

## **Eight Uncles 951**

### [Chapter 951 Senior Violet?](#)

As Lilly soared through the air, carrying Lawrence with her, his heart swelled with exhilaration. It felt like riding a roller coaster in his younger days—a thrilling and exciting sensation.

When the wheelchair finally came to a stop, Lawrence's heart continued to pound, but he felt considerably better overall.

"Thank you, young lady!" Lawrence happily patted Lilly's hand.

Just then, David caught up, panting with his hands on his knees. "How did you both run so fast..."

Lilly pointed to the remote control in her hand. "Just press this button, and it's good to go."

David hesitated. "Uh..."

It turned out the wheelchair had malfunctioned and needed to be replaced. David immediately contacted someone to bring a new wheelchair.

Frowning and pouting, Lawrence said, "No need to change it; I think it's just fine."

David disagreed, still shaken by the previous experience. What if something happened with a wheelchair that fasts in the future?

Lilly opened her mouth as if to say something but ended up lightly touching her nose instead.

Gilbert noticed her guilty expression and couldn't help but chuckle.

Before long, a new wheelchair arrived, accompanied by a woman in her mid-twenties.

"Mr. Lambert!" she exclaimed upon seeing Lawrence and hurriedly approached him.

It was Lawrence's talented protégé, Violet—a renowned Impressionist painter who had already gained international acclaim at such a young age.

Lawrence hadn't seen her in a while and was pleased to see her. "Violet, come here. This is your junior, Lilly."

Violet was familiar with Lilly. Three years ago, Lawrence had taken in the young Miss from the Crawford family as his closed-door disciple, causing quite a stir.

However, soon after, Lawrence had to leave to seek treatment, and he didn't bring Lilly with him, so not many people in their circle knew about her.

Violet had once secretly approached Anthony, claiming to take Lilly under her wing as Senior.

But Anthony had rejected her proposition.

Violet had been resentful about it ever since...

So, upon seeing Lilly, she put on a gentle expression and said, "So, you're Lilly. I haven't had a chance to meet you, but from now on, I'll take care of you."

Lilly felt somewhat uncomfortable, but Violet's words didn't seem to have any obvious flaws. Surely, no one would think anything was amiss.

Lawrence said, "Lilly, this is my first disciple, a talented one indeed. She's your senior, Violet Yarbrough."

Yarbrough? For some reason, Lilly inexplicably thought of Yash.

Being polite, the little girl awkwardly said, "Hello, Auntie Violet."

Violet's smile froze for a moment; being called "Auntie" didn't sound good at all.

Other kids called her "sister."

But since Lilly seemed shy, Violet smiled, didn't say anything, and simply asked, "Mr. Lambert, you won't be going out this time, right?"

"This is Dr. Gilbert, right? I'll be relying on you for Mr. Lambert from now on."

Violet alternated between being gentle and a little mischievous, looking at Gilbert with soft eyes.

Gilbert calmly replied, "It's not a trouble at all, it's my duty."

Glancing at his watch, he said, "Mr. Lambert, let's go inside for now. My older brother will probably be a little late."

Lawrence nodded.

Upon hearing this, a barely noticeable gleam of excitement appeared in Violet's eyes.

Anthony was coming too!

She had guessed right!

Coincidentally, she had overheard David mentioning the need to replace the wheelchair, so she

impulsively decided to come and see.

It was all destiny!

Violet was not only an internationally renowned artist but also a talented woman admired by everyone in the industry. She was beautiful herself, and her family background was good too.

Some had joked that no one was worthy of her, except for Mr. Anthony of Crawford Holdings.

Violet had been following Anthony for a long time, devoting three years to him in pure chastity...

Violet followed them into the private room.

During casual conversations, she frequently glanced toward the entrance, her heart filled with joy, eagerly waiting for Anthony's arrival.

Lilly found it even stranger. She felt an inexplicable unease, but after all, Violet was her senior, so she couldn't judge her with ill intentions.

After pondering for a while, Lilly summoned Harem Spirit and quietly asked, "Harem, do you feel that something's off about this person?"

With just a glance, Harem Spirit cut in. "A little slut..."

She was promptly glared at by Pablo.

Harem Spirit quickly wagged her mouth. "Roasted meat tastes good! Will we have that dish today?"

Lilly was speechless. "Harem, when did you become so greedy?"

Harem Spirit grinned mischievously and then got back on track. "Nothing much. This girl here, she's clearly... infatuated! She must be waiting for your Uncle Anthony."

Lilly looked puzzled. "Waiting for my Uncle Anthony? Why?"

Harem Spirit sneered, crossing her arms. "Probably has her sights set on your Uncle Anthony!"

Lilly finally understood what was amiss.

But Uncle Anthony already had Aunt Lisa. Wasn't Violet afraid of being chased away by Aunt Lisa?

As she pondered, a tall and elegant figure appeared at the door. Anthony was wearing a bespoke white shirt, his tailored trousers perfectly outlining his long and handsome legs.

Violet's eyes immediately brightened, and she stood up first, smiling as she nodded. "Mr. Anthony, we meet again."

### [Chapter 952 Sincerity, the Ultimate Weapon](#)

Anthony glanced briefly at Violet, then turned slightly and reached out to wrap his arm around a petite woman's waist, whispering, "Come here."

Lisa blinked and reluctantly glanced at the small windmill in the corridor above the private room.

It seemed like a good idea to pluck it and let Lilly play with it!

Anthony understood her thoughts and sighed, saying, "You're such a child, even at your age."

With his strong arm, he led Lisa inside.

Lisa pouted and muttered, "Speechless, you just don't understand!"

Lilly saw Anthony and Lisa, immediately stood up, and enthusiastically exclaimed, "Uncle Anthony, Aunt Lisa!"

Lisa immediately freed herself from Anthony and lifted Lilly, spinning her around. Her eyes sparkled like a constellation, filled with brightness.

"Lilly!" She affectionately nuzzled Lilly's cheek.

Seeing this "family of three," Violet suddenly felt a pang of jealousy.

Three years ago, there was never a woman by Anthony's side!

Even though he had two sons, there were numerous speculations, but Violet didn't see it as an issue.

But later on, a fool suddenly appeared by his side.

Yes, a fool!

It was said that Anthony had been taking care of her, patiently teaching her how to speak.

He even took her to parties, despite the many embarrassing incidents caused by that foolish woman, Anthony had always been understanding.

Violet thought, how could someone like her be deserving of Anthony?

Therefore, seeing the scene before her, she felt incredibly uncomfortable, as if her boyfriend had been

stolen away, and her heart was filled with sour jealousy.

"Mr. Anthony and Ms. Lisa seem to have a great relationship!" Violet pretended as if nothing was wrong and jokingly laughed.

