

Eight Uncles 811

[Chapter 811 Daddy Is Beautiful!](#)

A crack spread across the entire orb, followed by several more cracks popping up.

The harem spirits watched in astonishment on the side, and from a distance, it felt like a baby chick breaking out of its shell...

In the next instant, the orb split apart completely, revealing Pablo's figure inside!

He still had snow-white hair, his eyes tightly shut, and his body... without clothes?!

Harem Spirit and Ghost Bride's eyes instantly lit up: "Wow, can they see this???"

Is this a ghostly benefits?

Unfortunately, the "Eggshell" luminous sphere covered what they wanted to see.

At the moment, they could only see him sitting cross-legged, with the "Eggshell" conveniently covering his lower body, revealing only his upper shoulders and powerful chest.

His shoulders were broad, his arms were strong, and his bare arm muscles were well-developed, with exquisite curves.

Harem Spirit wished she could break the "Eggshell" into pieces.

"Ah... Has Master Belmont awakened? Master Belmont has been sleeping for so long, surely he must be hungry and thirsty! Your slave will bring water for Master Belmont immediately!"

Swoosh~ The ghost bride swiftly went to the ice pond and fetched a cup of water, floating over immediately.

With a swoosh, the harem spirit plucked a soul flower. He said, "You shameless one, how can Master Belmont drink something so cold right after waking up? He should have some soul flowers instead!"

The two of them pushed each other's faces and pulled each other's hair.

The weakling spirit was filled with exasperation. "Hey hey... both of you should stop it, the child is right here!"

He kicked the two perverted ghosts away and took the soul flower from the harem spirit's hand.

While she stared at Master's face with anxiety, Lilly remained in her posture holding the light ball.

"Master?" Lilly whispered in a soft voice.

Pablo kept his eyes closed, showing no response.

Lilly was deeply shaken, and Master still hadn't woken up...

However, she quickly gathered her courage and thought, "It's okay, at least Master isn't a fading light anymore!"

The soul body had already formed. Was he still far from waking up?

"Master, take your time!" encouraged Lilly. "Master will definitely be able to do it. Master is the best!"

Weakling spirit handed her the soul flower and said, "Lilly, see if Master Belmont needs the soul flower."

"Mmm-hmm!"

Lilly took the soul flower from Pablo and leaned outside the light sphere, bringing it close to his mouth.

"Master, are you hungry? Here! Have some flowers!"

Pablo's crimson lips remained tightly shut, showing no intention of opening.

Lilly pondered for a moment, then suddenly broke off his resistance and stuffed the soul flower inside him.

"I've already picked it, don't waste it. Hurry up and eat!" Lilly said.

Pablo: "??"

After the Soul Flower entered Pablo's mouth, it quickly transformed into a beam of light and vanished down his throat.

His eyelashes trembled slightly, as if they were also trying to wake up.

Lilly exclaimed, "It worked!"

Soul Flower wasn't picked in vain!

However, this time she only picked five Soul Flowers... She wondered how long Master would have to eat!

The weakling spirit stood nearby and said, "It's useful, let's try another one."

The harem spirit and ghost bride scrambled and jostled each other while picking flowers.

This time, it was a purple soul flower.

Lilly forcibly pried open Pablo's mouth again and stuffed two flowers inside.

Pablo's eyelashes still trembled, but no signs of awakening.

"It seems that the soul flower has limited effects. The amphibious soil might be better," the weakling spirit pondered. "Look, the light sphere continues to draw power from the amphibious soil."

The amphibious soil's shining light connected to the light sphere continuously.

"It might take some time," consoled Weakling Spirit. "It's okay, let's wait a little longer."

Lilly felt disappointed and nodded. "Mmm-hmm."

Weakling Spirit held her hand and walked toward the ice pond, softly comforting her along the way. "Don't be unhappy. Things have been slowly getting better, haven't they?"

"As long as we don't give up, we will definitely achieve the goal we're pursuing."

Lilly's mood improved significantly after receiving consolation from the weakling spirit.

That's right, Master had already condensed his soul!

You can't be so greedy in life!

"Thank you, Michael!" Lilly said.

The weakling spirit smiled warmly, "You're welcome! What do you see over there?"

He raised his hand and pointed to the end of the Other Shore Flower field.

"Wow—soul flowers! So many soul flowers!" Lilly widened her eyes. "We're going to be rich!"

Weakling Spirit chuckled. It was indeed this phrase.

The money-obsessed little master led a group of money-obsessed ghost soldiers and ghost generals, all reacting with "We're going to be rich."

"It should have been the King of Transformation who let him in," said the weakling spirit, stating his speculation. "If we meet him later, we should express our gratitude to him."

The gesture is small, but the sentiment is profound.

Although these words were insignificant to the King of Transformation himself, they were exactly what Lilly needed at the moment.

"Yes, yes!" Lilly nodded solemnly.

The weakling spirit continued, "Your Master probably doesn't need the soul flower anymore. He just used three soul flowers in a row, but they didn't affect him. It seems he'll have to rely on his own consciousness for the rest."

"But the soul flower is still useful for you. Don't go down for now, instead, use the soul flower to cultivate and strengthen yourself."

Lilly nodded, "Do I eat it directly too?"

The weakling spirit pondered for a moment and thought, "It should be..."

At that moment, Lilly heard someone calling from outside.

After contemplating, Lilly luxuriously plucked a soul flower and swiftly went out.

Blake held the spirit gourd rope.

Suddenly, with a whoosh, Lilly appeared instantly and landed perfectly in his arms.

Blake held Lilly and she looked at him, blinking her eyes. "Daddy, what's wrong?"

Blake said, "Your grandmother is calling you to come out for dinner."

He looked at the soul flower in Lilly's hand, his gaze freezing. "Is this the soul flower?"

Lilly nodded. "Yes, that's right! It's a gift for daddy!"

She placed the soul flower on Blake's head.

Such a large soul flower, as big as a frying pan, covering Blake's head.

"Haha, daddy looks so beautiful!" Lilly praised.

Blake: "..."

[Chapter 812 : Lilly puts \"bath water\" for the whole family](#)

Blake wore a large red flower on his head, resembling a big red hat.

This time, the God of Battle truly embodied a MacNeil's noblewoman's grace.

If anyone from outside witnessed the God of Battle now, who could kill without batting an eye, displaying this side, they would surely doubt their sanity.

Even if one doubted their own health or questioned their sanity, they would never believe that the God of Battle had this side of him...

Blake looked at Lilly with a mixture of helplessness and indulgence, affectionately kissing her cheek and saying, "As long as you're happy."

Lilly came down in a flash and said, "Later, I have something good for Daddy!"

She looked at Daddy's arms, which were marked with scars that weren't there before she left.

They must have been injured while moving forward in the cave.

