

## **Eight Uncles 821**

### [Chapter 821 Victim Ghost](#)

The Weakling Spirit managed to snatch the front-row sofa!

He sat cross-legged in front of Lilly, resting his elbow on his knee and his chin on the back of his hand. His gentle eyes fixed on Lilly.

The Harem Spirit also claimed a spot in the front row, excitedly exclaiming, "Finally, we have ghost stories to listen to!"

This was their favorite routine.

Although they could interrogate the freshly captured spirits in the jar of souls and listen to ghost stories on their own, they preferred waiting for Lilly to bring a small chair and listen together.

The Victim Ghost had never seen such a scene, and a question mark slowly appeared on their forehead.

Blake had just gone to the kitchen to get a glass of water. When he returned to the living room, he found that there was no space left on the sofa.

He had to pull over a chair and sit down, casually crossing his legs and resting one hand on the chair's back, looking relaxed and lazy.

The Ghost Bride whispered, "Ah... I suddenly don't feel like sitting on the sofa anymore."

Blake pretended not to hear.

Lilly rested her chin on her hands and tilted her head, saying, "So, Victim Ghost, tell me, what's your name, where are you from, and how did you die? Be honest with me."

The Victim Ghost had initially intended to stay silent and not speak.

But as they looked at Lilly, they couldn't help but feel that this child had an unquestionable aura about her.

With a bewildered expression, they said, "My name is Sabrina Figueroa... I was 29 years old this year... from Malie City, living on Carrut Road..."

Lilly exclaimed, "From Malie City!"

Blake glanced at the Female Spirit, raising an eyebrow.

The Victim Ghost nodded, seemingly accustomed to enduring hardships, even in their past life.

Lilly continued to inquire, "Since you were in Malie City, why didn't you go home? Didn't your family set up a grave for you?"

After setting up a grave and a memorial tablet, one would typically move on to the next life!

The Victim Ghost shook their head, saying, "My parents are no longer alive."

It turned out that the Victim Ghost was a doctor at Malie City's Blossom Hospital.

"People always say that being a doctor is a stable and respected profession, with a high status..."

"But in reality, from the moment we start studying medicine, we embark on an 'irreversible path'."

Studying medicine usually takes five years for a bachelor's degree, and if one takes the entrance examination for postgraduate studies, it takes another three years.

After graduation, one enters the hospital, typically spending a year on rotation, followed by systematic and standardized training as a resident physician, which lasts for three years. This phase is known as the internship.

Only those who complete the training and pass the progress assessment and final examination receive the nationally recognized certificate for standardized residency training, becoming a resident physician.

Becoming a full-fledged doctor takes at least nine years without postgraduate studies or twelve years with postgraduate studies.

"In terms of time alone, we endure the same hardships as our peers in other industries," the Victim Ghost chuckled bitterly. "Others graduate from the university after four years, immediately start working, and after four years of work, they have their own homes and cars. Most of them have settled down."

"But in our line of work, after four years of graduation, we finally enter the profession, only to realize that we've barely advanced at all!"

Being a resident physician is no easy task. There are shifts and medical records to write, and when there are many patients, one stays busy all day, with no rest after work.

No, there are medical records to write.

Writing one can take an entire night, staying up until the early hours of the morning, repeating this cycle day after day.

"Perhaps the most frequently asked question when it comes to hospitalization is whether or not there is

insurance..." the Victim Ghost said, especially referring to public health insurance.

"Many people think that medical insurance covers all hospital expenses, but it's not that simple. There are limits to the coverage."

"For example, if the hospital's total reimbursement limit for the year is ten million, it means that no matter how many patients apply for reimbursement, they will only receive a total of ten million."

"If it exceeds that amount, the department's doctors have to cover the excess."

That's why some hospitals and doctors are reluctant to prescribe medications that can be reimbursed. Why does the cost of medical treatment keep rising?

"One year, we exceeded our reimbursement limit. The department's remaining balance was only five hundred thousand, but the total reimbursement for all the patients amounted to five hundred and fifty thousand."

"Since I had prescribed medications covered by medical insurance for a patient in a difficult condition... I ended up contributing the most towards the excess."

With a monthly salary of two thousand, after exceeding the medical insurance limit, I had to cover 1,800 out of my pocket, plus various deductions and additions. That month, my salary was reduced to 180...

"It's hard to believe when you say it out loud. A doctor, with such a high status, earning only one hundred and eighty."

The Victim Ghost shook their head. Such grievances were normal, as long as one remained in this environment, they had no choice but to endure and learn how to balance reimbursements.

They would avoid prescribing medications that could be reimbursed and try to save them for patients who truly couldn't afford them... and so on, various cunning strategies in less regulated small hospitals.

Lilly was too young, wearing a bewildered expression. "Ah...? Why is that?"

Blake calmly interjected, "Don't dwell on that. Let's move on to the next question! How did you die?"

Lilly exclaimed, "Oh, right, right! Next question, how did you die?"

The Victim Ghost snapped back to attention, ceasing their full-on complaints of negativity.

"One day, a man brought his wife to the hospital..."

[Chapter 822 Karmic Reincarnation](#)

"His wife had always had poor health, and she was diagnosed with uremia due to excessive fatigue."

When asked about her usual lifestyle habits, it seemed to involve habits like "sitting for the entire day when busy" and "habitually holding urine when feeling the urge to go."

Lilly was taken aback. "You can get uremia from not urinating?"

The victim ghost paused and said, "In medical terms, nothing is absolute. But habitual urine retention, not urinating when feeling the urge, can lead to urinary tract infections, pyelonephritis, and other conditions. If chronic pyelonephritis is left untreated for a long time, it can progress to uremia."

Retaining urine doesn't always lead to uremia, but all diseases accumulate gradually, and the reasons are too complex.

"Not only you don't understand. Many patients don't understand either."

"When the woman was brought in, she was only experiencing nausea, vomiting, and diarrhea. But the test results showed uremia."

"After hearing this, her husband immediately slapped me!" victim ghost exclaimed.

Lilly exclaimed, "Ah?"

What does this have to do with the doctor?

The victim ghost sighed, "He said, 'My wife was perfectly fine when she was brought in. How did you suddenly diagnose her with uremia?'"

He acted as if the doctors intentionally diagnosed her with uremia.

Indeed, the man thought that way, convinced that the doctors deliberately diagnosed his wife with uremia and then prescribed a bunch of tests for them to do, followed by hospitalization for treatment, all to make money off them!

Lilly and the other ghosts exchanged puzzled glances.

"It's strange... His stubborn and annoying personality sounds a bit familiar..." Lilly remarked.

The victim ghost sneered, "Of course, it sounds familiar. That man is Synjin."

Never did she expect to encounter Synjin again in the hospital after more than a decade.

Lilly exclaimed, "How is this even possible? What do you call this?"

The weakling spirit said, "This is the karmic reincarnation."

Lilly nodded, "Ah, I see. What happened next?"

