

Eight Uncles 711

[Chapter 711 In Search of Master Ernest](#)

Blake helped Lilly find the address of Master Ernest.

After Max's encounter with the terrifying girlfriend, he claimed that his house was undergoing critical renovations and he needed to install panels himself... and slipped away.

Edward, who was currently working on Max's house, immediately abandoned the task and rushed over.

"Uncle Edward?" Lilly exclaimed in surprise. "Why do you look even darker now?"

Edward felt speechless. After all, it's typical for construction workers to have a tanned complexion...

Edward shrugged it off and said nonchalantly, "Granny asked me to come and check on you guys."

Josh chimed in, "Oh, so now is Uncle Edward's turn!"

Uncle Blake had been quite busy lately, seemingly unable to escape Uncle Colton's grasp. He had been personally leading the team.

As for Dad, he was swamped with work as always, while Uncle Liam was working on a design project and keeping an eye on Hannah as she did her homework.

Uncle Bryson was still all over the place, and Uncle Jonas was in high demand for his acting gigs.

Uncle Max had just slipped away, claiming he needed to renovate his house. Josh believed he must have been frightened the previous night.

Uncle Cloud's special status kept him hidden in some corner, and Uncle Gilbert, being a doctor, was also occupied.

Edward got into the car and said, "Let's go!"

Bettany came out with a water bottle and hung it around Lilly's neck. She reminded her, "Stay hydrated in this hot weather... and come back early tonight!"

Lilly nodded, "Okay, Granny, don't worry!"

Bettany hesitated for a moment, then decided against saying anything. Well, whenever Lilly managed to come home on time, she truly became a 'good-for-nothing girl.'

Bettany watched the car leave and then turned around, massaging her lower back before going inside.

Inside the car, Pablo floated to one side.

Lilly began, "Master, yesterday I encountered a malignant spirit, a rich spirit."

Pablo nodded, "Did you capture it?"

He appeared much calmer now. He still remembered when Lilly first captured a malignant spirit and got injured. But now... he didn't need to worry about her at all.

Lilly shook her head, "The uncle possessed by the spirit didn't let anyone get close, so I couldn't capture it."

"Yesterday, I tried using the pen of judgment to find out where that uncle lived and investigate who Master Ernest is, but I didn't find anything."

Pablo suddenly lost his composure and asked, "Did you start scribbling with the pen of judgment again?"

Lilly pouted and said confidently, "I didn't scribble randomly! I had a purpose in mind."

Pablo was speechless.

Lilly muttered under her breath, "But I didn't find anything..."

It was strange that when she searched with a purpose, she couldn't find anything.

Lilly continued, "Master... I saw that other world again."

Pablo asked, "Which world? The one you saw last time?"

After contemplating for a moment, Lilly described the world to Pablo. Based on their analysis, they speculated that it belonged to a realm beyond the Three Realms and Six Paths.

It was as if Emperor Prosper was no longer in Ghost Town; he had transcended beyond the Three Realms.

"In this vast world, what you see may not be others but yourself through their eyes. Similarly, those people might think they are witnessing someone else's world without realizing that they are being observed by others."

Lilly didn't respond.

She was annoyed. Master always spoke words she couldn't fully grasp.

Lilly said, "Master, maybe you should stop saying these things."

Pablo chuckled, "Lilly, are you starting to find fault with your Master now, huh?"

Lilly looked at him seriously and said, "Master, do you know what you remind me of right now?"

Pablo curiously remained silent.

Lilly replied, "A little bit like that girlfriend from last night."

Pablo fell silent.

Edward drove until they reached the address Blake had found.

It was in the same city, quite close. It would only take half an hour by car.

"Here?" Josh questioned with confusion. "Doesn't look like a residential area..."

Lilly was also taken aback. "Oh no, Daddy made a mistake."

They found themselves standing in front of a public restroom...

Everyone fell into silence.

Blake received a video call and exclaimed, "This can't be!"

He hadn't made a mistake yet. How could it be a public restroom?

At the very least, it should have been an old, uninhabited house...

Lilly turned the camera around to show him, and indeed, it was a public restroom.

On the screen, Blake had several necklaces, bracelets, and ten rings. "Uh... umm..."

He searched again, and it was indeed the correct address. However, from the street view, the location should have been a low-rise building.

Blake did some further research and discovered that the place had been demolished six months ago, replaced by a temporary restroom. The street view hadn't been updated yet.

"Daddy, please double-check," Blake frowned, but his search only led to the business mentioned by the female spirit.

Edward drove again and found the business. The registered address was still in Alford, but upon arrival, they realized it was a market, and the shop was located inside... a grocery store.

"Everything for two dollars, everything for two dollars! Whether you buy or not, come inside and take a look, come inside and see..." a vendor called out.

"We don't know anyone named Master Ernest," the shop owner said. "We're just a grocery store."

The shop owner took out a bunch of necklaces that looked similar to the one Dan had around his neck.

"These were popular for a while, so we stocked up... because they didn't sell well, we registered an online store."

"Everyone does the same thing... sell something that costs fifty cents and call it glass, the highest purity level. Then write some stuff in the product description."

Something like a unique necklace, made with one's blood, given to a unique boyfriend for good luck...

Lilly couldn't understand. "But why would anyone buy this?"

The shop owner replied, "Oh, there are buyers for sure. Those young girls in love are the easiest to deceive... I mean, the most devout."

After chatting with the shop owner for a while, Lilly and the others confirmed that he was indeed not Master Ernest and left.

Pablo said, "This person is quite skilled at hiding. Lilly, let it go."

Lilly nodded, "Okay, okay!"

She unzipped her pet carrier bag and took out Polly first, placing her to the side, and then retrieved Tortoise.

Polly greeted, "Hey! Old buddy, wake up! Don't sleep!"

Tortoise remained silent.

Lilly turned Tortoise upside down and gave it a spin on the ground.

Tortoise even closed its eyes and continued sleeping.

It had nothing to do with it anyway. If it weren't for the "turtle" on its back, Lilly wouldn't have bothered spinning it.

She could have just turned any random stone...

Suddenly, Tortoise got stuck for a moment and inexplicably flipped over.

Tortoise felt something was amiss.

Pablo's expression turned serious. "This person is quite formidable, skilled at evading detection."

Just then, a person approached from the direction of the market. He was wearing a Tai Chi uniform and carrying a basket.

He strolled, and as he passed by Lilly and the others, he casually glanced at them.

There was a faint glimmer in his eyes. Had someone come looking for him?

And it turned out to be a group of children?

