

Eight Uncles 84

Chapter 84 Don't Be Too Nice to Someone

The man lying on the bed was as still as a stone. Valentine Taylor began to feel slightly creeped out. If he had not heard Mr. Rosewood's voice through the intercom just a few moments ago, he would have thought... Hold on. If Mr. Rosewood was indeed dead, then whose voice was that through the intercom...? Valentine felt the hairs on his back stand as the thought occurred to him.

"Mr. Rosewood...?" Valentine called out cautiously. "Go ahead and open it," the figure lying on the bed finally croaked out weakly.

Charlie immediately walked toward the windows and pulled the blinds open before unlatching the windows. Sunlight filtered into the room together with a breeze of fresh air, brightening up the dreary space. It also made it possible for the group to see Mr. Rosewood clearly. He was a gaunt old man with gray skin, sunken features and skinny as a bag of bones. His eyes could barely open as his unfocused pupils finally landed on Lilly.

"Did you say... you found Amelia's remains?" he rasped, clearly struggling for breath. It was like he was summoning all his remaining energy to speak to Lilly.

Josh covered his face with his hands, while Valentine's legs felt shaky. How could a living person look so terrifying? Lilly on the other hand walked up to the old man fearlessly and placed her hand around his bony arm.

"Don't worry, Mr. Rosewood. I know where she is," Lilly comforted the old man. The red string bracelet around her tiny wrist began to emit a weak flow as she spoke, and the energy from the bracelet seemed to ebb and flow into the old man's body. Everyone else could almost sense the dreadful energy in the room lifting and disappearing slowly as the old man's eyes seemed to come back to life.

Moments later, Mr. Rosewood was able to prop himself up weakly, trying his best to sit up. Noticing this, Valentine immediately went over to help him. "Mr. Rosewood, why are you alone in this big, old house? You can't possibly take care of yourself in this state..." Valentine asked the old man out of concern.

The strange thing was that Old Mr. Rosewood was dressed in a clean set of pajamas, and apart from the strong smell of medicine, Valentine could not discern any other rotting scent coming from the old man. As he looked around the bedroom, he noticed that it was rather clean and well-kept, despite the dark and gloomy interior. Old Mr. Rosewood was just a regular elderly man.

a slow sigh. "What's there to take

of her. There was an incense candle burning weakly on the top of his head. Master Pablo had once told her that the burning incense represents

the school's football field," Lilly told him without waiting for him to ask again. "Her name was Amelia Rosewood, and her best friend was Roxanne Larson... am I right? Amelia was

with tears as the memories of his daughter's death returned. "Bring me there... Bring me to Amelia..." he wheezed. It had been more than ten years. He never thought he would live to find his daughter's remains, but there

near the scene even if you head there yourself," Valentine tried to calm the

immediately sprang into action and rushed out of the room to call

worry, Mr. Rosewood! I'll keep an eye

against the bed frame. "I spent my whole life building and running my business without ever going against my conscience. When my worker's parents turned ill, I gave them money to get treatment and even helped them contact an overseas specialist. I lived an honorable life. The

the old man just confess

Rosewood again. "Grandpa Rosewood, why didn't you find out where Amelia

kind of person who would give her favorite limited-edition dresses to her best friend. She was also always considerate of Roxanne's feelings, so she would tear the tags off her dresses and tell Roxanne she didn't want them," he told Lilly. "We were also always fond of Roxanne and let her walk in and out of our house freely... But who would've known that a seemingly kind, innocent

his arms around himself

for you never know their true intentions..." Old Mr. Rosewood warned. Unfortunately for him, he had learnt this lesson the hard way. The truth finally came

debt as a result of unhealthy spending habits to maintain her lifestyle. Yet, she was still