

Eight Uncles 901

[Chapter 901 Lilly Really Doesn't Care!](#)

Bootlicker doesn't care about what others think, only whether the person he's brown-nosing approves of her.

Peter's mother had just finished flattering and got slapped in the face. In the end, she had to force a smile and say, "Yes, yes, Teacher Robin is right. I'll go get Peter's clothes..."

The embarrassment in her heart was becoming unbearable. She wanted to throw a tantrum, but then she remembered that it was her son's homeroom teacher...

So she could only leave quickly.

The bootlicker on her head had become restless, constantly saying, "Damn woman, she said so many good things and still didn't give us face!"

"No, you can't leave, quickly go back and keep flattering her. There's no one we can't win over in this world!"

"Go back and deal with her! Deal with her!!!"

Flattery couldn't win over the person they wanted to win over the most, and the bootlicker was going mad.

It roared and vigorously shook Peter's mother's head.

Josh felt like he could see the remnants of Peter's mother's soul being shaken by the force.

"Now is the time!" Lilly said.

Josh puzzled, "Huh... huh???"

He wasn't ready yet!

He watched as Peter's mother quickly walked away, turning into a corridor. He didn't know if she was concerned about her unflattering face, so she was walking towards the secluded areas.

He watched as she entered the school's small garden.

Lilly urged, "Josh, go after her! If you miss this chance, you'll have to wait for the next time she lets her guard down!"

Josh gritted his teeth. A malignant spirit was still a malignant spirit, but he had Lilly with him!

Lilly wouldn't abandon him... right?

Josh quickly rushed towards the small garden.

"Stop!" Josh shouted coldly.

Peter's mother turned around...

This turn surprised Josh.

Under the clear sky, Peter's mother's previously neatly combed hair was now scattered, covering a few strands over her eyes.

Her eyeballs rolled up as if they were electrocuted, while her mouth twisted at a strange angle, distorting her face...

As if she was desperately suppressing something, preparing to go insane.

"Da... Daring fiend! Watch where you're running!" Josh wanted to say something cool, but it came out like that.

As soon as he spoke, he forcefully threw the object in his hand!

Clang!

A frying pan attack!

Lilly said to throw the talisman when it wasn't paying attention... wait, why did a frying pan fly out instead?!

He was supposed to throw the talisman...

No, when did he bring a frying pan with him?

Peter's mother, whose head was hit by the frying pan, turned around.

She seemed to have heard someone call her. Her sanity returned a little, her eyes trembled and returned to their original position.

She forced a smile on her face, but it looked even more terrifying on her contorted face.

"Oh... Lilly's brother..." she said softly.

Josh secretly cursed. Under Lilly's influence, he had gradually become numb to malignant spirits and didn't think they were that formidable.

Now that he was personally facing one, he realized how terrifying they could be even in broad daylight.

The bootlicker on Peter's mother's head suddenly calmed down, and she stared at Lilly behind Josh, with all her hair standing on end.

But then he became suspicious.

Wait a minute, that day he felt a powerful aura from this little girl, but now it's gone.

And looking at the little boy in front of him, he had a feeling he was more like a young practitioner...

However, is this little practitioner here to capture him?

With this level, dare to provoke him?

How ridiculous!

The bootlicker opened its blood-filled mouth and pounced toward Josh!

Josh exclaimed, "Oh shit!" and quickly rolled on the ground, trying to imitate the cool move Drake had done that day.

Unfortunately, instead of rolling, he ended up nervously smacking his face on the ground.

Bootlicker smiled, "Hehehehe!"

As it was about to bite him, Josh shouted desperately, "Lilly, help me!" and randomly threw all the talismans from his pocket at the bootlicker!

A human and a ghost engaged in a fight.

He ran, he chased, he was covered in tears and snot... Oh no, wait, that's not right.

Josh couldn't believe it. Lilly was actually ignoring him!

Sobbing!

Lilly leaned against the arch of the small garden with her arms crossed, exuding an aura of indifference.

Josh had a protective bracelet on him, and even if he didn't, he still had the amulet.

Even if he was in danger, it would be as easy as waving her hand to save him, even without the protective bracelet and amulet.

Of course, she wanted him to practice catching ghosts on his own.

As the future Asmodeus... how could Josh not know how to catch ghosts?

After coming up from the Abyss of Ghosts, Lilly awakened to certain things.

For example, she learned that Polly would become the future avian soul collector, the Bird Devil.

Josh would become Asmodeus.

Mammon, the only one among the top ten dark generals who could openly appear in the human world during the day, had the primary responsibility of patrolling and monitoring good and evil in the mortal realm. If he encountered extremely wicked spirits or lingering souls whose lifespans had expired, he would take them back to the underworld.

As for Asmodeus, his responsibility was similar to Mammon's, but he was the most unique one among them...

Asmodeus would always appear in the form of a child.

This meant that Josh would undergo a crucial transformation when he reached his child form.

Lilly didn't know when this transformation would occur, but Josh was already growing up, and the time for his child form was limited. She had to help him complete the transformation as soon as possible.

As for why the bootlicker didn't run when it saw her?

Apart from her concealing her aura, she had also cast a spell on the bootlicker, not a simple career cut spell, but a disdain spell.

It was a new spell she had just developed, and she wanted to test its effectiveness.

This spell made the malignant spirit forget about her and ignore her existence.

After being chased by the King of Cities twice, Lilly had been thinking about finding a way to make the King of Cities lower his guard, even if just a little bit.

Then she realized that there was something called "arrogance" in the diversity of human emotions.

Arrogance could make people become self-important, lower their guard, and make them complacent... reaching its peak as disdain for everything.

It might not be very useful against the King of Cities at the moment, but it was sufficient against malignant spirits.

The bootlicker didn't consider Lilly a threat and was subtly influenced by Lilly's spell, thinking that it had been mistaken that day.

Moreover, as a malignant spirit, how could it be afraid of a little brat who didn't even have half of its power?

"Die..." The bootlicker reached out and grabbed Josh by the neck!

Josh was exhausted from running, and for a moment, he couldn't react in time and was caught off guard.

The malignant spirit gripped his neck, making it nearly impossible for him to breathe.

Li... Lilly... please...

Soon, Josh realized that Lilly really wasn't paying attention to him!

[Chapter 902 Conquering the Opponent with Guts](#)

Lilly...

No, please... I beg you, don't!

Josh stuck out his tongue, his eyes rolling back for a moment.

Damn it...

In a fit of anger, he reached out and pulled out a ritual blade.

He wildly stabbed at bootlicker, hitting him right in the waist.

Bootlicker furious, "I'll strangle your throat!"

Josh replied, "I'll gut your waist!"

They wrestled together, a chaotic tangle of limbs, chasing and escaping, waist for the waist.

Josh had made the ritual blade himself. Originally, he had intended to make a ritual sword, but it was too long to fit in his backpack.

So he improvised, making it shorter, and it became a ritual blade.