[Chapter 712 The Colorful Plump Uncle](#)

Lilly felt something was off; Tortoise couldn't figure it out. She pinched her fingers, but unlike before when her divinations were crystal clear, she now felt as if a fog had descended upon her.

Pablo spoke up, "If we can't figure it out, let's wait for your Daddy to investigate."

As long as there are traces, we can find out.

Josh added, "That female spirit contacted the merchant and even transferred money to him..."

Lilly interjected, "No need to go through all that trouble."

With a serious expression on her little face, she extended a finger and began counting the passing people. "One, two, three... Whoever I point to is the one... Like a grain of rice, push to the end, either it's him or you!"

"That one!" Lilly pointed at a man wearing a Tai Chi uniform.

Josh and Pablo looked puzzled.

Edward rolled up his sleeves and confidently approached, "Alright, that one? Are you sure? I'll bring him to you!"

"Hey! Stop right there, the guy in the white Tai Chi uniform up ahead!"

But it seemed like the man didn't hear her; he was rushing to catch a bus.

As the bus doors were about to close, he hurriedly got on, and by the time Edward caught up, the bus had already departed.

Lilly quietly watched the bus.

"Master... Do you think that rich spirit could be the one that Master Ernest hired?"

Lilly's thoughts jumped rapidly, and Pablo couldn't keep up for a moment. He hesitated before saying, "It's only a slight possibility... Can you locate that person?"

Lilly nodded, "I've tracked him."

Edward exclaimed in surprise, "You can track with ghost-catching too?"

Lilly nodded again. This time, when they boarded the bus, there was no need to search for a destination. Lilly simply directed left or right, and they soon arrived at the antique market.

Edward followed Lilly, expecting her to directly find the person, but instead, she found an empty spot, laid a tablecloth on the ground, and set up a makeshift stall.

Josh coughed, "Um, Lilly, weren't we looking for that big-bellied uncle? "

Lilly replied, "Yes, just wait and see."

Everyone fell silent.

Edward stood in bewilderment behind Lilly, occupying Max's usual position.

Then Polly began her lively sales pitch, attracting a crowd of onlookers. When they heard the bracelet was priced at three billion, the crowd glared at Edward and scolded him for shamelessness.

Edward was utterly bewildered.

What did he do wrong?

In the afternoon, the person they were waiting for finally appeared.

The chubby uncle was now dressed in a colorful outfit, adorned with various large gold chains, shining brightly in the crowd.

"Let's go!"

Lilly swiftly wrapped up the tablecloth and chased after him.

Josh almost couldn't keep up with her quick movements.

"Uncle..." Lilly chased after him, shouting at the top of her lungs.

But there were too many people, and Lilly was too small to attract attention.

Edward lifted Lilly and let her ride on his neck.

Lilly instantly elevated herself and called out in her sweet and cute voice, "Hey! Mr. Uncle in the colorful clothes up ahead, stop for a moment!"

The chubby man turned around and saw Lilly floating above the crowd.

He was startled and took a closer look, realizing it was a dark-skinned man carrying Lilly who was approaching.

The chubby man recognized Lilly and asked cautiously, "What's going on? If you want me to return the bracelet, forget about it..."

Lilly said, "Uncle, we're not here for the bracelet. I wanted to ask you if you know that you have a ghost on you?"

The chubby man was taken aback, his face immediately turned gloomy. "You're the one with a ghost, you're full of ghosts."

That statement was not entirely wrong.

Lilly nodded, "Yeah, I'm full of ghosts."

The chubby man fell silent.

He cursed to himself, feeling puzzled, and turned away without saying a word.

A 200-pound man surprisingly moved with incredible agility and disappeared after a few quick turns.

Edward sneered, "Oh? Do you think you can run away from me?"

He also turned around a few times and saw the colorful figure disappear into a doorway.

Lilly looked up and read the big letters, "The Lazy Piggy..."

Josh coughed, "Lilly, it's pronounced 'The Lazy Pygmy'..."

Edward said, "The Lazy Pygmy is one of the largest jade markets in the country, dealing with raw stones..."

Many people who enjoy gambling on stones come here to select raw stones, have them cut on the spot, and see if their choices are good or not.

Edward led Lilly and Josh through the door. Drake didn't come today, so Edward had to maintain his self-proclaimed image as the cool older brother.

After paying a small fee, the three of them entered. As soon as they stepped inside, they found that it was just as lively as the market outside, but the items being sold here were all stones.

The voices of the people were not as loud as those in the outside market; most of them were speaking softly, creating a more "civilized" atmosphere.

There were all kinds of stones, with some people setting up stalls and others occupying large areas to sell their stones.

It was Lilly's first time seeing such a scene, and she couldn't help but be curious.

She saw someone asking a stall owner, "How much is this raw stone?"

The owner said the stone came from a certain mine and was of a certain quality, and then quoted a price of three hundred thousand.

Lilly's eyes widened instantly.

Really? Stones could be so valuable?

Then she could just pick up a bunch from the roadside and become rich!

Pablo could tell what Lilly was thinking and said, "It's not like that. These are raw stones, like the ones you bring back from underground. They may look like ordinary stones on the surface, but inside, they could be Royal Purple Imperial Jade."

"If someone who doesn't understand sees that stone, they would think it's just an ordinary stone. But someone knowledgeable would judge it by the skin of the stone to determine if it's jade... If they buy it for several tens of millions and it turns out to be all jade, worth tens of billions, then they've made a profit."

Lilly suddenly understood.

So it's gambling!

Gambling on whether there are treasures inside the stones.

Lilly looked at the customer who spent three hundred thousand to buy a stone and shook her head,

saying, "He's making a big loss. That stone is just an ordinary stone with nothing inside."

She glanced around and said, "This market is full of stones, but there isn't a single piece of jade!"

The market here wasn't as noisy as the outside, so Lilly's voice wasn't particularly low.

Once her words were spoken, everyone looked at her displeased, especially the stone sellers.

The chubby uncle in colorful clothes, who had been carrying the rich spirit, appeared from somewhere, his face looking unpleasant. "Little girl, don't speak nonsense. Do you know you have to take responsibility for what you say? You don't know anything, yet you're saying that our gambling stone market doesn't have real jade. Aren't you ruining my business?"

Lilly looked over and saw that it was the uncle with the big belly who was carrying the rich spirit.

[Chapter 713 Richie Quinn, Such a Wealthy Name!](#)

The chubby man frowned at Lilly and asked, "Who are you, and what exactly do you want?"

Lilly countered, "Uncle, who are you and what's your name?"