The victim ghost continued, "Synjin didn't believe our diagnosis. He kept saying, 'My wife was perfectly fine when she arrived. How did she suddenly have uremia?'"

"As doctors, the most annoying thing we hear is when someone says, 'The person was perfectly fine when they arrived... damn it! How can a perfectly healthy person end up in the hospital?'"

The victim ghost felt frustrated while talking about it. However, there was nothing she could do. Explaining the progression of the disease and communicating with patients and their families were all part of their job.

"I patiently explained the reasons to him. His wife had always had poor health, and her lifestyle habits were not good. Uremia is the terminal stage of disease progression in patients with chronic pyelonephritis, so immediate dialysis and treatment are necessary..."

"Synjin simply didn't believe my explanation. He kept saying, 'I've never heard of someone getting uremia from sitting for too long and holding urine! You must be trying to deceive us!'"

The victim ghost was furious, but there was nothing she could do. She had explained everything, but whether or not to seek treatment was ultimately their decision!

"Synjin didn't believe us. He firmly believed that the hospital was trying to swindle their money. So he took his wife back home and before leaving, he said, 'Isn't it just nausea, vomiting, and diarrhea? You make it sound like she's on the verge of death!'"

Not only did Synjin slap her, but he also continued to insult her and even filed a complaint against her.

As a result, her bonus was deducted.

"I barely received any salary that month. What frustrated me the most was that it was the first time in my career that I was slapped by a patient..."

Perhaps it was the first slap of her professional career. The victim ghost still felt aggrieved while recalling it, with tears of humiliation in her eyes.

"Two months later, Synjin's wife deteriorated."

"Her whole body swelled up, and her skin turned black. She couldn't even get out of bed."

During these two months, after Synjin slapped her, the other patients also looked at her with strange eyes.

[It's her! She was slapped by someone, and I heard she prescribes medication recklessly...]

[She's so young, and she doesn't seem reliable. Probably didn't make a proper diagnosis; there must have been a reason why someone slapped her.]

Such comments were not uncommon!

Tears welled up in the victim ghost's eyes. "In the last two months of my life, I experienced the most malicious treatment."

Due to rumors of her poor medical skills and reckless prescribing, her patients began to question her. They would always suspect whether the medications she prescribed were correct or if she was prescribing them recklessly.

At the slightest discomfort, they would immediately attribute it to her.

She was even publicly scolded, slapped, and had objects thrown at her.

"I realized for the first time what the experienced doctors meant when they said, 'May the heavens strike you down if you advise someone to study medicine.' But let's not dwell on that."

The victim ghost seemed like a long-suppressed and aggrieved child, unable to help but complain. After venting her grievances, she returned to the main topic.

"For the two months after leaving the hospital, Synjin took his wife to clinics to buy diarrhea medicine. When diarrhea didn't improve, they would visit those unlicensed small clinics for injections. If the injections didn't work, they would seek folk remedies or take traditional medicine."

Patients with renal failure already need to be careful about taking medication.

Taking medication indiscriminately or in excessive amounts can cause kidney problems, let alone Synjin's wife who already had uremia.

"It was too late. She couldn't be saved, and she eventually died," the victim ghost sighed, still filled with regret.

After his wife's death, Synjin erupted.

He believed that the hospital had killed his wife.

"What infuriated me, even more, was that he doubted my medical skills. He said I was too young and inexperienced, that I was the one who killed his wife."

"He said, 'Experienced doctors are supposed to be old, bald, and have white beards. Look at how young you are. You definitely can't treat patients.'"

"He insisted that I was prescribing the wrong medications and that I had ruined her."

The hospital had to present the medical records from her hospitalization to prove that everything had been done according to protocol.

Synjin responded, "Then she must not be good at treating patients. You need to refer to the answers and follow the process. Can't you adapt to different situations?"

In short, the situation escalated too much, and it didn't reflect well on the hospital. To downplay the issue, the hospital eventually compensated Synjin with \$200,000—under the pretext of humanitarianism.

Naturally, her bonus was deducted again that month.

Lilly felt extremely speechless.

### [Chapter 823 The Bold One Who Dares to Compete with the Ruler of Hell](#)

Victim Ghost continued, "The hospital compensated the money, hoping to settle the matter and prevent Synjin from causing further trouble. He was truly relentless..."

She recounted how Synjin had moved his wife's lifeless body and placed it at the hospital's entrance, his voice filled with emotion and tears. He believed wholeheartedly that it was the incompetence of the doctors that had led to her death, and his genuine display of emotions had a profound impact.

"According to reason, there shouldn't have been any compensation. By compensating, it indirectly acknowledges that the hospital was at fault."

The hospital itself didn't have much to worry about, but on a personal level, the pressure was immense.

"People who don't know the whole story truly believe it was a medical malpractice, my fault."

Victim Ghost let out a bitter smile, reminiscing about the darkest two months of her life.

It was a darkness that made her constantly question herself, wondering if she had made a mistake and if her career in medicine held any meaning.

Unlucky Ghost sighed, "So, did you commit suicide then?"

To her surprise, Victim Ghost shook her head and chuckled, "No, haha... it's quite a story."

"The stress got to me, and I couldn't adjust my mindset properly. I would stay awake all night, and

during the day, I had to work at a high intensity."

"Logically, I should have been able to fall asleep easily due to exhaustion, but the more tired I became, the more I struggled to sleep."

The intensity was nearly unbearable, something few people could endure. It eventually led to her sudden death while at her workstation.

"And that's how it happened," Victim Ghost shrugged.

She seemed to lighten up a bit as she spoke, but Lilly felt a heavy weight in her heart.

"Was it because you couldn't accept your death afterward, or because you couldn't understand it? Did these lingering thoughts turn you into a malignant spirit?"

Victim Ghost shook her head, "No, not really. It's funny, but at the time, I had a critically ill patient in my care."

In the days leading up to her death, she didn't think much about herself. She focused on how to treat the patient, how to fight the infection, and which medications to use.

Even after her death, she couldn't snap out of it and kept thinking about how to fight the infection, how to administer the medications...

By the time she came to her senses, she had been dead for several days, well past her departure time...

"I died while still at my workstation, right in front of the computer. There were a few medical records left unfinished."

"After completing the records, new patients were admitted on the computer. I continued to look at them, continuing to think about their treatment."

It became a habit, and she became a bit numb. The longer she stayed, the less she wanted to leave. And so, she remained there for over a decade.

"Perhaps it was an obsession, but I don't even know what that obsession was."

Looking back, all she felt was emptiness in her mind.

She had planned to return home, but after over a decade had passed, her parents were no longer there, and she didn't know where to go.

She wandered the streets and happened to witness Johnny issuing a parking ticket to a luxury car parked illegally.

The car's owner was wealthy and, without any hesitation, he spat at Johnny and tossed a few banknotes at him.

["Damn traffic cop, all you want is money? Here you go!"]