With a direct stab, he managed to seize the bootlicker's waist.

He was stunned: "Do ghosts even have waists?"

Aren't ghosts just a mass of bad aura? A floating specter? How could they have waists?

Bootlicker: "My waist... Give me back my waist!"

Josh: "Release my throat... Let go!"

Lilly remained silent.

Even she was shocked.

What kind of plot twist was this? Who would have thought that Josh would conquer his opponent by seizing their waist for the first time he captured a ghost?

The corners of Lilly's mouth twitched uncontrollably, finally understanding why Pablo always had a twitching corner of his mouth.

The ghosts who had quietly peeked out to watch the commotion were also astonished.

The harem spirit was shocked, "This... It's seizing a man's lifeblood!"

Ghost bride replied, "Harem, you're talking nonsense! A man's lifeblood isn't their waist!"

Harem spirit curious, "Hmm? Explain further."

Weakling spirit gave them each a punch, "Shut up!"

Unlucky ghost, with a face full of exasperation, said, "I can't believe you two can even make out colors from just watching."

Harem spirit looked puzzled: "What colors? I don't understand. What are you talking about?"

Unlucky ghost fell silent.

In the small garden, Josh and the bootlicker fought fiercely, kicking up clouds of dust. Amidst the haze, only glimpses of Josh's occasional face and bootlicker's protruding waist could be seen.

"Submit! I'm asking if you submit!" Josh grinned, gripping the waist tightly.

Bootlicker was furious, "...Damn it..."

Would he dare to say he submitted?

His waist was in the opponent's hands.

How could a man be without a waist?!

What was even more infuriating was that the kid was covered in talismans.

Fine, let's not mention the protective bracelet he had on his hand. It had just flickered briefly and then mysteriously went dim. Bootlicker had no idea that Lilly had suppressed the protective bracelet on purpose, just so he could be used as a sparring partner for Josh.

But this kid had way too many quirks. Talismans were stuffed in his clothes and pants, everywhere.

Damn it, even his stylish hair, standing tall and firm, was supported by carefully rolled talismans.

"I submit, I submit! Can I call you 'bro'?" Bootlicker looked frustrated, but couldn't help adding, "Give me back my waist first."

How could Josh return the waist to him?

He didn't have a jar of souls or a Hell Ruler Palace, but he did have a snakeskin bag, a smaller one.

This snakeskin bag had two layers, and the middle layer was filled with soul-binding talismans.

He threw the waist into the bag, and the bootlicker could forget about getting it back.

Bootlicker fell silent.

This kid... was he so annoying?

Bootlicker glared and sat down on the ground: "I'm not fighting anymore! I won't fight you!"

Josh sneered: "Tell me your name, where you're from, and how you died!"

Did he think he was the Ruler of Hell, catching ghosts and then interrogating them?

Josh raised the ritual blade: "I wonder if I can stab through a waist with this knife? I've never tried it before, but I want to give it a shot."

Bootlicker: "...My name is Cyrus Moseley."

Josh fell silent.

Bootlicker felt more and more aggrieved and continued, "I'm from Uthar, near the Swiebia area."

That area was a rapidly developing economic zone, attracting various tycoons and becoming a financial hub.

"I was just an ordinary salesperson. The competition for survival was intense..."

Salesperson, of course, there would be a lot to say.

Contacting clients, running the business, and socializing over drinks were all part of the job.

"I was a salesperson for an online business. At that time, Arombaba had just started developing its online business, and Pearchy had just launched."

Online shopping wasn't as popular as it is now. People used to buy things from physical stores, but the big bosses said that e-commerce was the future trend.

Salespeople mainly did door-to-door sales, going to each store and pitching to each owner.

They even had to pitch to potential customers who seemed to have potential.

Walking ten kilometers in a day was the bare minimum, and at the most tiring times, he had worn out two pairs of leather shoes.

When Josh heard this, he skeptically asked, "Are you sure it wasn't a problem with your shoe quality?"

Bootlicker fell silent.

His train of thought had been interrupted.

Bootlicker was certain that this brat was his lifelong enemy in the afterlife.

[Chapter 903 The Demise of Bootlicker](#)

Weakling Spirit nodded, "I have some impression. We didn't hear much about online shopping before, but there were often people coming to school to distribute flyers."

Most of the flyers at school were for novels.

Students who wanted to buy books would take the promotional flyers, which had colorful novel covers like "The Left Ear" and "That Guy is Arrogant"... they were especially popular among girls.

After checking the boxes on the flyers, they would hand them over to the salesperson, who would then place the order. After one or two weeks, the novels would be delivered by mail.

Of course, in addition to books, there were also some small accessories like earrings and necklaces, but clothes were rare. Everyone was used to going out to buy clothes and shoes.

Unlike now, many people buy things by opening a shopping app, placing an order, making the payment, and waiting for the delivery. They can usually receive their purchased items within two or three days.

"It can be said that the convenience of shopping now is inseparable from the efforts of the salespeople who paved the way for e-commerce."

Weakling Spirit explained this to Lilly.

Lilly said, "Wow... I learned something new."

She didn't know about the process from the past in her generation.

Bootlicker nodded and continued:

"Exactly, that's right... I started with this kind of promotion, distributing flyers at schools."

It was easy to do because students were easy to talk to. As long as he found a willing student to take the flyers to school and register the orders, he would collect them later and place the orders together.

He would receive a commission from the platform and the stores for helping with online orders.

But those were small-scale activities. Later, he took on another business line.

"Finding businesses to join the platform," Bootlicker said, "finding those store owners and persuading them to open online stores on the platform."

If he successfully signed one, he would receive a substantial commission.

"After becoming familiar with it, small shops no longer satisfied me. I wanted to work with larger stores. At that time, there were store ratings, and I would earn a 10% commission if I managed to get a 'Purple Diamond' store to join."

Accordingly, he started looking for small-scale companies.

"But why would they trust me or the company? It was so easy to run physical stores back then."

"So, I had to butter them up in every way possible, constantly flatter them, treat them to meals, drinks, and singing. I went all out to build relationships."

"For male bosses, I would praise them as successful and dominant individuals. For female bosses, I

would praise their youth, beauty, and entrepreneurial spirit. If they were slim, I would marvel at their great figure and ask for beauty tips. If they were overweight, I would envy their good fortune, assuming they must be wealthy and prosperous."

In short, there was no horse he couldn't flatter!

Gradually, he became so skilled at flattery that it came naturally to him. He could easily make bosses feel on top of the world with just his words. There was nothing he couldn't understand!

"Who would have thought that one day I would flatter the wrong person."

Bootlicker grumbled, "One day, I saw my ultimate client—a certain boss walking with a young, beautiful, and well-proportioned woman."

The boss wasn't bad-looking, just a little older, the type of man who aged like fine wine.

The girl was much younger, barely 18.

"I looked at him with envy, thinking he truly deserved to be a successful person if he could find such a good-looking woman."