The man replied, "Huh? I'm Richie Quinn, the owner of The Lazy Pygmy..."

Richie suddenly realized he had inexplicably found himself honestly explaining things to a little child, his mouth seemingly out of his control.

He quickly added, "No, wait, I should be the one asking who you are..."

How did it end up with him speaking first??

Lilly waved her hand, her small face wearing a mysterious expression. "Oh well, it doesn't matter. Let's not dwell on these minor details."

Lilly immersed herself in the names of others: Richie Quinn, such a wealthy name! Suddenly, she felt that her name wasn't as pleasant. She should be called Million... no, Billion!

Richie fell silent.

Edward, with his rough demeanor, said, "We all have the surname, Crawford. Do you remember selling a bracelet to us a few days ago?"

Richie became wary upon hearing that.

They were here for the bracelet!

"After completing the transaction, you come knocking on our door. Isn't that against the rules?" Lilly quickly interjected, "We didn't come for the bracelet..."

Pausing for a moment, she added, "Um, Uncle Richie, are you feeling okay lately?"

Lilly just wanted to catch a ghost.

But the male customer who was just spoken to suddenly felt uncomfortable. He interrupted with an unpleasant expression, "Mr. Quinn, I don't know if you're feeling alright, but I'm not!"

Some people involved in gambling with raw stones detest signs of bad luck. It was evident that he had just selected a stone, and Lilly claimed he had made a big loss. That wasn't a good omen.

Staring at Lilly, the man was displeased as he questioned, "Do you understand raw stones? This raw stone is an Old Skin, with a green crust visible. There's something inside! You know nothing and yet you speak recklessly, bringing bad luck!"

Lilly opened her mouth to respond.

Josh exclaimed, "Holy crap! How dare you call my sister bad luck?!"

Edward narrowed his eyes, crossed his arms, and coldly observed the man.

Unexpectedly, the man continued to complain. It could be said that when it came to matters related to gambling, people became fearless.

"That stone of yours indeed has nothing inside; I'm telling the truth," Lilly said, pointing at the other stones on the stall. "It's not just this stone; none of these stones have anything."

"Look at this one with a green surface—it's glued on!"

Adults might consider whether they would offend someone, but Lilly spoke plainly.

These stones were originally meant to deceive people.

As soon as the stall owner heard this, he exploded.

The Lazy Pygmy was Richie's establishment, and Richie had one rule: no fakes or deceit allowed.

If the stones were directly transported from the jade mine, he wouldn't interfere with buyers' satisfaction.

But if someone intentionally deceived others, not only would they be expelled, but they would also have to compensate.

The Lazy Pygmy had become the "boss" in this line of business, attracting everyone precisely because of this. They weren't afraid of encountering fraudsters here...

That's why the stall owner detested Lilly and quickly said, "How can you speak like that? These stones were directly transported from the mine. The crusts are all natural. How can you say there's nothing inside?"

In the world of stone gambling, after mining the jade, the remaining stones from the edges are transported and sold at low prices to jade enthusiasts. During the mining process, all visible jade is taken, leaving behind stones with some traces of jade material. Some stones may not show anything on the surface, but when cut open, they reveal a full jade interior.

This thrilling pursuit of striking it big attracts people to the world of stone gambling. And where there is stone gambling, there are strategies. The surface of the stones, referred to as "skin" by insiders, is used to speculate on the presence of genuine material inside.

For example, "Old Elephant Skin" is a stone with a surface that resembles elephant skin, with folds and a loose, grayish-white appearance. It is often believed to contain high-quality jade. Buying an "Old Elephant Skin" stone for a hundred thousand and discovering high-quality jade inside can lead to selling it for a million, resulting in overnight wealth.

However, stones with valuable contents inside are rare. They are usually picked out in the mining fields long before others have a chance to find them. So, the practice of creating fake skins emerged as a deceptive method.

The stall owner looked at Richie, feigning a smile, and said, "This child is talking nonsense. Everyone knows Mr. Quinn's rules. I wouldn't dare to come here if I were to engage in such deception."

In reality, he was trying to make a big profit precisely because fakes were not allowed here. If someone suspected him, he would simply say, "Who doesn't know Mr. Quinn's rules? Would I dare to deceive people?"

Richie frowned and looked at the stones on the stall, his expression turning cold. He asked, "Where did you come from? Who approved your inspection?"

Richie temporarily forgot about Lilly because this person had violated his rules. Someone was engaging in such activities right under his nose!

The stall owner harbored resentment deep inside and pointed at Lilly, saying, "Mr. Quinn, it's just this child speaking nonsense. If you don't believe me, I can pick up any stone and cut it open right now! Even if I don't make any money and suffer a loss myself, I need to prove my innocence!"

He glanced at Lilly and immediately picked up a stone that had been prepared in advance.

Lilly took a glance...

She didn't need to calculate; she already knew that this stone was genuine.

She silently watched his performance.

Several people gathered around, excitedly exclaiming when they saw the green color inside the stone, "There's jade! It's there!"

"Oh my goodness, it's high-quality jade with excellent clarity! This is a fortune!"

The stall owner felt a pang of regret.

Indeed, this stone contained something inside, but he had already examined it using technical means and found only a small amount of desirable material. Cutting further would reveal nothing. However, if he didn't cut it open and sold it to someone who didn't know much about gemstones... he could have easily fooled them into paying three to four hundred thousand.

Now that it had been cut open, those who understood stones could tell that there was nothing more inside, and it could only be sold for slightly over a hundred thousand, deceiving those who were not knowledgeable.

That's why he disliked Lilly.

"You see, Mr. Quinn, I feel so wronged."

The stall owner casually blocked the stones that were fakes and pointed to the other genuine stones, saying, "In Mr. Quinn's establishment, who would dare to deceive? I wouldn't challenge Mr. Quinn's rules!"

Others chimed in, "That's right! These stones here don't appear to be faked. Take a look at these."

"The owner can effortlessly open any of them and find jade. My goodness, I need to take a good look."

The gamblers were filled with excitement.

The stall owner immediately accused Lilly, "Just a moment ago, this child was saying that it's not just my stall, but that there's no jade in any of the stones here. But the one I opened has jade! So you see, this child is just talking nonsense!"

Others echoed, "That's right, what a bad omen!"

"Maybe this child has a gift for saying unlucky things. Let's just ignore her."

Lilly, however, said, "How can you call it picking up a stone casually?"

Josh, seeing Lilly's confidence, also spoke firmly, "That's right, who knows if you had it prepared in advance?"

