."

"Ordinary people lack the necessary expertise to operate this system. My ultimate goal is to make Trecy even more human-like..."

Mex could not stop discussing these matters once they were brought up.

Bleke brought up another point, saying, "This virtual assistant is extraordinary. However, be careful of someone coveting it and demanding that you surrender everything."

Mex smiled and replied, "That's not the concern. These are all my own creations, and I haven't spent a penny from the laboratory."

Bleke remained noncommittal.

"As far as I know... your laboratory recently entered into the partnership with the technology group just last month!"

Mex, who usually immersed himself in scientific research, momentarily failed to grasp the meaning behind his words. He asked, "Yeah, so?"

Research and development could be quite costly, and the collaboration with the technology group was aimed at facilitating the development of lithography machines.

But how did that relate to his personal endeavors? They seemed like two separate matters.

Bleke did not elaborate further.

However, this encounter was certainly not in vain.

Lilly chimed in, "Uncle Mox, I know what's missing—it's Grandmo's frying pan!"

Hannah exclaimed, "Nom, nom nom..."

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Josh asked, "Is it not as experienced as Grandmo?"

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#### [Chapter 672 Uninvited Guests](#)

After dinner, Max's futuristic home transformed into a children's paradise.

The all-encompassing holographic technology allowed them to watch cartoons.

The vast knowledge reservoir of virtual beings allowed them to listen to fairy tales.

The smart, heated, and adjustable sofa turned into a makeshift trampoline.

Finally, when the children were exhausted from playing, the room fell into silence.

...

Simultaneously, in a high-level meeting at the laboratory, four people sat around a large round table.

"I propose confiscating Max's house. He serves the laboratory, and everything he develops should belong to us," one person asserted.

Another person nodded in agreement. "I agree. According to Darwin's assessment, his first virtual assistant has reached maturity. If this technology can be widely implemented, it will benefit countless families."



The third person, dressed in blue overalls, was Darwin, Max's closest collaborator. He hesitated and spoke up, "But this is his personal property. He used his own funds to purchase the house and cover the expenses of decoration and design."

The person who spoke first was the leader of the meeting, and also the head of the technology group following the joint venture.

He sneered, saying, "Where do you think his money comes from? The laboratory pays him five million dollars annually, and everything he does is funded by our organization."

"Our laboratory has invested so much money, it's only fair for him to repay it, right?"

"Virtual technology should be connected to the laboratory and commercialized to generate revenue. This way, we can have ample funds to invest in lithography machines and support the ongoing operations of the laboratory."

Everyone nodded, failing to see any issue with the proposal.

"After all, the laboratory is providing him with a five-million-dollar salary..."

Yet, they failed to consider that Max had earned those five million dollars entirely on his own.

It remained uncertain how many domestic and international groups had extended tempting offers to Max. If he were to change jobs, his salary would easily reach ten million dollars or more.

However, Max chose not to pursue those opportunities.

Now, these so-called "leaders" wanted to take Max's developed virtual human technology into the laboratory and commercialize it to support the development of lithography machines.

Essentially, they were demanding that Max "sacrifice" for the sake of the laboratory, pulling him in different directions like a sheep being tugged.

And they saw no issue with this arrangement.

Darwin feigned a troubled expression and pondered, saying, "I'm afraid he won't agree..."

Max was not the type of person to dedicate his entire life to the laboratory and devote himself solely to scientific research. Such an idealistic notion simply did not exist.

The group's boss added, "I won't put you in a difficult position. Tomorrow, I'll go to Max's house with a team of people. Once the virtual human technology is shared with the laboratory, you will be responsible for further development and promotion of the project."

Darwin lowered his head and pretended to sigh, reluctantly replying, "Alright..."

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Once the meeting was done, Darwin lingered behind, his eyes betraying a barely perceptible excitement.

During his first visit to Max's house, he had been captivated by the charm of the virtual assistant.

From tomorrow onward, this remarkable virtual assistant would be his.

In the future, as this technology was disseminated and entered the market, young individuals living alone would have their 24-hour assistants, the elderly in need of constant care would have their personal round-the-clock family doctors, and life would become more convenient in every aspect. People would enter an era of technological living.

And Darwin would be the godfather propelling this technological era forward, the pioneer of human scientific and technological civilization. His name would be etched in history.

Suppressing his excitement, Darwin left hastily, ready to seize the opportunity that lay before him.

The laboratory's glass wall reflected a small shadowy hole, but he was too absorbed in suppressing his excitement and joy to notice it... and he would not have seen it even if he paid attention.

Unbeknownst to him, a looming ghost cast a vast shadow over him, its enormous mouth having already swallowed his head...

...

When Lilly woke up, she noticed that Max was still here.

Her siblings were still fast asleep, exhausted from playing late at night.

Blake was nowhere to be found.

She hurriedly ran to the study next to the living room and leaned against Max, her curiosity piqued. "Uncle Max, what are you doing?"

Max replied, "Last night, Lilly mentioned that what was missing from Stacy's cooking was Grandma's love..."

"So, Uncle Max decided to... oh no, I mean, he borrowed Grandma's recipes and uploaded them."

Online cooks' recipe for pork, "500g of pork, 10g salt, 10g soy sauce, 5g dark soy sauce..."

Bettany's recipe was, "One whole piece of pork, one and a half spoonfuls of soy sauce, half a piece of ginger, some pepper, star anise, and a hint of cinnamon..."

Lilly tilted her head and asked curiously, "Can it really taste like Grandma's cooking?"

Max glanced towards the kitchen and replied, "Just take a look, and you'll find out."

In the kitchen, Stacy was cooking with the smart pots and pans.

All the cookware was equipped with smart technology.

She simply needed to follow the instructions and start the program.

Stacy observed the new dishes with a blank expression.

"One whole piece of pork... Is it from a small pig or a large one?"

"One and a half spoonfuls of soy sauce... Should it be a large spoon or a small spoon?"

"Half a piece of ginger... Is it a small or large piece? How much is a little pepper, star anise, and cinnamon?"

The kitchen crackled, and suddenly a puff of smoke rose from the sweet potatoes, causing the cooking process to come to a stop.

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Stacy, the virtual assistant, looked distressed and said, "Master, Stacy doesn't understand any of these!"

Max furrowed his brow and made some adjustments to the program.

Lilly hurriedly went to Stacy's side and said, "You should use the big piece of pork, like this!"

She gestured with her small hands to indicate the size.

"The spatula is the one you normally use for cooking."

"And a little bit means just a small drop. Pinch them and it's about right."

Stacy tried to understand the instructions.

She had never done anything like this before since the program provided precise measurements.

Now she needed to rely on her experience and understanding, something that was easy for regular people but quite challenging for her.

Lilly looked around and asked, "Is there a chair here? I'm not tall enough, I'll teach you, Miss Stecy!"

Stecy, the virtual assistant, replied, "Sure, here's a small stool for you."

A small stool appeared at Lilly's feet.

Lilly was concerned about her feet because she had seen her grandma doing a lot of cooking as she tiptoed, so she mimicked the gesture.

"One big piece of pork! And a spoonful of soy sauce..."

Stecy corrected her, "Actually, it's a spoonful and a half."

Lilly tilted her head and said, "Miss Stecy, we humans like to cook according to our own preferences."

She grabbed a small handful of salt and threw it in, broke off a piece of ginger, and tossed it in, and the rest was based on her preferences.

Suddenly, Stecy understood everything.

This is what a spoonful looks like, and this is what a little amount means.

I understand now.

As soon as Mex adjusted the program settings, a delightful aroma wafted from the kitchen—it was the fragrance of sautéed pig's trotters!

"Did it work?"

He quickly stood up and saw the little one and the virtual assistant working together in the kitchen, bustling about...

Under Lilly's guidance, Stecy was learning at a faster pace than the program could provide. The wok sizzled on its own, and after a short while, a plate of delicious stir-fried lotus dish was ready.

Soon, the table was filled with a variety of dishes!