She was determined to heal Daddy completely, without pain or injuries!

Blake, regardless of what Lilly said, indulged in her blindly, saying, "Okay."

Lilly cherished the days of having meals at home.

So no matter what Granny served, she politely ate it all.

As expected, after the meal, her little belly became round and plump again.

"Lilly, you don't have to go to class today, right?" Bettany said. "Why not take two more days off at home?"

Lilly shook her head and replied, "I'm going tomorrow, so I don't need to rest for two days."

Since Lilly came back, Josh, Drake, and Zachary didn't go to school either. Zachary asked in confusion, "Does someone like Lils still need to go to school?"

There was barely enough class time.

It would be better not to return to school at all.

Bettany said, "What do you understand?"

Anyway, the Crawford family still hoped Lilly would have a normal childhood.

Even if she grew up, she was still different from others.

But Bettany still hoped that she had gone through kindergarten, elementary school, middle school, high school, university... and had a complete life journey.

No matter when, it's always beneficial for people to read more books. Not just for the future, but the temperament and perspective of those who have read books are different from those who haven't.

Of course, Zachary didn't understand and said inexplicably, "I just don't get it!"

He wasn't saying Lils was useless, but he felt Lils was still impressive without studying, so what's the point of studying?

Josh said, "Then just stop talking!"

Drake calmly said, "One must study, for without learning, talent cannot be broadened, and without aspiration, learning cannot be achieved."

Josh and Zachary: "..."

Well, maybe you should stop talking too!

In fact, Drake fell silent, stood up, and addressed Lilly, "Let's go. I'll help you with your studies and learning characters."

Lilly stood up and followed, saying, "Alright~"

In this way, Drake successfully took Lilly away.

Josh and Zachary, unwilling to be left behind, followed along and expressed their intention to study and learn.

Josh did well, he was an academic genius.

Zachary, on the other hand, had a more miserable time. He found it dull and boring, but in order to set the right example for Lils, he forced himself to learn along.

Lilly learned traditional Chinese characters.

Zachary had never imagined that one day he would study Chinese characters again, and he even became proficient at them.

Lils and I studied together, and surprisingly, I remembered more than half of what I had previously

learned I seemed to have acquired a bit of "erudition" along the way, which would be an added bonus when I eventually returned to gaming and esports...

Soon it was evening, and Lilly ran to Bettany's room, asking if she was going to bath.

Bettany found it strange and nodded, "Yes, why? Does Lilly need Granny's help?"

Lilly shook her head repeatedly. "I'm a big kid now! I don't need it! Lilly wants to help Granny fill the water."

Bettany laughed, "That's right, Lilly is a big kid now!"

She watched Lilly clean the bathtub for her and felt truly relieved. She couldn't help but feel a sense of contentment.

Little did she know that Lilly had filled the bathtub with icy cold "bathwater."

When Bettany, who had been sent away, came back in, she saw steam rising from the bathwater and thought it was hot water.

"On such a hot day, there's no need to use hot water," Bettany said cheerfully.

But as soon as she reached out her hand and touched it, she shivered from the cold.

"Um, Lilly?" Bettany wasn't sure how she managed to fill the tub with ice water!

Although it was a hot day, being an old lady, she preferred warm water.

Did the little one think that ice water would be more comfortable for her in the summer?

Moreover, this ice water appeared out of nowhere; Lilly must have put a lot of effort into making it, right?

If that was the case, Bettany couldn't let the child be disappointed. She clenched her teeth and decided to soak in the ice water.

Little did she know, Lilly grabbed her hand and pressed it into the bathtub, saying, "Granny, this isn't ice water."

"This is a powerful potion Lilly obtained outside. Soaking in it promotes good health, longevity, and rejuvenation... Well, I can't make up any more."

Bettany almost laughed.

How adorable is Lilly?

"And Granny, this water isn't cold, look, isn't it?"

Bettany exclaimed, finally realizing it wasn't cold!

Even though it was icy water, she soon discovered that it wasn't cold at all. Instead, it had a warm and cozy feeling.

It truly was miraculous!

Lilly stood up and said, "Granny, you go ahead and wash first. After you're done, don't pour it away, I'll use it to water the plants!"

Bettany asked, "You got plants?"

Lilly nodded, pretended to run out for a moment, and then returned with a blooming soul flower.

These were her favorites, the family who loved her the most.

Lilly took out the Soul flower without regret.

"Granny, and this flower too, when you have nothing to do, just break a piece and put it in your mouth, it tastes delicious!"

Bettany exclaimed. It was the first time she had seen such a big flower.

And this flower was truly beautiful, emanating a hazy light, with an indescribable dreamlike feeling.

It made all the flowers in the world paled in comparison.

The world where Lilly went was quite different from that of humans...

"Thank you, Lilly!" Bettany hugged Lilly and couldn't help but kiss her.

She didn't know how extraordinary the flower was. She thought it was Lilly who saw it and picked it up along the way.

Bettany felt cherished by someone, and she was deeply moved in her heart.

Lilly waved her hand and left, reminding her before leaving not to let go of the water. The flower wouldn't wither or die, and it could be kept alive for a long time with a bottle of bathtub water...

Bettany had a sudden inspiration and immediately called Hugh, "Old man, go buy me a big vase!"

"I want to put the flowers Lilly gave me in it!"

Bettany held the flowers, delighted.

Lilly's flowers must be well protected...

Hugh stood up, complaining as he put on different clothes, saying, "It's already dark outside. Where am I going to buy a vase for you..."

"You, old lady, always go on and on. It's just a flower."

Bettany threw a clothing piece at him.

Hugh dodged it and ran out.

Anthony was working in the living room. He would be returning to the city in a few days. When he saw Hugh getting ready to leave, he asked, "Dad, where are you going?"

Hugh replied while changing his shoes, "I'm going to buy a vase for your mom."

Anthony stood up, saying, "Let me go! Or I'll call Charlie and ask him to buy it..."

Hugh waved his hand, "No need, I'll go by myself."

Since wifey Bettany wanted to buy the flower vase, he had to go himself. Who else knows what kind of vase wifey Bettany liked?

Having said that, Hugh walked out like that...

[Chapter 813 : Trouble at Home](#)

Anthony closed his computer and entered the room.

Just then, Lisa emerged wearing pajamas, her hair still damp and hanging from her shoulders.

He set the computer aside and picked up a hairdryer, saying, "Come here, let me blow-dry your hair."

Lisa stubbornly replied, "I can do it myself!"

She grabbed the hairdryer.

The contraption seemed somewhat amusing for a young child, but just right for her.

Anthony still wanted to insist, but he saw her snatch the hairdryer and dash off in a puff of smoke.

The hairdryer sound echoed from the bathroom.

Anthony stood at the doorway, leaning against the doorframe as he watched her.

