

Eight Uncles 691

[Chapter 691 The Deceased Old Man](#)

The typhoon in Wyndon hadn't completely passed yet, and it was still raining when Lilly got out of the car. Despite being the months of July and August, it unexpectedly felt a bit chilly. Lilly wore a thin jacket, and even Josh and the others added a shirt jacket to their attire.

Blake held an umbrella, but Lilly dashed ahead, her little face filled with urgency.

"Lilly, what's wrong?" Blake asked.

Lilly stood on the street, watching the wind howling and the sparse number of pedestrians braving the rain.

"Daddy, did you see that old lady just now?" Lilly asked.

Blake shook his head in confusion. "No, I didn't."

Josh and Hannah were even more bewildered. They didn't notice any old person when they arrived, and now Lilly was talking about an old lady again...

When they arrived, it was on the opposite side of the road, so they could pass it off as not seeing her. But they didn't see her on this side either as they walked all the way here.

Josh said, "Lilly, are you sure you didn't see wrong?"

Lilly murmured, "I didn't see wrong..."

When they arrived, she saw the old lady in person.

But just now, she saw her spirit...

A chill ran through Lilly's heart, and the rain blown by the strong wind landed on her face, making her feel cold.

Pablo asked, "What's wrong?"

Lilly bit her lip and said, "There was an old lady... She wasn't dead when we arrived, but just now I saw her spirit."

Pablo furrowed his brow and asked, "Is there anything special about this old lady?"

Countless beings come and go in the mortal realm. Every day, babies are born, and people pass away. In the grand scheme of countless lives, there isn't a single person who is truly special. If she had to pay

attention to every person she saw once, as a resident of Little Hades, she wouldn't be able to keep up...

But Lilly said, "I saw this old lady when I was doodling with the Pen of Judgment."

Lilly pondered for a moment and continued, "It's like watching an animated series, even before it's aired, I knew this old lady would appear."

Pablo was taken aback.

What does she mean??

The Pen of Judgment does allow you to see how someone's life will turn out, but...

Seeing the future is different!

Lilly had never seen that old lady, but she saw her under the influence of the Pen of Judgment. That was a true glimpse into the future.

Pablo felt overwhelmed and immediately took Lilly's hand. "Come on, let's go find her."

He wanted to understand what was going on!

Blake also understood and his expression turned solemn.

They walked up and down the street, searching for the old lady, but couldn't find her no matter how long they looked.

Josh and Hannah wore baffled expressions and kept asking, "What are we looking for? What's going on?"

Lilly said seriously, "Josh, you wouldn't want to know."

Josh fell silent.

Okay, let's take out the camera.

Max, who had parked the car, followed along. He held the umbrella, with Drake and Zachary beneath it.

As soon as they arrived, they saw Josh taking out his camera, prompting Max to say, "Are you taking pictures? What's there to capture in this stormy weather..."

Josh's gaze shifted, and he said, "Uncle Max, my camera is a bit different. You'll see in a moment."

Max shook his head, wondering what could be so different. He had seen cameras with advanced

technology before.

Blake pointed to a small restaurant and said, "Let's go in and ask."

Lilly pushed open the door and called out, "Boss..."

The boss stood up, thinking there was a customer. "Hello, would you like to have a meal? How many of you?"

Lilly apologized, "Sorry, we're not here to eat."

Josh continued, "We just wanted to ask if you saw an old lady passing by just now?"

The boss raised an eyebrow and shook his head. "I didn't see anyone... Are you looking for someone? Is it your family?"

Lilly shook her head and said, "We saw her without an umbrella, and she looked pitiful..."

The boss's expression softened slightly. "I didn't see her, but if I had, I would have given her an umbrella."

They thanked him and left the restaurant.

Lilly wasn't satisfied and walked towards the neighboring noodle shop. The shop had an open entrance, so they should be able to see from there.

"Hello, ma'am... Did you see an old person just now?" Lilly asked earnestly, "An old lady wearing a thin layer of plastic wrap."

The noodle shop's owner was taken aback and shook her head. "I didn't see anyone just now... But I saw her walking past from that direction in the morning."

Lilly asked anxiously, "Where did she go?"

The owner said, "That way, but I don't know where she went."

Lilly looked in the direction the owner pointed, coincidentally the opposite direction from where she saw the old lady's spirit walking.

She understood that after the old lady walked in that direction in the morning, she died somewhere over there.

She just didn't know why her spirit was still wandering and returned here.

Lilly said thank you and left, searching in the direction indicated by the noodle shop owner.

Blake said, "We found her."

Everyone looked at Blake all at once.

Max thought to himself, Did you only ask a few people? And you found her just like that?

Blake held his phone and pointed at the surveillance footage. "I checked the surveillance cameras on this street, and we followed her path."

Max murmured.

Entering someone else's surveillance footage was as natural to him as entering his own home, and for a moment, he didn't know what to say.

Lilly stared at the footage, following the path the old lady had walked in the morning and turned into an alley.

It was a shortcut, and after entering the alley, they walked a bit further, passing by a few scattered vegetable plots. Behind the vegetable plots were irregularly arranged self-built houses.

These houses didn't belong to the urban village; they were among the few remaining residences of the original residents. The price of one apartment building could rival that of a small villa.

Although the architecture couldn't compare to the grandeur of a villa, it had a unique charm that reflected the city's history.

Blake switched to another surveillance footage and said, "This way."

Lilly walked and walked until she arrived in front of one of the self-built houses.

From a distance, she saw a familiar figure curled up on the ground...

The old lady was wrapped in a white plastic film, but her body was already soaked, curled up into a ball.

Josh stood there dumbfounded. "Is that... a corpse?"

Hannah, who was carefree, wondered, "What corpse? What kind of corpse can there be here?"

She only saw a small pile of things covered with a white plastic film; for a moment, she didn't think of it as a corpse.

Lilly ran over.

Blake quickly approached and examined the scene, then spoke, "She passed away approximately two hours ago."

Josh asked, "Uncle Blake, how do you know it's been two hours?"

Blake, while examining, explained, "When a person dies, their body starts to stiffen between 30 minutes to three hours. Rigor mortis occurs around nine to twelve hours after death. Although the time of body stiffening varies depending on the cause of death, we can make a rough estimate."

Josh nodded in understanding.

Lilly squatted beside the old lady, silent for a long time.

There was a tree in front of the self-built house, and under the tree was a stone bench. The old lady was curled up beneath that bench.

In her final moments, she must have been waiting for something, her face slightly lifted, facing towards the building.

The wrinkles on her face were tightly pressed together, faintly revealing a sense of longing...

[Chapter 692 Going to Every Child's Home, Yet Unable to Knock on a Single Door](#)

Blake examined the surveillance footage, frowning his brow. "This old lady didn't just arrive today. She was here last night, waiting all through the night."

Lilly looked at the monitor screen.

In the footage, the old lady was wrapped tightly in the only plastic sheet she had, lying on a long stone bench.

Battered by wind and rain, she shivered, unsure if she was asleep or unconscious, enduring the night in such a state.

At one point, she called out a few times, and a light on the second floor of the self-built building ahead flickered briefly before going out, with no response from anyone.

It wasn't until dawn that the old lady slowly regained consciousness, tremblingly stood up, and laboriously retraced her steps...

"Daddy..." Lilly's voice choked, "Where did she go?"

Blake stood up and looked into the distance. Suddenly, his gaze froze, and he said, "I don't know, but she's back now."

In the distance, an elderly lady, shaky and unsteady, walked past the vegetable garden, heading towards them.

Her gaze was vacant as if she couldn't sense anything, as if she couldn't see her own lifeless body.

The old lady stopped in front of the stone bench, tremblingly sat down, and clutched the white plastic sheet tightly to her chest with trembling hands.

Then, with clouded eyes, she looked up at the building and cried out, "Son... open the door, Mom is cold..."

"Open the door..."

She called out a few more times and then fell silent, staring intently at the upper floors. After a long while without anyone coming out to open the door, she shouted again:

"Son... open the door, Mom hasn't eaten much, Mom can take care of myself, wash my face and bathe... please, open the door."

The voice, filled with age and desolation, stopped for a few moments. Seeing that no one came to open the door, she curled up, as if shivering from the cold. "Open the door... even your younger brother won't open the door for Mom. Mom will freeze to death... so cold..."