"Are you willing to let us pick any stone casually and cut it open to see?"

The stall owner exclaimed, "How is that possible? Stone gambling is always a matter of luck. I'm here to do business. If I let you cut open any stone you want, and I suffer a loss, can you compensate me?"

Before Richie could speak, he immediately drove them away, saying, "Go away! Where did these kids come from? Even your parents can't control you!"

He glared at Edward.

Edward thought, "Oh? I've been restraining myself from hitting someone, and he dares to glare at me?"

[Chapter 714 Going Out, Knowing Today Is the Day to Strike It Rich](#)

The stall owner intended to divert attention, deliberately escalating the situation and shifting the focus onto Lilly.

No one who gambles on stones likes to hear ominous signs or superstitious talk.

The stall owner sought to direct everyone's attention toward Lilly, hoping to drive her away. He planned to seize the opportunity to say, "Apologies, folks. Today doesn't seem to be a lucky day for me, so I'll be closing up shop."

Little did he know that Lilly wasn't one to play by the rules.

Before Richie could even speak, Lilly pulled out her adorable cell phone and confidently declared, "I can afford it! I'm super rich!"

"But, would you dare to cut open all the stones?" she questioned.

Confusion filled the faces of the onlookers.

Richie stuttered, "Um..."

The stall owner, bewildered, asked, "What do you mean? Are you planning to buy all my stones?"

Lilly wrinkled her little nose and replied, "Are you taking me for a fool? These stones of yours are worthless; they contain nothing of value. Why would I buy them?"

The stall owner exploded in anger, "What do you mean? Are you trying to fool me? Who dares to say there's nothing inside them? If there is, what would you say then?"

"You, little girl, are you doing this on purpose? Are you intentionally trying to disrupt my stall? Mr. Quinn, look at her! I told you she's doing it on purpose. She must be from a family that couldn't find any valuable stones and came to bring me bad luck!"

Richie interjected, "She didn't say anything like that!"

The stall owner, stubbornly refusing to heed the advice, continued his tirade against Lilly, "Don't you have a mother? Hasn't she taught you any manners or principles? It seems you were born to a mother but not raised by one!"

Lilly's expression changed, her lips tightly sealed. Edward furrowed his brow, his voice booming like a bell, "What did you say? Say it again if you dare!"

Josh pulled out his phone and dialed, "Hey... Dad! Someone is insulting Lilly, saying she lacks proper upbringing!"

"Hey... Uncle Blake, Lilly is being bullied!"

Richie felt a headache coming on as the situation escalated.

Frustrated with the stall owner's attempts to shift the focus and refusal to listen to reason, Richie took charge of the situation. He immediately turned to the stall owner and said, "What kind of language is that? She's just a little girl. Apologize to her!"

Then he looked at Lilly and added, "Alright, alright, Uncle will give you some candy. Go and play now. Let's not talk about the bracelet anymore, and don't argue with him. I'll handle it."

Richie took out two lollipops, intending to send Lilly away before dealing with the stall owner. While he planned to investigate the stall owner, he prioritized resolving Lilly's situation since she arrived first.

Unexpectedly, Lilly, like a fierce little beast, retorted, "No, I'm not leaving!"

The mention of her mother triggered something in Lilly for the first time.

She pulled out a bank card and placed it confidently in Richie's hand.

"You're talking about gambling on stones, right? Well, this is my card, and it has one billion dollars! I bet that none of these stones contain jade. If I lose, I'll give him the one billion. Come on, dare to gamble with me?"

Richie was astonished. This little child was only a few years old, yet she had one billion dollars?

He didn't doubt Lilly's card because it wasn't surprising for someone who could sell Royal Purple Imperial Jade to have one billion. But others found it hard to believe!

Someone shook their head, "Does this child even understand the value of one billion?"

"Not even children from wealthy families have a billion just lying around."

"What kind of parent are you? Take your child away!"

The stall owner chuckled, thinking he was being funny. "Exactly! If this little girl has one billion in her account, I'll grab a spoon and claim all the toilets in this place!"

The crowd burst into laughter.

Lilly, unsure, asked, "Are you talking about eating poop?"

The stall owner sarcastically replied, "Yeah! Well, I won't argue with you. Ladies and gentlemen, it seems like my luck at the stall isn't good today, causing trouble for all of you. So, I'll just pack up and leave."

Lilly protested, "No, don't go!"

Suddenly, a familiar voice rang out.

Another chubby figure appeared—it was Valentine, the CEO of Taylor Entertainment, the entertainment company under Crawford Holdings, the company Jonas had signed with.

Valentine happened to be out for a stroll today and unexpectedly ran into Lilly.

"Oh, Mr. Taylor!" Richie greeted him with a smile. "What brings you here?"

Valentine couldn't casually reveal Lilly's identity, so he simply said, "I know this little girl. Her family is very wealthy, and she has one billion in her account. If she doesn't, I'll cover it!"

Encountering a little troublemaker like this, how could he miss the opportunity to make a move?

No matter what had happened, he would take action first and deal with it later.

Valentine positioned himself strategically and immediately stood beside Lilly.

Lilly remembered this uncle, a devoted son who tried various methods to save his mother's soul when she fell ill. Unfortunately, the Victorian ballgown old lady died, unable to be reincarnated.

The crowd noticed someone vouching for Lilly, and things escalated further.

Now, they couldn't proceed without a bet...

Moreover, the person whom Richie referred to as Mr. Taylor was vouching for the little girl, guaranteeing she had one billion in her account...

All eyes turned to the stall owner.

Josh sneered, "Do you need us to buy a spoon for you?"

The stall owner's face turned dark!

But now he was caught in a dilemma.

"Let's bet... Let's bet!" the stall owner gritted his teeth. "If there's jade inside any of the stones, then the one billion is mine, right?"

He had no choice but to go all in!

One billion dollars...

It was impossible for the stall owner not to be tempted.

Lilly said, "Of course not. The jade you glued on the surface doesn't count."

Josh added, "And those with a green layer on the surface, they're jade too, but you made low-quality fakes. They don't count!"

Edward crossed his arms and said coldly, "Those smaller than a grain of rice don't count either."

For now, they refrained from beating him.

They would find a place to teach him a lesson after the bet.

How dare he insult his niece, saying she was illegitimate! He wouldn't let this person off the hook. Yes, he was ruthless like that, no matter what others said.

The stall owner accepted these conditions and said, "Of course!"

Deep down, he couldn't help but feel delighted.

Now, everyone had stopped caring about whether he was cheating or not. Their focus was solely on the bet, which meant Mr. Quinn wouldn't pursue him...