He saw Lisa holding a hairdryer and blowing it wildly against her own face.

Then she turned to her hair, spinning it around like a spinning washing machine drum.

Her hair was instantly blown into a messy tangle, resembling a chicken coop. When it dried, it formed clumps of knots...

Lisa, with her frizzy hair, innocently looked at Anthony.

Blowing her hair was something she enjoyed, but she didn't like combing it.

Anthony, feeling helpless, took the comb and stood behind her, slowly helping her untangle it.

He never knew that Lisa couldn't comb her hair until one day when he saw her battling with a comb.

She ended up pulling chunks of hair out, which was terrifying.

Anthony had combed Lilly's hair before, and under the nagging guidance of Old Mrs. Crawford, he already knew that tangled hair should not be combed from the roots downward.

Instead, the ends should be combed first, then slowly worked your way up.

That way, it wouldn't hurt.

Lisa stood obediently as Anthony moved gently, and she closed her eyes, feeling very comfortable.

As she kept her eyes closed, she gradually grew sleepy and, surprisingly, fell asleep while standing!

What a strange sight!

Anthony sighed, set the comb down, and lifted her horizontally, carrying her towards the bedroom.

Lisa, with tired eyes, glanced at him and spoke softly with a sleepy tone, "I like it ♥"

Anthony replied, "Hmm?"

Lisa nuzzled her face against his chest and said, "I like being held."

So, after Anthony put her down, she refused to let go and held onto him as they both drifted into deep sleep.

It was no longer possible for her to live a normal life as a living person.

But it was also good, just staying by his side.

If one day he wanted to live a normal life and find a normal woman, a living woman...

Then she would peacefully and obediently depart.

He would definitely not make it difficult for him.

Lisa held Anthony in her arms, a satisfied grin on her lips, immersed in a dream.

Anthony remained silent, his gaze lowered as he watched her. After a while, he raised his hand and gently caressed her cheek with the back of his fingers.

"Goodnight."

It was nice like this.

Anthony enjoyed this companionship, feeling deep tranquility. Without realizing it, Lisa had already become a part of his family.

Being together, supporting each other, it was a pleasure like this.

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At this moment, Blake was still soaking in the bathwater.

Lilly said she had something good for him, and with a wave of her hand, the bathtub instantly filled with water, surprising him secretly.

Upon hearing Lilly's frank account of her experience in the ice pond, he realized the extraordinary nature of the ice pond water.

Of course, he couldn't just soak in it like that!

Blake took a spoon and asked Margaret for a bucket, then divided it into a bucket.

When he took out a bucket, he calculated and realized the tub was already too full to accommodate his body volume.

Lilly filled it up too much!

So he took out two more buckets before he immersed himself.

As soon as Blake stepped inside, he could clearly feel the difference!

The hidden injuries from years of fighting, as well as the places where he had been shot before. This was even with good postoperative recovery, there were still hidden injuries.

But as soon as he soaked in the ice pond water, Blake could distinctly feel the speed of his injuries healing!

The sensation was so intense that his whole body burst with power. Fatigue swept away, and the longer he soaked, the more mentally invigorated he became.

Blake was originally sitting, but changed his position and lay in the water. He rested his head against a raised surface, leaving only two nostrils exposed.

He carefully felt that every blood vessel and cell in his body seemed to open up, and every pore regained new life.

During this month, Blake broke the rules underground in the cave. He was already sensitive to the rules of the world, and now he felt he had captured something extraordinary.

He focused his mind and immediately pursued this feeling, repeatedly experiencing it.

A slight sound, as if the voice of flesh was transforming and becoming stronger, made Blake feel a lightness throughout his body.

At first, that vague obstruction seemed to dissipate completely at this moment.

Splash!

Blake suddenly sat up.

In his current state, he felt he could break free from the cave constraints directly.

The thought of trying it out came to his mind.

Blake hurriedly got up and put on his clothes because the water in the ice pond was too precious and extraordinary. He couldn't bear to wipe it clean.

After getting dressed, he immediately stepped out and saw Margaret. He hastily instructed, "Don't clean my room, don't touch anything, especially the buckets of water in the bathroom and the bathwater in

the tub. Don't touch them."

Margaret looked puzzled, "Okay..."

Then she saw Blake leaving.

In the middle of the night, Blake hurried to Apex Mountain.

Upon reaching the cliff, he pulled out a rope and descended directly from the cliff, arriving at the Underworld entrance.

The Underworld entrance was colder at night than during the day. It was supposed to be summer, yet it felt bitterly cold.

Blake was already accustomed to it. He wore only a short-sleeved shirt and long pants, paired with black hiking boots. He kicked away the stone blocking the cave entrance with one foot.

With a loud bang!

The stone was crushed to dust by his kick. The power behind that kick was terrifying.

Blake was amazed in secret. He never expected that merely soaking in the ice pond water would enhance his combat power to such an extent.

He immediately entered the cave.

In the past month, he delved a hundred meters deep.

Blake didn't know how much further he had to go inside to break through the barrier between the Underworld and the mortal realm.

But at this moment, he had boundless confidence.

Blake quickly arrived at the place where he had last marked. In an instant, he felt the familiar 'plastic wrap' that restrained him, preventing him from going any further.

But Blake had a different approach this time. Before, he would forcefully break through and charge ahead.

Now, he could feel the weak spot in this "protective film."

Blake raised his hand and effortlessly tore the "protective film" apart, stepping inside!

Blake was delighted. Although it was still challenging, it was much better than before.

With determination, he tore through more than ten layers of the "protective film" in succession, tearing faster and walking faster!

Soon, he felt a lightness in his body, as if the gravitational pressure of the entire person had passed through the interstellar space, instantly becoming relaxed.

Suddenly, gloom, darkness, stillness, and eeriness rushed over him.

Blake squinted slightly, "Is this the Underworld?"

He didn't rashly go inside, who knows if the cunning King of Cities would suddenly appear?

Blake retreated after reaching this point.

He was pleasantly surprised. He didn't expect that soaking in the bathtub filled with ice water would allow him to break through the entrance to the Underworld. This was something he couldn't enter for a month!

Next time, he could go down with Lilly!

It turned out that "cultivation" really depended on some good things...

After coming up from the cliff bottom, it was almost dawn. Just as Blake stood on the edge of the cliff, his phone rang incessantly.

There was no signal at the bottom of the cliff. However, the signal connected when he came up, and a flood of messages poured in.

Anthony had made eleven missed calls!

Blake's heart tightened. Did something happen at home?!