Without caring about any consequences, he revved his engine and drove off, knocking Johnny several meters away.

"He also had a tough time. In a situation like this, the responsibility should have fallen on that person, and he should have been detained."

"But in this small place, connections matter even more, and that driver had connections."

Instead of being punished, he made Johnny write a self-critique.

"That's when I attached myself to him," Victim Ghost sighed. "I didn't want to harm anyone; I just felt a sense of empathy."

Lilly didn't say much but suddenly asked, "Victim Ghost, do you regret becoming a doctor?"

Victim Ghost paused, remaining silent for a long time...

The Harem Spirit thought to herself that she must regret it. After finally becoming a legitimate doctor, she faced various injustices. She dedicated herself to the patients but didn't receive any good outcomes. If it were her, she would regret it.

However, to her surprise, Victim Ghost shook her head and said, "No regrets."

Even though the salary was abysmal and patients often didn't understand her.

Even with the hospital's bureaucracy and having to comply with certain rules and regulations, compromising was sometimes necessary.

But Victim Ghost had no regrets.

"The first time I saved a patient was during my rotation in the emergency department," she said.

"It was a patient who had fallen into the water and went into shock. When they brought him in, he had no signs of breathing or a heartbeat. Even the attending physician thought there was no hope."

"I had just graduated at the time, full of youthful arrogance. Maybe I had watched too much TV... I believed in miracles."

She seemed a bit adolescent, stubbornly performing CPR on him. She persisted for over ten minutes, going from believing in miracles to gradually feeling despair. But then, miraculously, the patient came back to life.

"You can't understand that feeling," Victim Ghost's eyes shimmered with tears. "The feeling of saving someone's life!"

It was hope arising suddenly from despair, like the sun rising after the darkest hour of dawn.

It was enough to warm and touch a person's heart.

Since that moment, she had been firm in her conviction: to save more people, help the dying, and heal the injured!

"The patient's family knelt before me, crying and thanking me," Victim Ghost spoke, her eyes still teary. "I can't put it into words..."

She couldn't describe the profound impact and emotion she felt at that moment.

She had saved a life!

Throughout her brief years as a doctor, she cured countless patients and resuscitated several critically ill ones.

"One time, an intern asked our department head, 'What makes a doctor?'"

"Our head said, 'A doctor is someone who dares to challenge the Ruler of Hell for a person.'"

"While the Ruler of Hell claims a life at midnight, we dare to keep them until dawn or even snatch them back."

Victim Ghost burst into laughter, wiping away the tears in her eyes.

"So, when you ask me if I have any regrets, even though the last two months were the darkest period of my life, I still have no regrets."

"Even if I continue for another ten or twenty years, experiencing even more disheartening situations, I won't regret it."

And she believed that most of her colleagues wouldn't regret it either. Despite complaints, anger, and tears, they wouldn't regret it.

The sense of accomplishment from saving a life was enough to heal all the past darkness that lingered in their hearts.

These missions and beliefs were what led them to choose this profession and stay committed to it, forever unyielding.

At that moment, Victim Ghost seemed to emit a radiant light.

Lilly was a bit dazed.

Challenging the Ruler of Hell to save a person...

She raised her hand and gently tapped Victim Ghost on the forehead, wearing a wide smile. "Then you've won!"

"You're amazing!"

Victim Ghost froze...

#### [Chapter 824 Never Forget the Initial Aspiration](#)

Victim Ghost froze, unaware that Lilly was the Ruler of Hell and unable to grasp the meaning behind her words.

At that moment, her unwavering determination vanished completely...

It turned out that her determination was this.

Victim Ghost smiled.

"Thank you..." She looked around. "Thank you all."

Initially, she had some resistance to the onlookers listening to her story.

But unexpectedly, after speaking out, she felt a sense of release.

Lilly suddenly asked, "Ah, one last question! Will you hold grudges against those people? The ones who spoke ill of you and got angry with you?"

Victim Ghost shook her head. "No, patients themselves suffer from illness, which can be understood. Most of the time, the families of patients don't understand medical matters, and that can be understood too."

For those who couldn't understand, she simply moved on. She had many things to do, many patients to treat, and no energy to hold grudges.

She didn't ask the public to treat healthcare professionals as angels or gods. She would be truly satisfied

if they could just see them as normal human beings.

Lilly nodded. "You're kind, Victim Ghost."

If it were her, she might not be able to do the same.

Harem Spirit stood up, patting her bottom. "Alright, alright, we've finished listening to the ghost story. It's time to go back to work!"

Weakling Spirit said, "Yeah, I'll go check if Master Belmont has woken up."

Ghost Bride took Victim Ghost's hand. "Let's go, I'll help you choose a headstone."

Victim Ghost looked puzzled.

Lilly followed them inside for a quick look, seeing that Pablo was still unconscious and there were no other abnormalities, then she came out.

In the afternoon, Blake took Lilly to the hospital to visit Hugh before returning.

In the evening, after Lilly had taken a bath and brushed her teeth, she got into bed early, holding her little bunny.

Blake gently touched her small face and asked, "What are you thinking?"

Lilly said, "I'm thinking about why Victim Ghost doesn't have any regrets."

Blake looked at her and spoke in a warm, deep voice, "In her hospital, even though there may be injustice, there are people, even her department head, who have gray income and various unspoken industry rules."

"However, a person's initial intentions never change. When they first chose to enter this profession, they also made an oath to their masters, holding the desire to save lives and heal the wounded in their hearts."

"In this world, there are worms everywhere, and unreasonable people everywhere."

"But you have to believe that light will always overcome darkness. Just like the places where the sun shines, it can surpass all darkness."

It is unfair to dismiss the dedication of the majority of doctors silently contributing because of a small number of incompetent ones.

It is also unfair to deny the contributions made by the majority of public servants to society because of a

small number of selfish and greedy individuals.

To condemn the majority of people who silently sacrifice because of a despicable few is inherently unfair.

In Blake's heartfelt words, Lilly gradually fell asleep.

A smile of relief lingered on her lips as she dreamt of a large sun hanging inside the jar of souls.

Scaring Harem Spirit and the others, they scattered in all directions.

"Hehehe..."

Lilly laughed in her sleep.

Blake, who was still watching over her quietly, couldn't help but join in the laughter and gently tapped her little nose.

"Goodnight, my good baby."

Blake lightly kissed her forehead and quietly left the room.

Late at night, Blake sat at his desk, contemplating for a long time before sending out a document.

The sun rose, and life seemed to go on as usual. Johnny changed into his uniform, silently encouraging himself.

Before going on duty, the boss came over with a document and called everyone over. "Gather around for a morning meeting."

"This document is about caring for frontline public servants..." he mentioned, "It mentions that we should care for and, um, that, care for our frontline comrades."

"So, let's discuss a few points in this document. Um, first..."

Johnny listened to the leader's bureaucratic speech, feeling somewhat helpless inside.