Harem Spirit chimed in, "So, was the girl his daughter?"

Bootlicker replied, "It would have been that simple if she was his daughter."

After the girl finished shopping, she chatted with the boss while he accompanied her.

The boss smirked and said, "Women are all materialistic. Give them some money, and they're willing to be mistresses. They're all about money. If you give them enough, they'll do whatever you want, even in bed."

"I knew this was a form of male boasting, showing off his wealth and his prowess in that area. But, most importantly, based on my years of experience in flattery, I could hear his disdain for women."

"The essence of flattery is to identify the client's pain points, the things others don't know, especially in terms of concepts... and hit the bullseye with your flattery!"

With so many people flattering, why was he the only one who succeeded by flattery alone? It was because he had learned to 'build shared values' with his clients.

The boss's disdain for women was his hidden pain point.

"Immediately, I responded, 'Exactly! Mistresses are so cheap, just like female dogs. They only care about money, but it has to be a boss like you. Others can't afford it.'"

"Then I jokingly said, 'Boss, you're still going strong. You've taken good care of yourself! How did you manage to do that? Care to share your experiences with me?'"

The spirits looked puzzled, "What's wrong with that statement?"

It wasn't about whether the statement aligned with their values, but rather, according to Bootlicker's flattery technique, there shouldn't have been any mistakes.

Bootlicker looked frustrated, "The problem lies in the term 'mistress' and the phrase 'going strong'."

This boss was difficult to flatter. He was petty and vindictive.

Not only that, he had a particular desire for the thrill of controlling everything, like an emperor deciding life and death.

"Let me put it this way, when one of his employees talked behind his back and he found out, he had the person beaten until they were disabled, making it clear that he had the power to control everything."

Because of that, Bootlicker had been doing his best to please, flatter, and say nice things.

"Who could have imagined that this person himself would be someone else's mistress..."

The spirits looked perplexed.

Josh clicked his tongue and said, "...tsk."

[Chapter 904 Whatever, Daddy Will Take Action](#)

Little did the bootlicker know that his unintentional flattery had struck a nerve.

"He served two women simultaneously—one in power and the other the wife of a prominent figure on the rich list."

"He knew that both women's husbands were inadequate and that they had been neglected, so he took advantage of the opportunity to please them."

The one in power could provide him with protection for his dubious business practices, while the wealthy one could offer him investments, allowing his business to flourish.

Everyone in their circle knew about his "betrayal," and how he relied on women instead of relying on his abilities. It was always his biggest concern.

Not to mention, both women were far from attractive. They were middle-aged, with beer bellies bigger than most men's and thighs so thick they had extra fat bulging out.

"He tried to please both sides, relying entirely on medications to maintain his performance."

That's why those two flattering remarks struck a nerve, inadvertently hitting him where it hurt the most.

"He twisted my words and claimed that I was so skilled in socializing and had such extensive connections that I must have known about his affair with the two women all along. And he even sneered about his declining virility."

Poor bootlicker, wrongly accused; he genuinely had no idea!

But the boss didn't give him a chance to speak, and he cut his waist, leaving him for dead.

"That's how I died!" the bootlicker exclaimed. "After my waist was cut, I didn't die immediately. It was the infection that followed that ended my life."

Fearing that he would report the incident, the boss locked him up in a room, guarded and prevented him from leaving.

It was in that confinement that he contracted an infection and died from septicemia.

"After death, all I wanted was to reclaim my 'waist.' You know, they say if a corpse is not intact, it can't be reincarnated."

Reclaiming my 'waist' was about retrieving my soul, not getting my physical waist back.

To put it simply, I needed to find my soul in its entirety.

"But little did I know, my 'waist' was clenched in the jaws of a black dog," the bootlicker said. "A vicious dog, extremely skilled at hunting down spirits."

To reclaim his 'waist,' he spent over ten years battling with the black dog until it finally died and he truly regained his 'waist.'

And that's how he became a malignant spirit.

Josh was speechless. "No wonder..."

No wonder hitting his waist had such an impact.

Josh realized he had unintentionally struck the bootlicker's weakest spot. Ha! He truly was a genius!

Josh proudly declared, "Alright, now that you're under my control, will you follow Lilly or choose to dissipate into nothingness?"

The bootlicker looked at Josh in despair, then at Lilly.

Who would want to follow these two brats?

He hadn't even sought revenge on his boss yet.

He had been hit where it hurt, and he was determined to scatter his boss's ashes!

So he had to become stronger, strong enough to touch physical objects and dig up his opponent's grave.

Josh raised an eyebrow. "You refuse?"

He raised the ritual blade, threatening the bootlicker's soul tucked away in the snakeskin bag.

The bootlicker fell silent.

He had no choice but to lower his head and say, "I... I agree..."

For the sake of one 'waist,' becoming a malignant spirit, there was no way he would easily give up his 'waist.'

The harem spirit shook her head. "Flattery may be impressive, but it's not that simple to see through our Lilly's true nature."

The bootlicker, suppressed by Lilly's disdain spell, paused upon hearing these words.

No, something wasn't right. How could there be so many malignant spirits around this child? No, wait, they were ghost generals and ghost lords?!

A child who had willingly earned the loyalty of ghost generals and ghost lords couldn't be ordinary!

Indeed, that unsettling feeling he had on that day wasn't unfounded!

"I knew something was off. So, it was here..." the bootlicker murmured.

Lilly raised her hand and casually flicked her finger. "Oh, you've discovered it."

She retracted the disdain spell that had been suppressing the bootlicker.

In that instant, the bootlicker finally realized that Lilly was not merely a formidable child. She was none other than the Ruler of Hell, exerting her control!

She... She... She was the Ruler of Hell?!

The bootlicker's mind raced, and in a flash, he hugged Lilly's leg.

"Your Excellency, Ruler of Hell!" Tears streamed down the bootlicker's face. "I am willing to follow you, serving you faithfully, willing to lay down my life for you!"

"I was blind! I knew there was something extraordinary about you the moment I laid eyes on you... That radiance...!"

"Now I understand. It wasn't just any light. It was the radiance of your majesty, the radiance of holiness, the radiance that suppresses all evil in the world!"

"No, was it even light? It was your majesty, Ruler of Hell, emanating from you at such a young age, with such magnanimity..."

Lilly, Josh, and the ghosts fell into silence.

"Stop!" Lilly said speechlessly. "Enough with the flattery. I don't need flattery. Only Hell Ruler Palace emits gas. Do you want to go inside and have a look?"

She waved the Hell Ruler Palace in her hand.

The bootlicker hastily replied, "I dare not, I dare not! If the Ruler of Hell says no flattery, then no flattery it shall be! Being able to become one of the ghost generals under the command of the Ruler of Hell, I suddenly realize that all my wandering and confusion over these years had a purpose..."

Lilly and Josh remained speechless.

Lilly raised her hand and swiftly collected the bootlicker.

Alright, now only Peter's mother remained.

