

Eight Uncles 891

[Chapter 891 I Won't Be Friends With You, Nor Will I Do Business With You](#)

That was how it went.

Only Ms. Montague knew how miserable she was.

The appeal was definitely fruitless, and it was re-criticized once again. The evidence was so strong that she couldn't refute it even if she wanted to.

Not only that, but her teacher's qualification was also deprived. From then on, she could no longer work in a public school, and she could not enter a better private school without a teacher's qualification certificate.

She could only go to remote mountainous areas or very irregular small private schools, which are very chaotic and have very poor grades, and she did not want to go.

Ms. Montague just disappeared into the vast crowd, and no one knew about her anymore.

Lilly happily went to school with her little schoolbag on her back.

Life returned to normal, and occasionally there were only a few brothers and sisters playing together. Most of the children in the class were pure, enthusiastic and kind-hearted, and they quickly became familiar with Lilly, who made several friends.

Just after school that day, they saw a person blocking their way home.

Lilly was surprised and said, "Why are you here?"

Standing in front of her was Alban.

He came to pick up his sister, and he himself was in junior high school.

His younger sister, who was already in elementary school, was still treated by him like a treasure.

Drake mumbled, "She's so big already but still needed to be carried..."

Alban gave him a cold look.

He often went out, and his younger sister grew up quickly, and it would be inconvenient for him to carry her when she grew older, but now he was happy to carry her more.

Lilly didn't have much affection for Alban, indeed to Tia was the best person to him in the world, and it was precisely because of this that Lilly resisted the urge to beat Alban up.

After all, the behavior of plotting against others and kicking others into the Abyss for the sake of one's own chance of survival was really bad.

"Let's go," Drake took Lilly's hand and walked straight forward with a blank expression on his face.

When the two sides were about to pass each other, Alban finally couldn't help but said, "Lilly, did you see that waterfall this time? The waterfall hanging on the cliff of the Abyss..."

During his travels during this period, he did not find any resources that could help him upgrade his cultivation.

The cold pool water was far from enough, and it was becoming more and more useless to him, so it could only be used to restore physical strength.

He could no longer sit still.

Lilly raised her eyebrows, with a hint of her father's temperament in it, "I see, what's the matter?"

A strange light flashed in Alban's eyes, and he immediately asked, "Have you got it?"

Lilly nodded, "I got it, what's up?"

Alban put down Tia, held her hand instead, and stared at Lilly fervently.

"Can you sell me a little?" He said, "Any amount will do!"

Lilly was surprised, he had the audacity.

"I could quote any amount?" She looked at Alban suspiciously.

It was not that she judged people by their appearance... In fact, she secretly pinched her fingers and discovered that he was not a wealthy person!

When Alban saw Lilly asking, he was overjoyed. Was this...a joke?

He said affirmatively, "Yes, you make an offer."

Lilly raised a finger.

Alban was about to ask whether a hundred million or...

However, she shook her raised finger, "I won't sell it! I won't sell it for any amount of money! I won't be friends with you, nor will I do business with you."

After finishing speaking, she snorted and walked away arrogantly.

Alban, "..."

She tricked him?

He was very angry, furious, and soon recovered his face, but his face was cold and ugly.

"Brother?" Tia squeezed his hand.

Alban took a deep breath and smiled, "Brother is all right, is Tia hungry? We won't cook today, brother will take you to eat a burger."

Tia was immediately happy, "Good!"

Alban smiled, picked up Tia and left.

In the distance, there were several parents standing at the school gate, they were Peter's mother and several other people in the small group.

They greeted the new head teacher graciously, made some familiarity with each other, and then said goodbye to the teacher enthusiastically.

Turning around, I saw Lilly and the others confronting Alban. Lilly seemed to have raised a finger, but he couldn't see clearly, like a middle finger?

Immediately afterwards, Alban's expression turned ugly, facing his sister, he immediately forced a smile.

"Those kids are bullying again," Peter's mother said.

Another parent, surnamed Hoffman, curled his lips and said, "These few are just relying on the fact that their brothers and sisters are in the same school, bullying others everywhere."

Peter's mother said, "Let me just say, what kind of tutor can produce what kind of child, Lilly's elder sister is like a little gangster, she fights with others when she disagrees with others... Lilly, at a young age, she already learned to give others the middle finger."

The third parent was also a woman, and sighed, "That child is too pitiful. I know him. He seems to be called Alban. He is an orphan... He has always taken care of his younger sister by himself, and often goes out to work part-time to support his younger sister and himself."

Alban would often disappear for a period of time, claiming to the outside world that he was going to make money, and that child labor was not allowed, so in order to support his family, he would hide it

from everyone.

"It's so pitiful and sensible that it makes people feel distressed. This society is a reality, and child labor is not allowed in the workplace. It can be seen that what he does is not an easy job."

Several parents discussed it. On the one hand, they felt that Alban was pitiful, and on the other hand, they felt that Lilly was bullying others.

Peter's mother suddenly said, "By the way, I found that our new head teacher seems to be walking home. It's so hard. I have to get up early every morning to come over to teach the children. Why don't we gather in the group... .. Let's raise money to buy her a motorbike?"

Hoffman's parents said, "I think it's okay, a motorbike is only one or two thousand dollars, and it's only 50 dollars for each person..."

Everyone raised funds to buy the motorbike for the teacher for the sake of teaching efficiency, and said it openly and fairly in the group.

Was this all right?

[Chapter 892 Old Mrs Crawford Blew the Battle Horn](#)

After discussing it with several parents, it seemed feasible.

The teacher was working so hard, what was wrong with buying a motorbike for the teacher? It was not a valuable item.

Everyone can afford 50 dollars.

Peter's mother said, "Then it's settled, I'll send a message in the group, and you continue the list."

This was the way to do this kind of thing. It must be discussed in advance, and several people would hype up the atmosphere together.

Peter's mother sent a message in the class group:

"Hi everyone, the former head teacher of our class has been transferred to another school due to personal reasons, and Teacher Robin will take over our class from this week.

Teacher Robin is a very responsible person. She comes to the school very early every day. She is the first to arrive before the classroom is opened. She opens the windows for the children to ventilate, prepares the lesson plans, and corrects the homework... It is really for our children. Do your best!

However, recently I found that Teacher Robin didn't have a means of transportation. She had to get up at six o'clock in the morning. After a hurried breakfast, she rushed to school by bus or on foot, which

took about half an hour.

If there is a motorbike, it will take ten minutes from home to school. Sufficient rest time is the most basic guarantee to ensure the quality of teaching, because I suggest that we all pay for an electric car for Teacher Robin together. There are 40 students in our class, and each family only needs to contribute 50 dollars!

If you agree to buy a motorbike for Teacher Robin, please put your names on the list: 1. Peter agrees]

After Peter's mother's words were sent, the group fell silent, and no one answered for a while.