But when someone has a bias in their heart, how can their words not have a flaw?

For example, most people would address Lisa as Mrs. Crawford, but she referred to her as Ms. Lisa.

Anthony calmly said, "This is my wife, you should address her as Mrs. Crawford—don't make the same mistake next time."

Violet fell silent.

Her silver teeth were grinding, and then she awkwardly smiled, saying, "Oh, it's all my fault. I was careless!"

She made a gesture, appearing gracious and polite, saying, "Mr. Anthony, Mrs. Crawford, please have a seat."

"I apologize for the trouble this time, especially arranging a welcome feast for my teacher..."

She wore a smile and spoke courteous words.

She wanted to outclass Lisa in every way...

Anthony didn't even lift his head, just looking at Lawrence, he said, "No trouble at all. Mr. Lambert is also Lilly's teacher, and we have been neglectful as the Crawford family."

Implied in his words was that he invited Lawrence to dine not because of her but solely because of Lilly.

Violet felt instantly embarrassed and mortified.

She tried to show her elegance and superiority, trying to outclass Lisa, but at this moment, Lisa completely ignored her as if she didn't exist.

While Violet engaged in hidden rivalry, Lisa remained indifferent.

Lilly leaned in close to Lisa's ear and asked softly, "Aunt Lisa, someone has taken a liking to Uncle Anthony..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Lisa widened her eyes and said, "Who?"

Laying eyes on Anthony meant laying eyes on the Crawford family's wealth. Coveting the Crawford family's wealth meant coveting Lilly's wealth...

That was something that had to be stopped.

Seeing her strong reaction, Lilly held Lisa's hand immediately, signaling her to calm down.

Lawrence, being an elderly person, also sensed that something was amiss.

He furrowed his brow and glanced at Violet, scrutinizing her with his gaze.

Violet felt a sudden panic, hastily assuming a puzzled expression, "Mr. Lambert, what's wrong?"

Lawrence waved his hand and didn't say anything.

But his heart sank, saying, "I remember you had an art exhibition today. Why did you suddenly come here? If you're busy, go take care of your matters!"

Violet was momentarily speechless and stuttered, "It's nothing. Jay is taking care of the exhibition..."

That might be true, but deep down, she felt unhappy. Lawrence, in Anthony's presence, actually wanted to send her away.

It shouldn't be like this...

Among Lawrence's many students, she was always his favorite. She didn't know what Lawrence had discovered, but subconsciously, she felt...

Even if Lawrence found out something, he should support her. After all, she was his proudest student!

Violet composed herself, slightly annoyed, and said, "Mr. Lambert, it's been so long since I last saw you. Why would you chase me away as soon as you arrived? What could be more important than your return?"

Lilly exclaimed, "That's right! Why didn't Auntie Violet come to pick up Master Lambert earlier if there was nothing more important than him?"

Wasn't everything less important than Master Lambert? So why didn't she appear at the beginning?

Lilly, with her large eyes, looked at Violet in confusion.

It must be said that sincerity is the ultimate weapon.

Violet's face stiffened, unable to come up with a response for a moment...

### [Chapter 953 The Sesame Pastry](#)

Violet felt increasingly awkward and quickly came up with an excuse, "I had to keep an eye on the art exhibition in the morning, so I couldn't free myself..."

Most people would have understood upon hearing this and given her some face.

However, Lilly broke the silence and pressed on, "That doesn't make sense. Didn't you just say that nothing was more important than Master Lambert?"

Violet fell silent, unable to utter a word. She felt choked, cursing this troublesome child in her mind. If it weren't for Anthony's sake...

But Lilly continued to probe, "Auntie Violet, which statement of yours is true?"



Violet's throat immediately felt constricted, and a sharp pain surged in her chest. This little brat was intentionally doing this, no doubt about it!

Children over the age of six were the most detestable. At that age, they knew enough to launch attacks while pretending to be innocent, taking advantage of their age to make others feel embarrassed.

Violet could only look to Lawrence, her voice tinged with a grievance, "Mr. Lambert, I..."

Lawrence interrupted her before she could finish, waving his hand dismissively, "It's alright, you don't have to worry about it."

Violet fell silent once again. Well, this was as good as confirming Lilly's accusation of her being hypocritical, wasn't it?

Violet felt a surge of grievance, especially with Anthony present.

Lilly didn't press further, and the harem spirit turned to her, uncertain whether Lilly's actions were intentional or unintentional.

The harem spirit carried this doubt back to the jar of souls and shared it with the other spirits.

The weakling spirit smiled, "Of course, it was unintentional, my dear. Who could be purer than our Lilly?"

The harem spirit internally retorted, "I don't believe a word you say!"

The passionate spirit wore a benevolent smile and said, "That's not necessarily true. However, it's not necessarily a bad thing either."

Being consistently innocent and making no progress, that's called being foolish.

The passionate spirit believed that Lilly had a kind heart, but when the little girl became petty... well, that's hard to say!



"The sesame pastry is quite good," the passionate spirit suddenly chimed in for no apparent reason.

The unlucky ghost asked, "What pastry? Where can we find pastry?"

Silence fell among the spirits.

The unlucky ghost, to some extent, displayed a bit of foolishness.

Outside the jar of souls:

The table was set, and they had finished their meal. Lilly had developed a habit of eating attentively and no longer allowed herself to be distracted.

Anthony, Gilbert, Lawrence, and David engaged in casual conversation, while Lisa focused on serving food to Lilly, occasionally perking up her ears to catch a few snippets.

Violet, on the other hand, couldn't find a way to join the conversation. She wondered if everyone was intentionally excluding her, not even Lawrence paid much attention to her.

Violet immediately felt a sourness in her heart.

In the past, she had always been the center of attention and the focal point in any gathering. Now, she felt like she was invisible.

Violet rallied herself, lifted a glass of wine, and stood up, "Mr. Anthony, I appreciate you hosting my teacher and showing him hospitality. Unfortunately, he's unwell and cannot drink, so allow me to raise this glass on his behalf."

Anthony glanced up, looking at her briefly, and the wine glass was just to his right. He seemed to have

no intention of reaching for it.

Violet watched Anthony intently, stubbornly holding the wine glass in her hand. She believed that Anthony wouldn't refuse her toast, no matter how aloof he appeared. After all, it was a toast on Lawrence's behalf.

Anthony lowered his gaze, considering that it wouldn't be appropriate to refuse Violet's toast from a social etiquette standpoint. After all, she was representing Lawrence.

He raised his hand, and his slender fingers were about to touch the wine glass.

Suddenly, Lisa leaned over, brushed past Anthony's chest, and picked up the glass.