Why bother attending such a meeting? He'd rather go to the front line for patrol.

Just then, his name was mentioned in the document: "Um, Johnny!"

Johnny was startled, subconsciously thinking he was about to be criticized again.

But then he heard the leader say, "Johnny has always been steadfast on the front line, um, often

sacrificing sleep, forgetting oneself, sacrificing personal matters for the greater good!"

Johnny listened earnestly and humbly on the surface, but inside, he remained unaffected.

Sacrificing personal matters for the greater good...

Who doesn't want to take care of their affairs?

The front-line work was indeed demanding, but he could handle it. He didn't need to emphasize any "sacrifices" or "trade-offs" for his job responsibilities; they were simply what he should do.

It's just that Johnny had experienced too much. When there were incidents that touched people's hearts, the media would praise them as heroes, gods, and guardians...

But Johnny didn't like this kind of praise.

How should he put it... Johnny felt that using healthcare workers as an example was very relevant to what he wanted to express.

Johnny also disliked seeing the media hyping up healthcare workers as the most beautiful angels during major events, filming them exhausted and lying on the ground to rest, and then showering them with endless praise.

What was the result of this?

Once, he took a car accident victim to the hospital at night, and coincidentally, the doctor was on a break. The man said, "The doctor is sleeping at a time like this?!"

There were many instances where, due to his job, he often had to take people to the hospital. He encountered doctors eating lunch, and they would say, "Wait a moment, let me take a few bites..." Some people with bad temperaments would say, "The patient is right in front of you, and the doctor is eating?!" There were even occasions when the doctor went to the bathroom, and some people were dissatisfied, saying, "Can't you hold it for a moment? Aren't you doctors angels, the ones who save lives and heal the wounded?"

#### [Chapter 825 They Just Wanted to Be Treated Normally](#)

Similarly, within their profession, they have faced exceedingly high expectations. They were criticized by the public for being superior and not catering to the masses needs. There were complaints about not allowing the groups to take pictures of police vehicles, and they were accused of being unsympathetic.

It's just a picture, why are you making a big fuss?

During an explosion or a fire, they were unable to enter due to safety concerns. However, the crowd implored them to rush into the fire without proper protective measures, arguing that failure to do so

would label them as heartless and that they did not deserve to wear their uniforms...

Even when some of their colleagues took breaks and smoked, when photographed, they faced severe criticism.

It was as if they are expected not to smoke, not to take breaks, and not to prioritize their families...

The public's "standard" for them has been elevated due to excessive praise.

They were just ordinary people!

Rather than asking others to treat them as heroes, they wanted to be treated as regular people...

Johnny's mind was filled with various thoughts.

When he snapped back to reality, the leader on the stage was still speaking, "So... Johnny sacrificed himself to safeguard the front lines and safety for our masses! He's an exemplary and exceptional person..."

Johnny was taken aback.

He was not young anymore, he was in his thirties, and his wife and children often complained about his work keeping him busy, leaving little time for home.

Friends and relatives even questioned the significance of his seemingly thankless job.

However, at that moment, he suddenly felt a renewed sense of purpose.

"Protecting front line and safety of the masses"...

It was just an official statement, yet Johnny's eyes welled up with tears.

And he was not the only one—many of his comrades and colleagues in similar frontline positions unexpectedly received the recognition that morning.

They initially suspected that it might be a superficial gesture concocted by higher-ups to create a positive image or something similar.

However, as Johnny read through the document titled "Caring for Comrades in Frontline Posts," he discovered numerous practical measures listed within it. The document even included the well-being of frontline personnel as one of the criteria for evaluating supervisors.

In other words, it was not just an empty show, but a tangible initiative that could be implemented.

"Who's behind all this..." Johnny muttered to himself.

The person who created and issued this document must be a capable leader who truly understands the needs of frontline personnel!

Once again, Johnny's heart swelled with emotion. It was like walking for a long time and suddenly glimpsing the dawn on the horizon.

It was the same dawn they envisioned when they made a heartfelt commitment to this line of work!

With renewed faith, Johnny adjusted his hat, stepped out confidently, and hurried to his assigned post.

Meanwhile, on the other side, the leader whom Johnny admired, Blake, was wearing an apron and clumsily attempting to cook poached eggs for Lilly.

Having never cooked such a delicate egg before, he struggled to determine whether they were overcooked or misshapen.

"Another failure," Blake sighed in dismay as he gazed at a bowl of sparse and unappetizing poached eggs.

He took a few spoonfuls of the messy mixture and forced himself to eat it, determined to try again.

Hugh was hospitalized, and Bettany had to keep him company. Margaret usually took care of the cooking and frequently sent meals over.

But this morning, Blake had a sudden urge to cook poached eggs for Lilly.

Blake thought it would be an easy dish to cook...

At that moment, Lilly woke up, held a little rabbit, yawned, and asked in a daze, "What are you doing, Daddy?"

Blake turned around and said, "Oh, you're awake? Take a seat, Daddy's making poached eggs for you."

Apart from poached eggs, he also needed to prepare some meat.

Blake was not skilled in cooking delicate dishes like meat loaves or salt-baked chicken...

He could handle roasted chicken, boiled chicken, and even chicken alfredo.

"Forget it, I'll just do whatever I can."

Blake rubbed salt on the whole chicken, wrapped it in tin foil, and placed it in the oven.

After waiting for a while, Blake served a bowl of poached eggs first and said, "Start with the poached eggs, the roasted chicken will be ready soon."

Lilly's eyes widened as she asked skeptically, "Are these poached eggs?"

Blake replied, "Well... they're a bit different from your Grandma's."

He did his best.

Lilly picked up the soup ladle and tasted it, nodding repeatedly, "It's delicious! Daddy, won't you have a bite?"

Blake felt secretly proud, waved his hand, and said, "No, Daddy's not eating."

He had already eaten his fill while testing how to make poached eggs.

Although they did not look perfect, they still tasted alright.

After waiting for a long time, the oven beeped, and the roasted chicken was ready.

To his surprise, it smelled incredibly fragrant.

Upon seeing Lilly enjoy her meal, Blake felt an indescribable sense of fulfillment. He understood why the old lady was so delighted to cook for Lilly.

After they finished eating and drinking, Lilly made a phone call to ask about her grandfather's condition and then began practicing combat techniques at home.

"You want to engage in real combat?" Blake was surprised. "With whom?"

Don't I have a sandbag?

Neither the malignant spirits in the jar of souls nor Beelzebub was worthy opponents for her.

Lilly shook the Palace of the Ring of Hell and said, "I'll practice with King Libra"

In the past, after exhausting all her strength and nearly losing her life, she managed to capture King Libra.

She had always been hesitant to spar with King Libra freely because she knew she was not ready yet.

Now Lilly believed she could give it a try.

Blake nodded and said, "Alright, you should expand the Palace of the Ruler of Hell, but remember to stay within the boundaries of it..."