Moreover, among these many stones, some were intentionally faked by him, that was true. But some were indeed brought from the mining area, a mix of real and fake. Even he couldn't be sure if there was jade inside those stones from the mining area.

What if there was?

Even if it was just a tiny bit!

He would make a fortune. Even if he sold all these stones, they wouldn't fetch more than ten million at most...

Who among those who played with stones didn't have a gambling mentality? The stall owner was no different. He felt like his chances of winning were high!

The surrounding people couldn't help but envy him.

Oh my god, a billion-dollar wager.

Who needs anything else?

The stall owner was going to win. With so many stones, there would surely be at least one with jade inside. As long as it was as big as a fingernail, it counted as a win.

Their eyes turned green with envy...

Lilly's grape-like eyes glanced around and she said, "I can't be the only one putting up money. What if you lose?"

The stall owner thumped his chest confidently and declared, "If I lose, I'll compensate you with one billion! Then I'll immediately get lost!"

Lilly smiled and said, "Deal! Whoever can't fulfill their promise is a little dog."

Haha, a billion dollars!

Lilly was excited. When she left home today, she had a feeling she was about to make a fortune, and now it was happening!

Excitement consumed Lilly, causing her to forget about her original goal of catching the rich spirit.

Josh forgot about it too.

The siblings' eyes sparkled with anticipation.

Meanwhile, Pablo on the side said, "Hey, hey... You guys have gone off track!"

[Chapter 715 The Fiery Aunt Lisa](#)

The Lazy Pygmy stood tall, a five-story building with an internal hollow circular structure. The lower floors, the first and second, were mostly occupied by various vendors who came and went, their presence unpredictable.

From the third floor and above, the shops became more upscale, with fixed owners.

One day, a rumor spread like wildfire, involving a young child and a stall owner betting a billion. The news quickly circulated throughout the entire market, attracting a crowd of curious onlookers.

Heads leaned out from the second floor and above, eager to catch a glimpse of the spectacle below.

Richie whispered a few words to Valentine, and after a nod of agreement, he called for a skilled stone cutter to come over.

"Cut! Cut!" The gamblers' eyes reddened with excitement, their anticipation soaring.

The stall owner presented a stone, and the stone cutter swiftly and decisively made the cuts, revealing the stone's contents.

As expected, there was nothing, not even a trace of valuable jade.

"Ah, bad luck!" someone exclaimed.

"This is just the first piece, why rush? There are dozens of stones, big and small, on this stall!" another person remarked.

The stall owner said, "Exactly... Cut this one!"

He was desperate to uncover a valuable stone and claim the billion for himself.

Unbeknownst to many, the stall owner himself was a gambling enthusiast. In the world of gambling, some rose from rags to riches overnight, while others lost everything, even their lives, due to the thrill of gambling. His own experiences had led him down a path of ruin, losing his multimillion-dollar fortune, his family deserting him, and his mother passing away from the shock.

Now, with his back against the wall, he had maxed out all his cards and borrowed from loan sharks to acquire a batch of stones. He had even spent money to fake their appearance, hoping to recoup his losses.

Before coming here, he had firmly resolved not to gamble ever again.

But gamblers were like that, once they got involved, it was hard to quit. Now, the stall owner's eyes were growing increasingly frenzied, convinced that he would surely win.

In the blink of an eye, the stone cutter had already cut four or five stones!

Without exception, all of them were worthless.

The spectators' blood pressure surged as they eagerly anticipated each stone, hoping for a spark of excitement. To witness the cutting of twenty or thirty stones was an exhilarating experience.

"Next!" the stall owner gritted his teeth. He couldn't believe his luck was so bad. The odds of winning with a single stone were slim, but with twenty or thirty stones, he couldn't believe that none of them would yield anything.

Sizzle... Whir...

The tension among the onlookers reached its peak. With each stone placed on the cutting table, different opinions emerged. Some believed the stone had good potential based on its appearance, at least showing some value.

Yet every time, disappointed sighs followed, quickly replaced by excitement for the next stone.

In the blink of an eye, over twenty stones had been cut, including the ones the stall owner had artificially created. As expected, they were all fakes, devoid of any value. The crowd booed the stall owner in unison.

"Only one stone left!" The stall owner's eyes brimmed with hope, extremely excited. He blew on the stone and muttered under his breath.

"The most inconspicuous one often holds the hope of a turnaround! May Jesus and the Virgin Mary bless me..."

"This one must have something, I'm sure of it!"

Gamblers, until the last second, will never come to their senses.

Lilly remained calm and composed throughout, observing the crowd before her, each person growing more frantic and unhinged than the last.

They were drawn in by the immense and elusive desires right in front of them, pursuing them relentlessly like moths to a flame.

It was truly terrifying.

Josh whispered to Lilly, "Lilly, did you release the greedy ghost?"

Lilly shook her head, "No, I didn't."

They had just captured the greedy ghost and hadn't gained control over it yet.

Even if they were to release it now, with so many people around, one greedy ghost wouldn't be enough to control them all.

The last piece of raw stone was also cut open.

Still, there was nothing.

Disappointment washed over the crowd, and they let out collective sighs and shook their heads.

The stall owner's face turned pale, and his legs gave way as he sat amidst the discarded stones.

"How is this possible... How?" He couldn't believe it!

He had gone through so many stones. Even if he had manipulated and faked about half of them, there were still so many uncertain ones!

How could there be nothing at all?

Lilly asked, "Do you have anything else to say?"

Initially, she had been excited at the prospect of winning a billion. But after witnessing the madness of these gamblers, Lilly grew calm.

Josh said, "You lost! Pay up, one billion!"

To their surprise, the stall owner chuckled, his eyes filled with resentment and deceit. "No."

How could he possibly have a billion?

He had simply made a hollow promise, never intending to pay up if he lost.

So, whether it was one billion or two billion, he would confidently make the same promise.

Josh exclaimed in anger, "You... you're cheating!"

The stall owner shrugged, spreading his hands. "Well, what can you do to me? Just beat me up? Big deal."

"And Mr. Quinn, I can simply never set foot in here again, right? What can you do to me?"

The stall owner had completely given up.

"If anyone should be blamed, it's you idiots. I only did some small business to make ends meet. You provoked me with the promise of a billion, and now I've cut open all these stones. You should be the ones compensating me!"

"If it weren't for you, could I have ended up like this?" The stall owner ranted.

Lilly had encountered plenty of scoundrels and their twisted logic before.

