

Eight Uncles 961

[Chapter 961 Drake's Brain Almost Overheated](#)

Bettany's face twisted in disbelief. "If you don't know, don't make wild guesses! It's Anthony's first marriage, not a second one."

Hannah, with only a partial understanding of what a second marriage meant, replied, "Oh... then what was that marriage certificate they had before?"

They even celebrated with a big family dinner when they received the marriage certificate. It was a special occasion they had deliberately marked.

Bettany patiently explained from the sidelines...

Meanwhile, Gilbert had finished eating but remained seated at the dining table, typing on his phone:

Gilbert: [Guys, there's something I need to tell you about Anthony... So this morning...]

Anthony glanced at the phone, his gaze immediately warning Gilbert.

Gilbert held the phone and raised an eyebrow, his intentions of blackmail evident.

Suddenly, Anthony lowered his head, and his phone vibrated, indicating a bank notification:

[Dear esteemed user, your account ending in 8888 has received a deposit of 10,000,000 dollars, new balance...]

Gilbert burst into laughter, his eyes squinting.

In the group chat, messages started pouring in:

Edward: [What happened to Anthony this morning? You left us hanging. Watch your back!]

Jonas: [What's up? Did Anthony disturb someone's grave? He seems hesitant to spill the beans.]

Max: [What's wrong with Anthony? Just spill it out!]

Gilbert continued messaging the group:

[This morning, Mom mentioned to Anthony about arranging a wedding ceremony for him and Lisa.]

The brothers fell silent immediately.

Edward: [You know how to build suspense. I thought it was something major.]

Max: [Wasn't this already decided? We were waiting for Lilly to come back and choose an auspicious date.]

Jonas: [Where's Lilly? Did she have breakfast?]

Anthony secretly breathed a sigh of relief and calmly continued eating his meal.

After finishing breakfast, they were about to set off. Bettany said she needed to tidy up upstairs, and Lilly checked her children's watch.

Josh said, "Granny takes at least half an hour for this."

Josh and Drake, the two brothers, were waiting for the chauffeur to arrive and take them to their extracurricular activities.

Lilly said, "Josh, you can't be so impatient. Grandpa said girls should groom themselves, and boys should be patient!"

"Okay, I was wrong," Josh admitted, suppressing his laughter.

Lilly suddenly approached, cupping her hands together. "Josh, what's the deal with Uncle Anthony and Aunt Lisa?"

She couldn't let go of her curiosity. Children have a great sense of curiosity, especially when it comes to things that seem peculiar and everyone avoids discussing.

Josh rested his chin on his hand, wearing a thoughtful expression. "Hmm... well, I don't know either. Why don't you ask Drake?"

Lilly looked at Drake and called out, "Drake?"

Drake remained silent.

He was something, that brother of his.

"It's nothing," Drake averted his gaze. "It's an adult matter, and we shouldn't ask about it as kids."

Little did he know that Lilly wouldn't give up. "No, it's not okay. Every time it's the same answer. Now that the adults aren't here, and even Master isn't here, tell me!"

She was genuinely curious. Why did Uncle Anthony and Aunt Lisa just close the door, and why was everyone's expression so subtle about it?

Lilly was observant, and Drake couldn't fool her.

Drake couldn't resist Lilly's adorable persistence, and in three seconds, he surrendered.

He mumbled, "Well... they're just discussing... from the perspective of Darwin's theory of evolution, the profound questions about human reproduction and the origin of life..."

Drake couldn't come up with anything more. These sentences were already frying his brain, even as a top student.

Lilly tilted her head, confusion in her eyes. "Discussing?"

Drake cleared his throat. "They're discussing the history of human reproduction and the origin of life from the standpoint of biology. It's beyond your understanding. Just focus on your studies."

"Oh... okay!" Lilly accepted.

Josh suppressed his laughter, impressed by his brother's ability to fool Lilly. He had learned!

Unexpectedly, Lilly's brain quickly caught up. "Then why can't they discuss it in front of everyone?"

Josh remained silent.

Stop asking, stop asking! Drake was about to explode!

After struggling for a while, Drake finally said, "Well... they want to discuss it among themselves..."

Lilly nodded. "I understand, but I have another question..."

Drake hurriedly interrupted, "The car is here. Let's go."

Josh rubbed Lilly's face and said, "Goodbye, Lilly! Remember to think of me!"

Lilly waved at her two brothers, saying, "Goodbye, Josh. Goodbye, Drake!"

Drake and Josh finally felt liberated once they got into the car.

But it wasn't their chauffeur driving; it was their dad.

Their mom sat in the passenger seat...

Josh exclaimed with joy, "Huh, Dad and Mom, why are you guys taking us today?"

Anthony replied calmly, "Isn't it normal for parents to accompany their children to class?"

Drake muttered to himself. That was true, but they rarely had their parents accompany them. It was usually Grandpa, Granny, or Mr. Jack.

Suddenly, Anthony asked, "By the way, Drake, isn't your birthday coming up soon? What do you want?"

Drake looked puzzled.

Why was his dad suddenly being so nice to him today? Did he take the wrong medication?

Drake couldn't figure it out.

Josh raised his hand. "Me, me, me! My birthday is one month after Drake's. I want..."

Anthony's voice turned flat. "We'll talk about it on your birthday."

Josh was perplexed.

Why didn't he ask him what he wanted when he asked Drake? Wasn't he his biological son?

Josh was also puzzled...

[Chapter 962 A Collective Extortion of Mr Anthony](#)

Josh would never know that just yesterday his father had entertained the thought of kicking him out. If he had known, he would never dare to ask such a question.

Lilly and Bettany had also gone out, accompanied by Hugh, while Gilbert took on the role of their driver. Upon arriving at Lawrence's place, Gilbert guessed that his elder brother should have reached the company by now, giving him some time to check his phone.

Hence, he sent a message in the family group chat: "Dear brothers, Anthony has a secret. Would any of you like to hear it?"

"What could it be that we don't know? Something about him wearing his underwear inside out when he was little?" Edward questioned.

Jonas was certain. "There's nothing we don't know about Anthony."

That got Max retorting, "Don't be too sure about that."