Since she controlled the Palace of the Ruler of Hell, she could always control it within its boundaries.

Lilly understood and raised her hand, enlarging the Palace of the Ruler of Hell.

Inside the expansive space of the hall, King Libra fixed his gaze on the five hidden valleys in front of him!

The Palace of the Ruler of Hell could be made large enough to accommodate five hidden valleys.

Initially, King Libra saw the five hidden valleys but could not be bothered to make a move.

He did not want to work for Lilly for anything!

However, after waiting for a long time, King Libra started to waver day by day, fearing that Lilly was deceiving him intentionally. So, after obtaining the soul flower, he suddenly snatched it away.

But Lilly had paid no attention to the soul-flower for such a long time that it seemed she had forgotten about it!

Thus, King Libra stood up, exerted great effort to walk into the hidden valley, and emerged with the soul flower in his hand.

"Ha...haha!"

No one's stopping me?

The soul flower was all his!

King Libra was overjoyed and was about to stuff the soul flower into his mouth...

### [Chapter 826 Training With King Libra](#)

King Libra clenched the soul flower tightly in his hand!

However, as he brought it to his mouth, he suddenly noticed Lilly standing in front of him:

"Hey, what are you eating? Let me see."

King Libra instinctively shoved it into his mouth, but it slipped away at the last moment.

With the soul flower still in her hand, Lilly muttered, "It's alright, your saliva didn't touch it."

She worked so hard to retrieve it, so she was not about to give it to someone else. She would not give it

up no matter what.

King Libra was speechless.

Frustrated, he fell to the ground and exclaimed, "Are you just toying with me!?"

Lilly looked puzzled and replied, "Huh? No! If you're not fun to play with, why would I wanna play with you?"

King Libra was silent.

Meanwhile, Blake, who was "watching the show" outside the Palace of the Ruler of Hell, coughed awkwardly. It was not the best time to intervene.

Lilly continued, "I came here to practice my skills with you."

King Libra cursed.

There's no need to be so straightforward about it!

Lilly put the soul flower back into the jar of souls and rushed toward him.

She stated her intention and went straight into the action, catching King Libra off guard.

Without any precautions in place, King Libra was easily thrown aside with great force!

"Bang!"

King Libra crashed into the wall of the hall, creating a loud thud that rattled his head.

Enraged, King Libra's anger billowed, his every orifice fuming with frustration, "You! You insolent brat, how dare you provoke..."

"Bang!"

Lilly moved with lightning speed, swiftly grabbing King Libra's ankle once again and flinging him outward.

"Didn't your dad ever tell you to never let your guard down?"

"Oh, that's right, you don't have a Daddy. However, I have one!"

Lilly had exerted so much force that her words came out slurred, causing King Libra's ears to buzz. He could not tell if he had been thrown or if Lilly's words had shocked him.

"You...!"

Bang!

Silence followed.

Lilly effortlessly threw King Libra three times in succession.

King Libra did not expect to be thrown three times by Lilly, whom he had belittled. He was on the verge of exploding with rage.

Getting back on his feet, his eyes fixated on Lilly with a predatory glare.

However, he was caught off guard.

King Libra still remembered that when he had been captured, Lilly had been nothing more than an ant to him!

He could have easily crushed her with a flick of his fingers!

King Libra stood up and sneered, "Very well, I wasn't paying attention earlier, but you won't be so lucky this time!"

Unexpectedly, Lilly gestured for him to come closer with her fingers, saying, "Come on then!"

King Libra was silent.

Are you insulting me?

A hint of coldness flickered in his eyes as he raised his foot and charged toward her.

King Libra was fast.

He was King Libra and would not be defeated this easily.

Lilly prepared herself the moment King Libra charged, but she still could not dodge his first attack.

As King Libra's palm struck, Lilly managed to step back before being slapped.

Lilly's pupils contracted, and with a resounding thud, she was sent flying by the force of the blow.

"Lilly!" Blake couldn't help but clench his fists tightly, his back tensing up.

Lilly stood up and reassured him, "I'm fine... Daddy, I'm fine..."

The moment King Libra's palm struck her, she had secretly activated the pen of judgment, using it to withstand the attack with all her might.

The pen of judgment resonated perfectly with her, invisible to anyone else, but it had indeed helped her fend off the lethal strike.

Lilly's judgment was spot-on. King Libra was furious and had exerted all his strength in that palm.

Moreover, finally seeing Lilly, this little being daring to provoke him, King Libra used the opportunity to hide his true strength and wait for the right moment.

He believed that with that palm, Lilly would surely be killed, or at the very least, severely injured.

Little did he know that Lilly was merely thrown back several feet, digging her heels into the ground to abruptly stop her momentum.

She did not die, nor did she disintegrate into dust as he expected.

King Libra was taken aback.

It can't be... Since when was Lilly so powerful?

He refused to believe it!

He had been deceitfully confined by Lilly. Back then, Lilly was just four years old, and now she was merely five.

In a year, King Libra could not bring himself to believe that she had grown to a level where she could compete with him!

"I underestimated you," King Libra narrowed his eyes, fixating them on Lilly. This time, he had expended a great deal of energy and vowed to never underestimate his enemies again.

He did not know just how powerful Lilly had become now, but he knew that during the year he had been imprisoned, he had not been given any opportunity to heal.

His vitality waned, gradually fading into weakness.

However, King Libra remained convinced that no matter how feeble he was, Lilly would never pose a threat to him.

Lilly affectionately tousled her hair, making sure it was still neat.

"Come on, come on!" Lilly taunted, provoking once again.

Seeing the determined look on the little child's face fueled King Libra's anger even more.

"You'll regret everything you've done today!"

King Libra charged forward, resembling a bolt of darkness, swiftly closing the distance to Lilly!

Lilly fixed her gaze on King Libra's figure, astonished by his incredible speed.

Her father had set the training objective for the day, if she managed to dodge King Libra's attack, it would be a success.

Yet, despite her best efforts, she could not dodge the blow. As she was sent hurtling through the air and coughed up blood.

Lilly tumbled and landed on the ground, clenching her teeth tightly, refusing to utter a sound.

It was far from over!

#### [Chapter 827 Do You Have a Conscience?](#)

Fortunately, with the pen of judgment, Lilly was able to withstand the majority of King Libra's attacks. Otherwise, she would not have dared to provoke him in such a manner.

Shielded by the pen of judgment, she could focus all her energy on countering King Libra's onslaught, carefully observing his every move.

The sight of the blood she spat out was not in vain, as it provided her with valuable insights into King Libra's tactics.

"I saw it!" Lilly whispered, her gaze fixed on King Libra as he approached for the third time, intent on ending her life.

This time, before he could even get close, Lilly moved with greater speed, vanishing from sight in an instant!

King Libra's palm struck empty air.

The small figure in front of him had vanished in the blink of an eye!

What in the world was this tool she possessed?

"Hey, I'm behind you!" Lilly's voice echoed from behind.