Stecy beamed and said, "Master, come and taste the dishes that Lilly and I cooked for you!"

Mex set down and took a bite—delicious! He immediately gave a thumbs up and praised, "Fantastic! It's all thanks to you, Lilly!"

Mex joyfully hugged Lilly, noticing that she was still wearing the tiny apron, making her even more endearing.

"Quick, take off your apron, wash your hands, and let's eat! I'll sound the alarm to wake everyone up..."

Just then, the doorbell rang.

The kitchen creaked, and suddenly a puff of smoke rose from the sweet potatoes, causing the cooking process to come to a stop.

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She grabbed a small handful of salt and threw it in, broke off a piece of ginger, and tossed it in, and the rest was based on her preferences.

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As soon as Mox adjusted the program settings, a delightful aroma wafted from the kitchen—it was the fragrance of sautéed pig's trotters!

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Mox joyfully hugged Lilly, noticing that she was still wearing a tiny apron, making her even more adorable.

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I understand now.

As soon as Max adjusted the program settings, a delightful aroma wafted from the kitchen—it was the fragrance of sauced pig's trotters!

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### [Chapter 673 Max's Virtual Assistant](#)

Max opened the door, and upon seeing the people outside, he was momentarily stunned. "Mr. Martin? What brings you here?"

Mr. Martin had a smile on his face and sniffed the air. "Hey, what smells so delicious!"

Max replied, "I just cooked..."

Mr. Martin and the others took the opportunity to enter the house. The shoe cabinet automatically dispensed disposable slippers, and a sweet voice chimed in, "Master, you have a guest, should I show them in?"

Max was about to say something, but suddenly, he recalled what Blake said the previous night.

"No need, Stacy, take Lilly back to her room."

Unexpectedly, Lilly shook her head. "No, Lilly doesn't want to go back to the room."

Stacy looked at Lilly and suddenly felt rebellious. "Master, I don't want to go back to the room either."

There was a hint of defiance in her tone.



Mr. Martin observed the scene, his gaze shifting from Lilly to the dishes on the table, his eyes hiding a peculiar glint.

Max did not have the smell of cooking oil on him, and there was only a child in front of him. A child could not prepare such an exquisite meal.

The only possibility was that the impressive dishes before them were made by Stacy!

Mr. Martin felt an immense excitement welling up within him.

"Very well, Max. I didn't expect your research on virtual assistants to be this great! You truly are the leader of our laboratory... Let me give it a try!"

Before Max and Lilly could react, Mr. Martin seated himself, picked up the cutlery, and took a bite of the pork.

The aroma... it was difficult to put into words, but it carried an indescribable warmth.

Delicious!

With facial expressions, a range of emotions, a distinct personality, and the ability to engage in conversation just like a real person... and now, the virtual assistant could even cook such delicious food.

If the virtual assistant was introduced to the market, there will undoubtedly be enormous support, and their technology group will transform. The prospects were promising, and they could potentially become the world's richest individuals like Tony Stark.

"It's delicious! Absolutely delicious!" Mr. Martin exclaimed with delight. "Come on, Mr. Young, you have to try this too!"

Josh, Hannah, and Zachary had just woken up and were still in their pajamas, looking groggy. Drake, already dressed, was taken aback when he saw the two strangers in his house.

Max frowned slightly. It was somewhat impolite for them to come to his house and start eating without permission. However, considering that they were the CEO and vice president of the technology group that invested in their laboratory, it was not easy to drive them away after just a few bites.

Besides, he should not be concerned with such formalities.

Lilly smiled and spoke up, "Sirs, we haven't had a single bite of the food we just cooked, and you sat down and started eating without even asking if it was okay. Do you have manners at all?"

Josh, realizing that Lilly was annoyed, quickly chimed in, "That's right, I was shocked. Do you think this is your house?!"

Josh, realizing that Lilly was annoyed, quickly chimed in, "That's right, I was shocked. Do you think this is your house?!"

Hannah, on the other hand, was more straightforward. "I was so scared! How can a grown-up like you have no shame at all? Didn't your parents teach you manners?"

Drake paused, crossed his arms, and calmly remarked, "A gentleman holds benevolence and propriety in high regard. The benevolent person loves others, while the polite person respects others. You, on the other hand... are an impolite lunatic!"

The term "lunatic" was used in ancient times to scold someone and can be roughly understood as "son" or "boy." It implied that during a specific era, the person being scolded was considered lowly, like a slave.

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young could not hide their displeasure. As top executives, it was the first time they had been scolded like this, and by a group of children no less.

Mr. Martin glanced at Lilly and asked, "Max, is this your child? When did you have a child?"

Considering that this room was filled with advanced technology and would serve as a prototype for future development, was it worth letting a few children ruin it?

Max, not addressing their comments, went straight to the point and asked Mr. Martin, "Why did you come here all of a sudden? What's the matter?"

Mr. Martin, following suit, cut to the chase and replied, "I heard that you have been working diligently on developing a virtual assistant that can communicate flawlessly with humans... Once it is launched in the market, it will bring about a tremendous change! Your efforts are commendable!"

Max's expression turned sour. "Mr. Martin, this is a project I have been working on personally, and I never had any intention of commercializing it."

He believed that the technology was still too new and lacked rigor. Building the infrastructure for these intelligent operations alone would require a substantial investment of at least 100 million dollars.

The costs were too high, and launching virtual assistants alone would be a trap for ordinary people.

Mr. Martin waved his hand dismissively. "Ah, you youngins really don't understand. This is a technological revolution that will benefit all of humanity. How can we keep it hidden?"

He glanced at Mr. Young, who promptly added, "That's right. After thorough discussion in the high-level meeting, it was decided to officially incorporate your research and development into the company's research division. This is also a recognition of your successful work..."

"Don't worry, the company has taken your hard work into consideration. You will be provided with one million dollars in funding, which will be paid to you directly."

Max understood their intentions.

How shameless!

He crossed his arms, smiled faintly, and spoke with a calm yet resolute voice, "Mr. Martin, do you know how much I spent on building this entire house?"

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He crossed his arms, smiled faintly, and spoke with a calm yet resolute voice, "Mr. Martin, do you know how much I spent on building this entire house?"

Mr. Young asked, "How much did you spend?"

Max responded coldly, "It takes at least 100 million dollars to build the infrastructure for a comprehensive virtual human system. This includes the necessary space and specialized engineers. The total cost would easily exceed 200 million dollars."

He continued, "Mr. Martin, you mentioned promoting virtual assistants in the market. How do you expect ordinary people to afford such a system with a price of 200 million dollars? Are we only targeting the wealthy? In that case, how is it any different from the voice assistants currently available on mobile phones?"

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young exchanged glances.

Two hundred million dollars?!

Their initial thought was that Max was asking for 200 million dollars.

Their second thought was that it would be unaffordable for ordinary people. After all, there are only a few wealthy individuals in the world. Only the rich could enjoy it, but what about the rest?

"We'll take your comments into consideration," Mr. Martin said with a touch of displeasure. "After our discussions, we have decided to incorporate the virtual assistant project into the laboratory's research and development management. However, your demand for 200 million dollars is excessive."

Max's expression remained unchanged.

He had spoken to them about the potential harm and ethical considerations, but they accused him of being greedy.

Their perspectives were completely misaligned.

Mex said coldly, "There is no room for discussion on this matter. Please leave."

He ushered them out.

Stacy, who had already learned to read facial expressions and emotions, wore a professional smile and made a gesture of invitation. She said, "Please, sirs. My master has no intention of entertaining you any further. Please yourselves the embarrassment. There's no need to make a scene."

Mr. Martin became furious.

Mr. Young held him back and spoke sincerely, "How about this, the company will apply for an additional subsidy, which will be disbursed over five years... 100 million dollars, and we can't go any higher."

They considered this before coming. Based on the information provided by Derwin, the value of Mex's virtual assistant project was estimated to be at least 500 million dollars.

However, they were offering a price of 100 million dollars, which they believed was already their limit.