Blake, who had just finished with his meeting, joined the conversation, "Hmm? Anthony has a secret? I'm listening."

Gilbert silently counted to three.

Ding!

"Dear VIP, your account in Capital Bank ending with 8888 has received USD 2,000,000. Your current balance is..."

Today, Gilbert followed his usual routine, exaggerating his claims to extort a staggering sum of two million dollars as hush money from his eldest brother.

Seeing this, Hugh could not resist the temptation of stashing some money away for himself and sent a message to Anthony as well. His message read, "I have a project in mind that I'd like to invest in. Transfer twenty million dollars to me."

Anthony replied, "Which project? I'll take care of it for you."

"It's a project about calcium supplementation."

That rendered Anthony speechless. Never in a million years would he have expected his father to joke around. In his impression, Hugh was supposed to be serious.

Then, he asked, "Should I wire it to mom's account?"

Hugh immediately replied: "No, wire it to my account."

Anthony transferred the money and then sent a screenshot of the transaction record to his old man. "I don't need to show this receipt to Mom, do I?"

Hugh had no words. Even though he managed to extort some money from Anthony, he gave the man a hold over him as well. If Hugh dared to be greedy or share this morning's events with his other children, this receipt would end up in the hands of Bettany. Regretfully, Hugh had to put a stop to his future investment plans.

At the very least, Anthony managed to one party from extorting him. Before Gilbert could launch his next wave of attacks, Anthony took the initiative and sent him a photo.

In the photo, a child stood by the river, holding a slipper and crying, while the other slipper was on his ankle. To add to the humor, the child's pants had a large hole, revealing half of his buttocks.

Anthony texted, "I came across an interesting photo by chance."

This time, it was Gilbert's turn to be rendered speechless.

All right, another potential chance to extort him was shut close.

On the other hand, the members of the group chat continued to grumble:

"You're just playing with us, you dog," Edward started.

"I'd be a fool to entertain anything you say in the future," Max declared.

"The plane has already landed in Moscow, and you still haven't made your point," Bryson said.

"I've just gotten a new task, and you're still dilly-dallying," Cloud added.

"The movie has already ended, and there's still not a single word from you." It was Jonas.

Liam just sent an emoji, expressing how scornful he was about Gilbert.

Blake told them to give him ten minutes.

Anthony was speechless.

Ten minutes later, Blake sent Anthony a text: "Anthony, are you sure you can do it?"

Anthony did not reply, so Blake continued, "Sorry, it was presumptuous of me. But I came across a crown of the queen made from precious gemstones yesterday, which would be a perfect dowry for Lilly in the future..."

Indeed, this is presumptuous of you.

This was the first time Anthony had experienced such a retreat. He glanced at Lisa, who was studying diligently on the other side of the office.

He would ask Lilly another day if there was still a chance for Lisa to fully recover, and to be completely human again.

Anthony had originally thought that Lilly's statement was exaggerated, but now it seemed that it was entirely true.

How could this be?

Lisa looked up, looking at him in confusion.

...

Turning the focus back to Lilly, she entered Lawrence's house carrying a large bouquet of flowers, exclaiming joyfully, "Master Lambert, I've come to see you!"

Lawrence, wearing a cheerful expression, was pushed out by someone and as soon as he laid eyes on Lilly, his mood instantly brightened.

"Lilly, you're here!" he exclaimed, pointing to a nearby table. "I was just trying to see if I can paint with my left hand..."

Casting a glance in that direction, Lilly saw a half-drawn painting on the table. It seemed to be an attempt at depicting flowers, but the brushstrokes were clumsy and awkward. The essence and unique aesthetics that were once encapsulated in Lawrence's art were absent...

Sighing, Lawrence said, "Oh well, it's no good. I'm too old for this..."

Lilly smiled and said, "Says who? Master Lambert, this is actually quite beautiful!"

She picked up a brush and, utilizing the artistic skills she enhanced with spells, completed the other half of the flower effortlessly. The strokes still carried a childlike innocence, evident in their tender and delicate quality.

Yet when the two halves of the flower came together, a peculiar beauty emerged. It possessed an abstract quality, blending the notions of growth and aging.

One half of the flower bloomed vibrantly, while the other half exhibited signs of wilting.

Lawrence's eyes widened in astonishment.

Lilly suggested, "Let's draw a stem for the flower!"

With a bold stroke of her brush, she showed no hesitation. While an adult might have hesitated, fearing to disrupt the artistic ambiance of the flower, Lilly had no such qualms. Not only did she draw the stem, but she also added leaves—lush and saturated in vibrant shades of green.

Two strokes distinctly divided the composition and accentuated the contrast between light and shadow. Instantly, Lilly's half of the flower seemed to radiate with sunlight, making the darker area where Lawrence had painted even more pronounced.

Lawrence stared in awe.

At this moment, Violet arrived.

Violet, Lawrence's excellent disciple, was well-acquainted with the Lamberts, often entering their home as if it were her own.

With a single glance, she saw Lilly engrossed in her artwork, while Lawrence stood dumbfounded by her side.

Violet cast a brief glance at the painting and was instantly speechless.

Well, what kind of crap is this? Especially the darker half of the flower, it looks so bad.

[Chapter 963 This Was Painted by Master Lambert](#)

Violet thought to herself. I can tell why Mr. Lambert is so dumbfounded. He probably had no idea he had taken in such an untalented disciple, one who would undoubtedly tarnish his reputation.

"Lilly is painting!" Violet exclaimed with a slight smile. "What are you painting?"

Thinking she was being gentle and amiable, Violet approached to take a closer look. Many people would pay a fortune to get their artworks reviewed by Violet, but she would never bother. So, in her subconscious, helping critique Lilly's artwork was a stroke of luck for the young girl.

"This flower is quite well painted," Violet deliberately praised first. "Under the sunlight, this half of the flower appears vibrant, with rich and vivid colors..."

The painting did not have a distinct style. Anyway, Violet thought it was somewhat childish at first glance.

As Lawrence was about to say something upon hearing Violet's praise, she continued, "But the other half of the flower you painted is so stiff! The lines aren't smooth at all, like they were drawn by an elderly person struggling with Parkinson's."

She used that metaphor without thinking as she attempted to be humorous, completely forgetting Lawrence's current condition.