King Libra swiftly turned his head, only to find Lilly standing behind him, a radiant smile gracing her face, nearly blinding in its brilliance.

In the instant he turned his head, he swiped his palm through the air.

This time, he witnessed Lilly swiftly evade his attack, moving to the side in a split second.

No matter what tool he used, it proved useless against her nimbleness. She dodged his attacks.

Impossible!

King Libra was taken aback. If Lilly could dodge solely based on her speed, did it mean that her strength had already reached a terrifying level?

He refused to believe it!

Determination flickered in King Libra's eyes as he unleashed a series of consecutive palm strikes.

As expected, Lilly evaded the first palm, but she could not avoid the subsequent second and third strikes.

"Haha... so that's how it is," King Libra sneered. "Well, it's quite impressive that you can predict my attack patterns!"

Lilly was sent flying and collided with the wall.

The impact left a deep dent in the wall, and it was soft like cotton candy.

King Libra was speechless.

This is just... unfair!

The collision caused a loud bang, ringing in his ears and leaving Lilly feeling weightless upon impact.

Darkness clouded King Libra's eyes. Now that he had a grasp of Lilly's strength, all he needed to do was eliminate her. Not to mention that the Palace of the Ruler of hell could not trap him—soon, the Palace of the Ruler of Hell would be under his control!

It must be said that being imprisoned for a year and going without eating for that long had left King Libra quite foolish and starved for power.

His mind and intellect were not as bright as they used to be...

It did not occur to him that if Lilly was able to escape his initial strike, why wouldn't she be able to

escape from the Palace of the Ruler of Hell if she was in danger?

"Come at me!" Despite her minor injuries, Lilly grew more courageous in the face of frustration.

Before she could even stand up, King Libra launched another attack. Though his physical strength was already depleted, he restored some of his energy.

Now, he believed he could take down Lilly.

With that conviction, he unleashed five consecutive strikes!

Lilly swiftly kicked her heels against the ground and leaped up like an agile cat, successfully parrying the first three strikes in rapid succession.

She was unable to evade the subsequent two strikes, but the pen of judgment came to her rescue.

Now, the pen of judgment served as her impenetrable shield, and King Libra's current strength was incapable of breaking through its defense and harming her.

Lilly coughed, wiping away the blood from the corner of her mouth.

She gazed at King Libra with a smile and taunted, "Is that all? Are you that weak?"

King Libra's fingers trembled involuntarily, a result of his exhaustion.

He, the mighty king of the underworld, had been underestimated by a mere child!

Inside the jar of souls, the spirits cheered and rooted for Lilly. "Go, Lilly, go!" they exclaimed.

The harem spirit presented a purple soul flower to Lilly, saying, "Lilly, eat this to replenish your strength!"

The cowardly ghost gave her a bottle filled halfway with water from the cold pool and handed it to Lilly. "Lilly, have some water!"

The bridal ghost waved a makeshift flag. "Lilly, you can do it! Keep going!"

Lilly grabbed the purple soul flower and ate it in front of King Libra.

She then drank from the bottle, throwing it aside after finishing it.

The injuries she sustained from her training began to heal, and her pallid face gained a touch of rosy color.

Lilly tossed the mineral water bottle aside.

"I'm done replenishing my energy!"

King Libra's mouth twitched.

This... was it the water from the ice pond?!

Was he mistaken?

During his year-long confinement, King Libra had become aware of everything. He was sure that the water Lilly drank was from the ice pond.

Unbelievable! She ate soul flowers, drank water from the ice pond, and now she was attacking him, who had been starved for a year!

Do you have a conscience at all?

Lilly did not give King Libra the chance to complain. In an instant, as the water bottle hit the ground, she swiftly lunged forward, extracting a long sword from thin air and aiming it toward King Libra's head!

"Look at my blade!" Lilly shouted, striking King Libra's head with a fierce sword swing.

"Puff!"

King Libra had no time to dodge it as he was caught off guard and had no physical strength. He was forcefully cleaved in two by the sword, dividing his brain into two separate halves.

The air was filled with a tumultuous malevolence!

Lilly felt an overwhelming sense of triumph. "I landed the blow!"

A chilling glint sparkled in King Libra's eyes as he smiled cruelly. "Die!"

### [Chapter 828 Pablo Seems to Be Glowing Brighter](#)

King Libra was cunning as he did not dodge the strike. As a ghost, it did not matter how many times he was split, as long as his soul remained intact, he could regenerate.

Anticipating that Lilly would be unable to dodge after the strike, King Libra allowed her to slash with the sword. And true to his expectations, Lilly found herself in front of King Libra, unable to retract her sword in time, as his palm struck her!

Lilly's expression changed drastically, startled by the imminent danger. Before she could react, the palm struck her directly on the head!

"Lilly!"

The ghosts were shocked and could not help but shout, but they dared not intervene. This was the Palace of the Rule of Hell, and while Lilly could freely move in and out, they would only cause her trouble if they went in.

The palm landed on Lilly's forehead, and King Libra reveled in his triumph. It had all been worth it—he had managed to withstand the sword and now this little creature would meet her end!

However, in the next moment, a pen suddenly appeared and hovered above Lilly's head, bursting into a brilliant golden light.

King Libra's pupils contracted sharply!

The golden light enveloped Lilly, allowing her to evade the blow entirely. Taking advantage of this momentum, she also deflected King Libra's attack!

"Woosh!"

King Libra was sent flying by the rebound of his palm strike, crashing into the wall of the hall once again.

This was the second time he had inadvertently struck himself. The first time had resulted in Lilly activating a mechanism and leading him into the Palace of the Ruler of Hell.

The second time was when he was being knocked into the air, and Lilly seized the opportunity to escape from the Palace of the Ruler of Hell.

Soon, a man's voice could be heard from outside, "Are you okay?"

Lilly's voice responded, "I'm okay, Daddy!"

The man's voice reassured her, "That's good! We're done with today's training, and you did an excellent job!"

"Our objective for this training session was to dodge King Libra's attacks, and you not only achieved that, but you also managed to strike him with your sword. You've surpassed today's training objective!"

Lilly's happiness was evident in her voice as she exclaimed, "Yay!"

Blake, continued, "Next time, our goal will be to defeat him."

Lilly responded with an enthusiastic "Yeah!"

Meanwhile, King Libra coughed up blood.

He could not hear the voices from outside until now, and suddenly hearing this conversation made it clear that it was to provoke him.

King Libra could feel his anger building up, and the once-esteemed ruler of the first palace had now fallen into this wretched state.

Reduced to being Lilly's punching bag!

To make matters worse, there was the mention of a next time!

What was even more infuriating was that King Libra had to reluctantly admit that Lilly's strength had greatly increased. If she had only become slightly stronger, she would still be no match for him. However, she had reached a level where she could perfectly counter his attacks!

While seething with anger, a hint of fear unknowingly crept into King Libra's heart—a fear he was not even aware of.