Mr. Martin could not hold back and exclaimed, "Don't be too greedy, young men!"

Mex remained silent.

Lilly thought to herself...

Don't these two dummies realize that Uncle Mex isn't short of money?

How shameless!

He crossed his arms, smiled faintly, and spoke with a calm yet resolute voice, "Mr. Martin, do you know how much I spent on building this entire house?"

Mr. Young asked, "How much did you spend?"

Mex responded coldly, "It takes at least 100 million dollars to build the infrastructure for a comprehensive virtual human system. This includes the necessary space and specialized engineers. The total cost would easily exceed 200 million dollars."

He continued, "Mr. Martin, you mentioned promoting virtual assistants in the market. How do you expect ordinary people to afford such a system with a price of 200 million dollars? Are we only targeting the wealthy? In that case, how is it any different from the voice assistants currently available

on mobile phones?"

Mr. Mortin and Mr. Young exchanged glances.

Two hundred million dollars?!

Their initial thought was that Mox was asking for 200 million dollars.

Their second thought was that it would be unaffordable for ordinary people. After all, there are only a few wealthy individuals in the world. Only the rich could enjoy it, but what about the rest?

"We'll take your comments into consideration," Mr. Mortin said with a touch of displeasure. "After our discussions, we have decided to incorporate the virtual assistant project into the laboratory's research and development management. However, your demand for 200 million dollars is excessive."

Mox's expression remained unchanged.

He had spoken to them about the potential harm and ethical considerations, but they accused him of being greedy.

Their perspectives were completely misaligned.

Mox said coldly, "There is no room for discussion on this matter. Please leave."

He ushered them out.

Stacy, who had already learned to read facial expressions and emotions, wore a professional smile and made a gesture of invitation. She said, "Please, sirs. My master has no intention of entertaining you any further. Please yourselves the embarrassment. There's no need to make a scene."

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Mr. Young held his breath and spoke sincerely, "How about this, the company will apply for an additional subsidy, which will be disbursed over five years... 100 million dollars, and we can't go any higher."

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However, they were offering a price of 100 million dollars, which they believed was already their limit.

Mr. Mortin could not hold back and exclaimed, "Don't be too greedy, young man!"

Mox remained silent.

Lilly thought to herself...

Don't these two dummies realize that Uncle Mox isn't short of money?

How shameless!

He crossed his arms, smiled faintly, and spoke with a calm yet resolute voice, "Mr. Martin, do you know how much I spent on building this entire house?"

Mr. Young asked, "How much did you spend?"

Max responded coldly, "It takes at least 100 million dollars to build the infrastructure for a comprehensive virtual human system. This includes the necessary space and specialized engineers. The total cost would easily exceed 200 million dollars."

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Mr. Martin became furious.

Mr. Young held him back and spoke sincerely, "How about this, the company will apply for an additional subsidy, which will be disbursed over five years... 100 million dollars, and we can't go any higher."

They considered this before coming. Based on the information provided by Darwin, the value of Max's virtual assistant project was estimated to be at least 500 million dollars.

However, they were offering a price of 100 million dollars, which they believed was already their limit.

Mr. Martin could not hold back and exclaimed, "Don't be too greedy, young man!"

Max remained silent.

Lilly thought to herself...

Don't these two dummies realize that Uncle Max isn't short of money?

### [Chapter 674 Betrayed](#)

Max had spent many years working at the research institute, and his talent in the field was exceptional. At the age of 18, he had become the youngest tutor among the graduate students.

Due to his work at the research institute, Max had signed a non-disclosure agreement and kept his identity there a secret. He rarely went home and dedicated himself to the research and development of lithography machines. The absence of lithography machines meant that the country was dependent on others, and countries possessing such machines often took advantage to manipulate prices.

With limited funding at the research institute, Max decided to seek a joint venture with the current technology group after conducting an investigation. This technology group was a domestic technology beast with numerous advanced talents who could bring fresh perspectives to the research institute and facilitate breakthroughs.

However, Max never expected that the company's CEO would suggest the idea of developing the entire house.

Max's expression turned serious as he replied, "I have already stated that there is no room for

negotiation, and it is not a matter of money. Do you think I can build this house if I don't have money?"

Lilly shook her head and interjected, "You don't know anything about Uncle Max!"

Josh sneered, "How shameless."

Hanhan chimed in, "Get lost! Get lost!"

Stacy, upon receiving the instructions, prepared to act. However, being a virtual assistant, she could not physically cross the boundary.

But...

"Woosh!"

Suddenly, a belt emerged at the door, similar to a treadmill's moving belt, lifting Mr. Martin and Mr. Young and dragging them outside.

"Boom!"

After being forcefully expelled from Max's house, Mr. Martin and Mr. Young stood outside, feeling frustrated and angry. Mr. Martin clenched his teeth and exclaimed, "Max is incredibly ungrateful!"

Mr. Young suggested, "Well, let's investigate his background. It's not easy to come up with 200 million dollars for these developments. We need to find out how he managed to do it."

Mr. Martin agreed, and Mr. Young immediately called Darwin, who was eagerly waiting for updates at home.

Darwin was taken aback by the request, saying, "Max's background? He doesn't have any special background. I know him quite well, and he mentioned that these were his own savings..."

Mr. Young shook his head, pointing out that it was impossible for Max to accumulate such a large sum solely from his annual salary of 5 million dollars over ten years.

Darwin then recalled that Max had sought investment outside, but he was unaware of the specific investors involved.

After ending the call, Mr. Martin and Mr. Young left the premises reluctantly, feeling dissatisfied with the situation. Mr. Martin commented, "He managed to attract investment because of our laboratory. Now he's turned his back on us."

Mr. Martin added, "Max couldn't have accomplished this project on his own. He must have utilized the laboratory's staff and resources without authorization."



Determined, Mr. Martin stated, "Regardless, I have made up my mind about the virtual assistant project!"

Being present in Max's room made it evident to him that the entire space was brimming with technological designs and advancements.

When the children came out of their rooms, they were filled with astonishment and shocked at the interior design.

The crucial point was that Stacy's virtual persona is incredibly lifelike. Those unfamiliar with her believe she had a soul, one extracted from a deceased human being. Max must ensure that Stacy was not sentient.

The progress of science and technology benefits humanity, and any research and development with a transformative impact on human civilization's advancement should be shared by all people.

"We need to head back and look through his background."

"If he lacks any background, simply remove him and expel him from the laboratory. I want to see how he can attract investments without the laboratory's reputation."

Meanwhile...

After Mr. Martin and Mr. Young left, his expression turned extremely displeased.

Lilly asked, "Uncle Max, how did they find out that you have Tracy at your place? Have they ever been inside?"

Max shook his head, saying, "They haven't been inside before. The laboratory recently formed a joint venture with a technology group last month. I rarely bring guests here..."

He had another 1000-square-foot house allocated to him, which he would utilize for hosting guests.

"Except for Darwin." Max stated, "I met him during college. He attended the University of Science and Technology. I joined the research institute before graduating, and he followed suit after completing his studies."

As their understanding of things deepened, their conversations grew more engaging. Max and Darwin cherished their connection and enjoyed their discussions.

So, he invited Darwin to visit his home.

"When I was constructing the Stacy Chef system, I encountered some difficulties, so I asked him to have

a look together. After discussing and reaching a conclusion, I granted Stacy access to the network's data..."

Consequently, Stacy gradually began creating exquisite cuisine by utilizing the chef skills system and acquiring knowledge from the Internet.

Lilly sighed, displaying a maturity beyond her years, "Then it's Uncle Darwin. He must have informed those two rude dummies about Uncle Max's futuristic house."

Max felt a profound sense of disappointment as if he had been betrayed.

"He doesn't look like... he would do something like that."

"I've known him for so long, and I only brought him here because I trusted him..."

Lilly's smile gradually faded away.

She saw too many scenes recently.

The complexity of human nature... How could one ever be certain?

People were intricate. The more she experienced the world, the less she understood the depths of people's hearts...