Soon, Mama Hoffman was the first to send a message expressing her support:

"... 2. Isabella Hoffman agrees."

Isabella's mother: I've wanted to say this a long time ago. Since I go to work early, I send off my children early every day. That day I saw Teacher Robin walking here, panting...

Cindy's mother: ... 3. Cindy Greyhart agrees.

Cindy's mother: I agree to buy a motorbike, 50 dollars per person is not expensive, the main reason is that if Teacher Robin can rest better, she will have more energy to manage and teach our children. In the end, our children will benefit!

Sunny's mother: 4. Sunny Chapman agrees.

"5. Charlotte Madison agrees."

These parents had already discussed in the small group, and they kept talking in the group:

"Teacher Robin has worked hard!"

"Teacher Robin has to take care of 40 children every day, and also has to teach, write lesson plans, and correct homework... and get up so early!"

"I get up every day and wish I could stay in bed for another five minutes. Life is stressful now, even an extra minute of sleep would be good."

"Yes, yes, although Teacher Robin is very young, she has a lot of work experience. She has devoted herself to education all these years. She deserves a motorbike."

"The main reason is that it is not expensive, everyone can buy a very good one for 50 dollars."

Driven by a few activists, some parents gradually came forward to express their views.

The kind of parents who were not short of money: Agree! It's only 50 dollars! No, I can just go out!

The kind of parent who followed the majority: It is time to buy, it is not easy for anyone, ask yourself if I wake up at 6 o'clock now, I can't do it.

The hesitant parent: This influence is not very good...

Confused parents who were easily led astray: What's the influence? It's just a motorbike!

Crazy parents: This is a good thing! I just went to see it! I think the Mavericks motorbike is good! The safety performance is very good!

Parents who liked to maintain good relationships: I have a relative who sells motorbikes, I can ask him and give us a discount, grinning expression.

More and more parents agreed, and in a blink of an eye, more than half of the class agreed!

On the other end of the phone, Peter's mother pursed her lips proudly, everyone should be more active and enthusiastic, all for the sake of the children.

It was enough for most people to agree, even if there were a few who did not express their views in the end, it was a big deal for them to pay more money!

At that time, Teacher Robin would also remember a few of them.

Besides, old Mrs. Crawford, after busy work, she made dinner before Lilly, Drake, Hannah and the others came back from school, and she sat down after watching the children wash their hands and prepare to eat.

Old Mrs. Crawford habitually took out her mobile phone and took a look, only to find that there were 99+ messages in Lilly's class group.

She thought there was some important notification, so she opened it quickly, but she was speechless after seeing it...

"If you agree to buy a motorbike for Teacher Robin, please put your names on the list: 1. Peter agrees 2. Isabella Hoffman agrees 3. Cindy Greyhart agrees 4. Sunny Chapman agrees 5. Charlotte agrees..."

Apart from the familiar names in the lead, 28 names had been received.

Others might not know, but Old Mrs. Crawford had a humanoid intelligence machine called Blake, how could she not know? The ones who took the lead were the ones who formed real cliques in the class.

Before, Ms. Montague was "pampered" by them.

When Ms. Montague left, and these bootlickers started messing around again.

Old Mrs. Crawford frowned, and quickly typed:

Lilly's Grandma: I disagree!

This tone was harsh, out of tune with the enthusiastic atmosphere in the whole group.

The group where the messages were scrolling very fast was instantly quiet.

[Chapter 893 Old Mrs Crawford's Terrifying Combat Power](#)

Old Mrs. Crawford said I disagree, and the group fell silent for an instant.

Some people were secretly annoyed, some were secretly happy.

Peter's mother saw that it was Lilly's parent again.

It was just annoying! She was most annoyed by parents who were miserly to even spend a mere tens of dollars.

She restrained herself and asked very politely in the group:

"Lilly's grandma, do you think something is unreasonable? Everyone agreed to buy the motorbike, and Teacher Robin really worked hard..."

Isabella's mother: Grandma thinks 50 dollars is too expensive! In fact, it's not expensive, just a day's food.

Sunny's mother, "Aren't you willing to pay 50 dollars? "

Old Mrs. Crawford paused to output, sarcasm:

"Why buy a motorbike, why send such a cheap motorbike, the sun and rain will affect the teacher's commute to get off work, I propose to send a car directly."

Peter's mother on the opposite side of the phone, "..."

Lilly's Grandma, "I suggest, just send the car directly, it is not expensive, only a few hundred thousand, and three thousand for each family is enough."

There was silence in the group...

Lilly's Grandma, "Why is everyone silent? Do you think this suggestion is bad? Also, sending a car directly, driving around every day is too ostentatious. "

Peter's parents hurriedly typed, "Yes, yes, too ostentatious... (deleted) haha, grandma really knows how to joke... (deleted) Uh, grandma is really humorous..."

It was a pity that her typing speed is not as fast as Old Mrs. Crawford's, and she deleted it several times because of concerns about her tone of voice. During this interval, Old Mrs. Crawford sent messages in the group again.

Lilly's Grandma, "Buying a car is too ostentatious. I suggest buying a house directly near the school. Our community is only five minutes away from the school! It's not expensive, an ordinary house of about 100 square meters is only about 400,000 dollars... 10,000 dollars for each family is definitely enough, and I will add the part that is not enough!"

Lilly's Grandma, "What do you think?"

Lilly's Grandma, "Why don't you talk anymore?"

Lilly's Grandma, "Why, isn't it all for the children? Did I say something wrong?"

Lilly's Grandma, "It's only 10,000 dollars. These days, any family can't earn tens of thousands of dollars a year. It's all for the children! Don't be stingy, everyone!"

Lilly's Grandma, "If you agree to buy a house for Teacher Robin, please type 1."

Lilly's Grandma, "1"

Peter's mother: ...

Sunny's mother: ...

Charlotte's father: ...

Cindy's mother: ...

The group was dead silent.

There were only 6 messages sent by Old Mrs. Crawford in one go, and she even typed 1 herself.

It was ironic and embarrassing...

Peter and Isabella's parents felt as if they were being slapped in the face one by one.

It was too embarrassing, even if they disagree, there was no need to be sarcastic, right?

Slap in the face on the spot, what kind of hatred did she have for them? She was not decent at all.

They were all parents in the same class, so if the atmosphere became tense, did they need to get along with each other?

They didn't expect Old Mrs. Crawford to continue.

Lilly's Grandma, "Oh yes, do you want an arranged marriage? I don't think Teacher Robin is married yet, what a waste of time to fall in love for a lifelong event! If she encounters a bad scumbag, it will affect your class."

Lilly's Grandma, "How about I introduce my son to her? I have eight sons, and the eldest son is too old to get married. This will not work. The second son is divorced and has two children, let's not talk about this, except for these two, you can choose at will."