Lilly's current power was already so formidable, and she would likely become even stronger than before as time went by.

Eventually, it would result in his demise...

King Libra was overwhelmed by a sense of despair, unable to see any hopeful future ahead of him.

...

Lilly was very hungry.

After the rigorous training, it was already afternoon, and Margaret had returned to the kitchen to prepare a meal.

With a pitiful expression, Lilly hurried to the kitchen and pleaded, "Margaret, I'm hungry..."

Margaret looked at her affectionately and replied, "Just a little longer, Little Miss Crawford. The food will be ready soon!"

Lilly nodded understandingly and said, "Okay! Then I'll take a shower!"

With some time to spare, Lilly returned to her room and took out a purple soul flower. She also filled a bucket with water from the ice pond, but she was careful not to waste it as she was reluctant to use too much.

Although half a bucket of cold pool water did not seem like much, once she soaked in it, the water would rise to her neck. It was a perfect use of the water, and she wanted to make the most of it.

After washing up, Lilly immersed herself in the bucket and closed her eyes, recollecting the battle with King Libra.

She replayed each moment of the battle in her mind, analyzing every move.

Unbeknownst to anyone, Lilly's exceptional memory was gradually returning.

The memories in her mind played out in slow motion, like a frame-by-frame animation.

Lilly could see how King Libra made his moves and calculated his strategies.

It turned out that she had been careless during the battle.

When she struck King Libra with her sword, she believed that she had dealt a successful blow and emerged victorious.

Little did she know that it was a deliberate ploy by King Libra to let her land the strike.

No wonder Daddy always said soldiers always lie.

She finally understood why.

Lilly immersed herself in this realization, relishing the feeling.

A faint light enveloped her entire body as the water surrounded her small figure. The injuries she had just sustained began to heal at a visible speed until she was completely unharmed, and she even sensed herself "leveling up".

One of the ghosts in the jar of souls, the cowardly ghost, felt a change.

"Lilly's growing stronger," he whispered. "We need to work harder too..."

On the sacred tree, Pablo's radiant light seemed to intensify even further.

The bridal ghost became suspicious and remarked, "Harem Spirit, it feels like my eyes are being dazzled. Master Belmont seems to be glowing brighter..."

Blake had been waiting for Lilly for a while outside the bathroom, and Margaret had finished preparing the meal.

He called out in front of the bathroom door, "Lilly?"

There was no response.

Blake's heart skipped a beat, worried that Lilly might have been seriously injured and unable to respond.

He forcefully pushed open the bathroom door, only to find Lilly huddled in the bathtub, immersed in the water...

She had her eyes closed as if she was meditating.

Blake was taken aback.

...

As the night grew darker, a green train rushed by on the railway tracks.

Something suddenly flew down and disappeared through one of the brightly lit train windows.

A man could be seen cowering inside.

The next day, a railway patrolman, while yawning, conducted his routine inspection of the train tracks to ensure railway safety.

Suddenly, he noticed a black plastic bag next to the tracks, containing something...

"Hmm?"

According to regulations, he was required to inspect and investigate any suspicious items he came across.

The patrolman cautiously opened the plastic bag, but to his surprise, as soon as he peeked inside, he screamed in terror.

"Ah!"

"Help... help!!"

#### [Chapter 829 Carrying a Frying Pan to School](#)

The patrolman cautiously opened the black plastic bag, revealing the gruesome sight of a severed human head drenched in blood. It was difficult to determine the gender at first glance. The patrolman's eyes widened in shock as he beheld the lifeless, fish-like eyes staring back at him. The sheer horror of the sight sent shivers down his spine.

A while passed as police officers arrived at the scene and swiftly cordoned off the area. The discovery of

a human head on the railway quickly became the talk of the town, spreading rapidly like wildfire.

...

Meanwhile, Hugh's health was steadily improving, and Bettany provided the necessary support for him to stroll through the hospital's garden. The general hospital was conveniently located a mere four to five miles away from the train tracks, one of which passed within a 1-mile radius of the general hospital—the exact spot where the severed head was found.

Observing the commotion in the distance, Bettany expressed her curiosity, "Why are there alarms going off so early in the morning?"

Hugh glanced toward the source of the sound and replied, "Something happened I suppose..."

Bettany looked at him with a quizzical expression, remarking, "I know something has happened, but I don't know what it is. You're not answering my question."

Maintaining a composed demeanor, Hugh simply smiled in Bettany's presence. Unbeknownst to the elderly couple, a detached "head" was rolling in the distance.

To be precise, it was a ghostly figure with a human head.

The head spun and rolled until it came to a stop at Bettany's feet. Then, it gradually floated upwards, defying the laws of gravity.

As the head's eyes slowly opened, resembling those of a lifeless fish, it creepily inched closer to Bettany's face, sniffing the air.

"Hee hee... What have you been soaking in? Such a delightful scent," the head whispered, its presence looming eerily around Bettany, almost pressing against her face.

However, just as the head was about to adhere to Bettany's face, a sudden beam of light shot up, forcefully deflecting it away.

"What is this?" The head grew suspicious.

It made another attempt to approach, only to be repelled once more by a beam of light.

The same fate befell its proximity to Hugh.

Startled and uncertain, the head harbored a strong sense of reluctance.

Instinctively drawn to Bettany, who soaked in the water of the ice pond, the head sought out this soul-condensing essence.

"Where am I?" The disembodied head swiveled aimlessly, casting its gaze around. "Who am I?"

It bounced and rolled like a ball, traversing toward the hospital.

Although the day was overcast, there was still daylight. The head detected the murky atmosphere within the hospital and instinctively homed in on it. The faint aura of water from the ice pond emanating from Bettany stirred a flicker of consciousness within the head, prompting it to swiftly roll into the hospital corridor.

"Where's my body?" The head scrutinized the people passing.

Spotting a woman in white approaching, it attempted to attach itself to her, fitting its head onto her neck.

The woman, carrying a tray of breakfast, suddenly felt an inexplicable chill on her neck.

She instinctively recoiled and looked up with a puzzled expression. "Strange, I didn't turn on the fan..."

The head lingered on the woman's neck for a moment, sensing dissatisfaction.

"This isn't my body..."

"Where's my body...?"

The head resumed its ethereal float, fixating on the people bustling around, once again attempting to attach itself, this time to a man's face.

"It's not this one either..."

The head continued its search, trying one person after another, but none proved satisfactory.

Initially, its purpose was to find its own body, but over time, it seemed to forget that it was merely seeking a suitable vessel.

Suddenly, the head turned blankly and fixated its gaze on a child.

"That kid looks promising."

There was a certain aura that made ghosts feel comfortable.

The human head made another attempt to attach itself...

Josh peered into the hospital room, finding it empty.

"Hey, where are Grandma and Grandpa?" he asked.

Drake stood nearby, hands in his pockets, and replied impatiently, "Maybe they went for a walk. Let's go."