At that moment, Darwin felt a tinge of unease.

Max... couldn't have leaked my secret, could he?

Having observed Max. He brought him home as a guest, and Darwin overheard their conversation clearly in the laboratory.

Gritting his teeth, Darwin called Max.

"Hey... Maxie, it's me!" he exclaimed anxiously. "Are you alright? What's going on? Mr. Young just called me to ask about you."

[Chapter 675 You Call Them Virtual Assistants?](#)

To Max's surprise, he received a call from Darwin.

Moreover, Darwin seemed to pretend to be confused as he asked the question.

Max's voice turned cold as he replied, "Darwin, don't you know what's going on?"

With that, he abruptly ended the call.

On the other end, Darwin felt deeply unsettled.

Did Max know something?

Or was this some kind of joke?

He was not the only one who had been to Max's house...

Darwin recalled the countless discussions he had with Max, where they delved into various topics. Frankly speaking, Max was a great friend to him.

When talking to others, either they could not grasp what he was talking about. So, he could not engage in a meaningful conversation with anyone else...

Only Max truly understood him, and he reciprocated that understanding. The bond between them was genuine.

But...

Darwin thought about another aspect.

During numerous moments of recognition, Max stood on stage, offering unique insights into projects and speaking eloquently.

While surrounded by reporters, Max basked in the limelight, while Darwin remained in the shadows.

Especially now, with Max possessing the core data of the laboratory, not to mention being the master of the lithography machine, he could even create a virtual assistant for entertainment.

Darwin laughed bitterly.

He found the situation ridiculous and felt the world was unfair!

He worked so hard, yet Max could effortlessly surpass him.

It's not fair, not fair at all.

Darwin murmured unconsciously, "I'm not asking for much... I'm just a supporting role in the lithography machine project... Then the virtual assistant project should be my development..."

"He should give me something in return... We're good friends after all... I'm not being greedy. I'll never compete with him for control of the lithography machine's core..."

He simply wanted ownership of the virtual assistant project. After all, to Max, the virtual assistant was just a "toy." he invented. Why couldn't he give Darwin the fruits of his research during his free time?

The malignant spirit perched on Darwin's shoulders had already devoured his heart, its mouth wide open.

Chuckling and beguiling, Darwin said, "It's only fair... As a good friend, he should consider his friend's feelings and not be so possessive... If he truly is a good friend, he should willingly hand over the virtual assistant project... That's what a good friend would do..."

...

Max sat on the sofa, growing angrier the more he thought about it.

"These people are so greedy," he exclaimed. "They prioritize their own interests rather than the advancement and progress of human civilization."

If the virtual assistant project fell into the hands of Mr. Martin and the others, only a select few would benefit from this technology while Max would lose out.

They lacked the capacity to continue the research and development, and they certainly did not have enough engineers for subsequent installations. In the end, they would likely sell this project multiple times to foreign research laboratories and ultimately achieve fame abroad.

"The more I think about it, the more mad I am..." Max ruffled his hair.

Lilly asked, "Uncle Max, do you want to vent your anger?"

Max helplessly pinched her nose, saying, "Can I vent my anger? You're just a child, and you still don't understand."

"The laboratory holds an abundance of items, particularly encompassing all the research endeavors I dedicated the first half of my life to."

Lilly offered a seemingly simple solution. "Just take them away!"

Max shook his head in response. "Since the joint venture, they hold the encryption authority. That means, if I want to take anything back, I need their permission to access those privileges."

Josh chimed in from the side. "Uncle Max, you can propose to hand over the virtual assistant to them, but with the condition that they grant you the necessary permissions!"

Others may not comprehend the toil of dedicated inventions, but Josh understood it well. Having delved into a myriad of challenging subjects, he was acutely aware of the painstaking efforts involved.

Max looked over at Stacy, hesitating. "I don't want to hand over Stacy."

His voice was filled with reluctance.

Stacy, from her "birth" until now, had been the product of endless hours dedicated to refining and crafting. Through years of companionship, every aspect of Stacy had acquired a sense of sentimentality. Even as a virtual being, she possessed the ability to evoke emotions.

Stacy blinked and spoke. "Master, Stacy can go out and work, but I'll miss you."

Max smiled softly. "You have a sense of awareness. But if someone were to erase your system, you wouldn't even remember who I am."

Stacy stubbornly replied, "Stacy can go out and work. I'll remember you, master."

Max shook his head, remaining silent.

Lilly piped up. "Uncle Max, Lilly also has virtual assistants!"

As soon as she finished speaking, all the souls in the jar of souls were released.

They were super-intelligent virtual humans, capable of being controlled at will, visible or concealed at your command. They could engage in round-the-clock conversation, possessing different personalities and independent thinking identical to that of a human being.

Max barely had time to react before seeing ten "virtual assistants" standing before him.

There was the harem spirit, the cowardly ghost, the unlucky ghost, the foolish ghost, the crybaby spirit, the rebel ghost, the passionate spirit, the ghost bride, Miss Ugly, and even Tinker Bell.

There were young and old ghosts.

Max was taken aback.

Lilly asked, "Uncle Max, who do you want to offer them?"

The harem spirit and the others, now understanding the situation, grew excited.

The harem spirit exclaimed, "Oh, master, I would love to work! I can excel at anything as long as I live well. I promise to satisfy you."

The Unlucky Ghost pleaded, "Oh, please choose me, please! I'll make sure they have an unforgettable experience!"

The bridal ghost blushed and spoke softly, "Actually, I can do it too. While I may not be well-versed in high-tech matters, I have a passion for learning. If given the opportunity, I guarantee to provide them with an enjoyable educational experience and stimulate their intellectual growth."

Max instinctively moved back.

His face remained expressionless, though inside, his mind was in complete chaos. Countless thoughts raced through his head.

Are these virtual assistants?

Is this even logical?

### [Chapter 676 Overcoming Challenges With Lilly](#)

The cowardly ghost grinned and comfortably settled on the sofa next to Lilly, expressing, "I prefer staying by Lilly's side instead of going out to play."

After conveying this, the specter made sure to analyze the situation with Lilly, stating, "The harem spirit can venture outside. Despite lacking a physical form, her intelligence surpasses expectations and she can take charge in crucial moments."

The harem spirit remained silent.

The cowardly ghost continued, "You can also allow the bridal ghost to join. Although she's a resentful spirit, she has been training hard in the jar of souls and absorbing negative energy. With sufficient effort, she can level up. It's perfectly fine for her to remain outside during the upcoming typhoon."

The virtual assistant needed to adhere to good behavior and obedience, and the bridal ghost perfectly aligned with the virtual assistant's persona.

"Tinkerbell can accompany them," the cowardly ghost gazed at Tinkerbell.

Tinkerbell widened her eyes, pointing to herself, "Me?"

The cowardly ghost replied, "Yes, once you're out there, just answer whatever that's asked, creating the impression of an entirely new and undeveloped virtual assistant."

"Otherwise, people might wonder how Uncle Max developed the program so rapidly."

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Lilly praised, "That's a good point! Michael, you're so considerate!"

The cowardly ghost beamed with delight.

The unlucky ghost felt resentful, he asked, "Don't I get to go out too?"

The cowardly ghost pondered for a moment, "You can go, but just say that you're under development, and about to be formatted as scrap if you're malfunctioning."

The unlucky ghost was speechless.

You are high-definition, you're widescreen, you're in 1080P!

The cowardly ghost could not help but chuckle. The ghosts had no other entertainment inside the jar of souls, so they found pleasure in teasing the unlucky ghost.

All of them were ghost generals, his unlucky aura would affect everyone except got himself and the other ghosts. So, they were not afraid of him at all.

Lilly asked with curiosity, "Michael, why can't you let the unlucky ghost tag along?"

The cowardly ghost ruffled her hair and replied, "The laboratory heavily relies on your Uncle Max's efforts. If something goes wrong or malfunctions, he has crucial tasks afterward that none of us can handle except him."

That way, Mr. Martin and the others would experience a stroke of bad luck.