Lilly's Grandma, "My third son is the captain, with an annual salary of one million, 188 in height, 75 in weight, and he is handsome."

Lilly's Grandma, "My fourth son is an actor, national actor, height 189, weight 70, annual salary tens of millions, evil temperament, ruffian and handsome."

Lilly's Grandma, "My fifth son is the chief engineer on the construction site, with an annual salary of one million. Although he is a little tanned by the wind and sun, he has a unique style. He is 188 cm tall and weighs 75. He is big and has a sense of security!"

Lilly's Grandma, "My sixth son is a national high-tech personnel, the youngest professor in the research institute, and the best match with the teacher! The height is a bit short, only 185, and the weight is 65. Although he looks thin, he has an annual income of hundreds of millions, and he is cheerful and enthusiastic."

Lilly's Grandma, "I won't mention the seventh son, the job is quite special, and he doesn't come back several times a year, so we can't harm our teacher, can we?"

Lilly's Grandma, "My eighth son is amazing. He is a doctor and the youngest expert director in the country. He works in a public hospital. Although the salary is not high, the advantage is that the job is stable and he has a solid job! Don't worry, if you really get married, I will subsidize 200 million dollars out of my pocket."

Lilly's Grandma, "Oh yes, after we get married, I suggest that we collectively pay for Teacher Robin and hire a nanny out of our own pockets to cook for her and wash clothes. After all, the teacher is so busy, how much time is wasted cooking and washing clothes? What do you think of saving time to correct homework for our children? All for our children!"

The group continued to be dead silent...

On the other side of the phone, Peter's mother was so pissed off, there was no end to such obvious irony.

Her eight sons, the captain, actor, and chief engineer, this old lady could really boast!

The phone vibrated again:

Lilly's Grandma, "If you agree to buy a car for the teacher, type 1, if you agree to buy a house for the teacher, type 2, if you agree to arrange a marriage for the teacher, type 3."

Lilly's Grandma, "123"

Parents, "..."

[Chapter 894 More Food!](#)

Peter's mother was about to vomit blood.

She finally choked out a sentence, "Lilly's Grandma, don't go too far..."

Isabella's mother, "That's right, if you don't agree, you don't agree. If it's a big deal, we won't take your money. Why do you have to speak so badly? "

Charlotte's father, "Grandma, pay attention to the influence, the teacher is still in the group! Your sarcasm made the teacher see what the teacher would think."

Sunny's mother, "Uh, grandma, there's no need to speak so harshly..."

Cindy's mother, "Yes, yes, it's too much! However, grandma is really humorous hahaha..."

Charlotte's father felt that Lilly's grandmother was very disrespectful, like an old shrew cursing the street, sending these messages in the class, without quality.

Peter's mother and the others felt that Lilly's grandmother was really stupid. If she disagreed, she could just hold it in. If she said it so clearly, she scolded her and said less than two thousand words.

The teacher saw it, and it affected her own children!

Was she not afraid that the teacher would think badly of Lilly? Was she not afraid that the kid would be picked on?

Old Mrs. Crawford did not care about these things, she got annoyed when she saw this group of bootlickers!

She replied with the last two sentences:

"Ah? What's wrong? Do you disagree? I mean seriously, no joke at all. Do you think 10,000 dollars is too expensive?"

"Oh, aren't you willing to pay 10,000 dollars?"

She gave them back what they said!

She had held her breath a long time ago, a group of bootlickers who brought the filth of society into the campus and made the class a mess.

It finally felt great for her to say what she wanted to say!

Old Mrs. Crawford threw the phone aside, and said refreshingly, "Let's dig in!"

Everyone in the Crawford family, "..."

As Lilly's parent, Blake was also in the parent group.

It was just that due to his identity, he usually did not speak in public places like this, but he was a ruthless person. If there was something to do, he would directly find evidence behind his back, take actual actions, and never spoke.

Therefore, when he saw the old lady start posting "I disagree", he had a premonition: Come here, the old lady was going to show off!

So, she immediately shared the same screen with the Crawford family's "Love each other as a family" group.

Old Anthony, "..."

Liam, divorced with two children, "..."

Cloud complained, "What's wrong with me, am I not worthy of marriage because of my special job? Strongly request to introduce me to the past."

Jonas, "Tsk... It's the first time I've been arranged for a marriage, it's quite interesting."

Gilbert, "My hand holding the scalpel couldn't help shaking. After all, I have to compete with my brothers, and I feel that I earn the least and have no advantage."

Max, "You can have fun secretly, Mom said she will subsidize you with 200 million dollars out of her own pocket, how about this, brother, I will give you another big villa, and the whole house will be equipped with a customized smart housekeeper!"

Bryson, "Why are the words to introduce me the fewest? Am I not worthy?"

Edward, "Brothers, I fought hard for Lilly, my fifth uncle! As long as we marry the teacher, our teacher will be Lilly's aunt! For the sake of the children, I have already started planning to expand the school!"

Edward, "I suggest that our family collectively contribute money to sponsor the expansion of the school. If you agree, please tap 1, and if you disagree, button your eyeball."

Old Mr. Crawford, "..."

The old man of the Crawford family, "Nonsense!"

Max was the first to follow, "1111"

Gilbert, "I use the private money I have saved over the years to sponsor, I will type 1"

Bryson, "1"

Cloud, "1"

Jonas, "1"

Finally, the group quieted down, and the old lady chased away:

The old lady with the frying pan, "Everyone go and have your dinner!"

Anthony, "...1"

Everyone: ...

They didn't expect the indifferent CEO to follow, hahaha!

The atmosphere in the Crawford family's crowd here had changed tremendously.

Over there, there was a low air pressure in the Class 1 (1).

No one spoke again.

Those parents who had built the list were silent, and parents who originally disagreed were even quieter.

Only Peter's mother said a few words in the group, and took the lead in saying that Lilly's Grandma's words were harsh and excessive.

It was a pity that no one agreed this time.

What Lilly's Grandma said was right in the first place, sponsoring this and that, raising funds for this and that.

What kind of motorbike did they want to buy, whether they wanted to buy a car, whether they wanted to buy a house, whether they wanted to directly cover the whole life of the teacher!

These few parents often did this kind of thing last semester. They were the most active every time they celebrated New Year's holidays, and especially Teacher's Day. They also raised funds to send flowers to teachers and skin care products to teachers.

However, how little was the money? Everyone didn't say anything for a few dollars or tens of dollars.

In the end, it was found that the cheapest ones were the parents in the parents committee.

They raised funds to build a presence in front of the teacher.

Even if they paid, the teacher might not give them any special treatment.

Sometimes when a few parents disagree, they said that the minority obeyed the majority, and in the end they turned out to be villains, stingy people, and people who did not want to give up a few dollars.