The old lady murmured, her cloudy eyes filled with disappointment and confusion. She wiped away her tears with a trembling hand, bent over, stood up, and forlornly walked toward the small path.

Lilly remained silent, following behind.

Josh, holding a camera, witnessed everything, his mouth gaping open.

Hannah leaned in close to him, clutching his sleeve tightly, and asked in confusion, "What does this mean? Is the old lady looking for her son? Why didn't her son open the door... Is no one home?"

Josh pursed his lips and said, "Stop asking, let's go."

Blake handed Drake an umbrella and said, "Keep an eye on them."

He stayed behind, watching the old lady's body while casting a slightly cold glance at the upper floors.

The curtains upstairs moved slightly but soon returned to silence.

It wasn't that no one was home. They even knew that the old lady had already died.

But to witness this, even in death, no one was willing to come down and be the first to handle the corpse.

Max was already in a daze. In Josh's camera, the same old lady appeared as the lifeless body before them.

W-what does this mean??

Blake glanced at him and said, "Keep an eye on them. They're just a few kids... or you can stay here and watch the body."

Max immediately caught up, saying, "I'll go watch over Lilly."

Drake had already run up behind Lilly with an umbrella, silently shielding her.

The old lady's spirit moved slowly, trembling and swaying, just as she did in life. The wind blew against the white plastic sheet covering her, providing meager protection from the rain. She wore short sleeves, lacking a warm coat or a raincoat for shelter.

No one knows how she lived her life...

Lilly and the others followed slowly behind.

As the old lady walked, she arrived at another self-built building after a while.

"Tom... Are you home?" she cautiously called out.

No one answered.

The old lady stood bent over for a while and then called again, "Tom, open the door, Mom is freezing to death..."

Still, there was no response.

The old lady wiped her tears and this time she walked even further.

This path led them out of the city center of Wyndon and after an hour of following her, Lilly and the others arrived at a village on the outskirts of the city.

The old lady approached a house, extending her trembling hand to knock on the door.

"Molly... Is anyone home?" she asked anxiously.

Again, no one opened the door.

The old lady's desperation and despair filled her vacant eyes as she silently walked through the village and reached another house at the village's edge.

"Shaun, are you home? Open the door..." the old lady cried, "Mom has nowhere else to go. Open the door for Mom."

This family also didn't open the door.

The old lady's eyes revealed a glimmer of hope when she thought about her youngest son opening the door for her in the past. She hurriedly said, "Shaun... Mom is so cold, haven't eaten..."

It's unclear what her youngest son might have said, but the old lady knelt with a thud and pleaded, "Please let Mom in... Mom can change clothes..."

She grasped at something, but soon her hand dropped, leaving her sitting alone in the wind and rain.

The old lady's gaze turned vacant. After a while, she let out a sigh, slowly stood up with trembling legs, and continued on the same path back.

She passed by her daughter's house, calling out a few times, but no one opened the door.

Then she walked alone on the long journey... from the village to the city, not reaching the city center but the outskirts of Wyndon.

She passed by her second son's house again, calling out a few times, but no one opened the door.

Mechanically, she walked toward her eldest son's house, returning to the starting point.

At this point, Lilly and the others fully understood.

The old lady was repeating the path she took before she died.

She kept walking, knocking on doors, hoping that one of her children would open the door for her...

Lilly watched helplessly as the old lady stopped in front of her eldest son's house, calling out a few times and pausing, then wiping her tears. Finally, she prepared to start the cycle again.

Lilly reached out her hand and stopped her.

"Granny, please don't go," Lilly's voice trembled, "They won't open the door for you."

The old lady froze, staring directly at Lilly's hand, before slowly turning her head and looking at her with confusion.

"Child, which family do you belong to? Why did you run out in the rain? Do your parents know?" the old lady said strangely.

Lilly was stunned.

The old lady shook her head and said, "Go back quickly. Ah, your parents will be worried..."

After speaking, she lifted her foot and continued unsteadily.

Lilly grabbed her clothes and said loudly, "Don't go anymore. They won't open the door for you. You have already died, do you understand?"

Her voice choked, "You are already dead."

Why didn't she stop her car when she passed by in the morning?

Why did she only see the scenes of the old lady's journey in her future visions but didn't see how many times she had repeated it?

Lilly felt overwhelmed with self-blame. She didn't know what to do. Seeing the process of the old lady's death, she felt an immense burden on her chest.

Why...

The doors the old lady called out to open were all the doors of her children.

Why wouldn't they open the door for their mother?

Not everyone has a mother, but why did they treat her like this when they had one?

[Chapter 693 Is This the Speech of Men?](#)

The old woman was stunned by Lilly's words, staring blankly at her.

After a long while, she finally looked at her own lifeless body, as if realizing that she had died.

She had died right at the doorstep of her eldest son's house.

Her first words were not complaints, but a sigh of relief. "Finally, I'm dead... I won't cause them trouble anymore."

Lilly felt a chill in her heart, and that nameless anger made her feel even more powerless.

Josh's voice was filled with anger. "Isn't this inhumane? His mother walked to her children's houses on a

stormy day, and not a single person opened the door for her?"

Max's mind was buzzing, still trying to process the fact that he had seen a ghost, and shocked by Josh's unbelievable camera. But witnessing the old woman's entire journey of death made him angry.

He couldn't find the words to say, just staring at the building in front of him, clenching his teeth involuntarily.

Hannah asked angrily, "Why would they do that? Isn't she their mother?"

Even though her mother wasn't good.

She had secretly felt sad when her mother was arrested.

But her grandmother told her that not all mothers in the world were like that. The majority of mothers in the world loved their children, so she shouldn't harbor resentment but move forward.

So Hannah couldn't understand, are there bad mothers in the world, and would there also be bad children?

Lilly also wanted to know why.

So she took out the pen of judgment. This time, she saw the arguments between the old lady and her children.

When they divided the house, the youngest son got the family's homestead, and the daughter got married in the same village.

The eldest son received the old house in the city, which was renovated into a three-story self-built house with the support of their parents.

The second son didn't get the old house, and he had grievances, but he received his father's savings. After getting married and with the help of his father-in-law, he also obtained a piece of land and built his own house before the policy forbidding self-built houses came into effect.

After the father's death, the remaining inheritance was divided among the four children.

The issue of caring for the elderly mother became the root cause of conflict among the four brothers.

The eldest son said that the mother was everyone's mother, so he shouldn't be solely responsible for her care. The second son received money, and the youngest son received the rural homestead. It wasn't only him who benefited.

The second son said that the eldest son had received the old house, being the biggest beneficiary, so

what was the small amount of money he received?

The youngest son said that both older brothers had houses in the city, while he was in the countryside. So why should he be the one to support her?

The daughter said that she only received a small portion of the inheritance and that taking care of the elderly mother should be the responsibility of her brothers. She was already married and living in her in-laws' house, how could she provide care?

In the end, they reached an agreement that the elderly mother would live at each son's house for a month, and after a month, she would move to the next son's house.

The daughter would provide a monthly allowance of 200.

And so it continued...

But last month, when the youngest son brought the elderly mother to the eldest son's house according to the agreement, the eldest son refused to accept her, saying that he couldn't take care of her because his two grandsons had just been born.

With a swift movement of Lilly's pen of judgment, she witnessed the heartbreaking scene of the old woman pleading to her youngest son before her death.

It was the same scene they had just witnessed but hadn't seen in its entirety.

The old woman cried, "Shaun, are you home? Open the door... Mom has nowhere to go, please open the door."

This time, the youngest son opened the door.

A glimmer of surprise appeared on the old woman's face, and she hastily said, "Shaun... Mom is so cold, and I haven't eaten..."

However, the youngest son came out with anger and said, "Didn't I tell you to go find the eldest brother? It's his turn this month, go find him!"

The old woman knelt, "Please let Mom come in... I can change my clothes..."

The youngest son frowned, "Don't try to act pitiful with me. I can't do anything. I've been taking care of you this month, and it's the eldest brother's turn."

"Even if it's his turn and he neglects you, you come back to me, and if the second brother sees that, he won't let you in either, so I'll have to support you indefinitely."

Tears streaked down the old woman's face as she grasped the youngest son's clothes, but he heartlessly shrugged her off.