Lawrence's expression immediately changed, becoming incredibly gloomy...

Lilly looked up in surprise. It's Auntie Violet. Isn't she Master Lambert's most excellent disciple? How could she not even recognize her teacher's painting?

Violet smiled, planning to pat Lilly's head to appear gentle. However, Lilly tilted her head slightly, preventing her from doing so.

Violet felt a bit awkward and complained, "You're being too sensitive, child. You're getting angry just because I said your painting isn't good! Your painting has its merits but also its flaws. To improve, one must be brave enough to accept their shortcomings, you know?"

She continued, "There are too many colors here, all mixed up. Nowadays, the general aesthetic leans toward something more sophisticated, and having too many colors makes it seem less of that. Although the handling of the lighter part is slightly inept, it's still decently done. It's just that this half of the flower in the darker area is the biggest flaw of the entire painting. It's really poorly done... Shall I fix it for you?"

Violet picked up a brush. Knowing that many people were desperate to have her guide them, she

believed that she would be able to help a junior out.

Suddenly, Lawrence's cold and stern voice sounded, "Violet!"

It was a painting he had done together with Lilly. Who allowed her to make changes to it?

Violet was taken aback, and the watercolor on her brush dripped, landing right in the center of that flower, instantly ruining the entire painting.

Lawrence stared at the canvas, his expression growing even darker.

Violet started "Mr. Lambert, what's wrong? Why are you so angry suddenly? I really didn't mean to ruin it."

Ruining a single painting should be no big deal. I could easily create something more valuable with just a few strokes. Is it even necessary for him to get so furious?

But then, Lilly looked up and said, "Auntie Violet, the half of the flower you're talking about was actually painted by Master Lambert..."

Violet was shocked to her core, her heart pounding in panic. She quickly said, "Uh... Mr. Lambert, that's not what I meant, I... I really didn't know, I..."

She felt regret growing in her heart, blaming Lilly for not telling her earlier!

Lawrence was not in the mood to paint anymore and waved his hand, saying, "What are you doing here? I already made it clear to you that day!"

After the celebratory banquet, he sought out Violet immediately and explained directly to her that Anthony already has a family, and if she continued whatever she was doing and break someone else's family apart, he would cut ties with her.

But Violet did not listen to his words and showed no signs of changing her ways. In his anger, Lawrence stopped acknowledging her as his disciple.

Violet said with grievance, "Mr. Lambert, you really misunderstood me. I just think of Mr. Anthony as a friend."

Just then, David and an elderly lady walked into the garden, chatting and laughing, followed by Gilbert.

The elderly lady exuded elegance and had a refined appearance. Time had left its mark on her, but it had also bestowed upon her more grace and charm. Although her face showed signs of aging, one could tell that she was a beauty back in her younger days.

Mrs. Crawford?

Violet was momentarily stunned, feeling a surge of immense joy. Today, she had decided on impulse to come here. Her art exhibition had ended yesterday, and she had planned for Lawrence to make an appearance and show his support during its closing. Never did she imagine that Lawrence would not show up.

Violet believed that Lawrence must have misunderstood her that day, so she had come early today to explain.

But she never expected to meet Bettany here!

She had only been thinking about finding an opportunity to meet Bettany, and now it had presented itself before her.

This is fate!

"Who is this?" Violet quickly brushed aside the stray strands of hair behind her ear, maintaining her etiquette as she looked at David with grace and gentleness.

David sensed that something was amiss in the atmosphere. He looked at Lilly, then at his father.

Lawrence sneered, "Did I really misunderstand something?"

He criticized Violet for trying to convince him that everything was a misunderstanding, but she was putting up an act when she met Anthony's mother.

In a disappointed tone, he looked at Violet and said, "Violet, I raised you to shine brightly even when you're standing by yourself, not to use it as leverage to become someone's mistress!"

Lawrence's words were blunt, lacking any hint of subtlety.

Lilly quickly interjected, "No, that's not right! Being a mistress means being with someone who is already married, right? But my uncle and Auntie Violet have absolutely no relationship!"

In other words, even if Violet wanted to be a mistress, her uncle would never be interested in her!

Violet's face immediately flushed red. With Bettany right in front of her, neither the elderly nor the young cared about protecting her image.

What is Mr. Lambert doing? Has he gone mad?

[Chapter 964 Bettany Exposes the Conniving Little Bitch](#)

Bettany cast a scrutinizing gaze upon Violet, her intentions of getting to know her nonexistent. In a nonchalant tone, she cautioned Lilly, "Lilly, refrain from speaking rashly. It's best for children not to involve themselves in adult matters."

Such young children uttering words such as "mistress" would only taint their innocent minds.

Lilly nodded obediently and replied, "I understand, Granny."

Violet, on the other hand, caught only the word "Granny."

As expected, the elderly woman was Bettany, Anthony's mother and a member of the Crawford family.

Violet carried herself with even more elegance and grace, gently smiling as she spoke, "It's alright, children have a tendency to joke around. I didn't take it to heart..."

Bettany sneered, "But I did. Anthony is getting married soon, so it's best you stay in your lane."

Surprised, Violet asked, "They're getting married already?"

Realizing her blunder, she quickly corrected herself, "I didn't mean it that way. I mean, it's just so unexpected. Well, congratulations in advance, Mrs. Crawford."

She came closer and warmly linked her arm with Bettany's, inviting her to take a seat, and said, "Please, have a seat! Is your future daughter-in-law Lisa? I've met her before. She's a true beauty, with fair skin and a petite figure. I thought Mr. Anthony was only interested temporarily, but I didn't expect them to be getting married..."

She praised Lisa's appearance greatly, subtly insinuating a lack of good character, as if implying that Anthony's attraction was purely superficial.

Bettany was left speechless. And they said she was "elegant and graceful"?

She either failed to understand the other person's words or pretended not to.

Bettany withdrew her arm, coldly remarking, "Is this how you were raised? Getting touchy with other people while conversing with them? Plus, Lisa is not just beautiful. She possesses numerous inner qualities. Spare me the talk about great character. And besides, are you a member of the Lambert family? I nearly mistook you for the lady of this house..."