But it didn't matter. They didn't need to pay her any attention. Daddy would handle it.

Under the influence of the malignant spirits, Peter's mother, who had just been struck on the head with a frying pan, remained dazed and disoriented. It took her a while to regain her senses, holding her head in pain.

"Ouch... my head!" Peter's mother noticed the lump on her head and then looked down at the frying pan at her feet. She became instantly furious.

Who hit her with a frying pan?!

However, in the blink of an eye, the frying pan vanished.

Lilly reached out her hand and retrieved Josh's frying pan from thin air, hiding it away.

"Auntie, are you okay?" Lilly smiled sweetly. "We noticed that you fell and hit your head, and you've got a big bump. Come over and let us take a look."

Peter's mother, was dumbfounded and stood there frozen.

She fell... Did she fall?

Was it just her eyes playing tricks on her earlier...?

But a frying pan as big as that couldn't just disappear into thin air. So, it was just her imagination?

Peter's mother looked at Lilly, feeling somewhat uncomfortable. This child was the instigator behind everything that went wrong for her son at school.

Their family was good at boasting. What good could come from a child raised in such a family, claiming to be an airline captain, professor, and actor? Perhaps this kid was here to laugh at her for falling.

Peter's mother forced a smile. "Thank you."

With that, she hurriedly left.

Lilly had already finished helping Josh catch ghosts and hurried back to the classroom.

"Lilly, am I amazing?" From afar, Josh's voice seeking praise could still be heard.

And Lilly's generous praise came without hesitation, "My brother is the most amazing in the world!"

Josh burst into laughter, unable to see anything with his eyes closed...

Peter's mother remembered what she had to do and hurried back to fetch clothes for her son. Then she went to a department store and bought a dress worth over a thousand dollars, matching Teacher Robin's figure.

She liked the dress herself, so Teacher Robin would surely like it too.

She planned to say that she had washed the clothes and asked Teacher Robin to temporarily change into them... Yes, that's what she would do!

Just as she reached the school gate, she bumped into Nicodemus's parents and Bettany...?

[Chapter 905 : Lilly Crawford had real connections](#)

Peter got into a fight with Nicodemus and gave him a nickname, but Teacher Robin advised him it was not right.

When Peter's mother saw Nicodemus's mother and Bettany coming out together, she felt puzzled.

These two kids had both fought with her son before, so how did they end up together?

Indeed, birds of a feather flock together, and both families had a liking for violence. She needed to keep her distance from them.

"Oh, you're Lilly's grandmother," Peter's mother nodded slightly. "Hello."

Bettany ignored her completely, and Nicodemus' mother couldn't be bothered either. The accusatory tone in Peter's mother's phone call had already rubbed her the wrong way.

Her own son could give others nicknames without consequences, but as soon as he got hit, suddenly it became a big deal.

"Well, I should be going," Nicodemus's mother bumped into Bettany by chance.

Nicodemus' mother hurried to the school and found that Peter wasn't coughing blood. As she was about to leave, Bettany greeted Teacher Robin.

They only met then.

Because they were both leaving, they decided to walk together for a while.

Bettany had a poised and dignified smile on her face. Everything was just right. "Alright, take care."

Nicodemus' mother waved her hand and left in the car.

Peter's mother was completely ignored, feeling embarrassed and resentful in her heart.

Speechless, what's there to celebrate? Ignoring people like that, without a hint of politeness.

She couldn't pay attention to them either!

Peter's mother, feeling displeased, walked to the concierge to register.

Bettany waited for half a minute, and Blake's impressive SUV squeaked to a stop in front of her.

As soon as Blake poked his head out, he called out to Bettany, "Mom."

Immediately after, Anthony's discreet Maybach came to an abrupt halt.

Anthony got out of the car and opened the door for Bettany, asking, "Lilly and Josh. Are they okay?"

Bettany waved her hand, "What could possibly happen? Lilly has always been reliable..."

As for Josh?

When I passed by, I didn't see him. I was wondering if I should ask the teacher when something suddenly occurred to me...

I checked to see Lilly's classroom again, but she wasn't there. They must have gone "somewhere" together.

It must be sneaking around, and Bettany naturally wouldn't foolishly ask the teacher and reveal the truth if the teacher hadn't noticed it before.

"I'll have to talk to the principal about the Parent Committee matter," Bettany was about to say something when another car stopped behind Anthony's vehicle.

Surprisingly, it was the leader of Business Management County personally coming over, stopping Anthony and smiling.

Peter's mother had already entered the school and abruptly stopped, hiding behind the flower wall, watching with uncertainty.

Then she witnessed a scene that shocked her.

The leader approached the SUV again, but this time, the SUV owner didn't even get out of the car. Using slender fingers, they casually tapped the car's window.

Despite such insolent and impolite behavior, the leader standing outside the car didn't dare to show the slightest irritation. They even smiled...

It seems like an attempt to please?!

Even more shocking, she saw the principal hastily walking outside and quickly greeted someone through the SUV window.

Peter's mother was horrified: It seemed like a high-ranking official was in the car!

The high-ranking official slightly leaned out and said a few words, while the principal nodded repeatedly.

Finally, they watched the SUV and Maybach drive away...

Peter's mother's mind buzzed.

The Lilly family... did they really have a significant background?

Peter's mother quickly took out her phone and checked. It took her awhile to figure out that the SUV was worth over a million dollars.

And the Maybach... looking at the seemingly ordinary Maybach, it was worth tens of millions!

What family could afford cars worth millions and tens of millions so casually?

In an instant, Peter's mother felt a sinking feeling in her heart.

Her son had unintentionally offended someone influential, someone with a solid network of connections!

She had to inform her son immediately...

It was really wrong to give people nicknames. She needed to apologize to Lilly sincerely and try to improve their relationship as much as possible...

With these thoughts in mind, Peter's mother hurriedly went to the school infirmary.

At this moment, Teacher Robin counseled Peter.

Rarely having this opportunity, she wasn't in a rush to start class. After all, classes could be attended at any time, but Peter couldn't afford to miss an essential lesson.

"Peter, get up and drink water!" Teacher Robin poured him a glass of water first.

Peter resisted, pouting and saying, "I don't want to drink."

Teacher Robin placed the glass of water on the table and asked with deep concern, "You've made a mess of yourself this time, and you don't even have clothes to wear. I'm sure you must be feeling terrible, right?"

Peter snorted.

Teacher Robin continued, "This was just a false alarm. Imagine if someone hit you until you bled, how miserable would you feel then?"

"When your classmates beat you up at school, it usually isn't too severe. But if you were out in the real world, no one would tolerate you..."

Peter remained silent. It was just a nosebleed, and he couldn't die from it. He was a boy, so he wasn't afraid at all.

Teacher Robin said, "It's not right to give people nicknames. It's extremely impolite. Just imagine if someone called you a nickname that you didn't like, you wouldn't be happy, right?"

Peter shrugged, not concerned. "Isn't it just giving nicknames? Why make such a big deal out of it?"