[Chapter 814 I'm Proud That I'm Weak](#)

Blake stayed at the cliff for a night, and he was breaking the rule for doing so. He immediately retreated once he arrived in the underworld. Hence, only one night had passed in the human world. He did not know what happened over the night; he saw eleven missed calls on his phone, and he hurriedly opened the messages. "Mr. Crawford got into a car accident; please hurry over." He hurriedly got into his car, and he called Anthony as he drove. It was picked up after some time, and he asked, "How is Mr. Crawford?" Anthony replied with an exhausted voice, "He was being rescued the entire night, and he's in ICU now." Blake then said, "I'll arrive in an hour."

Anthony walked toward the ICU entrance and looked at Lilly, who was sleeping in Lisa's arm. Bettany was sitting at the side; her face was pale from not sleeping throughout the night. She might not have

been able to hold it until now if it were not for the cold shower she took last night. "Mom..." Anthony touched her and asked, "Are you alright?" She shook her head. Josh said, "Granny, please head back to sleep! Your body can't handle it!" She just shook her head again. He then said again, "Lilly said that Grandpa would be fine, so it must be true."

She nodded but shook her head. Yes, I know Lilly mentioned it. But I still blame myself for it. I shouldn't have asked Hugh to buy the vase! He's banged up and got a head injury; he'll end up being fine, but I still can't ignore the fact that he's badly injured now! "You all should go home!" Bettany said, "Anthony, bring them back!"

Before Anthony could answer, someone yelled at the side, "Don't move! None of you can leave now!" A man wearing gray in his late thirties snorted, "Are you guys planning to hit and run? What about my father?"

Josh shouted, "Please be clear! You guys ran into my Grandpa! He wasn't even driving, and you guys hit him!" Josh was furious. Hugh originally planned to drive to the market to buy Bettany a vase, but he saw one when he was passing by a flower shop. The florist told him that Bettany would love the design. She could remember clearly because she knew that Hugh and Bettany were a sweet couple. And Hugh parked in a legal parking spot. When he was getting into the car, a motorcycle suddenly hit his car door. He was not prepared for the impact, and he lost consciousness on the spot when the motor banged his head. At the same time, the old man riding the motorcycle flung himself and passed out after landing on the ground. The florist made the police report, and after a police investigation, they said the old man driving the motorcycle was fully responsible.

But the old man's son did not agree with it; he insisted that Hugh was the one hitting his father. He said, "It's impossible for a motorcycle to hit a car! It's so much smaller compared to a car; how could it hit the car? It must be the other way around!" The traffic police showed him the evidence of Hugh not driving at the scene, while the motorcycle was speeding all the way. But the old man's son did not believe it. He blamed it on the road being narrow, and Hugh's car must have blocked his father's way. In short, he blamed it all on Hugh.

The man glared at Josh and said, "It's your grandfather! Not only did he stop at the roadside, but he even opened the door!" He continued to say, "My father must've been panicking seeing your grandfather opening the car door. This kind of thing always happens!" Josh felt like slapping him after hearing his words! "I've told you! My grandfather wasn't coming out of the car; he was getting into it! What you're saying isn't true!" Josh continued to say, "And your father hit the back door of my Grandpa's car! And there are proofs! It has nothing to do with my Grandpa opening the car door!"

The man sneered, "Well, does it matter which door it was? It got hit on the car door, and it's because of your grandfather frightening my father!" He continued to say, "Your grandfather drove a car; my father rode a motorcycle. His car was dented a little bit, but my father's motorcycle was completely spoiled! So, it mustn't be my father's fault." He had done some research before coming here; no matter whose fault it was, as long as it was a crush between a car and a motorcycle, the car's owner would be fully

responsible. He wanted them to pay for every fee, including the miscellaneous ones for his father! He did not care whose fault it was!

[Chapter 815 They Believe That's the Truth](#)

Josh was enraged. What's with this man? He's totally not making sense! Motorcycles are smaller in size, so what?

Drake snorted, "Why do you even bother to talk with him?" This man didn't even ask about his father's condition when he first arrived at the hospital. He just came by and insisted we pay for the damages. The traffic police have already told them that the motorcyclist will be fully responsible for the accident, yet he keeps on nagging. None of the members of the Crawford family wanted to quarrel with this man, except for Josh. And Josh said angrily, "He was totally unreasonable!"

Drake said coldly, "Since you know that he's unreasonable, why do you bother to speak with him?" Josh was upset, and he said nothing in silence. Lilly was turning in Lisa's arms; seeing the earbuds almost drop out, she instantly adjusted them for her.

Blake arrived soon after and asked, "What's happened?" Anthony muttered something to him, and Josh told him about the scoundrel. Blake glared at that man and snorted, "The traffic police have already settled it, and yet you're unwilling to accept it?" The man was terrified by Blake's appearance, yet he replied, "Why must I follow the traffic police's words? We weren't at the scene when it happened, so you guys could have made anything up!" He continued to say, "My father's motorcycle was hit by your side; you all should be responsible for it!"

Blake realized that not only was this man a scoundrel, he was also stupid. He thought that the car's owner would always be at fault in a car accident. Anthony did not want to fight with him, and his father was being rescued too, so he could not chase him away. Hence, they all had to put up with his attitude for the entire night. He looked at Bettany, and then he grabbed that man by the collar. "Alright, you want to debate about it, right? I'll gladly have this talk with you." He was not gentle with him; he just pulled him out of the way.

The most troublesome thing was having a different point of view. And forcing one's view on the others was not right. Blake was not afraid of his bosses, so this man meant nothing to him. "So, do you want to talk some sense into my right fist or my left fist?" He pushed the man against the wall, and he threw a punch at the wall behind him. "If you're illiterate, you should learn! And if you're ignorant of the law, I can send you to jail to learn!" He said coldly, "Stop bothering my mother-in-law, or else I'll send you into the operation room!" He left after saying these to him.

He fell to the ground because he was terrified. And he felt embarrassed and suppressed by the influential people. How can the rich be so detestable? They're the ones at fault, and yet they bullied us! Is there any fairness in this world? The man still thought that he was right; he was so sure that they were at fault since his father's motorcycle crashed. His phone rang at the moment, and someone said worriedly over the phone, "How's dad? Why did you let him ride the motorcycle at this age?" The man was even angrier, and he explained what happened to the caller. The caller snorted, "Why are they

bullying us? They drove a car! Our motorcycle was ruined, so how can this be our fault?" The caller continued to say, "For example, no matter what the murderer's intention, the murderer will always be at fault!" Whatever the caller said, it could not be compared to what happened at the moment. But the man completely agreed with him. "I know, right, but they teamed up with the traffic police to bully us!" The man was furious. "And I didn't sign because I didn't agree with them; the traffic police couldn't do anything to me. So, we have to wait for both of the parties to wake up first." He continued to say, "Once dad wakes up, the truth will be out!"