"Bottoms up!" she exclaimed, raising the glass and downing its contents in one go.

After finishing one glass, Lisa smacked her lips and poured herself another one. She bowed to Lawrence, saying, "Bottoms up! I can handle it!"

Without missing a beat, she straightened her body after the bow and raised her head to finish the second glass in one gulp.

Everyone wore puzzled expressions.

It happened so suddenly that even Violet was dumbfounded. She was still immersed in the jealousy of Lisa leaning into Anthony's embrace just moments ago.

After downing one glass, Lisa realized that Violet hadn't touched her drink.

"Drink up!" she stared at the wine glass in Violet's hand.

Gilbert smiled faintly and explained to Violet, "My brother drove here and will be driving back, so he can't drink."

"I was going to step in for my brother, but I drove here too."

So, Violet was toasting on Lawrence's behalf, while Lisa was drinking on Anthony's behalf. Nothing wrong with that, right?

A frozen smile appeared on Violet's face, but she quickly regained her composure and exclaimed, "Mrs. Crawford and Mr. Anthony's relationship is truly enviable! I didn't catch on earlier, and I apologize..."

She discreetly glanced at the wine glass in Lisa's hand.

Essentially, she meant that the previous glass didn't count, and they should start over.

At that moment, Violet had a thought in her mind: If Lisa were to get drunk, would she make a fool of herself at the dining table?

Just as she was thinking that she witnessed Lisa pouring herself another glass and raising it, declaring, "Bottoms up!"

She finished the sentence and tilted her head back, downing the wine in one gulp.

Anthony remained silent.

This little fool wasn't acting this way because of Violet's provocation, and it was not because of jealousy.

It had to be because she genuinely enjoyed the taste of the wine.

At that moment, Anthony couldn't quite describe his feelings...

#### [Chapter 954 The Backfire of Trying to Embarrass Others](#)

Lisa downed three consecutive glasses of wine, noticing that Violet was still holding her glass. Violet pretending to be composed. "Oh... Mrs. Crawford, you're so generous!" she exclaimed, feigning surprise. "I didn't expect this at all! How rude of me, I apologize!"

As she spoke, Violet personally came over to pour Lisa another drink.

Lisa stared at her, fully aware of her intentions.

She may not be the sharpest tool in the shed, but she wasn't foolish either!

Lisa extended her hand, signaling Violet to pour.

Finally, after Lisa had consumed four glasses of wine, Violet reluctantly took a sip.

Lilly shook her head discreetly while eating.

This auntie, she thought to herself, is truly...

For a brief moment, Lilly felt sympathy for Violet.

Aunt Lisa is impossible to get drunk!

Violet had a smile on her face as she praised Lisa repeatedly. Watching Lisa drink glass after glass, a sneer formed in Violet's heart.

Foolishness truly begets foolishness.

She was easily manipulated into drinking ten glasses of wine.

Although Violet had to accompany Lisa in the process, she had only consumed five glasses herself!

Violet started to feel a bit lightheaded, but she didn't think it was a big deal. She had never been drunk before and believed she would be fine now.

Finally, Lisa put down her glass, and Violet, feeling a bit unsteady on her feet, returned to her seat.

Anthony brought over a glass of warm water and asked with concern, "Are you okay?"

Lisa revealed her ten pearly white teeth and replied, "I'm fine! It's delicious!"

Anthony was speechless, a mix of frustration and helplessness. He patted her shoulder and said, "Listen to me, drink some warm water."

Although Lisa seemed fine, he was concerned about the excessive alcohol intake and its impact on her health.

Drinking more water would help her sober up faster—Anthony had witnessed Lisa's remarkable digestive capacity in the past year or two.

Violet watched Anthony's caring gesture towards Lisa, feeling a pang of jealousy.

Perhaps it was the effect of drinking a few glasses, but she foolishly remarked, "Mr. Anthony is so kind to Mrs. Crawford! It's truly enviable."

That statement was somewhat inappropriate.

Lawrence looked at Violet in astonishment, while David, holding a piece of roast duck, accidentally dropped his fork. He quickly picked it up and put it back in the bowl, looking at Violet with confusion.



Violet, although somewhat intoxicated, immediately realized that everyone's gaze was odd.



She smiled, maintaining her composed demeanor as a well-mannered young lady. "What I meant was that their relationship is truly admirable. I hope to find someone like that in the future too."

Lawrence couldn't say anything, but he had already made some guesses and was already displeased.

He would have to talk to Violet later. If she had any intentions toward Anthony, he would sever ties and lecture her.

"Let's continue with the meal," David quickly stood up to ease the awkwardness. "Mr. Anthony, I propose a toast! Thank you for your concern for my father..."

Anthony picked up his glass and stood up.

The atmosphere eased momentarily.

But as Anthony sat back down, Lisa leaned over again.

She reached out directly, intending to take the white wine from David's side.

She had been drinking red wine earlier.

She caught a whiff of the aroma of the white wine, which seemed even more delightful than the red wine...

And she heard that it was more expensive than red wine... she had to drink it.

She felt like she would be missing out if she didn't take a sip.

After all, Anthony had spent money to treat them. Not a drop should go to waste!

Anthony, with quick reflexes, grabbed Lisa's hand. "No more drinking," he reprimanded. "It's impolite to drink any further."

Violet immediately stood up. "Mrs. Crawford wants to drink. I'll accompany her. It's fine, Mr. Anthony. Let's all have a good time today!"

Violet was now fully intoxicated.

She even dared to reach for the bottle of white wine and poured a glass for Lisa.

She poured herself a glass as well and took the initiative to drink first. "Mrs. Crawford, I toast to you!"

While Anthony looked on in silence, he pressed his forehead, giving Lilly a look as if to say, "Aren't you

going to intervene?"

Lilly responded with a look that said, "If you're not going to intervene, neither am I!"

Anthony fell silent once again.

Only Violet was secretly sneering in her heart: Hmph, fools are truly fools!

Red wine mixed with white wine, and so many glasses consumed. This time, she will be the one getting drunk!

Violet intentionally said, "Mrs. Crawford, how did you win over Mr. Anthony? So many people pursued him, but only you succeeded!"

There was a hint of sarcasm in her tone, and her choice of words was already quite inappropriate, causing Lawrence to furrow his brows.

Lisa sneered, "Because I'm faster!"

Violet fell silent.

She was infuriated!

Was she slower? She had pursued him with so much effort. What aspect of her was inferior to Lisa?

Violet's intoxication made her unaware of her embarrassing behavior, but she had inadvertently embarrassed herself.

"Mrs. Crawford, with so many people vying for a position, you must have put in a lot of effort, huh?" Violet sneered, her face filled with mockery.