[Chapter 906 The Lacks Of Society's Beatings](#)

Teacher Robin said a lot, feeling that this child simply did not realize the problem.

She turned the tables and said, "Actually, do you want to hear what the teacher has to say? The teacher beats you well! They should beat you more, and it's wise to knock all your teeth out."

Peter: "What?"

Teacher Robin: "If anyone gives me an offensive nickname and pisses me off, I will take off my work clothes and roll up my sleeves and beat him up!"

"So you just haven't met a mean person, just wait!"

Peter: ".....?"

He thought it was new the first time he heard such words.

Some people say, forget it, it's normal for kids to fight.

The mother said: nicknames are no big deal, hitting people is wrong!

He had a younger brother at home, and every time he fought with his brother, their mother always asked who started it.

Whoever started it would be criticized.

Then, one time, he gave his brother the nickname "annoying goblin." His brother started crying and hitting him at the same time.

After understanding what happened, their mother said, "It's wrong for your brother to give you a nickname, but should you have retaliated? If you retaliate, you are the one in the wrong!"

It was then that he had an epiphany. So, it could be like this.

As long as he didn't start the fight, it wouldn't be his fault.

At the same time, he learned how to provoke and attack others with words, making them initiate the fight!

The benefit of doing so was that he would always be the one receiving favoritism.

Besides this reason, Peter didn't feel like he was in the wrong. This is because his mother often called his brother a crybaby, a pest, and she even called him slow and mischievous, like a little mischief.

So he never thought there was anything wrong with nicknames. In fact, giving nicknames would draw more attention to him.

When school started, nobody knew him, and nobody paid attention to him. But after he started giving others nicknames, gradually, everyone knew him, and they would playfully interact with him.

Teacher Dorcas taught other students to be more generous, not concerned. Peter had never received any substantial punishment, gradually believing that "having a nickname" was a way of communication.

...

The school nurse quietly pulled Teacher Robin aside.

"Um, Teacher Robin, is it appropriate to talk to a child like that?"

Which teacher directly tells a student that they were beaten up well, and it would be best if their front teeth were knocked out?

Teacher Robin snorted, "So what if I said it like that?"

The generation who grew up in the 1980s swallowed their grievances, the generation born in the 1990s nodded obediently, but the generation born in the 2000s was different. The post-2000 generation rectified the workplace.

She didn't know how to teach in the 1980s and 1990s. All she knew was what she should say and what she was afraid of—afraid of hurting the child's fragile heart, the fear of distorting the child. But why didn't anyone consider her fragile heart?

Who isn't just a big baby?

She, still a "child," has to teach a bunch of children and deal with chaotic parents. Why doesn't anyone consider whether her heart is fragile or not? Why isn't anyone afraid of hurting her feelings?

Hmmph.

Teacher Robin lectured easily, not knowing if Peter had learned anything. But too much lecturing can

easily provoke a rebellious mentality. So, when Peter's mother arrived, Teacher Robin left as well.

"Ah... Teacher Robin, this is the dress I bought for you... It's not..."

Peter's mother chased after her, explaining the situation.

Teacher Robin stopped in her tracks and said with exasperation, "Peter's mother, keep it for yourself! I said no gifts, no flattery. Anyway, you wouldn't understand, right?"

She held back for a moment but couldn't contain herself, bluntly saying, "Your behavior has already caused me trouble and made me disgusted! If you keep it up, maybe you should consider switching classes and finding a homeroom teacher who gets along with you!"

After saying that, Teacher Robin walked away directly.

Mrs. Szell stood still, her mouth agape...

Changing classes... Changing classes wasn't an option. She had indeed considered it before. Who wouldn't? After all, this homeroom teacher was too young and didn't appreciate parents' goodwill.

But now she didn't want to change anymore...

Peter's mother had no choice but to retreat and ask, "What did your teacher say to you?"

Peter muttered, "Nothing!"

Mrs. Szell didn't believe him. She could hear Teacher Robin's voice from afar, but it was just not clear enough.

This disobedient child doesn't tell her anything and causes trouble every day, making her angry.

"Let me tell you, it's not right to give people nicknames! Afterwards, apologize to Lilly when you return to class. Do you hear me?"

A question mark slowly formed on Peter's forehead ?

How strange. Wasn't it just yesterday that they said Lilly's sister hitting him was definitely the other party's fault?

Weren't they supposed to refuse to apologize to them and have no contact with them?

They even told him to ignore Lilly when he saw her at school!

Why the sudden change of heart today?

"Why?" Peter asked.

Mrs. Szell frowned and said, "Just remember it!" I've told you so much, but you don't understand. I'm doing it all for your benefit. Just do as I say!"

"If you have the chance, talk to Lilly more often. If she needs help, offer your assistance. Do you understand?"

Peter was speechless. "I was fighting with them just a few days ago, and now they want me to bow down to her? No way, absolutely not!"

After saying that, he got dressed and ran off.

It nearly drove Peter's mother into madness.

Outside the hallway.

Harem Spirit and Unlucky Ghost were wandering around, claiming to collect firsthand campus information for Lilly. They aspired to make her the new era's school bully... no, top student.

They witnessed the whole scene.

"This child... lacks society's beatings!" Harem Spirit shook his head. "There's no hope."

The Unlucky Ghost's eyes lit up. "How can you say there's no hope? As subordinates of Hades, how can we just stand by and watch a flower of our country go astray..."

It didn't matter that he lacked society's beatings. With their kind hearts, they would surely help him make up for regrets and accept ghostly beatings.

[Chapter 907 All Bragging Rights Are Deserved](#)

Harem Spirit wondered, "What are you up to?"

Unlucky Ghost smirked, "Nothing much."

They were just ghosts now. What else could they do?

At most, they could just scare people, that's all!

Unlucky Ghost found Weakling Spirit.

Peter returned to the classroom, entering through the back door.

As soon as he walked into the room, the first thing he saw was Lilly's back.

He remembered the day when he approached her with excitement as his first classmate, only to get beaten up by her sister afterwards.

Peter snorted.

It's just a nickname. If you don't like it, you can just forget about it.

Peter silently returned to his seat.

Lilly glanced back and Peter instantly felt caught red-handed. In a state of panic, he grimaced at her.

Tsk, tsk, tsk! (T*)

Lilly: "..."

After school, to everyone's surprise, Jonas came to pick up Lilly.

Jonas sat in the car without getting out but opened the door and waved at Lilly.

Lilly was astonished and delighted. She grabbed Hannah with one hand and Josh with the other, rushing over to him.

"Uncle Jonas, why are you here?" Lilly hugged Jonas' arm. "Uncle Jonas, aren't you afraid of being discovered?"

Jonas scratched her nose and sighed with a hint of resentment, "What can I do about it? Some kids said they would come and visit Uncle Jonas, but it's been half a year and I haven't seen them."

He had shot all the available announcements in the studio throughout the year.

Taylor's Amusement Park had been rebuilt three times.