The unlucky ghost suddenly stopped complaining and smiled, saying, "Ah, I see. So, I have more important roles to play."

The harem spirit looked at him sympathetically, realizing the unlucky ghost had no clue he was being used and was happily assisting in their schemes.

The rebel ghost shouted, "What about me?"

Josh coughed, "I think it's best that you leave this matter... You tend to ignore orders. When someone tells you to go east, maybe you'll end up wandering off on your own... You mustn't reveal our secrets."

The rebel ghost huffed, "Hmph." This was...

During their discussion, Max gradually transitioned from being frightened to feeling calm.

He rarely returned home.

Aside from visiting his younger sister, they had never even seen their deceased relatives in many years.

Max could not help but break out in a cold sweat as he saw a group of ghosts all of a sudden.

He wiped his forehead and asked, "So... is everything settled now?"

The harem spirit, bridal ghost, and Tinkerbell all turned to look at him.

The harem ghost chimed in, "Master... Is there anything else you need us to do? Oh, by the way, I can wear silk socks..."

Max was stunned.

Perhaps it would be best if you stayed quiet!

...

For the past two days, everyone had been restraining themselves from making any big moves.

During this time, Max continued to go to the laboratory as usual, but he seemed less enthusiastic and active.

Upon hearing about this situation, Mr. Martin and the others thought about it as a silent protest.

"I think that's all he can do for now," Mr. Martin contemplated. "We've left him alone for two days, and now should be the right time to talk to him."

"Have you been able to find who invested in him?" Mr. Young inquired.

Mr. Young shook his head, saying, "I don't know what's going on, but Max's bank account is kept at the highest level of confidentiality, he's a special user."

Despite his extensive connections, Mr. Young could not gather any information about Max.

Anyone who tried to access his account would immediately encounter numerous barriers. It seemed impossible to investigate further.

He even asked Max's assistant, who claimed to be unaware of such details, as did others.

"The only person who might know about Max is Darwin, and even he doesn't have a clue... Why don't we take a more cautious approach and avoid pressuring him too much?"

What if Max came from a powerful family?

Mr. Martin furrowed his brows. "It depends on Max's actions... If he dares to do is sabotage his work



and protest, he would have caused trouble for us long ago if he had a powerful background."

Mr. Martin concluded that Max did not have a powerful background. Even if there were influential investors, they likely did not want to involve themselves in this matter.

After all, there was no benefit in antagonizing them on Max's behalf.

Being giants in the country, no one would jeopardize their relationship with them for Max's sake, especially when he was not their son...

Suddenly, Mr. Young raised a question, "But what if he's the son of some prominent figure?"

It was not easy to acquire a house worth 100 million dollars.

Mr. Martin also hesitated for a moment before responding, "In that case, let's try to find out."

After all, they were not brainless villains, they were intelligent individuals.

At this point, they shifted their focus back to Max.

If he displayed a strong and unwavering stance, it would imply that he had a powerful background.

However, if Max showed a willingness to negotiate terms with them, it would indicate his lack of confidence and the need to make a choice.

After discussing it, they called Max in for a meeting.

Max soon arrived, walking with a black box in his hand that appeared quite heavy.

What surprised them the most was that he was accompanied by a child...

Lilly strolled through the corridor of the high-rise building, next to the floor-to-ceiling glass wall, offering a panoramic view. She could see the strong winds blowing outside.

Although it was a coastal city, the sea could not be seen from there. What happened to her plan of watching the typhoon?

Seemed like she went off track.

Max smiled and pointed outside, saying, "That's a typhoon. The wind has uprooted some trees... In coastal cities, people don't enjoy looking at typhoons as they cause significant damage to people's lives."

"So, we shouldn't view a typhoon as a scenic spectacle... If Lilly wants to see a real typhoon, Uncle Max can create a simulation for you when we get back."

Lilly obediently nodded, saying, "I understand, Uncle Max. We shouldn't have come to watch the typhoon."

It felt wrong to find fascination in something that caused suffering for others. Lilly could not help feeling guilty.

Max pinched her little face affectionately, saying, "Uncle Max will be with you for the next two days. After all these years, I haven't been going home or socializing. I've dedicated all my attention to the laboratory... It's time to pause and reconsider."

Lilly held onto Max's hand, saying, "Yes! Let's go, Uncle Max!"

Max suddenly felt a surge of inexplicable confidence.

With great determination, he led Lilly away to face challenges head-on!

As they conversed, they arrived at Mr. Martin's office.

Mr. Young could not help but be surprised to see Max accompanied by a child.

Mr. Martin glanced at Lilly, pointed to a chair near the door, and calmly said, "Please have a seat."

There were two people but only one chair and the chair was at the door.

This was intentional.

[Chapter 677 You Should Keep Yourself in Check](#)

Lilly blinked.

This was called asserting dominance. She understood that!

Lilly tilted her head and asked, "Uncle Max, is this what Daddy means by 'throwing one's weight around,' right?"

She did not know what her father was up to. He kept talking to Anthony recently as if he was moving houses.

But before they came here, her father had mentioned that they would assert dominance over Max.

Her father also mentioned that he would make a grand entrance to show them who had Max's back.

Lilly felt a bit of anticipation, but not too much, because she had a feeling that these fools might not

know her dad...

Max took Lilly and sat down on the sofa.

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young exchanged glances.

Mr. Young asked, "Max, I called you here to ask, have you thought about our suggestion from two days ago?"

Max replied coldly, "I don't want a hundred million dollars."

Mr. Martin's heart sank upon hearing Mr. Young's question.

Mr. Martin secretly grew angry. It seemed like he did not know what he was getting himself into.

However, what Max said next left them stunned once again.

Max continued, "I can give you a virtual assistant, but it won't be Stacy. She has been with me for too long, so there's no room for negotiation."

Mr. Martin narrowed his eyes slightly and tentatively asked, "Did you make another virtual assistant?"

Max nodded and said, "As I was researching Stacy, I created several prototypes. I have three virtual assistants—one is similar to Stacy, another has an ancient setting but lacks sufficient intelligence, and the remaining one is in the form of a child. It's still under development, but its intelligence level is comparable to that of a normal child."

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young were left shocked.

They were amazed by the fact that Max had not just one, but three hidden virtual assistants. They had already considered him skilled in creating virtual assistants, but this revelation showed that he had even more to offer. If he was willing to bring out three assistants, it meant he must have others as well.

Having three virtual assistants was already impressive, and if it was true, they knew they stood to make a substantial profit. Increasing the price to 200 million dollars seemed like a plausible option now.

Lilly sat quietly on the side, observing the greed in the adults' eyes. However, she remembered what Uncle Max told her—to simply sit there and not intervene. She would only make a move when the ghost was revealed.

So Lilly obediently remained seated. She noticed the candy on the table in front of the sofa, which was always prepared for her when she visited Uncle Max's company. Instinctively, she reached out to grab one but then hesitated. These candies were provided by the fools. What if they were poisoned? What if eating them would make her dumb?

She withdrew her hand, deciding not to take the candy.

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young observed this scene, and their worries suddenly dissipated. They had initially been concerned about Max's background, but seeing this child—who had not been exposed to the world was hesitant to take a candy, only to withdraw her hand, showed their misjudgment. It was a characteristic of someone from a small town who had yet to experience the larger world.

Consequently, they regained confidence that they were able to take advantage of Max's virtual assistant. Unbeknownst to them, they were stepping right into a trap because of greed.

Mr. Young directly asked, "So, what are your conditions if you give us the three virtual assistants?"

Max responded, "First of all, I designed my house according to my preferences. I can't give you the actual house, but I can provide you with the design of the futuristic house."

He knew that they would not understand the intricacies of the designs, but it was a way for him to assert his ownership over his creations. They were overestimating themselves in his eyes.

Mr. Martin considered the proposal and agreed, thinking that it was just a house and held no significance for Max anymore.

A smirk flashed across Max's eyes, realizing that Mr. Martin still saw his house as if it were already theirs.