"After all, someone like you, how could you possibly be a match for Mr. Anthony? At least, I thought I would have to work extremely hard just to be worthy of him..."

"Violet!" Lawrence suddenly slammed the spoon down, glaring at her. "What nonsense are you spouting?!"

He was so angry that his hands trembled. Violet had intentions toward Anthony.

Not only did she have intentions, but she also spoke ill of Mrs. Crawford right in front of her. Who knows what underhanded means she had used behind the scenes!

Who speaks like that?!

Lilly discreetly lifted her head, seeing an excellent opportunity—wow, what an opportunity!

She immediately threw out a sobering talisman.

Violet, scolded by Lawrence, suddenly snapped back to sobriety. The alcohol had instantly worn off, and her mind was fully clear.

Anthony stared at her coldly, his voice icy. "Ms. Yarbrough, what do you mean by this? Are you disparaging my wife?"

Gilbert also looked displeased. "Ms. Yarbrough, that's going too far. My sister-in-law and my brother's feelings are natural. How can you belittle my sister-in-law just because you're Lawrence's student?"

Lilly asked, "Auntie Violet, are you implying that my Aunt Lisa is inferior to you and that you're more deserving of my Uncle Anthony?"

David instinctively chimed in, "That's just shameless..."

After speaking, he suddenly realized he had butted in unnecessarily and hurriedly picked up a piece of meat and stuffed it into his mouth, only to find out it was the roasted duck's rear end...

Oh, damn!

[Chapter 955 No One Can Escape Bettany's Bloodline Suppression](#)

Violet, now fully conscious, found herself instantly facing the accusations of everyone in the room. David even dared to call her shameless, while Lawrence stared at her sternly. But what hurt her the most were Anthony's words...

Violet quickly explained to Anthony, "Mr. Anthony, that's not what I meant. I-I wasn't trying to slander Mrs. Crawford..."

She tried to explain, but was suddenly interrupted by Lisa's excited shout, "Get out!"

The room fell silent.

Anthony and Gilbert remained silent, knowing what Lisa was about to do.

David and Lawrence, on the other hand, assumed Lisa was also drunk and remained silent.

Then, to everyone's surprise, Lisa reached out, grabbed Violet, and threw her out of the room.

Bang!

After tossing Violet out, Lisa sneered, closed the door, and locked it.

Silence filled the room.

David watched in astonishment! Mrs. Crawford had such strength?! She could lift Violet effortlessly? She looked so delicate!

Gilbert commented, "Lisa is being conservative today; usually, she lifts them with both hands."

Anthony nodded, "Hmm... not bad, she knows how to pick her moments."

Lilly, absentmindedly munching on her snacks, added, "Munch munch... Huh? Is the fight over? Munch munch..."

Outside the door, Violet couldn't believe it. She was too shocked to even move for a good five seconds, maintaining her awkward landing position. It took her a while to regain her composure...

The waitstaff and passing guests stared at Violet with surprise.

At that moment, Violet was sprawled on the ground in a tangled mess, her well-fitted pencil skirt hiked up, revealing a pair of X-shaped panties that sharply contrasted with her sophisticated attire.

"I never would have guessed... She looked so proper on the surface, but who knew she was like this on the inside..."

"You can tell she's not a decent woman at a glance... Hey, you, with wandering eyes! Need some glasses? Or do you enjoy getting an eyeful?!"



"Could she be one of those hostesses, and then got thrown out? That kind of woman deserves it..."

Violet, feeling embarrassed and angry, quickly stood up, straightened her skirt, and fixed her hair.

She had been thrown out? She had been thrown out!

When had she ever been so humiliated? She rushed to the door handle of the private room in a fit of anger.

But the door was locked from the inside!

The looks from the people around her became even stranger.

Violet was so angry that she almost fell backward. Trembling, she hurriedly left the scene as if escaping...

The banquet ended awkwardly but without losing its sense of decorum.

Before leaving, Lawrence apologized with guilt and self-reproach, "I should have disciplined her. I apologize, Mr. Anthony..."

Anthony shook his head slightly, "It's not Mr. Lambert's fault."

Lilly waved her hand at Lawrence, "Master Lambert, don't think too much. My daddy says punishing oneself for someone else's mistakes is unnecessary! And my granny says that if the root is crooked, no matter how much you support it, it won't make a difference."

Lawrence was deeply moved, seeing how much the little girl had changed in three years.

Back then, she was innocent and adorable, seemingly oblivious to the ways of the world.

Silent, soft, enduring bullying with clenched teeth.

But now, things were different. She had gained knowledge and seemed to have experienced the hardships of life...

But how could a child have experienced such hardships?

Lawrence shook his head, dismissing the unrealistic thoughts from his mind.

He gently patted Lilly's head and said kindly, "Lilly, grow up well. After falling ill, I realized that there's nothing more important than one's health..."

"I used to believe that sacrificing one's life for art was worth it, but I discovered it wasn't like that at all. All those great painters, international fame..."

He chuckled, becoming more tolerant and broad-minded.

"Goodbye, little friend. Come visit me when you have time!" Lawrence got into the car that came to pick him up and bid farewell to Lilly.

Lilly assured him, "Don't worry, after school, I'll come and find you, Master Lambert. You'll get better soon."

Lawrence thanked her with a smile, not taking her words to heart.

They said their goodbyes and departed in different directions.

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When Lilly returned home, Bettany gently touched her belly.

"Are you full?" she asked.

Lilly patted her tummy and replied, "Very full, Granny! I ate well outside too! And after eating, I even cleaned my teeth, not a single crumb left."

Bettany nodded and then looked at Lisa. "Are you full?" she asked.

Lisa burped and said, "Full... I'm full!"

However, Bettany frowned and remarked, "Have you been drinking? You smell of alcohol..."

Lisa immediately covered her mouth.

Bettany said sternly, "No more drinking! Alcohol is harmful to your body, it's not good for you!"

Lisa nodded like an obedient chick, almost retracting her head into her neck.

In the Crawford family, no one could escape Bettany's bloodline suppression.

Lisa quickly made her escape.

Anthony couldn't help but laugh and patted Lilly's head.

But he overheard the little one earnestly explaining to Bettany, "Granny, Aunt Lisa doesn't get drunk! Drinking alcohol doesn't harm her body! Aunt Lisa is indestructible, she can eat, she can poop, she can lift an eight-hundred-pound bronze cauldron with one hand, and stomp her foot to shatter ten floors..."

Anthony couldn't help but feel speechless.

### [Chapter 956 The Atmosphere Ruiner Extraordinaire](#)

Bettany chuckled softly, "Can you blow it up a little more?"

'Being able to eat, drink, and sleep... What kind of description is that?' Bettany wondered.