Little heartbreaker Lilly still didn't show up.

So he could only "visit" her, such an ungrateful little girl.

Lilly looked apologetic. "I'm sorry, Uncle Jonas. Little Lilly has been really busy."

Jonas chuckled and reached out to pinch her cheek. "Like a little adult."

The door closed, and the car drove away.

Not far away, the paparazzi, who seemed to be everywhere, finally captured what they wanted to capture. They were thrilled!

Tomorrow's headline is secured!

Lilly leaned on the back seat of the car and looked through the window at the car behind them. She said, "Uncle Jonas, you're being photographed! Do you want me to handle it for you?"

Jonas couldn't help but laugh and cry. This little mannerism was becoming more and more like Blake. Should he help him get rid of them? Her lines sounded like a little secret agent.

"No need," Jonas said, his large hand resting on her little head as he tousled her hair carelessly. "They're just taking pictures of him."

Those persistent pests were as annoying as flies.

They wouldn't rest until they captured something on them.

Lilly sat down and nodded, "Fine, considering that Uncle Jonas once had ghosts chasing him and I failed to protect Uncle Jonas in time, I reluctantly shield you from this disaster!"

Jonas: "..."

Can we not bring that up?!

Lilly stared at him again, tilting her head slightly. "Uncle Jonas, when I calculated it, you did it on purpose. You're the heartless one."

He used her as a shield against his secret lover and secretly hid his own secret lover.

The paparazzi's instincts were correct; Uncle Jonas indeed had a hidden lover.

Hmph~ Seeing that he couldn't escape, he used her as a shield, greatly betraying his conscience.

Jonas: "...I'll treat you to ice cream."

Lilly: "Daddy said not to be swayed by just ice cream!"

Jonas: "Two! Each has a strawberry scoop, a mango scoop, and a yogurt scoop!"

Lilly: "Deal!"

Josh, who was sitting on the side, said, "Uncle Jonas, what about mine?"

Jonas replied, "What kind of strawberry balls do boys eat?"

Josh nodded, "Okay, I'll tell Grandma about Uncle Jonas..."

Jonas coughed, "Fine."

Hannah said, "And me."

Jonas replied, "Fine."

Zachary looked at him, and Jonas furrowed his brow, saying, "Fine."

Drake sitting in the passenger seat, looked at him through the rearview mirror.

Jonas sighed, "...Fine, it's all fine."

Ice cream was not a problem; he could afford as much as they wanted.

The key issue was how to prevent Old Mrs. Crawford at home from finding out that he was taking a group of kids to eat ice cream especially when he is not stopping them...

The children in the car cheered, urging the driver to head straight to the ice cream shop in Malie City known for having the scrumptious ice cream.

Before long, Bettany's frantic phone call came: "I asked you to pick up the child. Where are you?"

Jonas: "Uh... We saw an adorable cat on the way and ended up chasing it far away."

Lilly, Josh, and Hannah beside him: "Meow~ Meow~ Meow~"

Jonas quickly made a 'shh' gesture.

Bettany scolded, "Come back, I'll show you something good. It's round, with a black bottom, and makes a loud sound when you hit it."

Jonas: "Mom... Mom, it's not necessary."

Bettany smiled but not really, "Hehe, it's a must. I think you lack something."

"The light of motherly love."

Jonas: "..."

**

Jonas went to Lilly's school to pick up her photos, and sure enough, they became a hot topic the next day.

Paparazzi, although dogs, had their own unspoken rules in the industry. They could take candid photos, but specific locations, especially those involving celebrities' privacy, were strictly forbidden to publish.

On one hand, it was unethical. It's one thing to enjoy gossip, but digging up graves is going too far.

On the other hand, revealing a celebrity's privacy, especially their home address, could easily land them in court. Lawsuits were almost guaranteed, and it could result in selling everything just to cover the damages, let alone facing imprisonment.

That's why celebrity home addresses were very rarely exposed in the entertainment industry.

In the photo, although the picture of Jonas hugging Lilly was blurry, it was still clear enough to recognize.

When the photo was enlarged, the surrounding scenery was automatically cropped out, and whatever couldn't be cropped became blurred.

Peter's mother woke up early and checked her phone after dropping her children off.

The celebrity she paid the most attention to was Jonas. Jonas was a rare gem in the entertainment industry—an actor who focused solely on his career, had a clean image, excellent acting skills, and an attractive personality. Moreover, he was incredibly handsome and never involved in scandals.

Although she couldn't be considered an avid fan, given her age, nor was she as fanatical as the young girls in chasing after stars, she could definitely be considered a casual fan of Jonas.

Recently, there had been some ambiguous rumors surrounding the golden boy of film, and she knew them. Finally, a photo of him picking up...

His little niece?!

Wait, why did the golden boy of film's niece look so familiar...

Peter's mother widened her eyes!

Oh my, isn't this Lilly Crawford?!

In an instant, Peter's mother remembered Bettany's words:

【My son Jonas, is an actor, the nation's film emperor, standing at 189 cm tall, weighing 120 kg, earning millions of dollars a year. He has a seductive temperament and is both rogue and handsome.】

It really is Jonas!

No way...

Lilly Crawford's grandma actually spoke the truth. She wasn't exaggerating!

[Chapter 908 Reminisce Festival Holiday](#)

Regarding Jonas, Lilly's grandmother's superstar son, she wasn't bragging.

As for the other ones, like pilot... or engineer... they were all real?

This was a family with an annual income of tens of millions, or even billions. Unexpectedly, a billionaire stood beside her!

And that man who didn't get out of the SUV, some high-ranking official.

This family was truly wealthy and influential!

Peter's mother regretted it. She regretted that when their children fought, she should have made her son apologize to Lilly...

They shouldn't have fought over trivial matters.

If they had just endured and made amends, perhaps they would have become friends now. The children could have played together at her house, and maybe she would already met her idol, Jonas...

If they had this connection, why would they need to flatter so much? They could directly establish contact with the principal level and ensure that their son would be taken care of by all the teachers in the school...

Peter's mother felt despondent, her mood indescribable, unable to find joy.

When she saw the expensive dress that had not been given as a gift, she felt even more uncomfortable. She hadn't even managed to get Teacher Robin's attention.

There was a feeling of not getting anything right!

Although it wasn't originally hers... there was still a sense of losing something important, which made her feel frustrated.

With a sigh, Peter's mother could only take the dress and go out, hoping to return it. After all, she couldn't wear it...

In the end, she couldn't return it, but could exchange it for a different size or a dress of the same price range.

Peter's mother looked through the options and hurriedly choose a floral dress that she could wear.

This incident was like that expensive but impractical dress, hanging in the closet all the time. It wasn't something she liked to wear, yet not wearing it made it the most expensive one, gradually becoming a thorn in Peter's mother's heart...

Lilly's translucent pen of justice floated in front of her, like a reflection in a mirror, looking at Mrs. Szell and her expensive dress.