"Go find my brother! I've done what I'm supposed to do, and I have a clear conscience. Stop knocking on the door!"

He walked back into the house and closed the door.

The old woman's hands dropped weakly, and she sat alone in the wind and rain.

Time seemed to stretch on endlessly, and with a sigh, she stood up and continued on her way to her eldest son's house...

Lilly, still unable to remain indifferent despite her efforts, unknowingly teared up. She held Blake tightly, trembling with her hand that held the pen of judgment.

Josh quickly asked, "Lilly... Lilly, what's wrong?"

Everyone saw her lift her hand and stand silently for a long time until her eyes started to turn red.

Worried, Blake took her small hand and found that it was ice cold. He held it in his palm, rubbing it gently, and asked in a warm voice, "What's the matter?"

Tears fell from Lilly's eyes as she embraced Blake tightly, choking up as she recounted what she had just witnessed.

Blake fell silent for a moment.

The children were filled with anger. What kind of people were they? Were they even human? They had driven their mother out amid a typhoon, on a cold day with rain and strong winds.

Josh stepped forward angrily, kicking the iron gate, "Open the door! I know you're inside! You worthless scum, open the door!"

He angrily grabbed a stone and threw it at the gate, creating a loud bang.

At that moment, the sound of sirens grew louder, and a police car approached from a nearby alley. The commotion drew the attention of neighbors who peered out from their homes, some even coming over with umbrellas to watch.

Blake spoke quietly to the police for a few moments, and their expressions changed. They seemed to want to say something to Blake but were stopped by his raised hand.

Two individuals approached and confirmed the old woman's body, making notes.

The other two aggressively knocked on the door, "Daun! Open the door!"

The police officer shouted, "If you don't open the door now, we have the authority to take forcible measures!"

After knocking for a while, someone finally opened the door.

Daun, with a surprised expression, asked, "What's going on?"

The police officer sneered, "What's going on? You're suspected of abandonment, leading to the death of your mother. You're under arrest according to the law!"

Daun suddenly panicked but quickly regained his composure. He stiffened his neck and said, "Abandonment? I didn't neglect my mother. My brothers and I have been taking care of her together. It was my younger brother's turn this month, go find him!"

The police officer grew angry.

It was the first time they had seen a son so cold and callous, not even asking about the death of his mother right away.

Instead, he started arguing about who should take responsibility!

Blake raised his hand, grabbed Daun by the collar, and threw him in front of the old woman's body!

"Take a look for yourself. Is this how you speak as a human being?"

Blake looked down at Daun, his eyes filled with anger and resentment.

[Chapter 694 One Mother Can Raise Ten Children, But Ten Children Can't Support One Mother](#)

Daun knelt in a disheveled manner before the elderly lady, almost pressing himself onto the lifeless body. As he observed the wrinkles on the old lady's face and the evident hardships etched on it, an inexplicable uneasiness gripped him from within.

A thought emerged in his mind: Will his mother not come looking for him after her death...?

Daun quickly stepped back a few paces, struggling to regain his balance, and stared angrily at Blake. He sternly exclaimed, "Who do you think you are? What department are you from? How dare you lay hands on me! I'll file a complaint against you!"

With a snap, Blake cracked his knuckles.

"Which department?" he sneered. "The Masses Supervision Group of Chruss District. Go ahead and file

your complaint."

It took Daun a moment to comprehend.

So, he was just an onlooker minding his own business?

All this time, he had been guarding downstairs near his house, and Daun had assumed he had some authority. It turned out he was just an interfering bystander!

"Mind your own business, you meddler!" Daun glared fiercely at Blake.

The police immediately apprehended him with a sharp clap, sternly reprimanding, "Daun, did you know that your mother waited outside your door all night? Were you aware of this?"

Daun's eyes flickered slightly, and he cried out in protest, "I had no idea! I just got home; how would I know?"

Lilly clenched her fists tightly, speaking up loudly, "You just got home? Didn't you pass by the doorstep? I don't believe you didn't notice!"

Daun, who hadn't left the house, tried to make up an excuse, "It was pouring rain... I was only focused on getting back home. I didn't pay attention..."

Lilly was deeply disappointed.

This was the unfilial son who neglected his mother.

Could there be such people in the world...?

The police raised their voice once again, "Don't try to deceive us! You've been home these past two days, and you knew your mother was calling for you at your doorstep! You are now implicated in abandonment, and your mother's death is a result of that. Get ready to face the consequences!"

Daun suddenly felt profoundly wronged.

Why was it always him?

It wasn't his turn this month; if it were an abandonment charge, it should be his younger brother!

"Officer, this is a misunderstanding! It was my brother who was taking care of our mother this month. It's not even the end of the month yet; it's not September. It's not me!" he pleaded.

"It was my brother who kicked our mother out before it was time. You should go after him. He's the one responsible for our mother's death!"

More and more curious neighbors gathered, staying indoors due to the rain. Daun's house was at the end of the alley, and normally, nobody passed by.

They had faintly heard someone shouting in the evening, but they truly had no idea that the old lady had died in front of her own son's door.

Now, hearing Daun's defense, the neighbors looked at him with peculiar eyes.

They all said, "Oh my, Daun, what are you saying? That's your mother!"

"Yes, that's right! Regardless of who was taking care of her, your mother died right at your doorstep..."

"We could vaguely hear someone shouting nearby, but we didn't pay attention. You should have heard it!"

Daun's face turned red, but he didn't think he was at fault. It was agreed upon that his younger brother would take care of their mother this month. What did it have to do with him?

Before long, Daun's two brothers and sister arrived.

The second son, Tom, third daughter, Molly, and the fourth son, Shaun.

The three of them were shocked at the sight of their deceased mother.

Shaun was the first to accuse, "Daun, are you even human? Your mother was at your doorstep, and you didn't open the door for her?"

Daun angrily retorted, "It was your turn to take care of our mother this month, and you kicked her out before the designated time. How dare you blame me?"

Shaun exclaimed in frustration, "What are you talking about? Each person takes care of her for a month. Every time it's my turn, it's always the longer months. I end up taking care of her for a few extra days every year, which adds up to more than a week. This time, I agreed to let you take over early."

Daun shouted, "When did I agree to that? Stop making things up! Over a year, we three brothers take turns taking care of her, and we've all had the longer months. You can't complain about having a few extra days!"

Shaun argued, "This is a matter of fairness! You're the one who benefits the most. Dad's old house was given to you, and both of you have houses in the city. Your living conditions are better than mine. Do you even have the conscience to ask yourselves if it's fair?"

The two brothers began quarreling in front of everyone.

Lilly was once again stunned.

They had kicked their mother out of the house over a difference of one or two days?

And it was during a typhoon!

The neighbors and police officers were shocked as they listened to the two brothers argue about who had an extra day and who had a day less. It truly astonished them.

It's really...

A mother can raise ten children, but it's difficult for ten children to take care of one mother.

How tragic...

The police decided to apprehend both brothers. Even though they wanted to handle the matter impartially, they couldn't help but let their emotions get involved.

"Listen to yourselves. Are you speaking like human beings? Your mother worked hard to raise all of you. Did she ever complain about fairness when she was raising you?"

"Oh, but now that she's old, you're complaining about who had an extra day and who had a day less!"

Daun and Shaun were both unwilling to accept it and continued arguing with the police. As they were about to be taken away, Shaun suddenly became agitated and said,

"My mother's death has nothing to do with me! It's not just my door she knocked on! I saw her go knock on my sister's door too, and she didn't open it. Why blame me?"

Molly, who had been keeping her head down, pretending to wipe away tears and afraid of getting involved, became even more emotional upon hearing this.

She cried while shouting, "Is that how you talk? I wasn't at home, and my mother knocked on my in-laws' door. I was in town helping my sister-in-law at the shop. How would I know if my mother came? If I had known, I would have opened the door for sure!"

Shaun immediately added, "I didn't know either! If I had known, would I have let my mother die at the doorstep?"

He glanced meaningfully at Daun.

Lilly felt a heavy burden in her heart and gritted her teeth, saying, "You knew."

Shaun looked at Lilly, annoyed by this little girl. Who was she to make baseless claims?