However, Lisa was indeed unique. She was no longer the undead she used to be. Her face even had a hint of healthy color, just like any ordinary person's.

Being able to eat, drink, and sleep together day and night, they hardly noticed any difference. Lisa's speech became smoother, and her comprehension abilities were now on par with others.

"Except for giving birth, she's no different from an ordinary person," Bettany commented unconsciously.

Anthony cleared his throat and averted his gaze. "I'll go upstairs first."

As Anthony climbed the stairs, he passed by Lisa's room and noticed it was quiet inside, which puzzled him.

"Lisa?" he called out tentatively but received no response.

Anthony didn't dwell on it, assuming she might have gone to the bathroom after having too much to drink.

He returned to his room, loosened his tie, and as he closed the door and turned around, he found Lisa standing right behind it.

Startled, Anthony's fingers trembled almost imperceptibly.

"Uh, what is it?" he asked.



Lisa clumsily approached, supporting her forehead. "Oh dear, I feel dizzy. I'm drunk!"

With a thud, she fell into Anthony's arms.

Anthony coughed, "Ahem... Ahem!"

Damn, that nearly gave him tuberculosis.

"Slow down... Be gentle!" he quickly supported Lisa.

Lisa looked up, attempting to make a coquettish expression, but her lack of practice resulted in a rather "ferocious" look on her face.

"Ah... I have a headache, feeling dizzy!" she said.

Anthony looked at Lisa silently.

So, she... imitated someone... deliberately pretending to be dizzy after drinking to "seduce" him?

Anthony fell silent and said, "Lisa."

Lisa continued humming, "Hmm? Hmm?"

Anthony sneered, "You don't have to go to such lengths."



Lisa blinked innocently, looking up at Anthony.

Well... that didn't go as planned?

As expected, she was right. Polly's advice wasn't reliable.

Next time, she should consult the harem spirit. Yes, that's it!

Lisa ran her hand through her disheveled hair, lazily reaching for a side table, and swiftly climbed out of Anthony's embrace.

However, before she could straighten up, her waist was gripped tightly by a powerful arm.

Anthony tried to pull her back into his arms but found that she remained motionless.

Anthony furrowed his brow and said, "Lisa, you can move a little at times like this. You don't have to stand so rigidly."

Lisa replied, "Oh... Oh, okay!"

She quickly made a small movement.

Anthony chuckled and let go of his hold. "Forget it."

This fool was the king of ruining the atmosphere.

No wonder, after all this time, nothing had happened between them.

Anthony felt like he was overthinking. Today, before Lisa left, she had said not to waste anything, and she ended up drinking both bottles of wine in one go.

She wasn't drunk, but he was.

Anthony took off his tie and placed it in the closet, then removed his wristwatch and neatly put it away.

Lisa stood at the door of the closet, watching him, tilting her head slightly.

She looked puzzled and disappointed—she realized she still couldn't be like a normal person.

But what could she do? She liked him.

Initially, she thought it was good enough to stay by his side and believed she had no more desires.

But now, Lisa felt that her greed had inexplicably resurfaced.

Lisa absentmindedly touched her chest.

How foolish of her, the things she should have grown didn't, and the things she shouldn't have grown did.

A normal woman would make those "oh's" and "ah's," but she hadn't learned it at all... Instead, she learned greed...

Lisa sank into self-doubt and melancholy.

When Anthony turned around and saw her with her head down, pouting, seeming a little sad, he paused.

He walked over and stood in front of her, his voice unexpectedly gentle due to the slow pace, "What's wrong?"

Lisa sighed in frustration, "I haven't learned how to seduce, but I've learned to be greedy! I'm so stupid!"

Anthony's expression flickered slightly, and a strange sensation ran through his heart, causing his Adam's apple to involuntarily bob.

"Lisa... What do you want to be greedy for?" He lowered his gaze, looking intently at her.

Lisa raised her head and found herself staring into Anthony's deep, ancient eyes.

Anthony was tall, with broad shoulders, while Lisa was petite, only reaching up to his chest.

Looking up like this, her perfect little face was presented, pale but with a hint of blush.

"Greedy..." She paused, puzzled, and asked, "Can I say it?"

Anthony's arm involuntarily encircled her slender waist. For some reason, he felt his mouth was a little dry, and his Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

His eyes darkened, fixed on Lisa's rosy lips, and he murmured hoarsely, "Well, you can say it, and I'll listen."

Lisa, however, had already been stunned.

Who could resist this?

Even an undead couldn't resist it.

She foolishly stared at Anthony, his lips, and for the first time, a spark of desire ignited in her heart.

This kind of restless urge was like the insects beneath the coffin when she was buried alive.

Continuously burrowing through the soil, wanting to break free, to be rampant...

Lisa was confused, not understanding what she wanted to do. She looked at Anthony's lips, instinctively lifting her hand to press them.

They were soft.

But the next moment, her hand was caught by Anthony.

She was pressed against the door by him, and Anthony suddenly leaned down...

### [Chapter 957 How Did a Fight Break Out?](#)

Anthony leaned in abruptly, his lips pressing against Lisa's. In that instant, his breath hitched, struggling to contain the overwhelming desire within him, yet unable to resist its pull. He grabbed Lisa's arm, forcing her hand onto his chest.

Lisa's eyes widened, and witnessing the person she adored suddenly magnified before her. A rush of blood surged through her veins, causing her normally functioning brain to momentarily short-circuit. This kiss had ignited a fire, like a torch tossed into a long calm prairie, slowly spreading its flames.

Anthony, no longer in control, found himself wanting more than just a kiss. He held Lisa tightly, taking charge for the first time, swiftly leading her toward the edge of the bed.

A thud resonated as they fell onto the bed, the resilient mattress bouncing Lisa back up, and Anthony quickly pressed her down into the sheets.

However, they landed precariously close to the edge, instinctively feeling as if they were about to fall off. Just as Anthony was about to adjust their position, Lisa suddenly flipped them over, placing him underneath.

Anthony's meticulously groomed black hair was now disheveled, exuding an unexpected sense of restrained desire.

He smirked slightly, his gaze fixed on Lisa, as he hoarsely asked, "Still feeling greedy?"

Lisa nodded honestly, "Yes!"

As her words fell, there was a sharp click!

The buttons on Anthony's shirt flew off, scattering onto the nearby table, floor, and walls, creating a melodious sound as they hit the ground.

He smirked slightly, his gaze growing dark and menacing, like a leopard lurking in the night, ready to pounce on its prey.

"Well then..." Anthony whispered hoarsely, his hand reaching out...

"Uncle Anthony!"

"Daddy, Mommy!"

Two mischievous children appeared at the most critical moment, holding ice cream in their hands...