The caller agreed and said, "Yes! You must stand firm on your ground and insist that they pay for the damages! They have to pay every fee for our father! Don't they dare to run away from it!" And he asked, "Were you there when they were judging whose fault it was?" The man replied, "No, dad was already in the hospital when I received the call." The caller instantly replied, "That's it! You're not present! They're obviously bullying us! They must have changed the result!" He then continued, "Since we didn't know about anything, they're surely trying to fool us!"

The two of them were getting furious the more they talked. They were so sure that they had found out the truth. They believed that the traffic police were making things up! "Hold them back; we have nothing to lose. I'm sure that they can't cover up the truth!" The caller commented, "The riches are awful; they think that they can get away with anything! We can't bow down to them!"

The man hung up the phone; he was getting reassured, so he was no longer afraid. Yes, we're poor. And we have nothing to lose! They're the ones at fault! They must pay for the damages! None of them can run away!

He put on his fiercest facial depression, and he rushed back. He made up his mind to stand firm, even though Blake might really hit him later!

[Chapter 816 How Can You Not Compensate Anything?](#)

The man went back to the ICU entrance; he was scared the moment he met Blake's eyes. He ended up being timid and did not dare say anything to him. It's alright; I'll wait 'til my family is here so that I'm not weak in number!

Josh realized that the man was finally quiet after quarreling with him for the entire night. Uncle Blake can silence him with just a glance; he's so cool!

On the following day, Lilly woke up and looked at the ICU entrance. "Is Grandpa not out yet?" She asked, looking blurred. Bettany answered with a sigh, "Lilly, just go home and sleep. Be a good girl!" She shook her head and replied, "No, I want to wait for Grandpa." She dreamt that everyone went back to rest, and her grandfather was being pushed out at that moment. He was disappointed to see no one waiting for him. She did not want it to materialize, so she had to wait for him. The noisy man had already gone out for breakfast.

At that moment, the ICU door was pushed open. Both of the old men were being pushed out. "Where's Hugh Crawford's family?" The doctor asked. Everyone from the Crawford family hurried over; all of them

were calling out to Hugh. He slowly looked around, and he felt proud; his heart was grounded the moment he saw Lilly.

On the other side, the nurse pushed another old man out; he was the one who hit Hugh's car with his motorcycle. "Is Synjin Reed's family here?" No one was there for him. He was bedridden, and he looked around for his family. He was terrified the moment he woke up, and he hoped that his family would be here for him, but... He felt so desolate. Lilly realized what was happening to the old man. So, it's not Grandpa that was lonely; it's him... No wonder people say that dreams are always the opposite of reality!

The two of them were brought back to the wards afterward. The old man's son took quite some time to get back. When he saw the old man awake, he did not ask him about his conditions. Instead, he asked, "Dad, you finally woke up! Tell me, what happened back then? Did he hit you?" He pointed at Hugh as he spoke. Synjin could not speak. The man urged his father to answer him, and the nurse reprimanded him. "The patient has just woken up from the operation, yet you keep asking irrelevant questions." The man felt that the nurse was siding with the rich after hearing her words. He suppressed his anger and waited for his family to come over.

Finally, everyone arrived around ten in the night, and both of the old men were conscious too. The traffic police asked, "Synjin, did you remember that you just got into a car accident?" He continued to ask, "What happened back then? Why did you run into Hugh's car?" Synjin's children were angered after hearing his questions. "Hey! Don't you know how to do your job? Why did you say that my father hit the other party?"

"That's right; it's obvious that you're covering up for them. How can you do this?" Synjin's children were furious. This is unfair; where's the justice?

The traffic police snorted, "Why are you guys trying to get here? The report is here; and who's the traffic police here?" Synjin's children were still trying to make a scene; they threatened to expose the traffic police to the internet. Suddenly, the old man said, "He's the one hitting me." The traffic police were speechless. "Are you sure? Are you sure you didn't mistake him for anyone else? Hey, please be honest." Before he could finish his words, the old man's children started to blame him for threatening the old man.

The old man looked at Hugh and said, "Yes, it's him! I'm certain." But deep down in his heart, he knew that he lost control and hit him. But he had no choice; his family was poor, and he had to work at this age. He knew that his children would be busy working; none of them would have the time to take care of him. What can I do? I can't be dying alone in the hospital or in my house. He knew that Hugh's family was different. He was observing them, and he could tell that they were rich. He did hit Hugh first, but he was also injured. and his motorcycle was damaged. They should at least pay for the damages, right? How can they not compensate for any loss?

The traffic police frowned and said, "Synjin Reed, please mind your words. You'll be responsible for whatever you said, and the person hit by you has solid proof." Synjin's children were enraged, and some

of them started to throw punches in his face! I'll beat the sh*t out of this unfair police force! He's terrible!

The traffic police were caught by surprise, and he could not beat them back. He was raging.

Lilly was caught by surprise on the other side. This is so special... Eh, why is there a malignant ghost on top of this police force? She thought to herself.

[Chapter 817 The Security Footage Is Fake](#)

Blake, who had just returned from breakfast, saw the incident happen and rushed up to kick the Reed children to the side at once!

"Ouch! Ouch! Help, the police is..."

Blake aimed another kick. "Let's make this clear, it was your grandfather who hit me!"

The Reed children was speechless.

One of the girls pointed at Blake, fuming. "I knew the whole family was like this! You're all completely shameless, all of you! You hit my dad, and now you're attacking us!"

The youngest Reed daughter yelled as well, "I knew the traffic officer had something to do with you! Why would it be your business if we hit him otherwise! Why are you so desperate to protect him, you're definitely related!"

"No wonder! My dad said that you were the culprit, but this guy even spoke up for you!"

Not only did the Reed children not back down after getting beaten up— they only got more vicious and violent.

Blake scoffed. "What does that have to do with me? You're attacking the police here, anyone would help if they saw it."

His expression was cold, clearly unwilling to continue arguing with the Reeds.

The traffic officer wiped away the blood at the corner of his mouth— he had been beaten so hard he was bleeding.

But he could only continue doing his job. "Synjin Reed, there's security footage of you being behind the car accident. I'm going to give you one last chance to tell the truth..."

Synjin said nothing. His children blew up again.

"What about the security footage? That could be fake too!"

"It's obvious that he's related to you! Who do you think you're scaring, trying to threaten us like this?"

"Forget the footage! You can't change the fact that they were driving a big car, and ours was significantly smaller! You've gotten my dad into a state like this, what do you have to say for yourself?"

"My dad's motorcycle is all banged up! Isn't that proof enough? You won't look at the proof, but insist on making up some ridiculous footage! It's so clear this is all a set-up!"

The traffic police did not know what to say.

He had seen too many people like this in his time working this job, completely ignorant and oblivious to traffic laws.

Some of them were caught driving drunk, and would say that they were forced to do so.

Some of them would run red lights, but act highly-righteous and even threaten him instead.

Some of them would hit someone, and immediately bribe the closest person to them to take the blame.

