

Eight Uncles 85

Chapter 85 Lilly's Father is a MacNeil

Everyone listened to Old Mr. Rosewood attentively as he recounted the details of his daughter's mysterious death. The mood was somber and heavy, almost as if they were trapped in a room that made breathing difficult. Anthony glanced at Lilly and found her holding Old Mr. Rosewood's hand in hers gently, listening to his story without fear nor judgment. Anthony was not sure if Lilly fully grasped the gruesomeness of the murder incident, or if she should even be allowed to hear these things in the first place. Yet, he knew Lilly was not your average 4-year-old child.

"That means... Roxanne also only found out where Amelia was buried after she died and turned into a ghost," Pablo observed. What about the other 17 skeletons underneath the field?" "Don't be too upset, Grandpa Rosewood," Lilly tried to comfort the old man. She brought herself closer to him and whispered some words in his ear. Old Mr. Rosewood expression turned from one of shock and surprise to joy before finally calming down.

"Great!" there was a vicious bite to his tone. "It is karma!"

Lilly noticed that the incense candle above his head was about to burn out soon. "Grandpa Rosewood, is there anything else you need our help with?" she asked.

Old Mr. Rosewood shook his head tiredly. "No... There's nothing else you can do for me. I can be with my wife now. Before she died, she still reminded me to keep looking for our daughter..." His eyes were heavy, and he was desperately trying to keep them open. "Oh yes, if you could, could you help me look for someone?"

"I can try," Lilly nodded, but Old Mr. Rosewood remained silent. His eyes were already shut, and he had fallen into an eternal slumber. His face looked like he was at peace, with his lips curved up in a slight smile.

The room fell deathly silent. There was a complicated emotion playing in Valentine's eyes. When Mrs. Rosewood passed on, it was Mr. Rosewood who organized her affairs and arranged for her funeral, but now, there were no other Rosewoods alive. Valentine hesitated for a moment, but finally sent out a text message instructing someone to arrange for Mr. Rosewood's funeral and cremation.

"Let's go!" Anthony said as he grabbed hold of Lilly's hand gently.

"Hold on," Lilly stopped him. A wandering soul had emerged from Old Mr. Rosewood's dead body, staring at his surroundings blankly.

"I... What's going on..." The ghost of Old Mr. Rosewood wondered aloud.

"Grandpa Rosewood!" Lilly greeted him. "You haven't told us the favor you were going to ask of us!"

Mr. Rosewood was much more responsive and alert than his human form, perhaps because

care of the boy, but I never found him..." Old Mr. Rosewood said with a tinge of regret in his voice. "Back then, he said his grandson was about 7 years old, so he must be about 25 or 26 now. He was from South City and his last name was MacNeil.

observed Lilly in a new light as he told this story, and he could not help but feel a kindred connection to the little girl, as if they

facts that Mr. Rosewood had given her. 256 years old... Last name MacNeil from South City...

it!" Lilly

then, Charlie entered the room once again. "Mr. Crawford, the police have already made their way to the crime scene. They've started

turned her head around only to find the old lady in the

Mr. Rosewood said. As if there was an invisible string leading the way, Old Mr. Rosewood somehow knew which way to go. As he passed the old lady in the green dress, he even stopped to say hello. "Mrs. Taylor!

hand to wave at Old Mr. Rosewood. "Goodbye, Grandpa Rosewood! Uncle Anthony, let's

approached the door, Old Mrs. Taylor cleared her throat and followed closely

in her tracks and turned around to face the old lady. "Who was

MacNeil..." the old lady droned

asked, but the old lady only shook her head and

"MacNeil... MacNeil..."

frowned in deep thought for a moment before speaking. "Master, why

had encountered previously. Her stepmother used

angry, she repeatedly

lady in the green dress could not