And froze in place.

Anthony's movements came to an abrupt halt, frozen in mid-action.

Lisa thought to herself, huh? Ice cream...?

She subconsciously turned her head to look.





Lilly, puzzled, said, "Aunt Lisa, are you fighting with Uncle Anthony? Why are you two bickering?"

Josh, bewildered, with his genius brain working quickly, said, "Based on my observations, it doesn't seem like a fight... It's more like..."

Anthony pressed his forehead, momentarily at a loss for words.

Internally conflicted, he remembered being startled by Lisa standing directly behind the door when he entered the room, and then she pretended to be dizzy from alcohol...

He had indeed forgotten to close the door.

Anthony's emotions grew complicated, uncertain whether to feel annoyed or embarrassed. All he knew was that he wanted to throw Josh out.

As for Lilly... she shouldn't be thrown out; he would gently guide her away.

At this moment, Lisa was attempting to explain, "We're not fighting! Um... it's... it's..."

Drake appeared out of nowhere, covering Lilly's mouth and swiftly pulling Josh away.

Lilly exclaimed, "Hey, hey?"

Josh sobbed, "Waaah!"

Lisa blinked her eyes.

Wait, she hadn't finished explaining yet!

She stood up and dashed to the door.

Anthony caught her wrist, feeling helpless and frustrated. "You're just going to run like this?"

Lisa replied innocently, "Huh? What else should I do?"

Anthony fell silent.

Seeing that Lisa truly intended to escape, he almost laughed in exasperation.

How could they possibly stop now? Did she think this was a clichéd tactic to prolong the readers' anticipation in a romance novel?

If they interrupted, they couldn't continue, right?

If she wanted to run, he would let her run, right?

With a loud bang, Anthony closed and locked the door.

Lisa wore a puzzled expression.

She looked at Anthony, her face filled with confusion, and stammered, "Shouldn't we go out... They... they will know we're hiding in the room!"

Hiding in the room...

Anthony chuckled, "If we go out, won't they realize we weren't hiding in the room? Hmm?"

Lisa hesitated, "Um..."

Anthony continued, "Whether we go out or not, the people who should know will know. There's nothing to hide. Those who shouldn't know, the kids, are too young and unaware. There's nothing to conceal from them either."

Anthony added, "So what's the difference if we go out or not? Is it important? We're just a normal couple, nothing to be secretive about. Transparency is important in life."

Lisa grew even more perplexed.

Her brain felt like it was being fried once again.

After Drake whisked away Lilly and Josh, they heard the sound of the room's door slamming shut.

It was firmly closed, and they even heard the sound of it being locked.

Drake fell silent.

These were their biological parents.

Lilly looked up, truly not understanding. "Drake, why did Uncle Anthony and Aunt Lisa lock the door? What are they doing inside?"

Drake blushed, maintaining a poker face. "Don't ask, kid."

Lilly pouted, "Here we go again!"

"But Drake, aren't you a kid too?"

Drake grew even more awkward. Yes, he was a kid, but he had received some education about bodily hygiene. He didn't know the specifics, but he knew it was something for adults, not suitable for children.

Not sure about the details, but he knew it was an adult matter, not to be shared with children.

Josh also caught on, clearing his throat. "Lilly, be good, don't ask. Listen to Drake."

Lilly wrinkled her nose. "Fine!"

Why did adults always keep secrets from kids? Kids never kept any secrets from them.

They weren't open-hearted at all~

Lilly looked at the ice cream melting in her hand. "What should we do with the ice cream?"

Josh also held two ice creams and took a bite from each. "Let's eat them all, devour them!"

Lilly's eyes lit up. "Yay!"

This was Granny's homemade ice cream, her first attempt! It tasted much better than the ones outside.

No point in wasting it, eat it all!

Uncle Anthony and Aunt Lisa missed out big time!

#### [Chapter 958 In Search of the Young Practitioner from Spicechique Sect](#)

And so, the two siblings eagerly indulged in their ice cream, completely engrossed at the moment, leaving behind the events that had just transpired.

Drake stood by, his young face serious, his eyes reflecting the same intensity one would find while taking an exam. Deep in thought, he pondered...

Would there be a little brother? Or perhaps a little sister? Maybe one of each?

If it were a little brother, he thought of the name Reason - for what reason, he wondered. And if there were two, then the names Comey and Goey came to mind. Yes, he approached this matter with great precision.

There were still many candidate names to consider: Feary - for what could be feared! Strivey - for what couldn't be!

But what if it were a girl? Drake didn't entertain that thought at the moment. Subconsciously, he had never imagined having another sister... just an annoying and headache-inducing little brother.

- ♥♥ -

Violet returned home in a state of disarray, staring at her reflection in the mirror, reminded of how she had been exposed by Lisa.

In a fit of anger, she grabbed a bottle of face cream and hurled it at the mirror.

"You bitch!" she cursed loudly, caring little about her appearance within the confines of her home.

"What's so great about you? Just because you have some looks?"

"You're nothing but an ignorant fool, making a spectacle of yourself everywhere. I want to see how long Mr. Anthony can tolerate you..."

Violet clenched her teeth, firmly believing that Lisa had resorted to unsavory means to win Anthony's affection.

It was normal for men to be drawn to beauty, and she reluctantly admitted that she was not as beautiful as Lisa, nor did she have the same figure.

But she was smarter, more intellectual, successful in her career, and financially independent.

Only she deserved Anthony, only she could be his virtuous partner.

As for Lisa? She was just a decorative vase, relying on Anthony's money for everything!

Violet had never felt this resentful after losing to any woman with a hint of depth but losing to Lisa had thoroughly ignited her deep sense of dissatisfaction.



At that moment, the doorbell rang in Violet's house.

After being kicked out by Lisa earlier in the day, and having to deal with matters related to the art exhibition, Violet was exhausted both physically and mentally. Hearing the doorbell now only brought annoyance.

"Who is it?" she asked, glancing at the video doorbell.

A young man in a robe stood outside, and it took Violet a while to recognize him.

Wasn't this her younger cousin Yash, who had become a practitioner, seeking monasticism at such a young age?

Violet opened the door, surprised. "What a rare guest. What brings you here?"

Yash resumed his serious and rigid demeanor from the first time Lilly saw him and asked, "Violet, have you recently desired something that doesn't belong to you and strayed from the right path?"

Violet opened her mouth, feeling a mix of anger and being exposed.

She crossed her arms, furrowing her brow. "What nonsense are you spouting? Desiring something that doesn't belong to me? Everything I pursue is noble and righteous. Would I stoop to coveting what belongs to others?"

"With my current reputation and status, I have everything I need. Money is not an issue, and I have suitors lining up. Why would I foolishly do something that harms myself?"