The traffic officer did not know what to say, and could only make a call to the police— only for the Reed children to refuse to back down even in the face of the cops.

Blake asked in a low voice, "Lilly, what ghost are we dealing with here?"

Lilly responded, "The victim ghost!"

Both father and daughter glanced at the traffic officer sympathetically.

The traffic officer was slightly perturbed, but said nothing.

Josh was shaking his head, rubbing his temples. "I thought that a family like this would have a case of the unscrupulous ghost, but it turned out to be..."

What a surprise.

Blake crossed his arms, wanting to see how much more of the victim this family could play.

Sure enough, he was not disappointed. The more the police tried to reason with them, the more they claimed to be wronged.

The policeman ended up arresting them, and they cried out, "Help, this is police brutality..."

The policeman was speechless.

The traffic officer was speechless as well.

They really did not know what to do. People like this were so annoying— they would get on your nerves, but you still had to remain patient and try to talk sense into them.

In the end, the policeman had talked for a long time but to no avail. The Reed children crossed their arms, refusing to cooperate or give in.

"Either way, we don't buy whatever 'law' you're trying to sell us! Do you think you make the rules around here?"

"Don't think you'll be able to scare us like this! We're not scared of you!"

The footage was shown to them, but their expressions remained unconvinced.

In the footage, Synjin was driving his motorcycle at top speed— but his children seemed to be blind to that. All them seemed to be able to see was:

One: Hugh was driving a big car, and their father was on a motorcycle. The car was fine but the motorcycle was in tatters, which had to mean the car was at fault here.

Two: Hugh stopped his car by the side of the road, and there was a 'P' sign nearby with a slashed circle underneath.

"Doesn't that mean parking isn't allowed? He parked where he wasn't supposed to, it's his fault!"

The traffic office explained patiently, "This spot has scheduled parking hours, it's right there on the sign. You're allowed to park between 7pm and 7:30am. The slashed circle means that parking outside of those hours is forbidden..."

Synjin's family seemed to have caught onto a big point, and said at once, "Look, you said it yourself— Parking is forbidden! So he was wrong for parking by the side of the road, wasn't he?"

The traffic officer was speechless. He felt exhausted.

Hugh had parked after 7 in the evening. He hadn't broken any rules at all.

The Crawfords, who were honestly just there for the show, were actually quite impressed.

They were able to hold their ground even at a time like this!

The county hospital had a system where they assigned patients who had not made a booking beforehand to whichever bed was available, especially those who were rushed in for an emergency

operation.

Hugh and Synjin had just finished their surgeries, and the surgical ward just happened to have two empty beds.

Hugh was nothing but angry. Not because he was in pain or felt like the ward was too shabby, but that he could not stand these meddling people.

Anthony entered the room after Blake brought breakfast. "Let's go, we're changing hospitals."

Lilly looked at him. "Where to?"

Anthony looked back, patiently explaining, "There's a private hospital over at Malie City. They have pretty decent facilities, but the medical team isn't quite up to standard. But that's alright, I've called for a private medical team to go over last night."

The doctors and nurses of the team just arrived this morning. This meant that they were only borrowing the hospital for their space and equipment, but using their own medical professionals. That was the only way they would feel safe sending Hugh over there.

Lilly slid up to the old man in the bed next to her grandfather's, quietly sticking a truth amulet on him before asking seriously, "Sir, could I ask you if it really was my grandpa who hit you?"

Her voice was soft and adorable, a calming presence in the chaotic ward.

The Reed children quietened down all of a sudden...

"Ha, are you sending a kid over to play the pity car? Trying to act all sad?"

"I don't care what you ask! My dad said you hit him, so you hit him!"

Just as they thought that their father would continue to insist that it was Hugh who hit him, the old man opened his mouth to say...

[Chapter 818 There's No Pleasing Everyone](#)

The old man opened his mouth, preparing to insist that the Crawfords hit him.

Yet upon speaking, he found himself telling the truth. "It was my fault. I was going too fast on my motorcycle..."

"I'm old, you know... I... I saw the car coming and couldn't react in time, so I hit it..."

The words left his children in shock!

His oldest daughter hopped to her feet, fuming. "Dad, what are you going on about?"

The oldest son was frustrated as well. "Don't be scared of them, they're trying to trap you into giving them an answer they want!"

The second son, who was the guy in the gray T-shirt from the start, said, "Dad, your mind's still foggy, isn't it? They parked the car by the side of the road, how was it your fault?"

The children piped up one after the other, blaming their father for saying the wrong thing.

The old man opened his mouth wanting to say something, but ended up keeping silent.

He could not do anything amidst his children's frustration. He was a patient who had just come out of a surgery, but could only lay there with trembling lips as his children berated him.

Helpless and pitiful.

Lilly stared at the sight before her in a daze. Had she done the right thing?

The truth amulet had, indeed, gotten the old man to tell the truth.

But because he had told the truth, he had ended up getting yelled at by his children— which meant Lilly was to blame for this.

She had thought that she had been doing the right thing, but that didn't seem to be completely the case.

Blake carried her into his arms. "I know what you're thinking about."

Children had kind, vulnerable hearts, making it easy for them to blame themselves when they saw pitiful things.

"But sometimes, what's done is done and you shouldn't look back."

"There's no need to think too much about whether you were right or wrong. Don't overcrowd that little head of yours!"

"There's even less use caring about what others think of you, as long as you know you're being a good person."

Being too kind would make you a doormat, letting others step all over you.

There was no way you could please everyone at the same time.

So, there was no point in thinking about it.

You'd made a choice, so you should stick to it! What could other people do about that?

As long as your conscience was at peace about it!

Blake was the first to leave, with Lilly in his arms.

Anthony's private medical team had also arrived. A group of medical professionals in lab coats and scrubs came in pushing a brand-new stretcher. For some reason, they looked awfully classy.

They changed the patient's bed in a matter of seconds, before pushing him out right after.

The Crawfords were not going to stay here and keep listening to the Reed children, all of them leaving at once.

The Reed children saw this, and rushed up to them at once. They blocked the door, refusing to let the Crawfords leave.

Even if their father had admitted himself that he had hit Hugh.

They still thought that their old man had just finished surgery, and his mind was still foggy!

He didn't know what was going on at all!

Thus, there was no way they were going to let the Crawfords leave.

But of course, a few people were no match for the powerful force the Crawfords were.

In a matter of seconds, all of the Crawfords were gone.

The Reed children then stooped to kicking up as big of a fuss as they could. The police officers came to hold them down, and they shouted that the police force was protecting the rich and being unfair.

It was easy to see when one was blatantly refusing to back down, even when they were clearly in the wrong.

But if people who truly believed they were right kicked up a fuss insisting they were telling the truth and they had been wronged, passers-by would just believe them.