But Lilly stared back at him, saying firmly, "You opened the door for Grandma. Grandma said she was cold and that you didn't let her in. If you had a soft heart, what would happen if next time Big Brother did the same every month?"

"Grandma said you even told her to go inside and change her clothes, but you were afraid she would stay and not leave, so you let go of her hand."

Shaun was suddenly taken aback. There was no one else around at the time... How did she know?

"Nonsense," he denied.

Tom, who had been silent all along, pretended to be concerned and said, "Shaun, you're being too heartless, aren't you? Regardless of the circumstances, Mom died because of either you or Daun. Can you say such things in front of her?"

Unexpectedly, Lilly targeted him too, saying, "And you, Uncle. Grandma knocked on your door as well. Don't tell me you didn't know?"

Tom vigorously shook his head, "Don't make things up. I didn't hear anything. If I had heard, would I not open the door for my mother?"

One by one, they all adamantly claimed ignorance, firmly sticking to their stories even in the face of their dead mother's presence.

Lilly grew angrier.

How could these sons and daughters reach such a point?

If they couldn't even speak honestly, then there was no room for any further debate!

[Chapter 695 A Public Trial](#)

Lilly snatched Blake's phone, her voice filled with menace. "Dad, screen mirroring, now!"

Blake's phone had a screen mirroring feature, and even if it didn't, with tech geniuses like Josh and Max present, they would make it happen.

But what stunned Blake was the unfamiliar scenes that appeared in his "surveillance footage."

On the mirrored screen, an elderly lady huddled tightly in plastic wrap braved the storm, crying out, "My child... open the door, Mom is freezing..."

The lights in the second-floor room flickered on and quickly went out.

After a while, the screen turned dark, but upon closer inspection, someone could be seen discreetly peeping through the curtain at the old lady lying on the stone bench outside. As soon as they spotted her, they hastily closed the curtains.

It was none other than Daun himself.

"Do you have anything to say for yourself?" Lilly angrily demanded.

Daun paled, his face contorted in anguish, and he stammered indignantly, "Y-you... You're spying on my house?! What gives you the right to do that? It's illegal, no one has the authority...!"

A police officer interrupted sternly, "Shut up! Do you know who he is? If he didn't have the authority, no one could have investigated. He's..."

"I'm the head of the investigative team at the bureau," Blake interjected calmly.

Several officers were taken aback, realizing that there might not be an issue after all.

Daun turned pale, realizing he was being watched by the investigative team. What did he do to deserve this kind of scrutiny? What a waste of their time!

Shaun and Tom immediately expressed their righteous indignation. "Daun, don't even try to defend yourself! Look at yourself, are you even human? You must have heard our mother calling outside all night! You deliberately didn't open the door! You killed Mom!"

Daun wanted to argue, but the evidence was right there in front of him. How could he possibly argue?

It was unknown what brand of the surveillance system was used, but it captured everything so clearly, even the moment he opened the curtains in the middle of the night.

Unlike those blurry surveillance videos found online, why was the footage in front of his house so clear?

Seeing Shaun and Tom blaming him and shifting the blame away from themselves, Lilly coldly remarked, "It's not over yet; you're all involved!"

The footage continued.

This time it was at Tom's house.

The elderly lady approached Tom's doorstep, cautiously calling out, "Tom, are you home? Can you open the door for Mom... Mom is cold and hungry..."

Tom's door remained motionless, with no signs of anyone inside.

After waiting for a long time, the old lady bowed her head in disappointment and tremblingly left.

Tom immediately spoke up, "See, I wasn't home..."

He couldn't finish his sentence.

Suddenly, the door that was just still swung open silently. Tom peered out, cursed under his breath, "It's not my turn this month, why is she coming to me?"

Then he quickly retreated inside, firmly closing the door.

Tom's words stuck in his throat, leaving him no room to defend himself!

What kind of surveillance system was this, where was it installed, and why was even his conversation recorded so clearly?

He was familiar with his doorstep, and there was no surveillance there...

Molly immediately berated him, "Tom, do you have any shame? Just a moment ago, you were pretending like it was true!"

Shaun suddenly hesitated, uncertain of his actions. If Daun and Tom's houses were captured so clearly, could it be possible that his doorstep was also recorded so vividly?

However, his house was located in a village without any surveillance cameras.

With newfound courage, Shaun joined in, echoing the accusations.

But Lilly, like a ferocious beast, snapped at them, "None of you are getting away!"

In the "surveillance footage," the image of the elderly lady appeared at the end of the village road, her clothes drenched and sticking to her body as she trembled from the cold.

Molly, holding an umbrella, emerged from a neighbor's house with a smile on her face, seemingly engaged in gossip and ready to cook dinner.

Suddenly, her expression changed, and she spotted her mother's figure in the distance.

She quickly turned onto another small road and only returned to the direction of the town after the elderly woman had left.

It was true that Molly wasn't at home and had indeed gone to the town.

But she went to the town because she saw her mother, to avoid her.

The gazes of the others toward Molly changed. She had just made the most "reasonable" argument, and everyone could understand her situation as a married woman living with her in-laws. It was often complicated...

While it was a difficult situation, it could be somewhat understandable.

"If I had a daughter like that, I'd strangle her!" an outraged neighbor who was watching the scene exclaimed.

Another neighbor sneered, "Indeed, she wasn't at home. After all, she saw her mother coming back but didn't return home."

Molly's face turned red, and she couldn't utter a single word.

Shaun angrily said, "You elder siblings have truly lost your conscience..."

Blake sneered, "Why the rush to speak? It's your turn now."

Shaun's heart skipped a beat.

Stay calm, stay calm. There's no surveillance at his doorstep!

Perhaps the child accidentally passed by and saw it. But who would believe their one-sided words...

Just as he was thinking this, the screen mirroring flashed, and it was truly his turn.

When the elderly lady arrived at his doorstep, her clothes and hair were soaked, and she trembled uncontrollably.

She knocked on the door for a long time, perhaps out of despair, and started crying when she reached Shaun's house.

"Shaun, please open the door. Mom has nowhere else to go..."

In the cold wind, raindrops occasionally landed under the eaves. The elderly woman, shivering in the raging storm, cried helplessly, wiping away her tears.

In her eyes, Shaun's house was her only hope.

The door indeed opened, and she was taken aback for a moment, then filled with joy and hurriedly approached.

However, Shaun wanted her to leave.

She begged him to let her in even just to change her clothes, but Shaun was afraid she would linger and refused her request.

Shaun heartlessly shook off his own mother's hand and told her to go back and find Daun.

The elderly woman stood in despair in front of the door. Her murky eyes filled with disappointment, confusion, and helplessness. Trembling, she turned around and embarked on the path to knock on another child's door...

The subsequent "surveillance" footage was missing.

Yet, the people present inexplicably envisioned a scene: the frail old lady hobbling along the path to each child's house in the village, enduring the cold and hunger for over an hour. Amid the typhoon, she had only a thin layer of plastic wrap to shield her from the rain.

For two days, she tirelessly walked to and fro between her children's homes, cold and hungry. She struggled, her steps faltering, but she couldn't knock on any of her children's doors!

Eventually, she couldn't walk any further. She curled up on a stone bench outside Daun's house, and there, she peacefully fell into eternal slumber, never to rise again...

[Chapter 696 Hell Hath No Fury](#)

"Do you even deserve to be called human, you bunch?" A trembling old man from the crowd couldn't hold back his emotions. Being an elderly person himself, he understood the depths of despair that the deceased old lady must have felt.

Tears streamed down his face as he uttered vulgar words: "Your mother raised all four of you, but not a single one of you can take care of her!"

"You're nothing but beasts, worse than animals! Your mother should have drowned you all in a bucket when she gave birth to you!"

"You're not human, you're society's scum, garbage..."

The old man continued his profanity-laden tirade, but his family quickly pulled him away, trying to shield him from the backlash that was brewing.

However, they couldn't prevent the onslaught of insults from the surrounding people. The old lady's children became the target of verbal abuse.

"Arrest them! Execute them!"

"I can't believe we have such neighbors. Just thinking about it makes me sick."

"Sigh, if only we had known earlier..."

The sentence trailed off, leaving it unfinished.

What was it?

Could it be that the neighbors were truly unaware of Daun's mistreatment of his mother? Some were simply meddling too much, causing Daun's wife to bear the brunt of the humiliation, unable to lift her head high.