"Secondly," Max continued, "I need you to grant me access permissions. If you take everything away from me, I want to make a copy of all the data on the lithography machine and keep it for myself."

Max's mistake was that he placed too much trust in the laboratory. The director had been good to him, but after over 20 years of research, they still had not achieved any breakthroughs. Moreover, Max knew that there were other research institutes studying lithography machines as well.

When he joined the research institute, funding was already scarce, and technology groups had come in as joint ventures. Over the years, a substantial amount of research material had accumulated. Max had not made copies or stored them for himself mainly due to the massive amount of memory required, which would need a facility as large as a research institute to store everything.

However, he had been in contact with his brother for the past few days...

Anthony told him that Crawford Holdings had allocated a floor for him to store his equipment.

That was it!

Who else could have such a bold brother? Max did!

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young were unaware of these developments, so they looked perplexed. Mr. Martin questioned, "You want to make copies of everything... Isn't that unreasonable?"

Lilly, who had been quietly observing with her head down, suddenly spoke up in a curious tone, "Why is it unreasonable? It's not yours!"

Mr. Martin cast another glance at Lilly, finding comfort in the fact that if she were just an ordinary child, unfamiliar with the ways of the world, a child with a powerful background would never interrupt adult conversations. This realization provided them with additional reassurance.

Mr. Martin stubbornly insisted, "We find it unfair, so there's no point in discussing this condition!"

In his mind, the items in the laboratory were invaluable and could not be equated to monetary value. Thus, Max's request to make copies seemed like a blatant attempt to steal from them.

With a cold and unyielding expression, Max firmly held his ground. He crossed his arms and stated, "What's unfair about it? You swooped in halfway through the research that we had conducted for over 20 years. If anyone is being unfair, it's you!"

"You paid a meager amount and laid claim to everything that the research institute had tirelessly pursued. It takes a special kind of audacity to believe you're in the right."

Lilly chimed in, "That's right! You should reflect on your audacity! Grade A audacity and grade C audacity too! Top-notch audacity!"

Uneducated as she was, she did not possess the same level of understanding as Josh, who excelled in various subjects and grasped the essence of the matter.

Mr. Martin, visibly displeased, retorted, "That's an ugly way to put it. We're working together for the development of our country and the comfort of humanity!"

Mr. Young nodded in agreement and added, "Moreover, our group's investment in the laboratory and the talent we've brought in demonstrate our commitment. It's not fair to claim that we are seizing control. We have collaborated and contributed to the advancement of the lithography machine project."

Max did not wish to continue arguing with them on this matter. He knew that shameless individuals often cloaked their actions in high-sounding justifications.

Lilly sighed softly, even though she did not fully comprehend the situation. She could sense the sheer audacity and shamelessness emanating from them.

[Chapter 678 Captivated by Virtual Assistants](#)

Mr. Martin opposed Max's suggestion of copying the lab's materials.

Even though it was not their possession, it was now in their hands!

Max retorted, "Why the rush, Mr. Martin? I mentioned making a copy, not taking everything. The original data will remain in the lab. Are you afraid that your talented researchers won't be able to make any progress without relying on the work of others?"

It was a cutting remark that hit its mark.

Unintentionally adding fuel to the fire, Lilly asked, "Uncle Max, do they have any talented individuals?"

They don't even know the alphabet, I doubt they have any talents at all.

Perhaps Josh is more capable than all of them combined...

Mr. Martin seethed with anger. Did Max think they could not do it without him?

Who did Max think he was? Even if he decided to leave, did he think he could achieve anything on his own by taking away the materials?

The cost of this project was immense, not just in terms of finances but also human resources.

Having enough talented individuals was crucial to sustaining the project's progress.

They refused to believe that other researchers would follow Max if he decided to leave. If so, he would be a laughingstock to them!

"Fine!" Mr. Martin declared, "It's just copying the data. We can do that."

Initially, he had intended to retain Max. The copying of the data was merely a bargaining chip. Of course, they did not want Max to leave.

But their patience was wearing thin.

Moreover, the virtual assistant project was the most profitable endeavor currently.

After considering the advantages and disadvantages, they chose to let go of Max.

Max nodded and responded, "Alright, let's move on to the third condition."

Mr. Young chimed in, surprised, "There's a third condition?"

Max added, "I have already given you three virtual assistants, so it's fair to have three conditions, right?"

Mr. Martin grew more frustrated, retorting, "So what will you give us later? Just the three virtual assistants? Technology? Information? Design drawings? Will you give us everything?"

Max nodded decisively, saying, "Yes, all the technology related to virtual assistants. Without this foundational support, virtual assistants cannot exist."

Mr. Martin, despite his initial annoyance, could not help but think about the offer.

Giving them the technology behind virtual assistants sounded promising to them.

Lithography machines may take time to yield results, but virtual humans wouldn't!

If they developed it rapidly and after five years, they would undoubtedly be able to commercialize virtual assistant technology, reaping immense profits in return.

"Alright, carry on!" Mr. Martin reluctantly conceded, gritting his teeth.

Max pursed his lips and continued, "The laboratory has faced financial hardships in recent years. Sometimes it takes two or three years to obtain approval for acquiring a piece of equipment. However, the project cannot wait. So, I paid for some equipment in advance."

"Now that we've reached this point in our discussion, you should also understand that I can no longer stay with your group. If I choose to leave, I will take the equipment that I have paid for. Is this an unreasonable condition?"

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young remained silent.

Max had extra funds to purchase equipment?

Considering his financial situation, he should not have been able to afford much... perhaps just some cheaper devices?

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young discussed in low voices for a while before asking, "Are you sure that the equipment you purchased is solely yours?"

Max replied confidently, "I have the invoices to prove it. I won't take a single screw away if it's not mine."

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young hesitated.

As they considered the conditions, they seemed reasonable, but when viewed collectively, it appeared that Max might be setting a trap...

Lilly approached Max and whispered, "Uncle Max, show them our virtual assistants."

The temptation isn't enough!

Daddy once said that when profits reach 50 percent, capital begins to take risks; at 100 percent, it becomes bold enough to disregard human laws; and when profits reach 300 percent, it becomes willing to commit any crime.

So, let's show them our virtual assistants!

Max picked up the black box he had been carrying and placed it on the table.

Inside was a complete set of equipment. When he opened the box and switched on the lights, the office was instantly enveloped in a virtual world!

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young's pupils contracted, realizing that even without considering the other conditions, this holographic technology alone had enormous potential for development and profit.

Max said, "Since there are no related facilities in the entire house, it's a simple setup. Take a look."

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young looked around in awe at the virtual world surrounding them. How could this be considered crude?

Lilly shook her head, pretending she had never seen anything like it before.

With a wave of her hand, three "virtual assistants" immediately appeared before them.

However, when Lilly saw them, her eyes widened, and she was nearly speechless with shock.

Apart from Tinkerbell, who looked normal, the other two were far from ordinary.

The harem spirit was dressed in black silk and a professional suit, with a very short skirt that revealed her long legs...

Her hair was styled in wavy locks.

The bridal ghost, who had always been in a red wedding dress, now wore a pink neon feather coat that exposed her shoulders and chest, with a very short skirt. It was ancient clothing, like a character from some strange online game.

Lilly was taken aback, and she covered her mouth in astonishment.

Max coughed, "Ahem..."



Lilly blinked innocently and replied, "Uncle Max, I didn't... it has nothing to do with me!"

Max, blindly covering Lilly's eyes, cautioned, "Don't look..."

Lilly thought to herself...

Why?

Stacy was like that when we came to Uncle Max's house...

Why are adults allowed to look at her like this but not children?

Lilly's mind was filled with numerous questions.

Max stared straight ahead and spoke in a serious tone, saying, "These three virtual assistants are the prototypes I eliminated during the design process. Before I came here, I made upgrades... I changed their settings, and now they'll recognize you."

At this point, the harem ghost imitated Stacy's pleasant expression and said with a sweet smile, "Master, my name is Dahlia, and I'm your 24-hour assistant!"