They saw the old man shaking with teary eyes on his bed, wanting to wipe his tears but being unable to move. How sad, how pitiful.

The traffic officers and policemen turned a blind eye to this. They left soon after, telling the Reed children, "We're just acting by the law. You can make a report if you're dissatisfied."

—To people who didn't know the truth, those words sounded like a threat.

The other patients in the ward and their respective family members piped up at this.

"What's this? That's too much, they're abusing their power! How awful."

"Ha, it's not like we haven't seen this behavior before! Of course people in power would cover for each other."

"You got even get someone killed or in jail if you're rich, this is nothing!"

"This just happened to my cousin last month, bla bla bla..."

The crowd was abuzz with chatter.

The Reed children looked towards the elevator, gritting their teeth.

Look how wealthy these bastards are! They've got a private medical team, over ten members!

They were taking up all the country's resources!

It was up to them to determine what was right or wrong, too.

God help us! This was so unfair...

The oldest Reed daughter wiped at her tears, sobbing after every word. "Most rich people aren't nice at all. You can't be nice if you want to get rich. Only honest people stick to working a normal job, remaining poor for our entire lives. Rich, evil families like this... It's a shame my old man is in such a state, with no room to sue..."

The oldest Reed son wore a sour expression. This accident was going to cost so much money, with hospital bills and all the like.

What were they going to do?

Why was this family so evil? Why were even the police not on their side?

Even if they really planned to sue them in court, they had no connections. That family would just walk all over them!

Synjin lay on the bed in unease and discomfort, staring at the ceiling in a daze. His hand with the IV drip in it was shaking violently, and no one even noticed.

He didn't know what to do. He was old, and the simplest of tasks felt so tiring these days.

He wasn't going to be able to work after this. Who was going to take care of him after he was bedridden?

[Chapter 819 Just Hold Back Your Anger](#)

Anthony and the rest couldn't hear anything that was happening in the ward.

Lilly stared at the elevator door, emotions crowding her head.

Why were some people just so stubborn!

She had realized on her journey as a ghost catcher that there were some people who would just stubbornly remain in their own world regardless of anything, hellbent that their own views and opinions were right.

It seemed like close to no one wanted to accept any opinions that were different from their own.

Lilly turned the question on herself. Would she be able to accept a different opinion?

When she thought about it like that... she couldn't.

To the Reed children, they were certain that they were right and they were getting unfairly bullied.

To Lilly, she believed that the Reed children were just trying to hold their ground over a baseless point...

But if you were to turn that around and the Reed children didn't think they were being stubborn, she wouldn't feel like she brought them harm either...

It turned out that she, like everyone else, was a part of society with an individual mindset of her own.

The more she thought about this, Lilly turned to her father at once and shook her head hard.

She wasn't going to think so much anymore! Just like her dad said, she shouldn't overcrowd her little head!

"Grandpa, let me push you!"

They had arrived at the private hospital. Lilly put a hand on the stretcher, helping to push it along.

Despite her not actually helping much, Hugh was happy to see her there anyways.

No one knew that he had really just gone through hell.

That was such a cold place... there was no one around. You felt so scared, lonely and anxious.

This was the place his darling granddaughter had to go to everytime she went on one of her trips 'underground'...

Hugh's chest ached, but he smiled at the sight of Lilly. At least she wasn't in that cold, scary place underground now...

Hugh stayed in the hospital for a week, healing wonderfully under the care of the personal medical team. He was able to sit up, and eat normally by the end of that week.

The doctor of the team suggested another week in the hospital. Hugh was old, and those external injuries would take a little longer to heal.

It was definitely better to get better in the hospital before discharging at once.

Lilly, with the help of her father, found the traffic officer who had handled this case.

His name was Johnny Malloe.

Lilly put away the victim ghost. But she did not leave this time, observing silently from the back.

The Reed children showed up after that, wanting to complain about Johnny's bad attitude.

Despite the fact that the case had footage, a live witness (the florist) and photos taken from the scene, Johnny was still punished after many citizens complained.

The news of the incident spread to the authorities and various press and news channels. The Reed children did not get what they wanted in the end, but Johnny still made a public apology to them just to stop the public from spreading more rumors. He apologized for his lack of experience causing a misunderstanding, and not tending to the crowd's emotions enough...

"Uncle Johnny..." Lilly saw Johnny on duty, and went up to offer him a drink.

Johnny stopped short. "It's you! What are you doing here?"

He glanced at Blake, feeling like this man looked like he would be in Johnny's line of work. Of course, Johnny had never seen Blake on the force before.

Lilly said, "Thank you for handling this fairly, Uncle Johnny. Here's a drink for you. The weather's hot, you should be drinking more water."

She passed the water over obediently. Seeing him falter and hesitate to take the bottle, she stood up on

her tiptoes, looking at him earnestly.

All the fatigue in Johnny disappeared all of a sudden. He took the drink from Lilly hurriedly. "Thank you, little girl. Just doing what I should."

He twisted the bottle open and took a sip, his burning throat cooling down in an instant.

Lilly retreated to the side. "Uncle Johnny, aren't you upset that all those people don't know the truth?"

The victim ghost was on his head, and Lilly could hardly imagine how many times he had let people walk all over him.

To her, Uncle Johnny should be deserving of everyone's respect just like her father!

Johnny smiled. "I've gotten used to it. That's just what working here is like."

Lilly did not know what to say.

"Don't you feel wronged?" Lilly did not understand.

Johnny had been asked this question many times, but having a child ask him— that was a first.

For some reason, all he could do was flash a bitter smile. "A little sad, I guess."

"I saw a dog biting someone once. It wouldn't let go, so I beat the dog to death. The next day, the owner of the dog sent a floral ring to my doorstep."

"Another time, I was on duty by the freeway on New Year's Eve... I was holding up a few lorries, and the drivers came down and surrounded me. They threatened to trash my police car if I fined them."

No one listened to him explain himself, there was no backup on New Year's Eve. All he could do was drive his police car away, letting them go.

He was ashamed and frustrated, but a police car was an officer's pride. It wouldn't be good to have it trashed...

"A lot of drivers who get stopped for breaking the rules aren't nice at all. Most of them are aggressive, some of them even spitting on me sometimes or yelling that I was attacking them."

That had happened way too many times.

But what choice did he have, aside from just letting it be?

"All you can do in these situations is keep your head down and bear through it, because we aren't

allowed to get physical with citizens."

Synjin stroked Lilly's head kindly. "You should go home, kid. Sun's awful today. Thank you for the drink."

Lilly wanted to say something, but ended up remaining silent.

She could only leave quietly, watching him busy himself with work...

Then Lilly went to the Reed family.

Synjin had only been hospitalized for a week before getting discharged without having healed properly, as the medical bills were far too high.