But every time she encountered a new kind of absurdity, it never failed to push the boundaries of her tolerance.

"When you gamble, you should be prepared to accept the consequences. If you don't want to pay, that's fine, but asking us to compensate you instead?" Lilly grew angry.

"You're the one who caused this!" The stall owner vented his resentment without anywhere to direct it.

From losing everything in one night to borrowing money at high-interest rates to buy a batch of stones.

And now, being exposed and ending up in this situation, all because of this cursed child!

The stall owner grew increasingly infuriated, his anger escalating. Seizing the moment when Lilly wasn't paying attention, he viciously kicked his foot toward her!

Josh and Edward were caught off guard and exploded with rage.

Lilly's expression turned cold, a trace of fierceness appearing in her eyes. She swiftly reached out her small hand and grabbed hold of the stall owner's foot, hurling him away!

Bang!

A deafening sound resonated, leaving everyone in shock.

What had just happened? It was too fast for them to react!

Before their minds could process what had transpired, a cold voice rang out, "Dare to lay a hand on my daughter, and you're dead!"

Everyone turned to look in confusion.

They saw a figure soaring through the air.

Lisa raised the stall owner high above her head and forcefully slammed him onto the ground!

Without saying a word, she lifted him back up and slammed him down again, her face filled with ferocity. "Trash! Bury him! Bury him!"

Clang, clang, clang...

Bang, bang, bang...

Lilly quickly covered her eyes, her small hand parting slightly to sneak a peek...

Oh my goodness, Aunt Lisa is so brutal!

Anthony hurriedly stepped in to stop Lisa. "Enough, you might end up killing someone."

Lisa's fair complexion flushed with anger, and she shouted, "Bury him! Bury him!"

"Anyone who dares to bully Lilly, toss them out!"

[Chapter 716 Afraid Of The Shameless](#)

Anthony had a hard time calming Lisa.

Blake picked up Lilly and asked, "Is there anything wrong?"

Lilly coughed, "I'm okay."

The one who was in a bad condition was the boss.

Lilly and Josh looked at the man lying on the pile of stones who was screaming in pain.

Oh no... He looks so miserable!

The man yelled, "Someone beat me up! Help me call the police! I can't move at all! Argh! My hand... I have to go to the hospital! I'm dying!"

Blake glared at him with a hint of hostility. This piece of sh*t told Lilly that she doesn't have a mom?

He stared down at the man while he stepped on the man's shoulders and elbows propped up on his knees.

"Dying already? Hmm?" Blake asked while emitting a killing aura.

The people that gathered around were frightened. They couldn't help but take a step back.

Anthony picked up Lilly, "Come on Lilly, let's go out and wait for your father."

Lilly was puzzled, "Why?"

Anthony strode outside, "Your father needs to collect some interest."

Perhaps some people would say that the Crawford family was unreasonable, but Anthony didn't mind. Everyone had something they treasured. Lilly and Jean were something the Crawford family treasured.

"Let's go," Anthony turned around and called Lisa.

Lisa shook her head, "I don't want to!" She wanted to see Blake, who always spent their money beating someone up.

Josh didn't budge either. He was no longer three, four or five years old. He could watch now.

Anthony had to leave with Lilly.

"I want to watch too!" Lilly said.

"Is Lilly an obedient girl?"

Lilly nodded, "Yes!"

"That's right! Let's not watch!"

Lilly was speechless. I'm always tricked by Uncle Anthony...

The man who was stepped on by Blake shouted when he saw Blake not making a move yet, "You guys set me up! First the youngsters and now you ruined my place! You guys targeted me. My stones are all ruined. All my money is gone. I'll sue you if you don't compensate me by today!"

Richie frowned and wanted to tell them to leave it to him. After all, this place belonged to him. However, he did not have the chance when Valentine pulled him back.

Blake craned his neck and moved his wrist.

The man was still screaming, "I'm suing you! Ouch, my hand! My hand is broken. I'm going to be disabled! I won't let go of this matter without tens of millions!"

What a joke! I don't have any money. Do you think beating me up will make me come up with a hundred million? What can you do even if I lose? Are you going to kill me in broad daylight? I'm not scared even if

the police are here. I was just scolding the child and trying to kick her. How could they beat me up like this? There's no justice at all. The bet of 100 million is a joke in front of the law. All my stones were ruined by them and they should pay me back instead! The man thought and looked at Blake provocatively.

People were usually afraid of the shameless because they could do whatever they want to others. However, Blake was not afraid of them.

"Crack!"

Blake put some force on his foot and the man's shoulder bone broke.

"Argh!" The man let out a scream. "You... You..."

Blake looked at him coldly, "Compensation and medical expenses, right?"

"One million for your shoulder."

"Another million for your ribs..."

"Crack!" The man's ribs were also fractured.

The pain of fractured ribs was something that one couldn't imagine. The man was just about to let out another scream. Blake stuffed a cloth for rubbing stones into his mouth.

"Hush... Don't scare my daughter. Staying silent now? Didn't you want money? Come on, how many millions do you want now?"

Blake stepped on the man's wrist.

"Crack!"

No one knows how ruthless Blake could get.

Anthony did not dare to let Lilly see her dad's bad side. Josh felt scared and grabbed Lisa's hand. Lisa put her arms around him, "Don't be afraid!"

The man on the ground couldn't stand it anymore. He began to feel afraid.

Blake asked, "Is it enough?"

"Crack!"

The man who was biting the rag turned pale and his clothes were soaked with sweat.

"How many millions is it now? Oh, it's four million. How about rounding it up to five million?"

This time, Blake placed his foot on the man's neck. "Don't worry. I'll be gentle. It will not kill you, but you'll be paralyzed from the neck down!"

The man was terrified and screamed, his eyes begging for mercy. If I was paralyzed, what was the point of taking five or ten million dollars if I was lying in shit and piss every day? This is even worse than just dying!

The man endured the pain and took the rag out of his mouth, "I was wrong. Please forgive me. Please don't taint your shoe with me..."

Blake removed his feet, "Get lost!"

The man hurriedly stood up. The fractures all over his body hurt so much that he almost fainted. He wanted to run quickly.

"Wait a minute!" Edwards said. "Didn't you say you were going to clean up the toilets? If you don't eat your fill today, I'm afraid you won't be able to walk out of this door."

The man's face stiffened. This is too much. Is there a need to be so vicious when I just provoked that child with a word or two? They certainly looked like they were from a big family. How petty were they to pick a fight with me!

[Chapter 717 The Fortune Teller](#)

The man barely squeezed out a smile, "My lord... I apologize..."