"Dahlia will provide you with round-the-clock services for food, clothing, housing, and transportation. Whatever my master asks for, Dahlia will fulfill it."

The bridal ghost bashfully added, "Master... my name is Scarlet, and I'm your devoted assistant. Please let me know if you need assistance..."

"There's still much for me to learn. Master, I must educate myself! I promise to study diligently and keep up with the times."

Both the harem spirit and the bridal ghost were quite attractive.

And their beauty was natural, not crafted by manipulating data in a database.

They were different from the beauties generated by data.

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young were nearly overcome with excitement.

"These... are these the virtual assistants you researched?"

Mr. Martin was elated.

The virtual assistants were exceptional in every way, but Max's naming choices seemed too casual. What kind of names were Dahlia and Scarlet?

They should be named Elsa, Honey, and so on...

Max nodded and said, "Yes, well... Dahlia... her personality didn't quite match my preferences when I created her... cough."

As he spoke, Max noticed the harem spirit sitting on Mr. Martin's desk.

She lifted her hips, pressing them against the desk, with her long legs crossed.

She spoke with bitterness, "Master doesn't appreciate assistants like me. Dahlia feels unjust and wishes to be assigned to a different master."

The harem spirit raised her hand, attempting to grab Mr. Martin's tie, but unfortunately...

She could not hold it.

She complained with a sense of grievance, "It's so frustrating. I'm a virtual being and yet I can't capture the master's heart!"

The bridal ghost was also behaving mischievously and blinked shyly, saying, "Master, I can't seem to capture his heart too."

Max thought to himself...

Hey, hey... This is getting too lifelike!

Take it easy, folks!

However, Mr. Martin had already fallen into a state of infatuation, his eyes filled with admiration.

To him, these virtual assistants were captivating, and Max referred to them as rejected creations!

They feel just like humans!

Other than the fact that they could not be touched, what set them apart from real people?

Both men did not consider anything else, and they had no doubts whatsoever.

They saw both the harem spirit and the bridal ghosts as virtual assistants...

### [Chapter 679 Getting What They Wanted](#)

In Mr. Martin's office, Max covered Lilly's eyes, and Lilly covered Tinkerbell's eyes.

The two young ones blinked innocently.

Tinkerbelle whispered, "Lilly, what are they doing? Should I go up and talk to them too?"

Lilly replied in a hushed tone, "No need. Michael said you don't have to worry about anything, just answer when someone asks you."

Tinkerbelle nodded obediently.

The harem spirit enjoyed the freedom of her performance.

If it were not for the circumstances, she would have been more flamboyant. After all, no one could touch her, and she loved playing pranks when she got bored.

The harem spirit had become accustomed to her ghostly existence and floated away.

The bridal ghost also glided past.

"Master... what can I assist you with? Dahlia can make coffee for you... My apologies, Dahlia cannot detect the coffee machine system. Please install the coffee machine system, master."

Mr. Martin replied, "Okay, okay..."

The harem spirit continued, "Master, would you like a massage service?... Oh, the smart sofa system hasn't been detected. I'm sorry, Dahlia can't massage you. Please install the smart sofa system, master."

Max simply gazed at the black box in front of him and casually remarked, "Virtual assistants may possess intelligence, but they also rely on the environment to fulfill their role."

"Otherwise, they're no different from the smart assistants on our phones."

Mr. Martin stared at the "virtual assistant" in front of him, feeling an itch of desire. He wished he could install it right away and enjoy the services...

He finally realized the rarity of the advanced technology in Max's house and felt the urge to buy Max's house for 200 million dollars.

Max coughed and nodded, saying, "Very well, but..."

Mr. Martin glanced at the harem spirit and the bridal ghost who were both floating and asked, "Why do they float when they walk?"

Max remained silent, as did Lilly, the harem spirit, and the bridal ghost.

After a moment of silence, Max maintained his composure and said, "That's what I call a design flaw. There was a bug that occurred during the design process. To fix it, I would have to rewrite the entire code and rebuild them from scratch. It might be better to redesign them altogether."

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young suddenly understood him.

Of course, Max could not give them something perfect from the beginning.

But the fact that they floated while walking was just a minor issue.

It did not affect anything!

Max continued, "Now, can we talk about the three conditions?"

Mr. Young cautiously responded, "It does feel a bit awkward to combine all three conditions..."

Max snapped the black box shut, causing the harem spirit, the bridal ghost, and Tinkerbell to disappear.

"If that's the case, then there's nothing to discuss. I won't compromise on any of my three conditions. In the worst-case scenario, I'll just continue to stay in the lab. No one can interfere with me."

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young were taken aback by Max's firm refusal to negotiate with them.

"Alright!" Mr. Martin gritted his teeth and said, "But you must provide the group with all the information about the box in your hand and the virtual assistants first..."

Max pulled out a contract with a blank expression and said, "If that's what it takes, then the information should be provided to us. If you agree, sign the contract. This will be our agreement. Once the contract is signed, we will proceed according to its terms."

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young realized that Max did not trust them at all.

The two carefully examined the contract and, once satisfied that it matched Max's statements earlier, they signed it.

Max also signed the contract, glanced at it briefly, and placed the black box on the table.

Lilly mentioned that the black box should be positioned in front of them, and within its range of approximately 1000 square feet, anyone who was near would see ghosts.

"The box is all yours," Max stated. "This is the disk for the three virtual individuals. They can now only appear within the range of their respective disks and receive signals within approximately 1000 square feet."

Mr. Young retrieved the box.

Max took Lilly's hand and said, "Let's go."

Just as they reached the door, Max suddenly paused. "Oh, by the way, I'm resigning today. I've already submitted my resignation letter."

He left without looking back.

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young exchanged glances, watching Max leave, and felt like they lost someone valuable.

But upon closer reflection, Max was not the only one with talent.

There were plenty of talented people, and with sufficient financial resources, finding talents everywhere was not difficult.

"Open it up and take a look!" Mr. Martin impatiently urged. "Call Darwin immediately!"

Mr. Young nodded in agreement.

Mr. Martin opened the box and followed Max's instructions to turn it on.

Once again, the office was enveloped in lights and shadows, and the two virtual assistants reappeared.

The two tested it out and discovered that no matter what they said, the virtual assistants could talk to them.

Moreover, the artificial intelligence chat was far from the robotic responses of a typical voice assistant. The virtual assistants displayed emotions and thoughts, just like real people.

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young were filled with excitement. As titans in the technology field, they understood the immense significance of this breakthrough.

It was not an exaggeration to say that the future of humanity would be different.

At that moment, Darwin rushed over and was utterly stunned when he saw the virtual assistants in the office.

"Max... created three other virtual assistants?!"

Simultaneously, the harem spirit was equally stunned when she spotted Darwin. She could not help but think to herself...

What in the world? There's a ghost on this person's head!

Fortunately, the cowardly ghost had taken precautions. They wore special talismans that made them visible only to those within range of the black box. Otherwise, their nature would be exposed.

They almost exposed themselves.

When the harem spirit and the others saw Darwin, the malignant spirit on his head grew wary.

Are they virtual assistants?

Is this a joke?

They're ghosts!

No... They're ghost generals!

The malignant spirit on Darwin's head swelled with energy, ready to escape at any moment. However, he soon realized that the harem spirit did not seem interested in him at all.

Reluctantly, the malignant spirit decided to stay put and observe the situation.

Darwin examined the black box that Max left behind, growing more and more excited as he delved into its contents.

"Yes, yes, this is it!"

The black box had a display panel, allowing him to access the information inside, which included details about the virtual individuals.

"It's all here!" Darwin's hands trembled slightly. "This is... this is it!"

He had previously seen these materials at Max's house. However, Darwin was unaware that Max had not shown him the complete picture. Max had intentionally hidden the most crucial information from him.

Surprisingly, due to a fortunate misunderstanding, the crisis was averted, thanks to Darwin's enthusiasm. Max had not properly organized his thoughts at the time, and it would not be fair to embarrass Darwin if he did not understand the core concept.