Yash couldn't help but feel perplexed by her resolute words.

Huh? Did he get it wrong?

This shouldn't be...

However, Yash had become more humble since encountering the little master, realizing that it was normal for him to make mistakes.

But he didn't want to give up. According to his divination, through Violet, he might find the person he was looking for.

Wasn't he looking for the little master?

"Violet, have you encountered a little girl recently? The most adorable little girl you've ever seen! Her father is tall and incredibly handsome. If you've seen her, you'd surely remember..."

Yash finished speaking and stared intently at Violet.

Violet was genuinely taken aback!

The most adorable little girl she had ever seen immediately came to mind—Lilly.

Moreover, the mention of her 'father' being exceptionally handsome... Violet naturally thought of Anthony.

She assumed that Yash didn't know Anthony was Lilly's uncle, hence mistaking him for her father.

Violet was astonished that Yash had figured this out as well.

Of course, she couldn't admit it!

"I haven't seen the adorable child you're talking about," Violet said with impatience. "What are you trying to do?"

"Are you implying that I would ruin someone else's family? Even if someone has a daughter, do you think I would try to seduce them? Yash, what's your intention? Are you planning to tell Grandpa?"

Grandpa would never tolerate such a thing. Although Violet's father and Yash's father were brothers, there was a secret rivalry between them within the family.

Yash's father had initially wanted Yash to inherit the family business and help him compete... But Yash had chosen to become a practitioner.

Violet thought that Yash's unexpected visit was related to some scheme his father had concocted.

Yash, feeling helpless, said, "Violet, you've misunderstood me. I have no ulterior motives. I'm simply looking for someone."

Violet grasped the doorknob. "Well, you've come to the wrong place. I indeed haven't seen the father-daughter duo you're talking about. It's getting late, and even though we're cousins, it's best to avoid suspicion. I won't entertain you."

With that, she closed the door.

Yash was left disappointed, with a sense of defeat.

Little master, oh little master!

Where are you?

God knows, during this time, in his search for the little master, he had asked almost every sect he knew.

Did they know about the Spicechique sect? Did they know where its main sect was now?

But no one knew...

[Chapter 959 What Happened to Your Leg, Uncle Anthony?](#)

After closing the door, Violet's discomfort gradually turned into anger.

What did it mean that she was destroying someone's family?

There was nothing wrong with pursuing the things and people she liked.

It wasn't the ancient times anymore. As an independent woman of the new century, what was wrong with bravely pursuing her true love?

Besides, Anthony was not married!



She heard that the Crawford family had initially planned a wedding for Anthony and Lisa.

But then, it abruptly came to a halt, and there was no further news about it.

Violet felt that it must be the old lady of the Crawford family who was dissatisfied with Lisa...

For so long, she hadn't heard her mention having a daughter-in-law or anything like that. Yet Lisa shamelessly continued to live with the Crawford family.

She was relying on the fact that Anthony now liked her. When Anthony grew tired of her, she would become even more proactive and straightforward...

At that time, she would let everyone know that she had someone she liked, and that was Anthony.

So, right now, she was waiting for love. She disliked how Yash acted like he knew everything and gave her advice.

If she heard him blabbering again, she would slap him right in the face and see if he would still have anything to say!

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As the night passed, the sun, like a giant light bulb, illuminated the entire world. Birds chirped on the branches, chattering about the latest avian news.

Polly had somehow flown onto an outer branch, engaged in a spirited debate with four other birds.

"Granny, good morning!" Lilly came downstairs, radiating energy and vitality.

With a rosy complexion and sparkling eyes, she was a picture of purity and clarity.

Bettany smiled warmly. "You're up early today, Lilly!"

Gilbert set aside his tablet and joined them in the dining room. Speaking gently, he said, "Are you hungry, Lilly?"

Josh promptly pulled out a chair. "Lilly, sit here!"

Lilly obediently thanked him and greeted Gilbert before taking her seat. Like a little adult, she sighed, "Hannah and Zachary are being lazy again!"

Drake removed fish bones for her, placing the deboned fish in a bowl in front of her. He calmly remarked, "It's Saturday today, so they can be lazy."

Lilly stuck out her tongue, recalling Drake's sternness. Whenever Hannah and Zachary refused to get up, Drake would simply stand at the door, and they would obediently rise.



Drake was no less formidable than their grandmother at times—quite intimidating.

"Drake, I can do it myself!" Lilly grabbed a piece of fish and said, "I'm six years old now. If my classmates found out my big brother still picks out fish bones for me, they'd make fun of me."

Drake's expression remained unchanged. "What do other people's opinions have to do with us?"

Lilly fell silent.

Fine!

He picked for her, and she would pick for him.

The siblings helped each other remove fish bones, transferring them between their bowls.

Drake sighed, somewhat helpless. "Lilly..."

Lilly giggled. "Drake, I'm not a three-year-old baby anymore. When kids grow up, they become independent."

"Heh..." Gilbert chuckled softly. "You're still a child yourself."

A child who spoke of independence, Gilbert couldn't help but find it amusing and perplexing.

Gilbert leisurely enjoyed his breakfast, listening to Lilly and her two brothers chatting away. The three

siblings were all smiles, happily chatting. Lilly and Josh were the most talkative, while Drake diligently picked out fish bones.

Bettany asked, "Lilly, you transferred here just a few days ago. Are you adjusting well?"

Lilly nodded. "Of course, Granny. There's nowhere I can't adapt to."

Bettany laughed, but her heart ached after the laughter subsided.

Ah, there's nowhere she can't adapt to. It meant she had been to too many places and experienced too much hardship.

It was heart-wrenching...

Suddenly, Lilly exclaimed, "Oh yeah, where's Uncle Anthony?"

She had a feeling that something was off.

Usually, when she woke up, she would always see Anthony. Although he woke up earlier, he would patiently wait until she got up, pat her head, and then head out to work contentedly.

But today, he didn't pat her head and went to work straight away?

Bettany replied, "Your Uncle Anthony hasn't gotten up yet."

Gilbert raised an eyebrow.

Drake looked surprised, and Josh widened his eyes.

How strange.

Bettany sighed, "You two suddenly remembered your father, huh?"

Josh concurred, "Yeah, that's true."

Just then, a door upstairs creaked open.

Anthony's bedroom door opened.

Lisa appeared, neatly dressed, with her hair styled in a high ponytail, brimming with energy as she rushed downstairs.

"Lilly!"

"Josh!"

"Drake!"

She planted a kiss on Lilly's cheek and then on Josh's, but when she tried to kiss Drake, he raised his hand in a slightly haughty manner, refusing her.