Some parents thought it was not worth it to oppose and make the atmosphere awkward considering their kids would need to stick together through the six years of school.

So they really deserved it this time, those parents who didn't participate in the conversation in the first place were overjoyed, they secretly admired Lilly's grandmother for coming back so well!

It was so cool that they ate two extra bowls for dinner!

No one replied to the message, and the atmosphere became so cold, who knew who was embarrassed and who lost their faces.

At this moment, Teacher Robin had just finished his work and was about to go home.

She stayed at school to learn about the children in the class, summed up the characteristics of each child, and prepared targeted teaching.

Especially this time she came to take over, so she naturally knew about the nickname incident.

During this time, the young boy Peter gave someone a nickname, but neither his parents nor the previous class teacher seemed to give him the correct guidance.

So she planned to find some time alone to chat with Peter...

Finally it was the end of the day, Teacher Robin finally got off work, heaved a long sigh of relief, and took out her mobile phone in a relaxed and happy manner.

There were two groups in Class 1 (1). One was the parent group on WhatsApp, and the other was the Penguin notification group. Usually, the notification group was kept silent and was used to send important notifications. Only the WhatsApp group was a group for parents and teachers to communicate with each other.

Seeing 99+ messages, she clicked on them.

As a result, when she saw this, she was stunned!

The ease and joy of getting off work suddenly vanished!

Linen bags... Leave her alone!!

[Chapter 895 Flatterers Will Keep Flattering](#)

Teacher Robin never expected that someone would buy her a motorbike?!

This kind of thing had to be discussed in the group, and everyone needed to agree together.

They were crazy!

Teacher Robin was speechless, and immediately sent a message in the group:

Teacher Robin, head teacher, "Sorry, I was busy just now, so I just saw the information in the group! I solemnly declare here: It is forbidden to give gifts to teachers in any form! This is absolutely not

allowed!"

"Fairness, honesty, love and dedication are the professional qualities that every teacher should have and must have! Making teaching plans, correcting homework, and teaching students are all my own work, not to mention hard work! Everyone works hard! To receive this salary is to bear this responsibility!"

"Fairness and integrity are repeatedly emphasized and strictly required by the principal of our school! This is my principle and bottom line as a teacher. I will definitely abide by it. Parents, please don't trample on it!"

Teacher Robin clearly expressed her position, and most people understood it, and gave out a series of thumbs up expressions.

However, there were a small number of people who did not understand or pretend to understand, not only 'understanding', but also seize every opportunity to flatter:

Peter's mother, "Teacher Robin said it really well. It is really the pride and luck of our class to have such a head teacher who is in charge!"

Sunny's mother, "We are really proud of Teacher Robin! The best teacher!"

Cindy's mother, "I am so touched, other teachers didn't arrive at school until 7:30, and Teacher Robin arrived at school at 6:30... However, Teacher Robin is still so humble!"

Teacher Robin, holding a mobile phone, made an emoji of a subway grandfather looking at his mobile phone.

Teacher Robin, the head teacher, "I normally come to school for breakfast..."

She did not have the habit of making breakfast. She thought the breakfast outside was unhygienic and not as nutritious as the one at school.

Breakfast at major schools was also cheaper.

The bootlicker parents were embarrassed for a moment, and were slapped in the face by the teacher on the spot...

Not sure how other parents thought of their jokes.

Peter's mother said awkwardly, "Haha... Indeed, the last time I took my kid in, I passed by the dining hall. The school breakfast is really delicious!"

Charlotte's father, "It's mainly hygienic and nutritious!"

Sunny's mother, "Our Teacher Robin is really down-to-earth, few teachers are willing to get up so early and walk to school..."

Teacher Robin, the head teacher, "I did it for morning exercises. In short, stop mentioning non-compliance matters. You as parents are also role models, please set a good example for your children!"

All the parents followed up one after another, "That's right" "Teacher Robin is right" "Follow the teaching of Teacher Robin"!

Teacher Robin sighed and put away the phone.

Those few flatterers are particularly obvious. The other parents were not flattering, but they could not

help but follow suit when the information was sent out.

As soon as she appeared, there would always be a lot of parents in the group who wanted to chat with her, as if not answering a word or two would be a disgrace to the teacher, or that the teacher would forget their child.

So after Teacher Robin explained her position, she didn't send any more messages.

Several family members headed by Peter's mother found out that Teacher Robin had left after they flattered her.

It didn't work out, and they felt unreconciled.

Peter's mother, "Teacher Robin is really humble, she would rather suffer herself than the kids, hey..."

Charlotte's father, "Well, I suggest that we still buy the motorbike, but it's not for the teacher. After we buy it, the motorbike will be placed in the school as the common property of our class... There are usually activities, and sometimes some parents also need to drive. It is also convenient to have a motorbike to go shopping."

Isabella's mother followed immediately, "Yes, yes! This is good!"

Peter's mother, "I think the suggestion is very good! When the motorbike is idle, it is also convenient for Teacher Robin to commute to and from get off work..."

Sunny's mother, "Yes, no matter which teacher is in a hurry, it is troublesome to drive and find a parking space, but motorbike is very convenient."

Peter's mother, "If you agree, please put your names down, Peter's mother agrees!"

Isabella's mother followed immediately.

Parents in the group, "..."

An "enthusiastic parent" said in a strange way, "If the class shares property, a motorbike is not enough. I usually do activities, especially when I go out for team building. When it is not a bunch of things, I suggest buying a car."

Penny's parents, "Gordon's mother is right, otherwise it's best to buy a pickup truck to pull goods."

Tiffany's parents, "The teacher has already made it so clear, I don't understand why the parents of the family committee are so persistent? Doesn't this add trouble to the teacher?"

Peter's mother was quite upset when she saw this.

A group of people who stayed quiet, just did not fight for their own children, and did not let others fight.

What did this add trouble to? What else could the teacher say in the group?

Originally, Teacher Robin didn't say a word, which means that she acquiesced!

It was Lilly's grandmother who made this matter so ugly that Teacher Robin had to come out and say those words!

In fact, she should give it away or she had to give it away, as long as she was enthusiastic and sincere, so what if she went a little far to strive for a better education for her children!

Lilly's Grandma was to be blamed for all of this, she had never seen such a narrow-minded person, who was reluctant to give up the money and let it go, and even acted eccentrically, as if she was good at talking.

[Chapter 896 Blake, the Zealous Group Admin](#)

However, the group had spiraled out of control.

Bummie's parents reminisced, "I remember when school started before the Parent Committee was formed, our group was harmonious. Whenever a parent needed help or the school had an announcement, whoever was available would step up and take responsibility. We were all about mutual assistance back then... But everything changed with the Parent Committee."

Kacy's parents chimed in, "Exactly! Ever since the Parent Committee was established, people no longer engage in conversations within the group. What's the purpose of the Parent Committee anyway? To brown-nose?"