"A lot of things are like this dress, aren't they, Master?" Lilly glanced aside, noticing that Master had come out today.

Pablo nodded, "I suppose everyone has such a dress in their wardrobe."

Lilly was puzzled. Everyone has one?

She didn't have one in her wardrobe.

Pablo affectionately ruffled her hair. "You'll find out in the future."

Lilly nodded. "Okay, Master."

"Oh, by the way, Master, we should return the sacred tree to Phantom Cat as soon as possible!"

Pablo grunted. "They probably aren't in a hurry."

Lilly rolled her eyes. "Master, you're the one who wants to hang on to it and cultivate, right?"

Pablo glared. "Nonsense. Would your master be like that?"

Lilly said "Aren't you?" on her face. Her little face turned reddish and innocent as she blinked her eyes.

Pablo: "..."

Well, yes, he was. Whatever she said, he would agree along with it.

Pablo chuckled, "Master, isn't this all for you? You heartless little one."

He only wanted to become stronger so he could protect her well.

The next time they returned to the Underworld, he hoped to have her under his wing, and his aspiring

apprentice could walk with confidence!

As for Phantom Cat... well, their current strength is sufficient, no need to rush!

Lilly giggled and dashed out of the room, saying, "Let's go! I'm finding Uncle Jonas to film!"

In reality, she wanted to return to Clodston with everyone after returning the sacred tree.

They had been away for a long time... it was time to return.

She had already become very strong and didn't need to stay in Malie City anymore, nor did she need her dad to accompany her all the time.

She could fly to Apex Mountain using the Palace of the Ruler of Hell in the future.

It wasn't possible before. Previously, she could only control the Palace of the Ruler of Hell to smash ghosts and walnuts; she couldn't fly that far.

So, Daddy, Granny, and Uncle Anthony had discussed it, and after this semester ended, she would transfer back to Alford for second grade.

Pablo floated along, asking, "What kind of play are you intending to film? Aren't you returning to school?"

Lilly replied, "It's vacation time, Master."

Pablo: "..."

What kind of vacation?

"For the Reminisce Festival, Master!"

Pablo: "..."

They didn't attend school for two days and now it's vacation again?

This... This was the easiest-going child he had ever seen in his life.

Taking advantage of the Reminisce Festival, the whole family planned to return to Alford to visit the graves.

Malie City didn't have an airport, so Anthony's plan was to drive to the city and then take a plane back.

The Crawford family's private jet was waiting at the airport. Other planes couldn't accommodate cars,

but their plane's cargo hold could fit a car. This was why Anthony's Maybach could be seen in Malie City.

The car slowly drove out of the residential area while waiting at the traffic lights...

Drake held a book, becoming an emotionless tutoring machine. "In the season of the Reminisce Festival, rain falls endlessly."

Hannah: "Pedestrians on the road are easily grieved."

Josh: "?"

Very well, he managed to make him forget the original line for two seconds.

Drake's face stiffened!

Hannah quickly said, "Drake, don't be impatient." I knew it, I really did. It's just that sudden feeling of forgetting the words, you understand, right?"

Drake's expressionless face: "I don't understand. I've never experienced it."

Hannah: "..."

"Pedestrians on the road are easily grieved."

Lilly shook her head, "Hannah, when will you have a better memory?"

Hannah sighed, "My memory has always been pristine. I just don't know why I have cooldowns when it comes to studying."

Lilly: "You're amazing at describing the underachievers so vividly and uniquely!"

Hannah waved her hand. "I just feel like the meaning is similar. One day, I suddenly thought that pedestrians on the street are prone to encountering ghosts. Once this setting is established, it's extremely difficult to change..."

She originally remembered the desire for a broken spirit.

Lilly smirked. "Indeed."

At the Reminisce Festival, it was raining. Ghosts are indeed easy to encounter when there are fewer people or there is darkness on the streets. Meeting ghosts can easily frighten someone, and being frightened can lead to a broken spirit.

No problem!

Hannah saw Lilly's smile and suddenly felt... a different meaning?

It even gave her a creepy sensation?

Lilly was hiding something from her, secretly plotting something??

[Chapter 909 : Peter Meets Ghosts](#)

Lilly wasn't plotting anything.

It was just a couple of days ago when the unlucky ghost found the weakling spirit and said they wanted to straighten out Peter a bit.

After thinking about it, the weakling spirit agreed. They couldn't just stand by and watch their country's promising child go astray. So he and the unlucky ghost went out on a trip.

Actually, Lilly didn't know how Michael and the others would set Peter straight. But she thought it was thoughtful of the spirits to have such kind intentions. So, she allowed them to handle it alone.

She trusted Michael. With him around, things wouldn't turn awry... Well, they shouldn't, right?

Lilly pinched her fingers and suddenly felt uncertain.

**

At this moment, in the center primary school of Malie City.

The holiday had begun, and bootlicker Mrs. Szell invited a few parents to clean the classroom.

Of course, initially, she said she came to school to tidy up the students' desks. She claimed she couldn't find a certain textbook for classroom exercises and wanted to search for it at school.

Only then did Teacher Robin allow her to enter, resulting in a few parents joining her as well.

Teacher Robin didn't accept gifts or invitations for meals, so Peter's mother and Isabella Hoffman's mother had to make their presence felt in this way.

"Teacher Robin, you're busy working. Oh, I just noticed a few crumpled papers on the classroom floor. I'll sweep them away."

"Teacher Robin, I just saw that the classroom windows were dirty. I'll quickly clean them."

"I'll tidy up the class bookshelf. It won't take long."

These parents not only came by themselves but also brought their own children, constantly urging them to quickly sweep here and wipe there.

The children reluctantly did the work. After all, it was supposed to be their vacation, and they were thrilled.

However, as soon as their mothers heard that the teacher was doing the post-holiday cleanup at school, they immediately brought them along.

Teacher Robin: "..."

I'm seriously fed up.

She knew the thoughts of these parents, taking advantage of the holiday when there were no other students around. They brought their children to show off and make their presence felt in front of the teacher.

After the holiday, teachers checked the classroom, tidy up a bit, and locked the classroom door to prevent mold or other issues.

She really didn't know how they had such insider information.

Teacher Robin smiled, "Do you know? If you hadn't come, I would already be home by now."

It was because of their arrival that she had to stop and wait for them.

Peter's mother suddenly felt embarrassed. "Uh, it's our fault for delaying Teacher Robin's time. Come on, kids, let's do our best and finish the task in five minutes."

Teacher Robin: "..."

:)

Why were the parents like this? Although she had only been teaching for a few years, they were truly the most utilitarian parents she had ever encountered.

Peter dragged the broom and casually swept here and there, not taking it seriously at all.

But when he reached Lilly's seat, he took the time to move the chair and swept underneath it.

The weakling spirit nodded, "Hmm, there is still hope."

The unlucky ghost agreed, "Absolutely, it's time to properly straighten things out."