Bettany glanced at Lawrence, sporting a faint smile, "I recall Lawrence doesn't have a daughter."

Violet was dumbfounded by Bettany's statement. I didn't even say anything!

Hastily, she explained, "You've misunderstood me, I'm Mr. Lambert's student. We interact frequently,

just like a family..."

But Lawrence interjected, "No, she was only a former student of mine."

Violet's face flushed. She had just claimed to be his student to foster a closer relationship, but Lawrence rejected her claims the next second.

Not only that, Lawrence added, "David, show her out."

David gestured for Violet to leave, saying, "Ms. Yarbrough, please take your leave. My father has guests today, so it's not a good time."

Violet's expression stiffened. She had encountered setbacks, one after another, and now she was being ushered away the moment she met Bettany.

How could she accept this?

But what could she do other than leaving now?

If she stubbornly insisted on staying, Bettany might think she was shameless.

"Mrs. Crawford, please don't misunderstand me... Well, forget it. I'm sure you'll understand that all of this is just a misunderstanding one day."

Seeing that Violet was refusing to drop her act, Bettany could not hold back any longer.

Even though they were at Lawrence's house, and that Violet was his student, Bettany showed no mercy:

"Your act doesn't work on me. Why do you speak as if you've been misunderstood greatly? If someone can't even prove their innocence, it's either due to incompetence or their own impurity. Which one are you?"

Bettany crossed her arms, her face icy.

"Where are your manners? After learning from Lawrence all these years, is this the extent of your knowledge, pulling all this things only those lowlifes would do? Do you take me for a fool, or did your IQ dropped considerably today? Why are you pretending to be a graceful lady in front of me?"

Even Lilly was stunned this time, and Gilbert shared the same expression.

The two trembled, huddling together. Hugh, who had just arrived at the entrance, smoothly turned around and left the garden.

Even Lawrence pretended to tidy up the table, wipe the teacups, and David hastily pretended to refill

their drinks...

This situation could be compared to one where a mother was helping her son with his homework, and suddenly exploding in anger. To avoid being caught in the crossfire, everyone would hurry to make themselves busy—from sweeping the floors, wiping the tables to refraining themselves from using their phones and the turning off the televisions.

Lilly believed that if the authors of those novels on her mother's bookshelf saw such a mother-in-law, their fingers would be trembling as they typed away on the keyboard.

Violet's face turned red. She wanted to offer an explanation several times, but not a single word could escape her lips.

Even Lilly could not help but sympathize, "Auntie Violet, you should leave quickly!"

Nervously, Violet stood up, "Alright, alright, I'm leaving..."

However, after taking a few steps, she feigned remembering something, "Oh right, Mr. Lambert, I came to tell you something. There's a famous doctor in our country named Zack Hamilton. He has extensive experience in treating complicated and difficult illnesses. I've asked for the help of some of my contacts, and we just got in touch. When do you have time? I can accompany you to see him..."

Violet knew how much her teacher cared about treatment options. For the past three years, he had been actively seeking opportunities for treatment.

Upon hearing the name of Zack, he should have been immediately interested.

However, he remained unmoved, his expression devoid of emotion as he rejected her right away, "Thank you, but there's no need for that."

Bettany crossed her arms and sat cross-legged on the couch, watching Violet.

Violet dared not say another word and hurriedly said, "Mr. Lambert, I'll come to see you next time," attempting to salvage her wounded pride. She then quickly left.

After stepping outside, Violet grew increasingly frustrated, feeling a surge of resentment building up inside her.

She felt as if she had come on this visit solely to humiliate herself, with not a single pleasant moment since she walked in through the door.

Bettany certainly did not hold back from humiliating her.

She imagined that Bettany would be dissatisfied toward Lisa as her daughter-in-law, but that did not

seem to be the case at all. She had hoped to navigate a winding path, first gaining the favor of Bettany before having her and Anthony's relationship arranged by Bettany... but it was destined to be an illusion.

"Argh!"

Frustrated, Violet kicked a roadside curb.

As a result, her heels tilted, and she tumbled to the ground, exacerbating her anger, as she appeared to be even more disheveled.

[Chapter 965 Wealth Never Disappears, It Only Transfers From One to Another](#)

In Lawrence's residence, Bettany still maintained her posture, sitting crossed arms on the couch and looking extremely irritated.

As the CEO of Crawford Holdings, Anthony seemed to have attracted quite a lot of attention.

The wedding must go on! It had to be a grand affair, known far and wide!

While Bettany contemplated these matters, everyone assumed she was still angry and dared not even breathe loudly.

Lilly held onto Gilbert's arm, and he, in turn, wrapped his arm around her tiny figure, as they pretended to admire a painting.

"What are you two whispering about?" Bettany asked.

Instantly, Lilly, like a provoked kitten shook her head repeatedly, "Nothing, Granny! It's really nothing!"

Granny is indeed powerful!

Lilly thought she should learn a thing or two from Bettany. If she encountered someone like King of Cities again, she could surely put him in his place without hesitation.

David smiled and said, "Well, Mrs. Crawford, would you like some tea?"

Bettany finally realized she had let her anger show and immediately put her hands down, sitting gracefully.

She smiled, "Sure, thank you."

David said hurriedly, "Not a problem." He could not help but think that Bettany was not only powerful with her words but also lightning-fast at changing expressions.

Lilly looked at the ruined painting and felt a pang of regret. She picked up a pen and attempted to

salvage it... and turned the fallen watercolor into a cute little bee.

"Ta-da!" Lilly held up the painting. "Master Lambert, look! It's beautiful now!"

Lawrence forced a smile. His mood had been completely ruined by Violet's words, and he was actually hurt by what she said.

"It still doesn't look good," he said.

Lilly shook her head. "No way! If you don't believe me, hang this painting up, and it'll surely sell for a lot of money."

Lawrence was taken aback, amused by her words. The way this little girl try to comfort me is... well, straight to the point.

"It's just the fame." Lawrence patted Lilly's head and said, "In the world of arts, there's a joke about a great master who painted a masterpiece and hung it in a gallery. People gathered in front of the painting, criticizing and calling it a mess. But then someone reminded them that it was a work by a great painter... and suddenly, everyone started complimenting it and started searching for meaning behind the painting."