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young were elated by the turn of events. Mr. Martin exclaimed, "Darwin, you are now in charge of the virtual assistant project! Immediately start building a smart house, just like the one at Max's house... All the services provided by the virtual assistants must be delivered through the futuristic house."

Mr. Young chimed in, "Yes, start right away, and I'll give you a year. Within that year, the futuristic house you construct will serve as a model home, inviting the first batch of clients to visit! Then we can proceed with market negotiations."

Filled with confidence, Darwin declared, "I don't need a whole year. I've gone through these materials, so just give me six months!"

He was certain that with half a year, he would create a world even more remarkable than what Max achieved!

### [Chapter 680 I'm Taking Everything Away From This Laboratory](#)

Both of them were satisfied.

Mr. Martin, unable to contain his excitement, could not wait to experience Dahlia's services firsthand. He was eager to see what this virtual assistant could offer.

Meanwhile, Darwin was particularly intrigued by Tinkerbelle, who had remained quiet throughout the proceedings. The blank slate of her personality intrigued him, as it provided an opportunity for him to design her according to his preferences. He had already started envisioning new virtual assistants he could create.

As Darwin, now renowned for his abilities, entered a simple program into the black box's control panel, he focused on selecting the virtual assistant, Dahlia, and began entering a series of codes.

The harem spirit and the others expected this to happen and quickly glanced at the screen, even though they didn't understand the programming language. Max ensured that all the codes were in English before leaving.

The harem spirit caught a glimpse of a few words as Darwin typed.

"Owner". "Goodnight", and "Coax".

However, she could not read the code consisting of symbols.

The harem spirit was speechless.

He wants me to coax him to sleep, how shameless could he be?

Whatever, I'll keep up with the act.

After Darwin hit the Enter key, the harem spirit immediately stepped forward, speaking softly, "Master, it's late. Don't work anymore... I'd worry about you if you stay up. Please lie down and let Dahlia coax

you to sleep."

"Dahlia can help you relax and lull you to sleep. Master, please lie down quickly."

Darwin lay on the sofa.

The harem spirit sang, "Oh~ why is the master still keeping his eyes open, the master is not well!"

Darwin straightened up and exclaimed, "It's possible! Mr. Martin, what I just input was a simple command, but the virtual assistant can learn independently. As a result, she can take specific actions based on her knowledge..."

Mr. Martin and Mr. Young were concerned about being deceived by Max.

Now they feel reassured.

With a stroke of his pen, Mr. Martin approved 500 million dollars for Darwin to construct a smart house!

The three of them never imagined that this would be their first "useless expenditure".

...

After Max left with Lilly, he went straight to the laboratory.

"Uncle Max, are we moving today?" Lilly inquired.

Max sighed, "There are too many things to do. Let's organize and document them today. The moving team sent by your Uncle Anthony will arrive tomorrow, and everything will be transported together."

Lilly became ecstatic, "So, will Uncle Max also be in Alford from now on?"

Max caressed her hair, "Yes, and I can accompany you in the future!"

Lilly nodded joyfully, "Yeah!"

"Uncle Max, should Lilly help you move?"

As she spoke, Lilly happily took out the Palace of the Ruler of Hell.

Max looked at her with bewilderment, "How can we move everything with this tiny object..."

The object appeared to be a palace, but it was merely a small pendant.

To his surprise, the small pendant shook right before his eyes.



Suddenly, the table in front of Max vanished!

His expression changed, and his eyes widened.

Where did the table go?

What happened to the large table?

Lilly shook the Palace of the Ruler of Hell and asked, "Uncle Max, what else do you need to move?"

Max felt a buzzing sensation in his head and quickly responded, "Lilly, put the table back!"

Lilly blinked innocently and confirmed that this area was not under surveillance, which was why she had taken it out.

She obediently put the table back and inquired, "Uncle Max, are there any other security cameras here?"

Max was filled with dread, "It's not about security cameras..."

His location was classified, so naturally there would not be any surveillance cameras behind him. His permissions were simply encrypted...

However, with such a large table suddenly disappearing without anyone seeing him taking it out, there were bound to be suspicions.

Lilly pointed to the typhoon outside and suggested, "Lilly has an idea. Just say that the typhoon blew it away!"

She continued, "Or, just say you don't know. Let them investigate. They won't be able to find out."

As long as Uncle Max leaves without any trace, and there are numerous surveillance cameras outside that did not capture him taking anything, what's the harm if others are surprised?

Under Blake's guidance, Little Hades had gradually become mischievous.

Max sighed.

"Enough, let's not cause any trouble." Max silently put the Palace of the Ruler of Hell back on Lilly's wrist.

He also studied scientific concepts like space and wormholes. Compared to that, Lilly was like a younger brother to him.

After organizing his belongings, Max took Lilly back home.

The vehicle sent by Anthony arrived the next day. Since these were delicate instruments, a professional moving team was hired, which was why Max had to wait for Anthony.

Max had already started copying the data two days ago, and now it was complete. To facilitate the copying, he purchased two specialized docking instruments, which were placed downstairs. Since they needed to be taken upstairs, the process was much quicker.

He asked someone to pack up the laboratory instruments and then began to move.

Everyone in the research institute knew about such a big movement, and they all came over to inquire.

"Mr. Max, are you leaving?"

"Mr. Max, how can we continue to research this project without you?"

"Mr. Max, don't go... At worst, we'll talk to Mr. Martin and the others for you. What happened, can't we talk about it?"

Max shook his head, "You don't need to do that."

Lilly told the truth to them, "My Uncle Max has researched capable virtual assistants, and those two said that they would take away Uncle Max's virtual assistant, Stacy."

"Uncle Max spent a total of 200 million dollars on researching Stacy, and they said they would only give Uncle Max 1 million dollars!"

There was an uproar when everyone heard it.

Two hundred million dollars, and they're only offering him one million dollars?

Everyone was filled with righteous indignation and was extremely angry.

"Isn't this an obvious robbery?"

"This is unacceptable!"

"Mr. Max, go talk to Mr. Martin and the others!"

Max was noncommittal.

Lilly continued, "They have gone too far! They want Uncle Max to hand over all the research, and if he

doesn't agree to hand over Miss Stacy to them, they will take away all of Uncle Max's hard work!"

"They're also very rude. They came into our house without our consent. They sat down and ate the food we made before we could have a bite. Their parents didn't teach them manners."

From Lilly's words, everyone roughly figured out what happened that day.

Barging into someone's house uninvited and eating other people's food without their consent...

Did they think that was their house?

Scumbags!

Max said casually, "Thank you for working with me for so many years. I hope our paths cross in the future."

Max's assistant had been sensing something amiss for the past few days, but Max and the others did not say anything.

Now, the assistant removed their lab coat on the spot and threw it on the ground, declaring, "Mr. Max, I'll go with you."

Max raised an eyebrow and cautioned, "Don't act impulsively."

The assistant responded, "I'm not acting on impulse."

Ever since the joint venture, the laboratory had become less and less like a laboratory.

In the past, everyone focused on their research.

Now, there was competition.

With the recruitment of new talents by the group, their treatment and the treatment of those from the group were governed by different systems. Although their laboratory was financially constrained, it still fell under the country's jurisdiction in the name.

The laboratory had only been spun off this year—the lithography machine project was too costly, so certain labs were consolidated and converted into a joint venture, with the claim that it was an upgrade in management...

Naturally, such divisions were not entirely based on merit, and the director lacked sophistication, resulting in their laboratory being integrated.

However, they had a stable job. As long as one didn't resign, they could spend their whole life sipping

tea and waiting for retirement.

However, it was different for those who came from the group. They were paid by the group and wanted to take their belongings with them.

Max's eyes dimmed, and a sudden urge welled up within him.

How dare you joke with me? I'm taking everything from this laboratory!

"Have you thought it through?" Max asked, her tone serious. "Are you coming with me?"

The assistant nodded resolutely, "Yeah!"