Some were afraid to interfere, as they wondered what they could do. Could they take the old woman in and care for her themselves?

Some even contacted the nursing home and had the community intervene, but it all ended in vain. The old lady continued to wander between her three sons' homes, without a place to call her own.

Reality often proves to be more brutal than imagination.

Daun and his siblings kept their heads lowered, unable to find words to defend themselves.

But deep down, they harbored a strong sense of resentment.

None of them believed that they were responsible for their mother's death.

In fact, after watching the video, they were even more convinced that it was the fault of their other siblings.

Daun thought to himself, "If Tom and Shaun had opened the door, could our mother have died on his doorstep? How can they accuse me like this?"

Tom believed he was unjustly implicated, thinking, "He's suffering unfairly. If Daun and Shaun had opened the door, why would I be dragged into this? It wasn't even my turn to take care of our mother this month!"

Shaun seethed with anger, thinking, "This is outrageous! Our mother has been crying outside everyone's door all night, and Daun can just refuse to open the door. What kind of heartless person does that?"

Molly felt deeply aggrieved, thinking, "They always say a daughter who is married off is like water thrown away. I am the epitome of injustice. If I had received a house in the city or even a plot of land in the village, I would never have neglected my mother. As a married woman living in my in-laws' home, I'm also helpless, you know?"

...

The children of the old lady were all arrested.

In the end, they were sentenced for abandonment, a crime that led to their own mother's death.

Daun received a three-year sentence, while Tom and Shaun were sentenced to a year and a half each. Molly was given an eight-month sentence.

The neighbors who learned of the verdict couldn't understand. How could such a serious offense result in such light sentences?

But what left them speechless was the squabble among the daughters-in-law over who would handle the funeral arrangements for the elderly woman...

They found it inauspicious, especially since there was a typhoon and the weather was stormy with rain and strong winds—it seemed like too much trouble.

Lilly, who had already returned to Alford, felt a sense of gloominess. Daun and his siblings were despicable, but she hadn't expected their family members to be just as wicked.

"Don't they have children of their own? Aren't they afraid that they'll end up like this when they're old?" Lilly asked.

Bettany, who had long known about the situation, sighed as she patted Lilly's head. "We hope that bad people will meet their downfall, but in reality, the more selfish they are, the better they seem to fare."

It's like a crying baby always gets the milk.

In reality, there are many selfish elderly people who, for instance, dance in public squares without regard for disturbing others, or forcefully occupy basketball or soccer fields, even the roads. They live happily in their little worlds.

As for the insults hurled at them? Sorry, but for them, it means nothing—it doesn't even reach their ears.

Their selfishness extends to their children, who are burdened by their demands and have no choice but to support and care for them... Examples of this abound.

"So that's why there's the saying 'no good deed goes unpunished'?" Lilly asked.

Bettany pondered for a moment before answering, "Indeed, there are many such phenomena. Where there's sunshine, there's also shadow. Where there's darkness, there's light. This society has its fair share of cold realities, but it also has heartwarming acts of love and mutual assistance. It depends on

what you choose to see... what kind of person you choose to become."

Lilly nodded.

Although, however...

She couldn't help but feel unhappy.

She believed she could do something about it.

Her father had said, "No matter how frustrated you feel, never let it get to you!"

**

Inside the prison.

Daun impatiently stepped on the sewing machine, dragging his feet and slacking off. He didn't care even if the guards criticized him.

After all, he was already here. He would be out in three years, so why bother working diligently?

Who were they to make him do these menial tasks? What would happen if he refused to do them?

After finishing with the sewing machine, Daun reluctantly moved on to assembling ballpoint pens. Growing increasingly impatient, he finally got a break during mealtime. He finished his meal and returned to his cell, immediately flopping onto his bed.

He didn't bother with cleaning like the others. He had been beaten up before, but he had also fought back. Over time, nobody bothered to discipline him anymore.

Daun slept peacefully, arms crossed, making little grumbling sounds.

Life would be pretty good if he didn't have to do those annoying little tasks. At home, he still had chores to do, and he would be scolded by his wife.

It was peaceful here!

Did those people outside think that sending him here for rehabilitation would make him repent and change his ways?

When he gets out, shedding a few fake tears and saying he was wrong, what could they do to him...

Daun thought about it as he drifted off to sleep.

However, this night was destined to be restless for him.

As Daun opened his eyes, he found himself standing in the Palace of the Ruler of Hell.

A person sat on the throne of the Ruler of Hell, his figure obscured by the light. Daun couldn't see clearly, but he sensed a towering presence.

A commanding and chilling voice spoke, "Daun, do you know what you did wrong?"

Daun was bewildered, "What did I do wrong?"

Wasn't he just sleeping?

How did he end up in the Palace of the Ruler of Hell...

Just then, there was a loud crash, and Daun abruptly woke up, realizing it was all a dream.

"So it was just a dream..." Daun sighed.

Even the Ruler of Hell wanted to judge him?

Initially, Daun felt a bit anxious, but now that he knew it was a dream, he wasn't worried at all.

He turned over and quickly fell back asleep.

Well, well, he ended up in the Palace of the Ruler of Hell again.

Daun looked at the indistinct figure of the Ruler of Hell, who was feigning authority and couldn't help but burst into laughter.

He said, "Ruler of Hell if you're capable, come and judge me! Haha, I know this is a dream, I'm not scared at all."

From the mist of intertwining light and shadows, a pen emerged.

Daun was a bit puzzled, and then he heard the voice say, "Hmph... Go to hell!"

Daun was curious.

Why did that voice sound like a child's... Dreams are truly strange.

However, in the next moment, Daun found himself in hell.

Not only him, but his siblings, Tom, Molly, and Shaun, were also there, all gathered together.

Perhaps because they thought it was a dream within their dreams, they were all acting arrogantly.

Shaun chuckled, "Daun, welcome to hell. Are you scared? You go first!"

Tom said, "Haha, Daun, the heartless wolf, you killed our mother. If anyone deserves to go to hell, it's you."

Molly murmured, "What a nightmare... I don't want to go down there. I want to have sweet dreams."

"I want sweet dreams... I want to eat roasted duck, I want to eat meat, and I want lots and lots of money to go shopping!"

Standing before hell, she had no sense of awe, shouting nonstop.

These few siblings were completely oblivious to what they were about to face...

[Chapter 697 Instant Karma, Crying Out \"I Was Wrong\"](#)

Molly's incessant murmurs filled the air, but sadly, this dream refused to yield to her control.

Crash...

A wave, akin to a fiery tongue, crashed upon them.

["Those who disrespect and dishonor their parents... shall descend into the Blood Pool Hell..."] A faint voice echoed in the background.

Daun glanced downward and beheld a sea of blood, with something writhing beneath its surface.

"Is that it?" His expression remained unchanged, and a faint smile even crept upon his face.

He had anticipated a far more agonizing vision of hell within his dream, yet all he encountered was a pool of blood.

In the next moment, Daun and his siblings plunged into the blood pool.

Instantaneously, their bodies felt as if something was devouring them, as though thousands of ants were prying open their flesh and burrowing into their veins.

The scalding blood surrounding them boiled, and layer by layer their skin peeled away...

The brothers, who had been indifferent just moments ago, were now engulfed in wailing agony.

Time became elusive, and soon they were reduced to mere skeletons, their flesh clinging to their bones,

trembling in excruciating pain.

Just when they thought the torment of the blood pool hell had ended, they realized it was merely the first layer of hell. Sixteen smaller hells lay beneath.

The Broken-Roof Hell, the Snag-Tooth Hell, the Crumbling Chariot, the Severing Blade, the Intestine Crawl, the Stewing Cauldron, the Open Guts, the Steel Fork...

Everything they could never have fathomed was materializing before their eyes.

Daun realized he was undoubtedly trapped in a nightmare.

His face turned pale with fear, and he quickly fled.

Tom, Shaun, and Molly followed suit, shrieking as they climbed upward.

Yet, they could never ascend. That night, they traversed through all sixteen layers of hell.

As dawn broke, Daun trembled as he awoke in his prison cell, swiftly turning over in bed.

Finally awake...

He had assumed it was just a nightmare.

However, inexplicably, he still felt the pain he had experienced in the dream.