Lilly listened attentively, seeming to understand.

So whether something was beautiful or not depended on its creator!

The artworks painted by someone unknown would not be beautiful, but it was the total opposite in the case of a famous painter. The painting remained the same, so what was the problem here?

Lawrence continued, "So, what is the purpose of our art? Originally, it was to create something beautiful, something that pleases ourselves. Any artwork that brings satisfaction to its creator should be considered the best. But then, we had abstract art, impressionism, and various schools popping up, each with their own teachings on how to paint abstractly or impressionistically. People no longer see beauty as what they personally feel but as what others want them to acknowledge."

In fact, few people could truly see the world with their own eyes.

With this realization, Lawrence found that there was no point to do this anymore, and even his eagerness to recover from his illness seemed to be fading away.

Lilly smiled, her eyes twinkling as she said, "Master Lawrence, you're not honest. On one hand, you're telling me that beauty is subjective, and it depends on how we see it, while you care about what others view your creations."

Lawrence was stunned. In this fleeting moment, something seemed to have flashed across his mind. He

was getting close to understanding something...

Lilly got up to her feet and helped Lawrence back to his room.

“Master Lawrence, let’s go. I’m going to do acupuncture for you!”

That made Lawrence snap back to his senses and refused quickly, “It’s okay...”

What would this little girl know about acupuncture? I have a low pain tolerance, mind you.

Bettany laughed. “Master Lawrence, do you remember that I was in a wheelchair three years ago? Lilly was the one who treated my legs.”

Then, she just looked at Lawrence without saying anything else, while a wave of surprise hit both Lawrence and David. “Really?”

Even Gilbert nodded certainly this time around.

At this time, Hugh entered the room as well. “We don’t usually tell anyone about this, so we hope you can keep it known to yourselves only too.”

David was in disbelief, but after some thoughts, it was normal that the Crawford family was keeping Lilly’s abilities a secret. If others were to find out that a three-year-old child was capable of treating her crippled grandmother, the scientists would definitely conduct researches on her thoroughly.

For some reason, Lawrence regained hope in his recovery again...

While Lilly performed acupuncture for Lawrence, Bettany, David and Hugh observed the scene with much interest. Gilbert was sitting on the couch and at this time, his phone buzzed.

It was a text from Jonas. “Gilbert, what happened to Anthony? Tell me! I promise I won’t tell another soul about this.”

Gilbert rejected, “I wish I could tell you, but Anthony has given me too much.”

The next moment, Gilbert’s phone buzzed again. He received a text.

"Dear VIP, your account in Capital Bank ending with 8888 has received USD 2,000,000. Your current balance is..."

Gilbert raised his brow. Oh wow, it could work like this too?

Then, another text from Jonas came. “Use the two million dollars to buy some snacks for yourself.”

Instantly, Gilbert changed his tone. "Fine, I'll tell you about it, but you can't ever tell anyone else! Anthony, he's weak in that department..."

On the other side, Jonas held his phone, looking at the text in doubt.

Anthony is weak in bed? My tall, handsome and powerful brother is weak in bed? Holy shit.

Jonas was worried about Anthony, and he thought he should seek help from another brother of his about this shocking matter. He wanted to know if there were any available medicines out there to help Anthony.

Hence, Jonas sent a text to Edward. "Edward, you can never guess what Gilbert wanted to tell us earlier. Anthony is in some sort of trouble..."

Edward was shocked to hear that and quickly inquired for more information.

Jonas was in a tough spot. "But I promised Gilbert that I'd keep it a secret."

Frustrated, Edward wired two million dollars to Jonas. "Tell me quickly!"

That made Jonas smirk almost instantly as he thought, Wealth would never disappear. It'll only transfer from one party to another.

Soon, all the Crawford brothers knew what Lisa did to Anthony in the bedroom, and that Anthony had descended the stairs with wobbly legs.

Gilbert was having too much fun, and his mouth was getting numb from smiling.

[Chapter 966 Sorcerer Off The Streets](#)

After finishing the acupuncture session, Lilly emerged from the room and noticed the peculiar smile on Gilbert's face. Curiosity got the better of her, and she asked, "Uncle Gilbert, what's making you smile like that?"

Gilbert quickly composed himself and replied, "Oh, it's nothing."

Perplexed, Lilly could not help but express her doubts, "Uncle Gilbert, that expression of yours resembles the one people wear when they've struck gold. Are you smiling because of some good fortune?"

Surprised by her keen observation, Gilbert could not help but wonder how she had noticed.

Meanwhile, David, holding a bottle of mineral water, seemed bewildered as he sought clarification, "Um, Little Miss, just to confirm... Should this bottle of medicine be consumed once a day?"

The moment Lilly handed him the bottle of water, he found himself utterly dumbfounded.

While Lilly claimed it to be her unique recipe, he could not shake off the feeling that it was just an ordinary bottle of water...

Lilly tiptoed, giving David a reassuring pat on the arm as she said, "Don't worry. Do you think I would trick you?"

Feeling a hint of guilt, she could not help but reflect on her actions. Ever since she acquired spiritual spring, the spirits lost interest in the ice pond water, saying that it was her bathwater. She claimed otherwise, but she found herself feeling guilty after saying it a couple too many times.

In reality, the ice pond water primarily benefits one's physical well-being, while the spiritual spring enhances one's mental and spiritual energy. Otherwise, she could have given a little bit of the spiritual spring to Lawrence.

"Sir, don't worry about it! After drinking this bottle of water... I mean, this medicine, Master Lambert will be able to stand up again!" Lilly assured him.

"Remember to apply this ointment together with the intake of medicine every day, leaving it on for 24 hours," she instructed.

"If Master Lambert doesn't get better after taking the medicine and applying the ointment, I'll twist my head off and give it to you," she added.

David expression turned awkward as he pondered her words.

Apply the ointment once every 24 hours...

If Dad doesn't get better, she'll twist her head off...

Why does she sound like a sorcerer off the streets no matter how I think about it?

In a smoother turn of events, Lilly, along with her grandparents, bid farewell and left.

Concerned that Lawrence might doubt Lilly's words, Bettany reiterated, "You must follow Lilly's instructions without fail."