Richie intervened because his business would be affected if the man did what they asked him to.

"Mr. Crawford, calm down." Ritchie thought Blake's surname was Crawford. "This is because of my mismanagement that caused the villain to exploit the loopholes. Let it go..."

"Alright. It's just because of you that I'll let this slide," Blake said.

Did Lilly catch all these evil spirits? In that case, it's enough for now.

"It's okay for us to leave, but we have made our points clear." Blake never allowed his daughter's name to be stained.

"My daughter's right in this matter. This person specializes in counterfeiting. These counterfeit stones have been placed not only here, but also in other places. Four people had been cheated, making a total of 90 million. One of them was an old lady who didn't know anything. She was stopped by this person on her way to the hospital, and cheated out of all her life-saving money. She died because she got too

agitated when she learned the truth. My daughter pointed out that he cheated on people's money. Do you guys think there's something wrong?" Blake asked.

The people hurriedly shook their heads. The people who gamble almost forgot that this man was exposed as a liar at the beginning.

"He deserved it!"

"Get lost!"

"He should have his hands and feet broken off..."

It didn't matter if the people were being honest, Blake achieved what he wanted.

"Richie?" Blake looked at Richie.

"Yes, Mr. Crawford."

"Let's talk between the both of us."

Richie followed Blake, "This way please..."

The man ran away when no one was paying attention to him anymore. He ran toward a corner and he fell to the ground in pain. The more he thought about it, the more he hated them.

"Do you want to take revenge? I can help you." A fortune teller suddenly appeared. "Look at you now. You just want to earn some money but a child disturbed your business. Rich people really treat others' lives like grass and do whatever they want. What's wrong with you wanting the money? You have nothing left anyway. Why don't you kidnap the girl? The Crawford family is so rich. What they fear the most is something happened to the girl. Kidnap her and ask for a few hundred million. They will give it."

—

In Richie's office.

Valentine bought back some desserts and sweets.

Anthony came in while holding Lilly. Valentine gave Lilly the things he bought.

"Mr. Crawford, two days ago I bought this bracelet from Little Miss Crawford. I did not know she took it by herself. The bracelet was sold to another person now. I could redeem it back again with more money..."

Richie thought it was a child who didn't know any better who stole and sold the family's treasure. The

adults were here to get it back now. That bracelet was indeed a piece of gem. A crystal with such a pure shade of purple couldn't be found so easily.

Blake sat on the sofa and looked at Lilly eating the cake. "I didn't call you here to get the bracelet."

Lilly also looked up, "Uncle Richie, it really has nothing to do with the bracelet. We want to ask, have you ever met a fortune teller before?"

Richie froze, "Fortune teller... There's one..."

Lilly hurriedly asked, "Do you still have his contact information?"

"That fortune teller is indeed powerful. When I was poor and begged him for riches. He cast a spell and told me to give him 10 million once I became rich... He did not ask me to pay him anything at that time. My life really got better and I became richer and richer."

Lilly looked at the rich spirit above his head. Erm... Does he know what he invited?

[Chapter 718 The Rich Ghost Behind Him](#)

Richie thought that the Crawford family was looking for that fortune teller. There are not many fortune tellers who are really capable. Did they need the help of a fortune teller? The Crawford family should be in some kind of trouble.

"The fortune teller that helped me left after getting the 10 million from me... Mr. Crawford, if you're looking for him, I have no way to find him. Are you encountering any problem that needs his help?"

Lilly, Josh and Lisa had the same blank expression.

Lilly said, "Uncle Richie, we are indeed looking for that fortune teller, but not to beg him for help..."

"Erm... my mom thinks this man is not a good person. We are looking for him to stop him," Josh clarified.

"Stop him from what?"

Lilly pointed to his head, "You know what? The fortune teller cast a spell and invited a rich spirit for you..."

"You guys misunderstand..." How did I become rich then? Can spirits make me rich?

Lilly jumped off the sofa and brought out a mirror from Josh's backpack.

"Look at it by yourself. Are you ready?"

Richie was in a daze for the whole time. What mental preparation is needed to look in the mirror?

He was shocked when he looked in the mirror. A "man" was lying on his back. A huge "man" with gold teeth.

Richie turned around and looked to his back but he saw nothing. When he looked in the mirror again, the man appeared on his shoulder again with a smile showing his gold teeth.

"Oh my God!" Richie was so scared that he threw the mirror.

Josh hurriedly went over to catch his mirror but Lilly caught it in time. "Don't worry, your mirror is as good as brand new!" This mirror was Josh's new invention.

Lilly looked at Richie who got paled, "Do you believe it now?"

"Yes... yes..."

"This is a rich spirit."

Lilly thought for a moment and looked toward the door. Valentine knew she wanted him to close the door. Valentine immediately went over and closed the door.

Lilly thanked him before throwing out a talisman. The people in the room could see the rich spirit now.

Valentine was shocked. Anthony was sitting upright while looking down to drink his tea. Lisa was stuffing herself with cookies. Blake frowned slightly.

Richie, on the other hand, suddenly felt a weight on his neck. He did not dare to move.

"This is the rich spirit that the fortune teller invited for you," Lilly said.

The spirit spoke after some time, "What's wrong with me being a spirit? I did help him get rich, right? If I did not help him, could he have millions now? Without me, he would have owed millions."

Richie back stiffened and he was stunned. He remembered a few years ago that he almost owed millions when his business failed. When he almost jumped off a building, he met the fortune teller.

"He's right. If it was not for him, I might have jumped to my death now. The fortune teller told me to go back and get a good night's sleep. The next day, my business took a turn for the best. A former client said he trusted me and asked me to accompany him to pick a batch of raw stones. I was ready to pay but I somehow felt wrong and requested another batch."

"Yes, I showed you the way," the rich spirit said.

It was also the batch of raw stones that allowed the client to get several pieces of emerald. Richie got

paid half a million for it.

"This half a million gave me a glimmer of hope to start up a business again. I gritted my teeth and bought another batch of raw stones. I went to another location instead of the one in my head. I opened a stall to sell the stones. On the day itself, several pieces of emerald were found in the stones again. The customer gave me 10 thousand dollar tips. More and more customers bought my stones. They were sold out in a day. Half a million became more than a million. I got rich through divine guidance. Now I know, it's a spirit all along."

[Chapter 719 Exchanged Your Life With The Money Earned](#)

Richie was indescribably emotional and he felt complicated. He became richer but he still kept his own store, which had the highest probability of getting gems.

"Wow, why don't you keep the stones to yourself then?" Lilly asked.