He hurriedly examined his body, finding it unscathed, yet the pain persisted, tormenting him to the very core. The mere thought of it made him shudder uncontrollably.

"Get up and get to work!"

Daun spent the entire day in a daze of reformation. This time, he was far from relaxed, utterly exhausted both physically and mentally.

Finally, during the mealtime break, he collapsed into bed and fell asleep.

And once again...

It began!

They endured another horrifying night, waking up to the same harrowing pain.

On the third day, the fourth day... Daun no longer dared to sleep.

Yet, sleep is inevitable for every person. As soon as he drifted off, he would inevitably find himself in hell.

He contemplated pleading with the Ruler of Hell for mercy.

But after the initial encounter with the Ruler of Hell's silhouette, they never saw it again.

"Save me..." Daun despaired in his dream, shouting, "I was wrong, I know I was wrong!"

"Ruler of Hell, have mercy!"

"I'll go back and honor my mother... I'll observe mourning for her, visiting her grave every day..."

Shaun and Molly also cried out in fear:

"I was wrong, I truly know I was wrong, spare me..."

"Don't... don't cast me down there, ah!"

Night after night, the brothers cried out in their dreams, overwhelmed with regret.

Gone were the words of "it is what it is."

Indeed, the punishment they faced, in reality, was serving several years in prison.

Especially for Molly, it was eight long months.

They were no longer indifferent, no longer able to boast about their resilience.

Only now did they truly understand the meaning of fear...

Their days turned into a never-ending cycle of sleepless nights, plagued by relentless dread every time they closed their eyes.

They wondered when this torment would ever come to an end...

**

On the other side,

Lilly retracted her pen of judgment.

"Sometimes, the human world is the real hell..."

Her small face was filled with an unfathomable confusion.

Pablo spoke, "Well... These few individuals will eventually end up in hell after they die. Right now, it's just an early repayment of a portion of their 'debts.'"

Some people have no fear, even when facing judgment by human laws. They continue to smile and laugh.

They need earthly consequences to be dealt with.

Perhaps, this is the significance of Lilly possessing the pen of judgment.

"There must be something they fear..." Pablo sighed. "You've done nothing wrong."

Pablo understood that the pen of judgment indeed allowed Lilly to foresee the future and revisit the past.

As a five-year-old apprentice, she had just begun her training... and she had already surpassed him.

She was probably even more formidable now.

It was another day of preparing for unemployment...

Pablo said softly, "Don't worry about it. You're only five... which five-year-old has a wrinkled face like yours?"

Lilly huffed, "Master, you're the one with a wrinkled face."

Pablo laughed and replied, "Hmm, Master has a wrinkled face."

He didn't want to see her unhappy. His apprentice, who was dear to his heart, had to experience such worldly matters at such a young age.

It was impossible not to feel distressed, but this was her path.

Suddenly, Lilly said, "By the way, Master, I want to see if they will change for the better in the future."

Pablo nodded and said, "Watch, but don't interfere."

He suddenly became unsure whether Lilly's first judgment on Darwin a few days ago using the pen of judgment could be considered altering fate.

Altering fate... was not allowed.

Lilly lay on her bed, holding the pen of judgment, and even rolled around.

Then, she raised her hand and scribbled randomly.

Pablo exclaimed, "Hey, hey..."

Oh my God.

What he saw before him was a background resembling a starry sky.

Three years later, Daun was released from prison. He had endured mental torment and had lost half his weight. Once having a beer belly, he was now skin and bones.

He became afraid and would step aside when encountering elderly people on the street, showing utmost respect.

Only when he returned home did he realize that his abandonment of his elderly mother had led to her imprisonment, which affected his son's public service examination. His son held a grudge against him.

Tom's job was also affected. The news of his abandonment of his elderly mother and how the whole family refused to open the door for her reached his workplace. Tom lost his job as a result.

Thus, when Daun returned, he faced constant verbal abuse from his son and daughter-in-law.

Time fast-forwarded, and Daun reached his seventies and eighties. His two sons argued about dividing the family assets, but they couldn't agree. They ended up selling the old family house and each bought a separate apartment.

With nowhere to live, Daun would visit his elder son one month and the younger son the next. He accused both sons of being heartless, but they retorted, "Weren't you the same way to Grandma back then?"

He experienced the despair and anguish his elderly mother felt during the typhoon.

Now, things had changed for the worse. This was true retribution.

Daun cried, realizing his wrongdoings. He kept calling out for his mother, but there was no response.

Lilly looked at Shaun and Molly, and their situations were similar. When they grew old, they had a place to live, but they were constantly rejected and belittled.

Some became bedridden and soiled themselves, with no one to take care of them. They would leave food casually at their bedside...

The knots in Lilly's heart suddenly unraveled.

The cycle of karma is just. Who can escape the heavens?

It turns out that some things are not left unpaid; it's just a matter of time. For humans, a lifetime is too long, and they may feel that there is no retribution...

[Chapter 698 Sometimes, Selflessness Breeds Selfishness](#)

Upon returning from Wyndon, Lilly seemed gloomy for a few days.

Bettany tried to cheer her up by preparing delicious meals, assuming that something had happened during her trip that affected her "cultivation."

But when Lilly opened the door and excitedly ran down the stairs, she exclaimed, "Granny, what are we having for dinner today?"

Bettany finally let out a sigh of relief, observing Lilly's radiant face with a hint of bittersweetness.

Children bounce back quickly, but... other children never have to face such challenges.

"Uncle Max mentioned that Lilly enjoyed cream soup and creamy bacon carbonara in Wyndon, so Grandma decided to make them at home too," the kind old lady said. "Go wash your hands and see if my cooking lives up to the authentic taste."

Lilly happily replied, "Alright!"

"Mmm, so yummy, so yummy," she murmured with delight.

Bettany smiled and asked, "Who taught you that?"

"Mmm noodles, they call it that in Wyndon," Lilly innocently replied.

Bettany was speechless.

After the meal, Lilly went to help Max with his move.

Max had chosen a place, and Lilly swiftly moved the items out.

Max was quite overwhelmed.

It was easy to move things around, even scraping off some wall dust in the process.

But moving them out was a different story. First, they had to remove the floor tiles... they were

renovating and laying new ones.

The wall dust couldn't be taken out, so they had to repaint it.

Then they brought out the fixed fixtures, installing them bit by bit.

Finally, they dealt with the miscellaneous items that needed to be installed...

It would take months to finish it all. Lilly occasionally went over and secretly took some "construction materials" when the workers weren't around.

In the blink of an eye, seven days passed, marking the seventh day since the old lady's passing.

Lilly, out of habit, summoned the old lady's spirit and prepared to offer prayers for her to find a new life.

Josh held a camera while several children huddled in Max's room.

Max looked nervous, his eyes fixed on the camera, wondering if he would encounter a ghost... Was it all a coincidence the last time, or had it always been like that?

If this camera could see ghosts, then he would be no match for his niece. It would mean that he had wasted twenty-something years studying...

But then, Lilly lit three incense sticks, burned yellow paper, and suddenly, the figure of the old lady appeared silently before her.

It was the same old lady who had passed away during the typhoon, huddled in a corner.

Max felt his hair stand on end, a tingling sensation running through his body.

A camera that could see ghosts!

Inside the camera, the old lady slowly turned her head and looked their way...

At the same time, the door creaked open.

Josh exclaimed, "Holy shit, ahh!"

Max blurted out, "Damn it! Click, click, click!"

Bettany stood at the doorway.

The combination of the surreal and reality made Max and Uncle Josh hug each other tightly.

Drake, on the other hand, was at a loss for words!

Bettany, inexplicably, said, "What's all the fuss about?"

She held a tray with a bowl of white rice and a chicken on it.

Bettany grumbled, "Lilly, I know you're kind-hearted and want to pay respects to the old lady, but why hide in the room?"

"How about next time we do it behind the garden? What if you accidentally set Uncle Max's room on fire, and then Uncle Max would have to sleep in the garden."

Lilly blinked innocently and replied, "I understand, Granny."

Bettany waved her hand and left, saying she didn't want to meddle in the children's affairs. But if they needed help, she would lend a hand.

"Well... by the time we're done, this chicken might be cold... but it's okay, it'll be perfect for General."