Chozie added her suggestion, "I recommend abolishing the Parent Committee."

Other parents joined in, expressing their agreement.

"Agreed."

"Agreed."

"Agreed."

...

Peter's mom and Isabella's mom fell silent, feeling exasperated by the stubbornness of the other parents. They were on the verge of being infuriated by the entire group.

Isabella's mom felt particularly aggrieved. As a member of the Parent Committee, she believed that their contributions behind the scenes to the class went unnoticed by everyone. Today, when Lilly's grandmother stirred up trouble, everyone followed suit and turned against them. They seemed to think they could dictate the actions of the Parent Committee!

Isabella's mom had endured a night of mockery, not only from Lilly's grandmother but also from the teacher and other parents who adopted a snide tone. Their defenses crumbled under the weight of it all.

With a tearful voice, Isabella's mom sent a voice message, "Fine, let's disband it! I've longed to be free from this Parent Committee. Our efforts go unseen, and we tirelessly work for the class, yet everyone takes it for granted. The moment we make a mistake, they don't hesitate to blame us. Who wants to endure this frustration if not for the sake of our children?"

As the sound of her sobbing reached everyone's ears, a parent quickly stepped forward to smooth things over:

"Oh, come on, everyone is doing this for the sake of their children! Let's not make a big deal out of tonight's incident. From now on, let's listen to Teacher Robin and cooperate to do our work properly. Let's not create unnecessary chaos."

Someone chimed in, "The Parent Committee parents have worked hard!"

Immediately, many others followed suit, "The Parent Committee parents have worked hard!"

The Crawford family observed the situation.

Bettany finished her dinner comfortably and checked her phone, only to discover that the situation hadn't been resolved yet. To her surprise, everyone was still upset, and some even started crying.

Goodness, things had already returned to normal, but because one parent shed tears, everyone quickly turned to console her. It seemed as though shedding tears made her arguments valid, and now everyone refrained from saying anything, afraid of appearing too talkative.

The issue of buying electric cars was completely forgotten, but no one mentioned dissolving the Parent Committee either. Some people began to blame others, suggesting that any discontent should have been discussed privately rather than expressed ambiguously in the group.

Bettany sneered, and texted in the group without restraint, "What hard work? Is it hard work to brown-nose? Is this what you're teaching your children? How to take shortcuts? @Samson's Grandma, instead of saying 'certain individuals,' why not mention me directly? Tomorrow, I'll bring my phone and reason with the principal. Let's see if this Parent Committee is even necessary."

Everyone: Uh!!

That was quite a bold statement!

After finishing her work, Teacher Robin went for a run and treated herself to a dinner of black pepper spaghetti, hoping to relax. But when she checked her phone, her headache returned!

Damn it, this was getting ridiculous. Despite her repeated requests to stop the gift-giving, they still managed to create a collective class property!

Teacher Robin suggested, "Let's disband the Parent Committee! I'll inform parents of any important matters in the group. We don't need a Parent Committee for our class. You've all worked hard enough!"

Teacher Robin then addressed Lilly's father, "Let's close the group discussion. Tonight, let's all calm down."

Blake responded, "Alright."

Blake activated the group's mute function.

Bettany looked puzzled.

Since when was Blake the group admin?

Sitting on the couch, Blake smirked, humbly saying, "I just took on the role today."

This group was initially formed by parents, who then brought in the homeroom teacher for communication purposes. When Ms. Montague encountered trouble, the previous group admin panicked, providing Blake with an opportunity to seize control.

Bettany remained silent.

The next day, no one knew whether Lilly's grandmother had gone to the principal with her phone. What the parents in the group did know was that their chat suddenly went viral!

Someone had taken screenshots of all their conversations and posted them on various short video platforms.

Peter's mom and Isabella's mom instantly became famous.

But the real star was Lilly's grandmother.

Akina commented, "I bow down to you, Grandma."

Orange said, "Grandma, you're my hero!"

Dandelion exclaimed, "Grandma is my internet mouthpiece! Watching this is so satisfying!! (Excitedly crawling) (Biting in madness) (Leaving with a hand-bitten flower)."

Xixili stated, "People like Mrs. Szell are annoying. I'm so repulsed by such individuals. If you want to brown-nose, do it on your own; why drag others into it?"

One Shot suggested, "The Parent Committee has become a brown-nosing club. I don't know the purpose of its existence. I propose abolishing Parent Committees nationwide. Those in favor, press 1; those against, I'll come to your door and gouge your eyeballs out."

Lilly stared at the video on her phone, stunned.

Oh wow, Granny became famous?

She asked, "Who did this?"

Blake's lips curled slightly as he replied, "I don't know. Maybe it was a zealous community member!"

Lilly fell silent.

Why couldn't she believe it?

[Chapter 897 Unchanging Stubbornness](#)

Josh couldn't care less about the Parent Committee's nonsense. It didn't matter, Granny would handle it. His focus was on when they could go ghost hunting.

During lunchtime, when all the kids had returned, Josh asked, "Lilly, when are we going to catch ghosts?"

Lilly thought for a moment and replied, "After we finish our homework."

Josh fell silent. He knew Lilly usually finished her homework at school, so what homework was she talking about?

Lilly clarified, "It's not mortal world homework."

Josh became intrigued and exclaimed, "What kind of homework? I want to learn too!"

Lilly hesitated and said, "Josh, you won't be able to learn this."

Josh was not willing to accept that. Was there anything in this world that he couldn't learn? Just because he didn't like humanities didn't mean he wasn't good at them. He could easily score 110 out of 120 in Languages!

"Tell me! What kind of homework is it?" Josh persisted.

Lilly explained, "It's an assignment on underworld cultivation. First, we need to extract spirit energy in the Hell Ruler Palace."

"Spirit energy comes from the eerie fog beneath the Abyss of Ghosts. Inside the eerie fog, there are traces of spirit energy, the lingering attachments of woeful ghosts, and more. But let's skip that part because the Hell Ruler Palace helps purify it for us!"

(Hell Ruler Palace: Quick, praise me!)

Josh was confused. So, there was chemistry and purification in the underworld too? How did they purify it?

Lilly continued, "Well, first, we have to swallow all the eerie fog and spirit energy, and then release the useless gas like a fart. That way, we obtain pure spirit energy!"

Josh fell silent.

Drake, Zachary, and Blake fell silent too.

Drake, with a cool expression on his face, secretly made a mental note, saying, "Go on."

Lilly continued, "Ah?" She wasn't sure what more to say.

Could they even understand it? And even if they did, would they be able to cultivate?

Sigh...

"Spirit energy is what we use to upgrade in the underworld. We absorb the spirit energy into our bodies, let it circulate through our meridians and limbs, and finally gather it all in our belly!"