David nodded, assuring her, "You can trust me."

It had been a while since Lawrence had slept so peacefully. After Lilly finished the acupuncture, he slept soundly.

Even if the treatment did not actually work, but witnessing Bettany's recovery, David wanted to give it a try.

About one to two hours after Lilly's departure, Lawrence woke up.

He had enjoyed a deep slumber and, upon awakening, felt a surge of energy instead of the usual weakness. He appeared refreshed and rejuvenated.

Feeling the changes in his body, Lawrence was certain that Lilly's acupuncture had truly worked.

"Where is Lilly?" Lawrence asked eagerly.

David carefully placed the bottle of water given by Lilly into the cupboard and replied, "She has gone back."

Lawrence felt a slight tickling sensation in his legs, but it was rather pleasant. As he glanced down, he noticed a thin layer of a muddy substance on his legs.

"Where did this mud come from?" he wondered, taken aback.

David explained, "That's the medicine Lilly gave you, not mud."

Actually, it did bear a striking resemblance to mud.

"Dad, how do you feel now?" David inquired.

"I feel much better... It's strange, is it really this effective?" Lawrence expressed his amazement.

Relieved to hear his father's positive response, David exhaled deeply. It worked, and that was all that mattered.

"By the way, Mrs. Crawford just mentioned that Mr. Anthony's wedding will be held on the 9th of next month. We will receive an invitation soon. Are you planning to attend, Dad?" David asked.

Lawrence rolled his eyes and replied, "Do I even need to answer that? Of course I'm going."

David gently reminded him, "Dad, don't forget, on the 9th of next month, Violet's international art exhibition will take place. She invited you to attend and preside over the event..."

Violet realized that she was still too young. Although she had gained "international fame," it was unrealistic for her to single-handedly invite renowned artists from the world of arts to her exhibition. However, Lawrence was capable of that.

Therefore, Violet wanted to involve him in her event.

Lawrence had a disgruntled expression on his face and said, "I won't go. I already told her that I won't go." Not only did he say he would not go, but he also said he would not help her invite international artists.

He felt quite frustrated. Should he be so firm in his stance? To be honest, he had been Violet's mentor for ten years, so he did not want their relationship to end on such terms.

That was why he had given Violet numerous chances. Even though she had made such a huge mistake today, he could not bring himself to sever ties with her.

But if he did not take a firmer stance, she would continue down this wrong path.

Lawrence, somewhat using their mentor-student bond as stakes, wanted Violet to turn back the right path. But it seemed like she did not care.

The more Lawrence thought about it, the more he felt heartbroken and frustrated. He said, "Later, help me issue a statement saying that I will no longer attend any events."

David nodded.

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After returning home, Violet swallowed her frustration and began preparing for her international exhibition.

This exhibition would showcase all of her artworks from these years, depicting her journey from amateur to accomplished artist. She hoped to inspire more young artists to bravely pursue their dreams and give them strength.

Of course, while she was famous in the domestic art scene, her international reputation was mostly the result of her marketing and promotion efforts.

Through Lawrence's connections, she managed to visit certain renowned artists abroad, and they would welcome her as well. Taking photos together with those artists and posting them on social media gradually created an illusion that she was famous internationally as well.

Although she was bluffing, Violet knew her own abilities. Hence, she relied on Lawrence to anchor her exhibition.

Therefore, she posted a promotional tweet on Twitter. [On the 9th of next month, Violet's exhibition will be held at the International Exhibition Center. By then, my mentor @LawrenceLambert, as well as three internationally acclaimed artists @YosefJerry, @JuliaMorris, and @CollinEgbert, will also be present. It's a gathering of art masters. I sincerely invite you to join and enjoy the visual feast!]

Upon seeing Violet's tweet, the art community was shocked to their cores. Was Lawrence making a comeback? Plus, he was attending the exhibition too?

[Chapter 967 Violet Questioned Mr Lambert](#)

The entire painting circle checked the announcement multiple times. It was claimed that Mr. Lambert and the three greatest painters worldwide would attend as well!

Violet was indeed the most famous painter in this circle. She was gorgeous, smart, knowledgeable, and came from a respectable family background. Not to mention that she is the most outstanding disciple of Mr. Lambert; people envy her! Her mailbox was soon overflowing with messages of admiration.

Violet was pleased by all the messages and started to send emails to the three distinguished painters. As expected, they did not accept the invitation but said tactfully, "I will attend if I am available." However, Violet was confident that as long as her teacher invited them on behalf of her, undoubtedly they would attend.

Just when she was about to give Mr. Lambert a call, her mailbox was crowded with messages. "Mrs. Yarbrough, have you seen Mr. Lambert's statement? Didn't you say that he would attend your exhibition?" "Mrs. Yarbrough, are you sure that Mr. Lambert is attending?" "Mrs. Yarbrough, are you having any issues with your teacher?" What statement are they talking about? What does this have to do with my exhibition?

Violet hurriedly checked her Twitter, only to find out that her teacher made a statement not long ago, "Everyone! I appreciate your support on my journey. Due to my body's health issues, I will no longer attend any activities in the future. Thank you!"

Violet was shocked! She had just promoted her exhibition on Twitter, and Mr. Lambert posted his statement right after! She felt like someone had slapped her in the face, and she felt horrible. Her eyes turned red. Why did Mr. Lambert do this to me? She called him immediately.

In fact, Mr. Lambert was clueless about Violet's publicity advertisement for her exhibition when he asked David to make his statement. He would postpone the schedule if he knew. He was indeed a good teacher and never treated Violet badly. Lawrence answered the call, and he did not expect to be questioned by Violet.

Her voice was aggressive, "Mr. Lambert, why do you do that to me? You refused to help me and have made me look bad now! I am aware that you are disappointed in me because of what happened with Mr. Crawford, but you can't just treat me this way, right?"

Lawrence frowned. How dare Violet act so impolite just because of the statement I just posted? He hung the call on her.

David realised something was off; he checked Twitter and got the answer. He showed Lawrence his

phone and said, "Dad, Violet had just promoted her exhibition, and she said that you would be attending it. Shall we make another statement to explain this situation?"