General, passing by, looked confused. Lately, it felt a bit tiresome to walk, having to run ten kilometers with Blake every day just to maintain its majestic appearance.

Eat?

General quickly slipped away.

Inside the room, the old lady was dressed in burial clothes, her hair still slightly damp. On closer inspection, her attire wasn't in perfect condition, as her sons' families hadn't taken the time to arrange it properly.

But she looked content.

"I'm not cold anymore," she smiled and said. "Speaking of which, thank you so much..."

The old lady looked at Lilly and sighed, "I didn't expect to trouble outsiders in the end, causing trouble for you all."

Lilly shook her head, "Old lady, it's no trouble. I just have a question I don't understand."

The kind old lady said, "Go ahead, ask."

Lilly looked puzzled, "I want to know, when your children were young, were you not good to them? Why did they turn out like this when they grew up?"

The old lady couldn't help but feel a sense of loss and sighed, "I wasn't unkind to them."

She reminisced about how well-behaved her children were when they were young. They would constantly fight over her, one saying, 'She's my mom,' and the other saying, 'I want Mom too!'

But as they grew older, they distanced themselves, saying she's your mom, she's also your mom...

"We always gave everything we had to the children first, whether it was food, drink, or new clothes," the old lady recalled. "They were always the priority."

She couldn't bear to let them do any chores or suffer any hardships. She took care of all the household tasks herself, even tidying up her children's rooms.

"I thought I never let them down, that I was good to them," the old lady sighed again. "But now I realize sometimes..."

"Parents who are too selfless can end up raising selfish children."

The old lady lamented, "My sacrifices were only moving to myself."

"Back when we were still in business, during holidays and special occasions, we were always so busy. We would ask them to help, and at first, they would. But then they would say they had homework to do, or they needed to study for exams... We thought education was important, so we let them go."

"At mealtimes, my husband and I would just sit down, only to find that the food had already been half eaten. We thought, well, the children must be hungry, so it was okay."

"During holidays, I would prepare a large feast, and when my husband came back from work, our children would finish eating and leave behind a mess. I would often clean up until midnight... Sometimes, even when they needed to use the bathroom at night, they would say, 'Mom, don't worry about it, go rest.'"

The old lady chuckled at herself, back then she even found it heartwarming that her children were considerate. But were they considerate? Would considerate children let their mother clean up until midnight without offering to help?

And then... she remembered when her eldest son went to college. At that time, the family was building a new house, and all the money went into the construction.

"It was then that my eldest son said all his classmates had laptops, and he needed one too, otherwise, it would be difficult to keep up with the classes. We borrowed money and bought one for him..."

"My daughter was more responsible and stayed behind to help. She helped day by day, but she would also complain."

She complained that her brothers weren't responsible, and that their father spoiled them too much.

"I mostly cooked meals, maybe because of that, my daughter grew up longing to leave home, not wanting to cook anymore."

Lilly nodded, "So she felt it was unfair."

The old lady sighed countless times, "After they graduated, my husband and I thought we could finally enjoy our lives, but we didn't expect..."

[Chapter 699 One Shouldn't Be Too Selfless](#)

The old lady believed that once her children graduated and started working, they would finally have an easy life and enjoy their blessings. Little did she know that things would take a different turn after her children entered the workforce.

"My eldest son failed to pass the civil service exam. He blamed the lack of connections in our family and insisted on using personal connections during the second attempt. His father even gave him a sum of 100,000..."

However, despite spending that amount of money, all he managed to secure was a position at the rural grassroots level. Eventually, he quit and returned home, complaining about the low pay and the hardships of staying in the countryside for an indefinite period, with no hope in sight.

"When my second son got married, the bride's family insisted that he should come to their house for the wedding. We thought it would be tough for a young man like him, to face hardships and be looked down upon. We disagreed, but he refused to break up with her and insisted on buying a house. Without buying a house, there would be no marriage..."

"Eventually, we did buy a house for my second son. After all, it was their custom for the parents to buy a house for the son's marriage, and many families followed this tradition."

"Unfortunately, just two years after the marriage, my second son got divorced, and the house went to his ex-wife."

Later, when he remarried, he once again had to follow the custom of going to the bride's house. They had no choice but to agree, giving him money, and with the help of his father-in-law, he managed to secure a house of his own.

Lilly interjected, "Well, it seems like you have a lot of money..."

Observing the old lady's dying process, she had assumed they were financially struggling. Little did she know that they could afford to give their eldest son 100,000 for personal connections and buy a house for their second son. In the end, each of the children also received their share of the family property.

"What about your daughter and youngest son?" Josh asked.

The old lady sighed, "When we gave 100,000 to our eldest son for personal connections, our daughter refused us to do that. When we bought a house for our second son, she didn't want us to do that either. She kept saying too much and became angry, and then both of my sons turned against her, accusing her, a girl, of fighting for a share of the family property."

This sparked a heated argument among the siblings. The daughter felt it was unfair and that she had done so much without receiving anything, while the sons wished to claim the entirety of the family assets.

Lilly nodded, "It's a complicated situation!"

Based on what she had heard, the sons always found excuses to avoid work and focused on studying. The daughter harbored resentment in her heart but still helped her parents with their chores.

She probably thought her brothers were unreliable.

The old lady's face turned bitter, "We never favored boys over girls. In those days, people believed that education was useless for girls. But we clenched our teeth and sent her to high school. When she didn't pass the college entrance exam, we paid for her to attend a vocational college..."

"When she got married, we gave her a dowry of 100,000. The bride's family also gave her a dowry of 100,000, and we returned it all to her..."

After her daughter got married, the land in the village was divided equally—half for her and half for the youngest son.

Yet the daughter still felt a sense of injustice, claiming her parents hadn't done anything for her, only favoring her brothers.

"When my youngest son was a child, he was fond of playing, but after he dropped out of middle school, he became idle and shirked responsibilities at our family shop, complaining about the hardships..."

"Eventually, he fell for a girl and got married in the village. Since then, he has been blaming us for neglecting him during his childhood. Both of his brothers grew up in the city, while he was the only one left in the countryside."

No matter how much they provided for their children, the more they gave, the more they felt it was unjust.

Tears welled up in the old lady's eyes as she lamented, "We helped this one, and that one became upset. We helped that one, and this one grew angry. We gave them everything, and yet now they

disdain me in my old age."

At times, she didn't know where she went wrong.

She loved and cared for each of her children and provided them with everything within her means.

They divided the family's estate and the rural land equally among them. She cooked for them, did their laundry, cleaned their rooms, picked them up from school, carried their backpacks, and brought their dirty clothes home to wash and neatly fold before returning them.

After they started working, she sympathized with their hardships and washed their dirty shoes and socks when they returned home...

Yet, in the end, when she stood at her eldest son's doorstep, calling out to him all night long, he pretended not to hear.

A bitter expression washed over the old lady's face. "Little one, do you think I have done something wrong?"

Lilly shook her head, then nodded, then shook her head again.

In truth, she wasn't sure either.

She believed that mistreatment by parents would lead to resentment from their children. But she never imagined that being good to them would also give rise to resentment...

Lilly silently pondered for a long while before saying, "Maybe... when your child is that kind of person, no matter what you do, it always ends up the same way..."

Josh nodded. "Some people complain even when surrounded by blessings, while others express gratitude amidst hardships. It's about the individual."

Finally, Max chimed in, "Just focus on your next life..."

Children may not understand and believe that selfless sacrifice is always right, but the reality is that one shouldn't be excessively selfless.

In this example, the old lady was excessively selfless, going as far as bringing her children's dirty laundry home when they lived at school.

To be brutally honest, she had fostered their selfishness.

Lilly shook her head. "Enough, enough. Let's focus on the next life~"

She burned more paper money, wishing for the old lady to face fewer hardships on her journey.

After all, she was just a child. What could a child do? Burning paper money was enough~

Lilly scattered the paper money and threw some into the brazier.

She lit three incense sticks and placed them in a bowl of white rice.

Smoke filled the room.

The smoke detector started beeping.

Soon enough, the smoke detector sprayed water, soaking the room. Lilly quickly grabbed the brazier and ran.

Josh picked up the wet bowl of rice.

Max grabbed the chicken.