"When our bellies are full, that's when we upgrade!"

Lilly happily patted her stomach and declared, "That's all!"

Josh fell silent.

Drake fell silent.

Blake fell silent.

Zachary fell silent.

They could understand every word individually, but when combined, it made no sense to them.

Josh realized it must be because he hadn't caught enough ghosts!

Lilly wasn't this good before. It was only after catching more ghosts that she gradually improved!

As the only person in the Crawford family who could see ghosts with his naked eye, he was determined to rise! (The occasional sighting with other people didn't count! There's no way to avoid encountering ghosts when you're so close to the ghost realm... and it doesn't count if Uncle Blake uses the black hand rope to see them.)

"Lilly, after you finish your underworld homework, take me ghost hunting, okay?" Josh looked at Lilly eagerly and shook her hand.

Drake sneered, "Is it appropriate for an older brother to act cute with his younger sister? Have some dignity."

Josh retorted, "Mind your own business!"

Drake turned and walked away.

During the lunch break, the other kids went for a nap, while Lilly sat cross-legged on her bed in her room.

She raised her hand and took a deep breath.

Polly provided the sound effects, "Hoo~ Let the energy sink into the elixir field~"

Lilly lowered her hand and formed a hand seal, resting them on her knees.

Polly continued providing the sound effects, "Hoo~ Let the energy resonate to the crown~"

"Starting stance – open the left foot, raise both arms forward – bend the knees and press the palms..."

"Left and right, wild horses parting the mane... hands embracing the ball..."

Lilly interrupted, "Shut up!"

Polly complied, "Alright, Lilly, I'll be quiet, Lilly!"

Lilly fell silent.

No wonder Pablo preferred to return to the jar of souls and practice hanging on the tree rather than staying outside.

This was a bird that even Pablo was afraid of.

However, Lilly quickly immersed herself in the practice, unable to hear Polly's chatter anymore.

It wasn't until right before the afternoon classes that she opened her eyes. Although she hadn't taken a nap, she felt more refreshed than her brothers.

Hannah, still half-asleep, murmured, "I had just fallen asleep, dreaming about doing homework, and then I got startled awake. Goodness, scared me out of my sleep."

Josh helped Lilly with her backpack and said, "That's great, you don't even need an alarm clock."

Hannah replied, "Hey, put it down. Didn't I say I'll carry Lilly's backpack today?"

Lilly swung her small backpack and wore it on her back.

She chuckled and said, "Josh, Hannah, I don't need your help with my backpack! I can do it myself!"

The backpack was filled with books for class, but to her, it was really nothing!

If she wanted to, she could carry one with her left hand, one with her right hand, and even wear one on her back. She could take all of them to school.

Josh felt a tinge of sadness, thinking about how Alban not only carried Tia's backpack but also carried her in his arms.

He always felt like he was losing.

The children went to school carefree and happy.

At the school gate, they saw Peter's mom anxiously waiting outside.

Aside from her, there were a few other familiar parents...

Peter was angrily saying, "Is it my fault again? You ask me to apologize for everything. Can't you learn from Lilly's parents?"

"My face is bleeding, but you don't care about me. You're not my mom!"

The little boy, holding his backpack, ran into the school.

As it turned out, when Peter's mom dropped him off at school, he had a playful fight with a classmate. Peter kept calling the other kid a big black pig, a black mud pig.

It was extremely offensive, and the other kid's parents and the child got angry immediately.

The boy who was called a big black pig got so mad that he flipped Peter to the ground, sat on top of him, and started hitting him wildly. Peter was screaming and bleeding from his mouth, with scratches all over his face.

Ms. Montague was no longer there to stand up and say, "It's just a nickname, it's wrong to hit someone."

Peter's parents were distressed. They had already apologized, and they had pressured Peter to apologize as well, but the other child's parent was still very angry.

It seemed a bit unreasonable... Children's words were innocent and naive. It was understandable if kids took it seriously, but should adults take it so seriously too?

Josh and the others stopped not far away, staring at the malignant spirit floating above Peter's mom's head, a bootlicker.

[Chapter 898 Frustration Galore](#)

Josh stared at the malignant spirit bootlicker and asked, "Lilly, how do we catch this ghost?"

But now it wasn't Josh taking Lilly to catch ghosts.

It was Lilly taking Josh to catch ghosts.

Although Josh had caught a regular woeful ghost called Head before, it had already been quite challenging for him.

But now, it was his first time dealing with a malignant spirit.

Lilly asked, "Josh, do you know what bootlickers fear the most?"

Curious, Josh replied, "What is it?"

Lilly smirked mischievously, her eyes filled with playfulness and mischief. "It's when flattery backfires, right in their faces!"

She smiled mischievously, grabbed Josh's hand, and pulled him inside. "Come on! Let's go to class first."

Josh reluctantly looked at the malignant spirit, feeling like it was not only Lilly's responsibility but his own as well.

"Goodbye, bootlicker... Wait for me!" Josh said affectionately.

The malignant spirit bootlicker looked puzzled.

Peter's mother looked despondently at the children who had already entered the school, unable to put her mind at ease.

She had planned to tend to her child's wounds before allowing him inside, but he had thrown a tantrum and ran off instead.

The classmate Peter called "Big Black Pig" was named Nicodemus Gacy. Gacy was a rare surname, and for a first-grade student, Nicodemus was not easy to remember.

Furthermore, Nicodemus had darker skin, was taller, and had a more robust physique. That's why Peter enjoyed calling him Big Black Pig.

Nicodemus's mother was not pleased and said, "Peter's mother, I think your child needs to change this habit. It's impolite to give people nicknames like that. Parents should guide their children properly; otherwise, they won't know any better."

There was something Nicodemus's mother refrained from saying: The previous incident had caused such a commotion because Peter gave Lilly a nickname.

It wasn't the first or second time that Peter had given someone a nickname. Almost every classmate had been given a nickname by him, but most of them quickly moved on and didn't mind, leading to a peaceful coexistence.

But this problem persisted for so long, indicating how the parents were teaching their children.

Peter's mother humbly said, "Nicodemus's mother, you're right. It's my fault for not disciplining him properly. Sigh, this child, he's so mischievous. No matter what I tell him, he doesn't listen!"

"But this time, Nicodemus was too harsh. I'm worried about Peter... I'm concerned."

Peter's mother anxiously looked towards the school, holding her phone, hesitating.

Nicodemus's mother nodded and said, "Indeed, he was too harsh. I'm sorry, but I'm running late for work."

After saying that, she got in her car and left.

Peter's mother stood in place. The school gate had already opened, and the security guard started urging people, saying, "Parent, don't stand here! Move along."

Peter's mother suddenly felt a surge of unnamed anger welling up inside her.

What's wrong with the mother of Big Black Pig? She was so worried, and the other person simply said sorry so casually?