The harem spirit declared, "We shouldn't give up on any of our country's flowers."

The ghost bride was skeptical. "Harem, are you really talking about straightening things out..."

Does it feel like... they have a personal vendetta?

The unlucky ghost smirked, "Come on, let's drag them out... oh no, I mean, take them out for a chat!"

"I'll be responsible for 'communicating' with Peter's mother about misfortune principles and theories."

The harem spirit exclaimed, "Oh my, with so many children's mothers around, it's rare to have a child's father here too!"

"But why do I feel like Charlotte Madison's father and Isabella's mother... seem to have something to say? I'll help them out!"

The ghost bride stuttered, "Uh... uh?"

The weakling spirit sighed and gently said, "Look at this child, just when I praised him for having hope, he quickly left the broom behind and lazily ran off. I'll go check on him."

The ghost bride asked, "???"

This time, she couldn't keep up with the rhythm, right?

Weakling Spirit followed Peter out of the classroom.

Heh heh, a bunch of losers. Let's see how he deals with them.

Although they have the right to gossip about others and say unkind things about them.

But who allowed them to speak ill of Lilly? Sorry, he's a bit petty. Talking badly about their darling is unacceptable.

Anyway, they're not good people either. It's normal to be a little petty and seek revenge, right?

Peter leaned on the corridor railing, looked outside, and then lazily wiped the railing with a cloth before swiftly running forward.

While pretending to attack, he mumbled.

Then he swung his hand, and the cloth flew out, falling downstairs.

He immediately ran downstairs to pick it up.

Just as he grabbed the cloth, he saw a pair of feet floating in front of him...

The toes were pointed at him, swaying back and forth.

Peter's pupils constricted, and he was so scared that he sat down on the ground in a hurry!

Then, he anxiously looked up and saw his brother, whose face was covered in blood, floating in front of him. He spit out large mouthfuls of blood.

"Younger brother, please call an ambulance for me." His brother's voice was weak, but he smiled sinisterly. "Big brother's stomach hurts so much."

Peter: "!!!!"

"Aaaah... Mom! Help!"

[Chapter 910 First-Hand Experience](#)

Terrified, Peter immediately sprung to his feet and tried to run.

Before he could make a run for it, the spirit barred his way.

"Why are you running away, little kid?" asked the weakling spirit with a faint voice.

"Call an ambulance for me..."

"I really need an ambulance..."

The weakling spirit only wanted to scare Peter, but...

The scene right in front of him right now, the deserted school and the quiet classrooms... reminded him of the time he was dragged into the woods and beaten.

He remembered the time he was vomiting blood in his room while his desperate pleas for help went unnoticed by his parents.

He just needed to call for an ambulance, he really just needed...

"...Help me," pleaded the weakling spirit as tears of blood flowed from his eyes.

"Help me... please help me."

He stretched his hand towards Peter.

Peter tried to scream, but nothing came out. It was as if a pair of invisible hands were clasped around his neck, preventing him from making any noise.

It felt like he almost fainted but the fear kept him conscious. Peter could only helplessly stare wide-eyed at the spirit in front of him

Slowly, Peter felt dizzy as the scene in front of his eyes swirled around...

His ears were buzzing as the surrounding sound became muffled as if Peter was submerged in water.

"Michael...Hahaha...Michael!"

Peter could hear people shouting into his ears.

He was in a daze and had trouble focusing on the shouting. It sounded like they were calling out his name, yet it sounded like someone else's name.

In the end, the repeated appearance of both the names Michael and Peter in his muddled mind became one and the same.

"Hahaha, you're such a loser, Peter! Come on, get up if you dare!"

"Yo~yo~ You're already sprawled on the ground like a pitiful dog after only 2 punches?"

"Hahaha..."

Peter could only hear endless ridicule thrown at him.

Suddenly, Peter felt something break in his heart and he was overcome with humiliation.

"Hey, don't...don't go overboard with your bullying!" yelled an out-of-breath Peter.

As he struggled to stand up, someone kicked him in the stomach.

It hurt...a lot!

Peter gasped for air.

"Hahaha... Is that all you got? Didn't you tell us to not go overboard?"

"Damn it, you've been pissing me off for a long time now. An effeminate piece of trash with a pretty face."

"Hey, pretty boy! Do you like it when your pretty face attracted all the girls in the class? Dam it, I can't

stand perverts like you!"

The humiliation and anger within Peter's heart welled up.

He replied hoarsely, "I didn't..."

He did not try to seduce his female classmates.

He just transferred to the school. All he wanted to do was to study quietly, he did not even speak much throughout the day.

Peter was not used to the new school and he was afraid of interacting with the other students.

When others tried to talk to him, he really wanted to answer them, but his cowardness prevented him from speaking. Because of that, the male students accused him of looking down on them pridefully and not wanting to fit in.

The other boys could not stand him because of his introverted nature, on top of his feminine appearance.

Today, they finally dragged him into the woods and beat him up.

"Let me go...I want to go home," said Peter as he struggled to get up.

Peter wanted to cry, he could feel the tears trying to escape, but a voice in his head told him with a firm voice, "Don't cry"

If he cry, they would continue to ridicule him.

Peter finally stood up and started walking away while supporting himself against the trees along the way.

Before he could take more than a few steps forward, the boys suddenly grabbed his hair from behind and flung him to the ground.

"Hahaha, look at him, he's crying! What a wimp!"

"You're embarrassing us guys! You're already crying just like that? Are you even a guy?"

"Let's beat him up! Damn it, I can't stand this crying motherfucker."

The boys continued to punch and kick him.

Peter did not put up a fight. He just cradled his head and braced for the beating. Once they were fed up,

the boys spit at him and started to leave. Their waves of laughter could be heard as they slowly disappear among the trees.

Peter felt his face burning and his stomach aching. After he finally pulled himself up, Peter started walking home.

The trip back home was a long one...

He could feel cold sweat coming out of his body with each painful step he took.

Peter did not know how long he had walked, but he almost collapse from the pain.

After finally reaching him, he mustered the last ounces of strength he had to tidy himself up and then he tried his best to act like nothing was wrong.

If his parents were to find out he had an altercation with his classmates, they would definitely just blame him for not getting along with them and causing trouble for the family.

Peter held onto the guardrails of the stairs leading to his house, each step harder than the previous one.

Finally arriving in front of his house, a woman greeted him, "What's going on with you, Michael?"

Peter was caught off guard before he realised he was reliving the life of the weakling spirit at that moment, and his name was Michael.

"It's nothing..." he whispered.

"My stomach hurts because I didn't eat anything."

The woman, his mother, did not probe any further. She turned around towards the kitchen while grumbling as usual.

During dinner time, the pain was getting unbearable for him.

His parents started arguing among themselves, and heated words were exchanged. Two specific lines pierced his heart.

"If it isn't for our child, do you think I'll continue living with you?!"

"I would have divorced you a long time ago if it isn't for our child's sake!"

Peter felt his heart shattered.