Just as the fading spirit of the old lady was about to disappear, her expression changed, and she hastily drifted outside. "What's happening? What's happening?"

Lilly stopped at the doorway, innocently gazing at the room while holding the brazier.

"Sorry, Uncle Max. I accidentally set your room on fire!"

Max remained silent.

Well, the fire didn't ignite... but it triggered the smoke detector, which sprayed water and soaked the sheets and blankets in the room.

Drake, who always distanced himself from trouble, was drenched like a drowned rat.

Zachary, clutching his notebook, didn't mind getting wet himself, but his notebook had to stay dry.

Hannah...? Hannah wasn't there. Her biological father had locked her up to do her homework.

The almost-fading spirit of the old lady looked at the group of children exchanging glances and suddenly burst into laughter.

She waved at Lilly, disappearing completely.

Bettany hurried upstairs, panicking. "What happened?"

Seeing Lilly holding the brazier, she quickly said, "Put the brazier down, be careful not to burn yourself!"

Lilly held two talismans in her hand, using them as heat-insulating pads under the brazier to avoid getting burned.

But she obediently put down the brazier and said, "Granny, I don't know what happened. The smoke detector suddenly sprayed water!"

Her hair still dripped with water droplets, and her innocent little face couldn't be any more innocent. The older and younger children also looked extremely innocent, standing in a row...

Bettany was speechless.

Polly rushed out of another room, squawking, "What!! Flooding?!"

However, she flew too fast and couldn't stop in time, crashing into the brazier Lilly was holding...

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Lilly was taken aback, leaving everyone in awe.

Lilly, Josh, and Bettany hurriedly pulled Polly out and began patting her vigorously, almost knocking her senseless.

Josh exclaimed, "Holy crap, Polly! What kind of trick is this? Roasting yourself?"

Lilly quickly asked, "Are you okay? Are you cooked?"

Polly was covered in soot, with her face smudged and blackened.

She sheepishly replied, "Wow, that was close! Almost turned into a roasted bird. I managed to avoid being stewed by the old lady, but I almost got flattened by her."

Bettany snapped, "Why didn't you get cooked? Now all you have left is your tough talk."

She took the chicken from Max's hands and shouted, "General, Bailey, it's time to eat! We have chicken today."

Bailey struggled to get up and wagged her tail, making her way to the door, looking disheartened at the sight of the chicken in Bettany's hands.

General didn't show up at all.

Bettany's gaze shifted as she called out, "General, Polly fell into the brazier and got roasted! Come and eat."

This time, not only did General rush over, but even Bellflower appeared urgently from a tree branch, poking her little head through the door.

The noisy parrot got roasted?

What?!

Polly flapped her wings and squawked, "I'm not dead, I'm still here! How about that? Disappointed, aren't you?"

Bellflower seemed to roll her eyes and walked away.

General felt uneasy, but Bettany quickly reprimanded him, "Stay put and eat the chicken."

General cast an innocent and pitiful glance at Lilly.

Lilly grabbed Polly and hurried to the room, saying, "I'm going to give Polly a bath!"

General thought to himself, "You don't love me anymore!"

In the room...

Lilly placed Polly in the sink, turned on the tap, and rinsed her off.

Parrots can take baths, especially in the summer, without worrying about getting sick.

Polly rolled around in the sink, singing, "I love bathing, the turtle falls..."

Tortoise huddled under the bed, paying no attention to it.

Lilly giggled and blew bubbles, rubbing them on Polly, and giving her a fragrant wash.

After the bath, she lightly blow-dried Polly near the window, where she could bask in the sun and preen her feathers.

Bellflower pounced suddenly, grabbing Polly and holding her in her mouth!

Polly immediately fluffed up, exclaiming, "You rookie! Rookie! I just got cleaned!"

Bellflower gathered everyone's attention, staring ominously at Polly.

Polly hesitated and said, "...Rookie, can you let go of me?"

Lilly came out with a towel, poking Bellflower's head and scolding, "Let go of Polly, no fighting allowed."

Bellflower reluctantly released Polly and snuggled up next to Lilly.

The sunlight was beautiful. Lilly looked out of the window at the garden, adorned with blooming flowers.

In front of the door, the large lawn still had the big stone she had brought from underground.

Max, who had just returned, looked around with his wet blankets and sheets and spotted the big stone in front of the door.

Then... he spread his blankets and sheets on top of the stone.

(Purple Imperial Jade: What the...?)

"Oh, I can turn the stone into protective bracelets!" Lilly exclaimed, leaving Bellflower and running outside.

Lilly raised her hand and with a swift motion, broke off a piece of Purple Imperial Jade as easily as snapping tofu. Max, who was sunning the blankets, was instantly dumbfounded. How could the stone be so easy to break? He tried it himself and nearly sprained his hand in the process.

"What are you doing, Lilly?" Max crouched down and asked.

Lilly sat cross-legged in front of the stone, gesturing earnestly as she replied, "I'm making a bracelet for Granny. I don't have proper tools, so I'm using the Hell Ruler Palace."

Lilly controlled the Hell Ruler Palace to resize it to the appropriate size and began tapping and shaping the bracelet. It still needed some refining, so she decided to give it a polish.

She took out the pen of judgment, using it to scan and draw on the bracelet. Before long, a translucent, sparkling purple bracelet appeared in her hand.

Max watched in disbelief. He couldn't believe that the Hell Ruler Palace and the pen of judgment were used in this way. But that wasn't the end of it.

Lilly sat cross-legged, seemingly entering a trance-like state. With great enthusiasm, she took out the purple sledgehammer, a dumbbell, a jar of souls—whatever she found convenient to use. She immersed herself in her world, thinking about the various experiences she had encountered recently and pondering if her judgments were correct.

As she contemplated, she created one bracelet after another, effortlessly making over twenty bracelets.

Pablo was silently amazed. He realized that without comparison, one wouldn't realize how amazing Lilly had become. Back when they hadn't captured King Libra, she exhausted herself and fell into a deep sleep just from making a bracelet for each member of the Crawford family. But now, she had made over twenty bracelets in one go!

"Lilly..." Bettany called out with concern, but it seemed like Lilly didn't hear her. She remained focused, grinding and perfecting the bracelets.

Upon returning home, Blake stopped Bettany, saying, "Don't disturb her..."

He didn't know what state Lilly was in at the moment, but it felt like she had entered a state of cultivation. She was immersed in her world as if making bracelets but also practicing some kind of martial arts. Any insect that came within half a meter of her would instantly turn to ash.

Pablo silently watched. Lilly, ah... she's truly becoming more formidable.

Lilly set down the last bracelet and let out a sigh. However, she noticed a lot of leftover materials on the ground.

"Uncle Anthony said that Royal Purple Imperial Jade is valuable. These aren't waste materials; they're money!" Lilly picked up the scraps and skillfully transformed them into jade beads.

She made beads of various sizes and shapes, some she couldn't mold into spheres, so she turned them into triangles, rectangles, squares, and more, making them into pendants. Even the leftover fragments were smoothly curved, forming rings. Nothing went to waste.

Now the ground was adorned with over twenty bracelets and pendants made from jade beads. The Crawford family marveled at how Lilly played with the materials like clay. The most remarkable part was that everything she made was not only visually appealing but also perfectly polished. Professional craftsmen couldn't achieve the same level of transparency and brilliance.

Lilly finally stood up, picked out a few bracelets she found particularly beautiful, and said, "Granny, these are all for you!"

Blake shamelessly put on ten necklaces and over a dozen bracelets, adorning all ten fingers with rings. He looked at his shining self and nodded in satisfaction, "Not bad, not bad at all. My daughter made these!"

The Crawford family fell into silence.

Lilly smiled brightly, "Don't worry, there's enough for everyone!"

In the end, each person took a bracelet or necklace, and Lilly had five left. Anthony examined the bracelets and remarked, "These bracelets rival the work of professional craftsmen. Made with genuine

Royal Purple Imperial Jade, they're worth nearly a billion."

Josh chimed in, "How can they be worth only a billion? Lilly's creations are protective talismans, do you know what talismans are? Each bracelet is easily worth seven to eight billion!"

Some people couldn't even buy them if they had the money!

Just like their family's large stone, so many people wanted to buy it, but his father refused to sell it.

Unintentional words sparked an idea in Lilly's mind...