Lawrence was stunned as he realised there was a misunderstanding between them. He snorted, "There isn't a need to do so." He left in his wheelchair.

David lost himself in his thoughts and decided not to bother about it anymore. Based on Violet's attitude right now, it's just a waste of time to treat her like before.

Violet was frustrated when she got hung up on the phone. It was too late to edit her publicity announcement; she regretted being so high-profile. The promise was made, Mr. Lambert must attend my exhibition no matter what! He will not be so harsh on me; his mood was bad just now! I will coax him in the next few days. I should be focusing on the three well-known painters at the moment.

Violet issued invitations to them in the name of Mr. Lambert. She claimed that she was sending emails for her teacher. The three painters got in touch with Mr. Lambert to determine the authenticity of the invitation. Mr. Lambert did not hesitate to deny it.

As a result, Violet got rejected by three of them; each of them offered sincere congratulatory letters, but they would not make it to the exhibition. Violet was defeated and had no choice but to visit Mr. Lambert once more. She got more uneasy when Mr. Lambert wasn't at home and couldn't be reached via phone.

As the days went by, Violet was still hoping that Mr. Lambert would reconsider his decisions. It's not the last day yet... She felt like she was suffocating with restlessness and stress. She could not control her jealousy at the same time; the announcement of Anthony's wedding was everywhere!

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The Crawford family had been busy because of the wedding. Bettany was making all the important decisions. She made sure everything was outstanding and expensive. The CEO of Crawford Holdings was getting married; the paparazzi must spread the news to the end of the world!

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The high-end customised wedding dress of Lisa, the title was "Shocking news, the most expensive wedding dress in the world, it costs eighty million dollars!"

The title of the wedding scene was "Dreamland to get married! Exclusive disclosure of the wedding of Crawford Holdings' CEO!"

The title of the wedding guests was, "The wedding was attended by the head of XXX company, the richest man in XXX rankings, and the greatest in XXX field!"

The title for the flower girl and ring bearer was, "Exclusive news! The photos of the wedding's flower girl and ring bearer! Who are they?" The tidbits about Lily and Josh were revealed.

[Chapter 968 The Shameful Past of Uncle Gilbert](#)

In a month's time, Bettany successfully made Anthony's wedding known to all. Everyone was aroused by curiosity.

User Early Summer, "Wow, to be rich! This wedding dress is eighty million dollars! I am not even worthless!"

User Rice, "I do not care about the wedding dress. Can this groom become my husband for one night?"

User I Eat The Fastest, "Oh my god, this CEO is more gorgeous than a celebrity? I announce that he is my idol now."

User Blanky, "I admit, I am looking forward to the wedding now."

User Rosy, "I earn three thousand dollars per month; where can I get this pair of flower girls? I am not greedy, right?"

User New Year, "I do not care about the groom; he can never be mine either. I want to have this little girl too!"

Everyone was interested in Lily, who was sweet and adorable, and Josh, who was protective of his sister. Mummies and grandmothers couldn't help but adore their cuteness.

Jonas made an announcement, "I am attending my brother's wedding on the 9th; I will take a week off from my work." He posted on Twitter with photos, which included the wedding scene, Lily, and Josh. The entire network was shocked by his post!

User Sticky, "What? Mr. Jonas is part of the Crawford family."

User Happy, "A golden boy of film from a noble family! He is working hard even though he is rich. I need to reflect on myself."

User Fish, "I am his fan from today on!"

User Akina, "He is indeed a treasure who is blooming bright!"

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The entire entertainment industry is looking forward to this wedding now. Violet witnessed everything, and the feeling of unpleasantness grew stronger. She felt envious and bitter looking at Lisa's breathtaking wedding dress. Such a dignified and fabulous gown; I should be the one wearing it...

Anthony bought a piece of land to build a rose garden for his wedding. It was right beside Alford's highest-ranked hotel, and the wedding scene was luxurious. Bettany supervised the job every day; they airlifted various priceless plants and decorations for the scene. Bettany said, "What's wrong with spending billions of dollars on their wedding when they have been working hard to earn it?"

Violet was so jealous that she couldn't even eat well. Why am I not the bride for this exquisite wedding? Why is it not me? Her jealousy put her out of the mood to hold her art exhibition.

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There were still five days before the wedding, and all seven younger brothers of the Crawford family were back. Gilbert was the last one to enter the room.

Gilbert had been in a great mood recently. He was initially concerned that Anthony would cause him hardship, but since he had been preoccupied with his wedding, Anthony did not do anything to Gilbert. Gilbert let his guard down; however, Anthony did not let him slide this time.

Lily welcomed him back with a piece of paper in her hand, saying, "Uncle Gilbert! You are back! Why are you crying in this photo? Why were your slippers everywhere? What's wrong with your pants? Tell me what happened!" Gilbert was astounded. Who printed out my shameful past and shared it with everyone?

Gilbert's legs were numb, and he said, "Anthony! I was wrong!" Anthony was choosing a few images of wedding dresses on the iPad when he furrowed his eyebrows and asked, "What did you do wrong?" Gilbert covered his face in embarrassment and said, "Everything! I did everything wrong!" He hastily took back all the photos as he spoke.

Lily wanted him to satisfy her curiosity, "Quickly! Tell me what happened!" All the kids also pleaded loudly to join in the fun. Gilbert pretended not to hear anything.

Edward laughed the loudest, "I would have forgotten about it if Anthony hadn't reminded us! This photo was taken when Gilbert was chased by the large goose in the village when he was young!"

Bryson chuckled and hugged Lily. "That's right, your Uncle Gilbert was forced to the river after being chased."

Max nodded. "I remember he slipped and broke his trousers. I helped him pull out the slippers!"

Lily asked, "Couldn't Uncle Gilbert defeat the goose when he was a kid?" I never thought that he would be bullied!

Gilbert coughed, "Back then, when I was young, the goose jumped taller than me! You will be terrified if you meet the goose too!"

Lily rattled, "Uncle Gilbert, you underestimate me! I will run the entire village and chase the goose if we cross paths!" I am excited to stew the goose as well.

Everyone turned to peer in as the door upstairs opened. Lisa, who was done putting on a wedding gown, was escorted by Bettany. She stood at the stairs nervously, and Anthony couldn't take his eyes off her.