And she didn't even know if the apology was for hitting her son or for being in a hurry.

Who acts like that? Even if her son was in the wrong, they were the ones who resorted to violence. Out of concern and reason, shouldn't they inquire about the child's injuries or suggest going to the hospital?

Peter's mother took out her phone and called Teacher Robin.

Unfortunately, she didn't get any answer despite calling several times.

So, she had to send a message to Teacher Robin: [Hello, Teacher Robin! I'm sorry to bother you. Peter just got into a fight with a classmate, and he's bleeding from his face. How is he doing now?]

[I apologize for causing you trouble. I know you're busy with urgent matters in the morning. This child, Peter, is always mischievous and disobedient. This time, he angered a classmate with a joke and got beaten up.]

Teacher Robin was currently conducting the morning reading session with the students.

During class time, she had her phone on silent mode and placed it in her bag on the desk. Hence, she didn't know that Peter's mother was calling her.

However, she stood in front of Peter's desk, surprised, and asked, "Peter, what happened to you?"

Peter was vomiting, expelling not just the breakfast he had eaten that morning but also large amounts of "blood." It was unclear if it was real blood or if it was mixed in with the vomit, but it appeared as if he was spewing out a considerable amount of blood.

This sight shocked Teacher Robin, and without hesitation, she picked up Peter and rushed towards the medical room, not caring about getting dirty from the vomit covering her.

The classmates had never seen such a scene before and were stunned, staring in the direction their teacher had left.

"Oh my, Peter is vomiting blood!" exclaimed a shocked classmate.

The classroom erupted into a buzzing discussion:

"Is he going to die?"

"Vomiting blood means he's expelling his internal organs."

"No way, who said vomiting blood expels internal organs?"

"Just look at what he vomited, there are no organs... Yuck, it's so disgusting."

"Shhh... Stop talking and start reading."

Lilly remained silent.

Expelling internal organs... that's unlikely...

She was just curious why Peter, who seemed fine earlier, would suddenly start vomiting blood.

Lilly's gaze shifted, and she took the opportunity to slip away.

She placed an "ignore talisman" on her forehead, ensuring that nobody would pay attention to her.

Lilly ran to Josh's classroom, peeked through the window, and used a talisman to roll up a piece of paper and accurately throw it at Josh's head.

Josh inwardly grumbled, wondering who threw a paper ball at him!

When he turned his head to look... oh, it was Lilly. In that case, it was fine!

He quickly picked up the fallen talisman from the floor, and seeing Lilly gesturing for him to stick it on his forehead, he complied.

Then, taking advantage of the teacher's turned-back, he quickly sneaked out.

Lilly said, "Don't worry, Josh. With this talisman, everyone will ignore us."

Josh's eyes gleamed. "Wow, an invisibility talisman?"

It was the perfect gadget for daydreaming in class or playing on the phone unnoticed!

Lilly pulled him towards the school medical room, trying to avoid the main paths, and said, "It's not that magical, it just makes others not pay attention to us."

They would be more invisible than bystanders.

Josh exclaimed, "Give me a few more of these talismans!"

Lilly remained silent.

[Chapter 899 The Comedy of Errors](#)

In the midst of it all, Peter's mother received a phone call and hurriedly turned back, rushing towards the school with an air of desperation.

She was on the verge of tears, having seen her son earlier and thinking it was just a minor injury. How could that "Big Black Pig" have inflicted such a brutal beating?

Did he cause internal injuries as well?

Unable to contain her anger, Peter's mother couldn't help but wonder if Nicodemus' mother had been notified by the teacher.

But her fury got the best of her, as she thought about how a mere nickname could result in her son being battered like this, all the while the other party dared to claim it was her fault as a parent.

A child so violent must have been raised with serious issues in their home!

Beep beep...

"Hello, Nicodemus' mother! Have you received any notification from the teacher?"

"No...?"

"Well, here's what happened. My son suddenly started vomiting blood at school! I think things have taken a serious turn. You should come over as well. Your Nicodemus might have injured my son! It's just too vicious, really..."

Peter's mother's tone was far from pleasant as she hung up the phone.

The audacity of the other person infuriated her. If her son was fine, then all the better, but if something was wrong, she would not let them off the hook!

Meanwhile, Teacher Robin arrived at the medical room with Peter, panting heavily from their sprint.

"I'm fine, teacher!" Peter said, feeling uncomfortable.

Breathless, Teacher Robin responded, "You're vomiting blood and you say you're fine? Alright, stop talking now. Just stay quiet and rest."

Upon hearing that someone was vomiting blood, the school nurse quickly conducted an examination, observing that Peter seemed fine... He appeared lively, and his complexion didn't indicate internal bleeding.

"Where does it hurt?" the school nurse asked.

Peter fidgeted and struggled to utter a word for a while.

Under relentless questioning from Teacher Robin and the nurse, he finally managed to say, "I got into a fight with Nicodemus this morning, and he made me bleed in my mouth."

He had spat out saliva with traces of blood twice on his way to the classroom.

Upon arriving in the classroom, he realized he was bleeding in his mouth, so he had the urge to spit it out. However, he couldn't just spit anywhere in the classroom.

"So, I held it in my mouth... The more I held it, the more saliva accumulated, and I couldn't just spit it out randomly!"

"But then the teacher said we had to read the text aloud..." Peter said with a mournful face. "So, I had no choice but to swallow the saliva."

But it felt dirty with blood and had a fishy smell.

He swallowed a mouthful, and it immediately made him feel nauseous.

"Blame it on my mom! She made me eat too much in the morning! The food in my stomach started to come up! I couldn't vomit, so I had to force it back down."

As the contents of his stomach surged upward, he was in a bind. He couldn't vomit anymore; he had to force it down with all his might.

Suddenly, that nauseating taste caused him to retch.

He tried to cover his mouth, but accidentally bit his lip, causing it to bleed even more. He desperately tried to swallow the blood, creating a vicious cycle of vomiting... It looked as if he was spitting out mouthfuls of blood.

Teacher Robin and the school nurse fell silent.

Unbelievable! Just listening to this description made them feel nauseous...

The nurse attended to him and asked him to take off his soiled clothes. Peter didn't have any spare clothes, and his vomiting had dirtied both the inside and outside of his attire.

"I've already informed your mother. She'll bring clean clothes for you. Just lie down for now," the nurse instructed.

Concerned that he might hide behind the curtain without any clothes, Teacher Robin asked him to lie on

the bed.

Covered with a blanket.

Peter had no choice but to comply.

Peter's mother arrived in a hurry, without having checked her phone or heard Teacher Robin's phone call.

As soon as she saw her son lying on the bed unable to get up, she rushed over and exclaimed, "My son! What happened to you?"

She was both worried and flustered, blurting out, "Nicodemus went too far! Such a young child being so brutal... What does he usually do at home?!"

