

## Eight Uncles 86

### Chapter 86 Scene out of a Horror Movie

The old lady's bedroom was decorated with hundreds of talismans of various shapes, sizes and colors. There was a large king-sized bed in the middle of the room surrounded by various machines that beeped in intervals. Old Mrs. Taylor was lying unconscious on the bed, dressed in the same green dress that her spirit was wearing. Her white hair was neatly combed and tucked, but she was intubated with various medical needles and tubes. A small gold bar piece was placed in her mouth. Valentine explained that it was an ancient ritual to bring back lost souls who have lost their way home.

There was a statue of Mother Mary wrapped in a rosary and a few lit prayer candles on the small bedside table next to the old lady. Atop the bed headboard hung a gaudy spirit-calling banner that was occasionally lifted by the breeze coming from the open window. The room was not entirely dark thanks to the half-drawn curtains, but the interchanging shift from bright to dim made for a spooky effect. It was like a scene out of a horror movie. "This... is..." Pablo stared at his surroundings dazedly. He could now somewhat understand why Old Mrs. Taylor was still hanging on by a thread.

Josh stood frozen where he was, paralyzed by fear and dread as terror streaked through him. Charlie's palms felt hot and clammy, and the cellphone accidentally slipped out of his hand, crashing loudly onto the floor.

Anthony still managed a semblance of composure as he turned to Valentine. "What in the world is this...?" he asked.

Valentine smiled sheepishly before letting out a sigh. "Over the years, I've gotten many experts to treat my mother, but all of them said that her soul is lost and needs to find its way back home..." he explained.

Pablo frowned. "Lilly, ask him if he knows whether the old lady has already passed on," he urged.

Lilly raised her head toward Valentine. "Uncle Val, do you know that Grandma Taylor is already dead?" she asked.

"Wh... what? How could that be? Isn't she still breathing just fine? Ms. Lilly, could you bring my mother's soul back like how you did it for Young Master Shaw?" Valentine's lips quivered as he spoke. He paused for a moment before continuing. "I'm sure her soul is just lost and can't find her way back..."

Pablo shrugged noncommittally as he took in more of the garish decoration and religious relics scattered all around the room. "I can't say for sure whether or not Mrs. Taylor will return to life, but this man here has definitely been scammed..."

Lilly nodded with a serious expression on her face. "Mr. Val, did you spend a lot of money doing up this place?" she probed.

of Mother Mary cost 50 million, the spirit-calling banner cost 60 million. The gold bar is the only thing preserving my mother's last breath

50 million... plus 60 million... plus 100 million... That's... 220 million dollars!" Josh

in this sort of thing?" Charlie could not help but

few million dollars. I'd give a billion dollars if my mother can be brought back to life!" Valentine said, leaving the crowd speechless once again. Valentine was a man with a stocky build and a belly so rotund

the talismans are Taoist. They are two very distinct and separate religions, but now they are jumbled up together in this madhouse," Pablo shook his head disapprovingly. It was one thing to be an atheist, but choosing to believe in multiple religions was a huge taboo that

bed. "The only marginally useful thing in this room is that small gold bar that she's biting, but it works as a sedative spell. Old Mrs. Taylor's

asked with a

statue of Mother Mary. "Putting artifacts from different religions

for real?"

even call a tiny ghost with it,

all? But, my mother..." His first reaction was not so much of anger from being scammed, but to worry for his

was still in the corner of the bedroom, eyeing her

Valentine, who

all for nothing!" Valentine

spirit means suppressing and

her lips. Ghostly rays of light beamed from the old lady's human body and seemed to flow into her spirit that was standing just next to

Old Mrs. Taylor's spirit spoke coherently instead of repeating after herself. "My foolish son almost destroyed my soul! Can you believe it? My own son!"