"The fortune teller told me that I could keep the business of raw stones but remember not to gamble on it. I listened to him and my business got bigger."

The spirit did help Richie a lot. Josh felt that spirits and ghosts were not scary for the first time, "In that case, who doesn't want to have a rich spirit?"

A spirit that could help you get rich is a good spirit!

Richie nodded, although he was scared just now, he could deny the fact that the spirit helped him a lot and even saved his life.

Lilly shook her head, "Maybe to you he's good, but he's an evil spirit. An evil spirit's help always comes with some conditions. He did help you make a lot of money, and the more you earned, the shorter your life will be."

Richie froze. He felt nothing was wrong with him.

Lilly asked for the third time, "Are you healthy for the past few years?"

Richie thought about it and said with hesitation, "I'm not really sick, but as I got fatter, I got high blood pressure, diabetes and hyperlipidemia."

However, Richie did not take them seriously because they didn't cause his death yet.

"Anything else?" Lilly pursued.

"Sometimes, there's a vague pain in my heart. When I'm too tired, I get back pain. There are also times when I felt my chest tightened in the middle of the night."

Lilly nodded, "Yeah, but there should be more to it." The spirit helped him earn so much money, he should have sucked up most of his host's energy.

Richie racked his brain, "Does getting diarrhea often count? Diarrhea is a minor problem, right?"

"Go and have a check-up in the hospital."

Richie was not concerned about his health, "So you came here to find out where the fortune teller had gone, and also to catch the spirit on me?"

Lilly nodded, "Yes, the spirit is doing you harm."

They didn't expect Richie to refuse, "No, thank you. I appreciate your concern, but I don't want to get rid of him."

Lilly froze and looked at Pablo. "This is the first host who does not want to be separated from the spirit..."

"Rare indeed but it's a rich spirit that benefits him."

Lilly knew Richie had only a few years left in his life, "Is money more important than your life? Uncle Richie, if you don't remove the spirit, you won't live more than five years."

She thought that Richie would ask her to catch the spirit if she said that.

However, he firmly refused. He felt that it was not necessary because the medical field was so advanced now. He could buy ten years of life in riches. That was enough for him.

"Life is important, but being poor is terrible. I do not want to experience poverty again," Richie said.

"But... after catching the spirit, you might not continue to make a lot of money. As long as you run a good business, you will not be poor." Lilly couldn't figure out that money was that important to him. Lilly felt that people could be with their families and experience happiness by being alive. For Richie, he felt that life is unbearable without money. It was difficult to live a normal life after experiencing luxury.

Lilly gave up. She couldn't follow her own will and forcefully catch the spirit if the host doesn't want it. "If you regret it, give us a call." Lilly wrote down her number.

After Richie left, Valentine shook his head and lamented, "Just spend what you earn, it is not that hard, is it?" Sacrificing your life for money is not worth it.

"Little Miss Crawford, do you want to have fun at my company? Jonas has been spending more time at the company," Valentine asked.

Lilly nodded, "Yes, I'll be there in a few days!"

"Okay!" I'll go back and build a temporary playground.

Lilly smiled and waved to Valentine, "Goodbye Mr. Val. Hope you get rich!"

Valentine was delighted, with such a word from her, he would definitely be rich.

[Chapter 720 Is Money or Life More Important?](#)

"Goodbye, everyone!" Valentine bid farewell to them joyfully. This trip was worth it!

In the car, Lilly was confused, "Uncle Anthony, is it that important to make money? You're always busy too..." Not only Uncle Anthony is busy. Everybody around me was also busy making a living even when they were sick.

Anthony said, "Making money is important. Without money, you can't even protect your family sometimes. However, making money is definitely not the most important."

A lot of people worked overtime just for the sake of money. They neglected themselves and exchanged their health for temporary wealth.

"Most of the people in this world felt that money is the most important because they had no choice. Once they stop to take a break from their lives, they will be forgotten."

People couldn't live without money. How could people raise children without money? When the elderly were sick at home, could we watch them die if we didn't have money? Everyone could only move forward with life. Perhaps one would only realize that health was the most important when they were on the brink of death.

"It's tragic without money, but with money, 99% of the tragedy could be solved. That's why everyone worked hard for it. Do you understand now, Lilly?" Anthony asked.

Lilly was still confused, "It means making money is for a better life, but you shouldn't be addicted to making money, right?"

Anthony laughed, "That's right."

Blake who was driving said, "The human desire is a bottomless pit. They would think of earning a hundred thousand when they had a thousand. When they earned a hundred thousand, they would want to earn a million." Like Richie, his desire fed the rich spirit.

Meanwhile, Lilly thought that if she started to make money now, she won't be tired when she grows up.

Lilly took out her phone and said suddenly, "So the boss didn't give me the money after the bet! I'm the one at a loss!"

"I will give it to you," Anthony said dotingly. He immediately transferred the money to Lilly.

Blake marveled, "Mr. Crawford, I want it too!"

"Get lost!"

"Your brother recently cheated me of a hundred million, I think you're responsible for that."

Anthony ignored Blake, but Lisa yelled, "Pay him back! Pay him back!"

"Petty!"

Blake's phone rang while they waited for the red light. His smile disappeared.

Lilly asked, "What's wrong, Daddy?"

"I told someone to watch over the scumbag, but they had lost him. I think the fortune teller appeared before him. Not a surprise."

Blake's people were waiting for him at the door, ready to send him to prison when he came out. Someone must have picked him up.

"This fortune teller is powerful!" Lilly said seriously. Who is he? What does he want?

—

After Richie sent them away, he sat silently and thought for some time. After Lilly left, he couldn't see the rich spirit above his head, but he knew he was still there. He had a sore neck.

Richie still went to the hospital and had a full body checkup after the incident. He was shocked by his medical report.

"Coronary Artery Disease. Left coronary artery: 80% blockage. Right coronary artery: 86% blockage."

"Liver cancer."

The doctor said sternly, "Mr. Quinn, you must be hospitalized now to prepare for surgery."

Richie was about to speak when he received a phone call. After hanging up the phone he asked, "How much does the surgery cost?"

The doctor said, "You will need surgery for intestinal cancer. Since the cancer is not spreading, we recommend removing it now. It will be too late if the cancer cells started spreading. You will also need cardiac stent surgery. It will probably take a month to be discharged from the hospital."

Richie shook his head, "A month is too long. I still have some things on hand, I'll come back after I'm busy." He needed a week to finish his workload. A week was not too late.

Richie took the medical examination report and left hurriedly.