Lisa felt famished and looked at Bettany expectantly. "Mom... good morning!"

"Gilbert, good morning!"

Gilbert responded, and Bettany's thoughts were stirred. She said, "Sit down and have breakfast quickly."

Lisa was indeed starving, so she sat down and voraciously dug into her food, making eager munching sounds.

In comparison to Lisa's exuberance...

The three little heads, Gilbert, Bettany, and even Hugh, who was sitting on the couch watching the news, all turned to look upstairs.

Anthony descended slowly, tidying his cuff buttons as he went.

He made a deliberate effort to appear calm, but as he took a step down, his knees slightly buckled. He immediately straightened up, grabbing hold of the stair railing.

The adults fell silent.

The children wore perplexed expressions.

Lilly asked in confusion, "Uncle Anthony, what's wrong? Are your legs weak? Are you okay?"

Anthony remained silent.

His ears turned a suspicious shade of red as if struck by a sudden burst of thunder or a ringing bell...

Gilbert was so shocked that he dropped the pumpkin from his spoon.

My, oh my... This, this, this...

According to novels, after a certain incident, the female protagonist would stand tall, storm out, and start complaining.

Well, now his sister-in-law was perfectly fine, full of vitality and energy.

But his brother was clutching his waist, weak-kneed, and trembling...

The entire family was astounded.

Gilbert thought, his brother just can't handle it!

Hugh, on the other hand, thought this lad is really weak, huh?

Bettany thought, the traditional medicinal recipe I stumbled upon, the Dragon-Tiger Tonic, seemed useless, but it unexpectedly has its merits...

Lilly said, "Uncle Gilbert, Granny, what are you thinking? Let's eat! Uncle Anthony, come down quickly. Are you standing up there enjoying the view?"

Anthony remained silent.

#### [Chapter 960 Discussing the Matter of Marriage](#)

Anthony descended the stairs, his expression fixed and his gaze straight ahead. He seemed as if he had just experienced a sudden bout of weakness in his legs.

Lilly looked at him in confusion and asked, "Uncle Anthony, why did your legs give out just now?"

Curiosity swelled within the inquisitive little one, pushing her into the highest stage of relentless questioning.

"Uncle Anthony, were you so hungry from oversleeping?" she pondered.

"In the past, when Uncle Anthony was hungry, his legs didn't go weak," she continued, perplexed. "Could it be that you have a calcium deficiency? Granny said weak bones are caused by a lack of calcium."

"No, that's not it," she corrected herself. "Uncle Anthony is an adult, not a child..."

"So, what could it be?"

"Oh, and Uncle Anthony, did you and Aunt Lisa play hide-and-seek in the room yesterday?"

Josh burst into a fit of coughing, and Gilbert nearly sprayed the food from his mouth.

Bettany stuffed a chicken leg into Lilly's mouth and said, "Here, Lilly, have a chicken leg. Granny roasted it to perfection, crispy on the outside and tender on the inside. It's delicious."

Lilly mumbled with a mouthful of food, "Mmff... Uncle Anthony..."

Lisa looked up, puzzled, and glanced at Bettany. But as soon as her gaze met Anthony's, she quickly lowered her head.

Taking a big bite of his meal, Anthony calmly said, "Let's eat, shall we? Why are you all staring?"

Drake, Josh, and Gilbert immediately averted their gaze, pretending to engage in conversation.

"Nice weather today, isn't it?" Gilbert suggested. "Anyone up for some outdoor activities?"

"Uncle Gilbert, Drake and I have an extracurricular class today," Josh chimed in.

Drake looked at the dishes on the table, contemplating which one he could pick for fish bones.





Bettany spoke up, "Lilly and I are going to visit her teacher today. We won't be back for lunch... you can have your meal."

Hugh raised his head and said, "I'll go too."

Bettany looked puzzled. "Why would you go?"

Hugh held up his tablet with a serious expression. "To take photos for you."

Bettany fell silent.

Josh suddenly exclaimed, "Grandpa Hugh, wherever Granny goes, you go too!"

Lilly finally swallowed the piece of roast chicken and said, "Grandpa just likes to be with Granny! What do you know, Josh? It's called being devoted!"

Bettany couldn't help but laugh as she pinched Lilly's cheek. "You're so clever!"

She looked up at Lisa and then at Anthony. "By the way, do you two still plan to have a wedding?"

Hugh, who had somehow made his way to Bettany's side and sat down, chimed in, "It would be best to have one. Since she's with you, you shouldn't skimp on her."

They had planned for it before, but Lily kept getting into trouble every time, so they gradually put it aside out of concern for her well-being.

Lisa was also stubborn and insisted on waiting for Lily.

Anthony spoke in a gentle tone, "Yes, we will have a wedding."

They had already obtained the marriage certificate, but they hadn't celebrated with a proper wedding ceremony.

It was his fault as a husband.

Even though Lisa didn't have parents or siblings anymore, they still needed to observe the proper etiquette.

She shouldn't be left out, just like everyone else.

Lisa raised her head, pouting her cheeks. "I want Lilly to be the flower..."

What was the word she was looking for?

She couldn't recall it at the moment.

Josh immediately helped her out, "Flower girl! That's a good idea. Then I'll be the other flower girl, hehe!"

Drake hesitated for a moment and coolly stated, "Flower girls can't be siblings."

Josh retorted, "Who said so?!"

Drake quickly listed a bunch of reasons, but Josh interrupted, "So, do you want Ivan to be the male flower girl instead?"

Drake fell silent.

Having Josh as the flower girl was a better choice than having Ivan.

Josh's eyes gleamed with victorious cunning.

Hannah stood up and asked as she descended the stairs, "What flower girl? I want to be one too!"

Josh fiercely defended his position as Lilly's flower girl partner, "No, you're a girl. You can't be a flower girl with Lilly."

Hannah picked up a bowl and, feeling hungry, took a big bite before asking in a muffled voice, "Do they have to be boys and girls? Can't I shave my head again, so I can?"

Josh and Drake fell into silence.

Lilly chimed in, "Forget it, Hannah. You look better with long hair." She remembered when Hannah had her head shaved, even though it wasn't completely bald, many people thought Hannah was her brother.

She already had three brothers, so having another sister would be better.

Hannah reluctantly said, "Fine."

She regretted sleeping in and not being able to partner up with Lilly.

From now on, she had to wake up earlier; otherwise, she wouldn't get to participate in any good things.

As Hannah pondered, she asked, "By the way, who's getting married?"

Lilly pointed at Anthony and Lisa, saying, "Uncle Anthony and Aunt Lisa!"

Hannah was immediately taken aback. "Huh? Uncle Anthony is getting married again? Second marriage?"

Silence fell upon everyone.