Upon getting home, his children took care of him for a few days. But all of them had jobs to attend to and busy lives, and the old man ended up abandoned at home alone. His second son put food by his bed before going to work, and would only return at night. The old man ate and defecated on the same bed, letting out a horrible smell.

He lay on the bed, not knowing how this had happened to him. He didn't feel like he had done anything wrong, only wondering why he was in such a pitiful state at such an old age...

Hugh was around the same age as he was, but he was rich with children to take care of him, as well as a private medical team.

He didn't even have a single person to care for him.

Hugh's family was so rich and had gotten him into such a state, but wouldn't even compensate him the slightest bit of money...

[Chapter 820 Epiphany and Breakthrough](#)

Lilly personally visited and secretly observed Synjin's situation after his discharge from the hospital.

Using the Pen of Judgment, she delved into his psychological journey and his past life.

When he was young, he lacked ambition and relied on his parents for dowry and marriage. He and his wife had a child, whom they would leave with their parents when the child was around six months old.

As a couple, they worked outside their hometown and only returned once or twice a year. It wasn't until their parents grew old and fell ill, eventually passing away, that they brought all four children back to live with them.

With the sudden burden, his wife became exhausted, and he sought medical help everywhere... but his wife still passed away.

Synjin was left alone to bear the financial and educational expenses of four children, while also taking care of both the older and younger ones. In his youth, he was the typical person who kept quiet outside but complained about everything when he was home.

He blamed his eldest son, questioning why he didn't help him with chores or earn some money during summer vacation, after being raised by him all these years.

He blamed his eldest daughter, saying she wasted several years' worth of tuition fees by studying so much and not getting into university. He asked her if she thought she was deserving of his hard work in supporting her education.

He complained to his second son, expressing how difficult his life was and how he wished someone would share the burden. He felt that their four mouths were always demanding food but never capable of helping him in any way.

He lashed out at his youngest son, questioning how he could be so happy at home while his father was working so hard. Was he not grateful for his father's sacrifices?

The children grew up with a mix of gratitude, guilt, and self-blame. They gradually developed strange thoughts: they believed that happiness was not something they deserved and were afraid to be too joyful, fearing a sense of guilt...

Taking care of their father was their duty, but whenever the responsibility fell upon them, they would subconsciously avoid it...

One could say that the old man's miserable old age was the result of his actions.

"So, that's how it is. The pitiful have their faults."

Seeing the current misery of the old man, anyone would feel sympathy and heartache upon witnessing it.

But was he truly innocent?

Lilly put away the Pen of Judgment, having gained a clear understanding of the situation. She once again thought about the question she had pondered before: perspectives are relative.

For others, Synjin was pitiful, but in her eyes, it was just karma catching up with him.

For the Reed family, she and Anthony were detestable, and they believed the world was unfair. However, in her eyes, they deserved the consequences of their actions...

In an instant, enlightenment washed over Lilly. She suddenly saw through it all.

Pablo had said, "The world is full of various experiences."

So, isn't that just the way the world is?

And thinking about what Blake had said, there is no absolute right or wrong; as long as one does what they are supposed to do, it's enough!

At that moment, light radiated from Lilly, and the Pen of Judgment floated in front of her automatically!

Previously, she couldn't handle the Pen of Judgment properly, and anyone as formidable as the King of Cities could have easily killed her and taken the pen away from her.

But now, things were different.

Lilly felt that she and the Pen of Judgment were completely in sync, and she would no longer fumble with the pen.

For example, before, when she wanted to pluck a soul flower, if she stood outside Hidden Valley and tried to control the Pen of Judgment to pluck it, the strong wind from the valley could have swept the pen away, making it impossible to retrieve.

But now, if she used the Pen of Judgment to pluck a soul flower, it wouldn't be carried away by the wind.

Previously, when she encountered the King of Cities, even if he killed her and took the pen, he could refine it until the pen became his own, even if it cost her life.

But now—even if the King of Cities killed her and took the pen, no matter how much he refined it, he couldn't make the Pen of Judgment his.

That's the difference!

"I understand! I truly understand!" Lilly danced with joy, and with a wave of her hand, the Pen of Judgment rested in her palm!

Blake, who was driving, looked puzzled.

What happened to his Lilly again...

Lilly said, "Dad, I've become a little more powerful!"

Blake realized, "Is it because you can use the Pen of Judgment now?"

Lilly nodded, "Yes, yes!"

Blake praised her without reservation, "Daddy's little prodigy is amazing!"

Little did Blake and Lilly know just how much more powerful she had become!

Lilly was overjoyed, and when she returned home, she happily summoned the victim ghost to play... oh no, to judge.

In the jar of souls, the harem spirit and ghost bride stood not far from the Sacred Tree.

The ghost bride shyly peeked out, "Oh my, I wonder if Master Belmont has awakened today? Let me go check..."

The harem spirit interrupted, "That's enough! What kind of thoughts are you having every day?... Let me handle it!"

The two spirits bickered, arguing non-stop, but they knew there was a limit. Even though they had been inside for so many days, they hadn't taken the opportunity to peek when no one was around.

They understood that doing so would be too disgraceful.

At that moment, the victim ghost swooshed out as Lilly summoned it.

The weakling spirit perked up, "The ghost story is starting!"

Swoosh... he also went out and took a seat on the front-row sofa!

The harem spirit said, "Hey, wait for me!"

After speaking, she swooshed out as well.

The other ghosts were a bit slow to react, but they followed suit one after another.

Rich spirit yawned and stared at the unscrupulous spirit and greedy ghost, "You two better behave and stay put."

The unscrupulous spirit protested, "They all went out to have fun, why can't we!"

The greedy ghost chimed in, "Exactly! We three came later, so where should we sit!"

Rich spirit lifted his eyelids and turned over, "Where should we sit? We sit wherever the benefits are."

What a fool!

In life, he worked tirelessly to earn money but died under a pile of it while trying to distribute it to his employees.

As a malignant spirit, he had only recently started wandering before being captured by that practitioner, possessed, and forced to earn money for others.

During the afterlife, he worked hard and dedicated himself.

But now, he only needed to lie here, keeping an eye on these two fellows. If he behaved well, he could get a regular position.

Only a fool would want to leave!

So, despite the protests of the unscrupulous spirit and greedy ghost, the rich spirit remained carefree and refused to let them go out.

If they wanted to mess around with the evil energy vein in the jar of souls or the soul flower, the rich spirit would be the first to punch them.

The unscrupulous spirit and greedy ghost cried foul, but it was no use. Although they were all malignant spirits, the rich spirit was more formidable than them. If they truly fought, the rich spirit wouldn't even need to lift a finger; with a loud howl, the harem spirit and others would come back, and the two troublemakers would suffer for their actions.

They had no choice but to accept their fate and continue their work...