Impatiently awaiting Lilly, he was eager to leave.

At noon, after finishing elementary school, the option to attend midday care at school was available, but Drake, Josh, and Zachary all lived close to home, so they never chose to stay for midday care.

Kindergarten classes continued through the afternoon, and Lilly would take her nap at school.

"Alright, let's go," Josh reluctantly agreed.

However, as soon as he turned around, he was startled to the point of nearly jumping out of his skin.

A bloody human head had suddenly appeared right in front of him!

Moreover, Josh was currently able to see ghosts. He had been free from such encounters for a long time, and now, out of the blue, he was once again confronted with the sight of a ghost.

It was not because he was scared or unaccustomed to it.

It was simply that the sudden and gruesome appearance of this head was too much to bear for anyone.

Josh's supposedly "courageous" heart, which had been cultivated over time, was on the verge of collapsing.

"What the heck... Screw you!" Josh exclaimed, reflexively pulling a frying pan out of his school bag and striking the head with a loud clang.

Simultaneously, the amulets and bracelets adorning Josh's body emitted a faint glow. While they did not make contact with the head, the force of the pan nearly cracked it.

The head rolled away, emitting gurgling sounds...

Drake's mouth twitched in disbelief.

I can't with him...

When he was going to school, his schoolbag was filled with books, but he placed a frying pan in it?!

And he carried it back and forth to school?!

Meanwhile, Bettany was supporting Hugh when she suddenly felt a blur in front of her eyes, as if something had flown past her.

### [Chapter 830 The Head Was Following Josh](#)

Bettany's vision was still blurry, and she had a lingering feeling that something had flown over, but she could not see it.

She looked suspiciously at the frying pan in Josh's hand, thinking that the flickering black shadow might have been caused by the pan.

"Why did you bring a frying pan here?" Bettany asked, puzzled.

Josh's eyes widened as he stared at the head floating behind his grandmother. The head, still recovering from the beating, floated up from behind Bettany and fixed its gaze on Josh.

Josh felt a chill run down his spine from being stared at by the head.

Bettany turned around to see what Josh was looking at and asked again, "What are you looking at? I'm asking you something! Why do you have a pan..."

Josh panicked and blurted out a nonsense excuse, "I... I was going to fry an egg for Grandpa."

Hugh and Bettany exchanged bewildered glances, while Drake remained silent and frowned.

Hugh, maintaining his serious expression, spoke firmly, "You don't need to fry anything. Go home immediately."

The two brothers obediently turned to leave. As they walked out, they overheard other family members of patients passing by, expressing admiration for their filial behavior.

"These brothers are so young, yet they're quite devoted to their grandparents..."

"That's right. Unlike my ungrateful son, I've been in the hospital for so long, but he rarely visits. He just pops in for a short while and then leaves."

As the two brothers approached the elevator, Josh kept glancing over his shoulder.

Drake noticed his behavior and asked, "What's wrong?"

Josh exclaimed in horror, "It's following me!"

The human head floated near the elevator doors, fixated on them as they closed. As soon as the doors shut, Josh felt a wave of relief wash over him.

This head is terrifying!

The head was covered in blood, and its hair was matted together with dried, blackened blood. Despite staring at it for a while, Josh still could not discern whether it belonged to a man or a woman.

"Why is there a dismembered head in the hospital?" he wondered aloud. "And it's still dripping with blood..."

Once he had regained his composure, Josh began to think more logically. "The neck was cleanly cut. It looks like someone dismembered it..."

Drake listened to his brother's muttering, feeling increasingly uneasy. Even inside the elevator, he could sense the tension building in his own back.

"Ding..."

The elevator reached the first floor, and the doors opened.

The brothers swiftly stepped out, picking up their pace instinctively.

But just as they were making their way out, Josh abruptly halted and grabbed onto Drake's arm, causing him to stop as well.

"What is it?" Drake asked, puzzled.

Josh swallowed hard. "It's following me again..." he whispered.

Leading his brother around the head, Josh hurriedly made his way out of the building.

Outside, the weather appeared sunny, but a sense of cloudiness hung in the air—a sharp contrast to the actual weather conditions.

Josh started running, and Drake, feeling a sense of urgency, quickened his pace as well, their feet carrying them forward almost instinctively.

Since they had come to the hospital by bus, they were fortunate to find the bus approaching just in time. Josh rushed toward it, glancing back to see the head still following him, and shouted urgently, "Hurry up, Drake!"

Why do you still care about your image at a time like this?

Drake wiped the beads of sweat from his forehead and managed to board the bus, relieved to have escaped the unsettling presence of the head. The bus driver, noticing the boys' perspiration, spoke

kindly, "Don't worry, I saw you and decided to wait. Take your time next time!"

Concerned about their comfort, the driver adjusted the air conditioner to cool them down.

Josh could not help but shiver as the bus became chilly. He glanced ahead and saw the head floating nearby, still fixated on him.

Feeling overwhelmed, Josh could not contain his anger and fear any longer. His voice trembled as he angrily questioned, "Why are you following me?"

At that moment, a young girl seated in front of him turned around, her eyes betraying a hint of panic. "I... I didn't..." she stammered.

Drake, recognizing her as the girl who had sent him a love letter before, looked at her curiously. She was from the class next to theirs.

Blushing, the girl greeted Drake in a soft voice, "Hi, Drake. It's me... I'm in the class next to yours."

Drake finally remembered who she was. She was the girl who had written a love letter to someone despite not knowing how to read.

Dismissing her with a cold gaze, he shifted his attention back to Josh. "What did it say?" he asked.

Josh, still on edge, replied nervously, "It didn't say anything! It just kept staring at us like that..."

Meanwhile, the little girl happened to be gazing at Drake.

Drake was known for his good looks, which often attracted others' attention without him realizing it.

Sensing the boys' remarks, the girl felt as if they were intentionally mocking her, causing her face to turn even redder.

At the next bus stop, she hurriedly disembarked, her face flushed. She bit her lip, watching the bus disappear.

The head continued to follow Josh throughout the day.

As the sky grew darker and the wind picked up, Josh silently cursed his luck. He had never been fond of cloudy days, and this experience only solidified his dislike.

Drake, on the other hand, had never wished for his sister to finish school this much.

Although he could not see ghosts like Josh, he understood that knowing and being aware of their presence could be the most unsettling experience.

The two brothers glanced at the clock on the wall, feeling helpless and impatient as time seemed to drag on.

Meanwhile, the head continued to float outside Josh's classroom. Josh felt a deep sense of despair. What did it want from him? Why couldn't it just follow his brother instead?

Please just follow my brother instead of me!

Just as he pondered this, he watched in astonishment as the head began floating toward the next classroom. There were four classes on the third floor, and both Drake and Josh's classrooms were located there. The head seemed to be heading in Drake's direction.

Josh was momentarily taken aback, almost believing that the head could hear his inner thoughts.