Teacher Robin's face turned dark as they said, "Peter's mother, please don't panic. Peter is fine!"

"And he's lying in bed and you say he's fine?"

"Peter was mischievous, he called Nicodemus by a nickname, which wasn't right, but for Nicodemus to be so brutally violent that he made someone vomit blood... it's clear how merciless he was."

"A child so young, knowing how to be so cruel, does he have violent tendencies? How can this be..."

Teacher Robin quickly explained Peter's situation.

Peter's mother, who had been crying while blaming Nicodemus, suddenly froze.

"Is... is he really fine?"

The school nurse said, "He is fine. You should hurry back and bring clean clothes for your child!"

Peter lay on the bed, feeling extremely embarrassed at this moment.

He pursed his lips and remained silent.

Peter's mother quickly wiped away her tears and forced a smile, saying, "Oh my, I was just... too anxious. Oops... I must have made Teacher Robin feel embarrassed!"

She blushed and felt extremely awkward.

This wasn't like her at all. She directly badmouthed another child in front of the teacher. What kind of impression would that leave?

Her anger was getting the best of her, causing her to create such a scene and embarrass herself.

At that moment, she noticed the stains on Teacher Robin's clothes.

She quickly said, "Oh dear, Teacher Robin, your clothes are dirty!"

Teacher Robin waved it off, saying, "It's alright... just a little stain, I can clean it off."

Peter's mother shook her head, saying, "This won't do! It's embarrassing. Teacher Robin, you put your heart and soul into teaching the children, sacrificing everything for them, burning yourself out like a candle, even willing to sacrifice your time... How can we allow you to teach while your clothes are dirty?"

Teacher Robin and the school nurse fell silent.

[Chapter 900 In the Land of Compliments](#)

Seizing the perfect opportunity, Peter's mother, influenced by the bootlicker, launched into a skillful spiel:

"With your words, you sow hope in the hearts of children, cultivating their academic endeavors with colorful pens, watering their growth with sweat, and nurturing their souls with dedication..."

"It is said that a teacher is a lifelong guardian, and as Peter's teacher, you are his lifelong elder!"

"So, when I go back, I'll bring clothes for Peter and buy a new set for you, Teacher Robin. What size do you wear?"

Teacher Robin and the school nurse remained silent.

Teacher Robin was on the verge of embarrassment!

Her words were so exaggerated, making her feel incompetent.

Maybe the language teacher should take over by her?

"No, really, no need! Peter's mother, please go back and get the clothes for Peter," Teacher Robin responded hastily.

Peter buried his head in his blanket, utterly embarrassed.

He despised his mother's behavior.

Not only did she act this way toward every teacher, but she also did it with various leaders.

Everyone called it flattery, but his mother was a bootlicker.

He didn't want a bootlicker as his mother!

The school nurse coughed, and Teacher Robin quickly ushered Peter's mother out of the room.

With a serious face, Teacher Robin said, "Peter's mother, there are only the two of us here... I'll be straightforward with you. Don't engage in these flashy things!"

"Most teachers here are diligent in their work. You don't have to worry about your child being treated unfairly at school. Flattery won't get you anywhere, and not every teacher enjoys hearing it!"

Teacher Robin finished speaking in one breath and added, "I'm being direct, so don't take offense!"

Peter's mother thought to herself: No one doesn't like being flattered. You can't bite the hand that feeds you, right?

Besides, she wasn't worried about her son being treated unfairly. She was concerned about him not receiving special treatment.

She wanted her son to be treated with extra care at school, with teachers being kind to him. After all, children are fragile, and being too strict or serious with them can harm their mental development!

She also wanted teachers to show more bias and pay more attention to her child at school...

Just like this time, when her son was beaten up by that Big Black Pig, if Ms. Montague were there, she would surely punish Nicodemus and give her son more care and attention.

Oh well.

Flattery is just a matter of how you do it! There are many ways to flatter!

Peter's mother looked embarrassed and apologetic. "Teacher Robin, you're right. I was too focused on short-term gains... Sigh, a person's whole life revolves around their child. How can they not be anxious?"

She sighed, expressing her genuine feelings.

"Now that I've entrusted my child to you, we are actually at ease, knowing that he'll be fine at school... But Peter can be mischievous, and I feel so guilty. It must be quite troublesome for you. I appreciate your hard work..."

Lilly and Josh, who were crouching in a corner, remained silent.

They had learned something new.

You could flatter in this way too.

Teacher Robin sighed in understanding, but then something didn't sit right.

Peter's mother smiled and said, "Teacher Robin, you look so young and have such fair skin. You must work late into the night correcting assignments, right? Yet, you still manage to look so radiant and beautiful. It's truly admirable, unlike us... getting old and faded."

Peter's mother immersed herself in flattery, momentarily forgetting about bringing clothes for her son.

Little did she know that Teacher Robin's expression remained unchanged as she replied, "I don't stay up late correcting assignments."

Peter's mother stammered, "Yes, yes, we usually see the assignments corrected by the time we pick him up from school. Teacher Robin, you're amazing, so efficient. You must work on lesson plans late at night, right?"

Teacher Robin's face showed indifference. "I don't stay up late working on lesson plans either. When I finish work, I'm done. Staying up late to work on unfinished tasks only shows my incompetence."

Peter's mother fell silent.

Teacher Robin continued, "My skin isn't that great either. It's makeup and powder!"

She looked at Peter's mother, speaking in a rather unpleasant tone, "Peter's mother, is it so difficult to stop flattering? You always want your child to receive more attention and special treatment. Do you think it's fair to the other children?"

"First, he gave Lilly a derogatory nickname, and now he provoked Nicodemus, resulting in a beating. What kind of special treatment are you expecting from me?"

Peter's mother opened her mouth, her face turning red with embarrassment and a mix of anger.

How could this young teacher criticize her like this? She's not her student...

How can a teacher speak like this, as if a few harsh words are comparable to physically hurting someone? Her son is the one who got hurt!

Inside the school infirmary, the school nurse's gaze, barely perceptible, made Peter's mother feel utterly ashamed.

The bootlicker suddenly grew restless, as if it had touched upon something unbearable, making it feel agitated.

In the shadows, Lilly whispered, "Josh, see that? This is what happens when flattery hits a snag!"

Josh stared at the bootlicker, "So, what does he do?"

Lilly replied, "He'll reveal his true colors, show his flaws, and then our opportunity will come."

"Oh... so, it's your chance, Josh. My ghost-catching doesn't need to be this complicated!"

Josh fell silent.

Lilly said, "When the bootlicker can't hold back any longer, Josh, throw a talisman at her!"

It might embarrass Peter's mother, and she apologized for that. It's what she should do.

If only Josh knew what Lilly was thinking deep down...

He would have said: Yes! Well said!