[Chapter 969 A Lovely Couple](#)

Lisa brushed and did not dare to move. This was the second time she tried on this wedding dress, and she still felt anxious.

Lily exclaimed, "Wow, Aunt Lisa is so lovely! Like a princess in a castle!" The seven uncles also gasped in surprise. I guess it's true when others claim that a woman is absolutely gorgeous when she is in a wedding gown. Anthony coughed and said, "Do whatever you have to do. Why don't you all have a rest since you have just returned?" The brothers let out a sigh and gazed at their eldest brother with an expression that said, "You are disgusting."

Edward said bluntly, "Anthony doesn't want us to see how lovely Lisa is! He is asking us to leave. There's no way we have any nasty thoughts towards our sister-in-law!"

Jonas chuckled, "I suggest hiding Lisa on the wedding day. If Anthony fails to find his wife, I shall get married in Lisa's place!"

Anthony was left speechless while everyone burst out laughing. They did understand their brother and left him some private space with his soon-to-be wife.

Bettany examined Lisa's waist and said, "Walk around the room; let's see if it fits. The designer will arrive soon; we could modify it later."

Lisa looked at her blankly and said, "Mom, I do not dare to walk." An eight-million-dollar dress. This dress should walk in front of me, and I would follow it.

Bettany grasped her hand and reassured her, "Don't worry, just walk normally! Fear not; the dress will not break." Lisa hesitated, but she tried to take a step. The wedding dress was gorgeous when the diamonds on it flickered in the light. She hurriedly stopped moving when the dress scratched against the handrail of the stairs.

Anthony walked up and took Lisa's hand, saying, "I will do it." Bettany planned to chase him away; surely he knew nothing. Did he know where a woman's dress needs to be altered and where it does not fit? Lily yelled downstairs, "Granny, sit with me! We could watch them from here!" Bettany let go of Lisa's hand when she realised Anthony had his eyes on her. He could only focus on Lisa and nothing else. He held Lisa's hand steadily.

Anthony asked in a low voice, "Are you afraid of falling? Let's give up on wearing high heels then." He

did not want Lisa to trip over the heels, despite how elegant they were. Lisa shook her head and said honestly, "I am afraid the diamonds will fall." If the diamonds fall when I am getting married, do I pick them up or not? If I didn't, I felt like I would suffer a big loss. If I do, it would be outrageous, as I am the bride. Lisa looked tangled, but she agreed after a while, "I would wear the high heels!" According to the designer, the wedding dress would be most stunning with a pair of high heels. Although I am bad at walking in high heels, I wanted to look the most elegant when I married Anthony.

Anthony put her hand in his arm and said, "You should walk with me; I will take care of you." Lisa looked at her dress and exhorted, "Please be careful. My diamonds are important." Anthony laughed, "I got you." Where did she learn to be a miser? Did she learn from Lily? How cute.

They walked down the stairs slowly. The image of two people in love holding hands was incredibly lovely. Bettany was stunned and lost in her thoughts; even I, an elderly woman, couldn't help but feel touched when I saw such a breathtaking couple...

Lily leaned over and said, "Look, granny, didn't I say the view here is better than standing beside Aunt Lisa?" Bettany nodded. "You are right; how wonderful..." Lily joined in, "They are both stunning!" Aunt Lisa and Uncle Anthony were both gorgeous!

Bettany did not forget to check the size of the dress while admiring Lisa. Assuming Lisa was fed well on the wedding day, it could actually fit her. It was a little loose now. Bettany was confused. We had made modifications last time; did she get slimmer again? We had made sure to feed her well; how could she possibly lose weight again? She suggested, "Why don't we make the dress smaller?" Lisa nodded.

Anthony smiled and asked, "Are you sure you know what's wrong with the dress?" Lisa glared at him and said, "Hey! I am the one wearing the dress." Of course I know! Lily laughed, "Uncle Anthony! You won't understand!"

The designer arrived, and Jack ushered him inside. He spotted Anthony and Lisa standing on the stairs, Lisa's dress spreading out like flowers. Not to mention that Lisa had frigid, white skin; even without makeup, she was unbearably attractive.

The designer subconsciously said, "So beautiful..." Anthony gave him a quick glance and brought Lisa closer to him. He was stating, "She is mine!"

Lily immediately covered her eyes and said, "I didn't see it!" She peeked at the designer's head through her fingers and thought, It's Josh's showtime again!

[Chapter 970 The Holy Mother Ghost](#)

The ghosts in the jar of souls stared at the designer's head too.

Harem Spirit said, "Our customer is here; let's welcome her!"

The ghost bride said, "Harem, could you not make everything sound weird?"

The unlucky ghost asked, "What kind of ghost is this?"

Lily answered, "This is Holy Mother Ghost!" It was my first time encountering one, too. She recalled that Master Lambert had tonnes of paintings in his house. One of them was a painting of the Virgin Mary.

She could still remember how Master Lambert described the Virgin Mary. She was the mother of Jesus Christ. The Virgin Mary nurtured Jesus Christ as he took humanity from her. Jesus Christ came into the world and atoned for the sins of others. The Virgin Mary shared his suffering spiritually. According to the Bible, the Virgin Mary walked the road with Jesus while he carried the heavy cross on his back; she wept bitterly as she watched Jesus be crucified on Mount Calvary; she stood next to the cross as Jesus was hung on it for several hours; and the Virgin Mary mourned and held him in her arms when the holy corpse was taken down after Jesus died. It was said that the Virgin Mary shared Jesus's suffering spiritually and assisted him in completing the great work of atoning for humanity.

Lily wasn't sure what this meant, but she respected the fact that everyone had different beliefs. What she wondered was that since the Holy Mother was used to describe a person's selfless dedication to others, she should be a decent person. How could the Holy Mother become a malignant spirit? Lily stared at the designer; she hadn't seen him when he previously visited because she was at school.

Bettany greeted the designer, saying, "Mr. Blair is here." Blair replied with a polite smile, "Good day, Old Mrs. Crawford." He noticed Lily and showed a gentle smile, saying, "Hello! This should be Little Miss Crawford, right?" Lily nodded. "Nice to meet you, Uncle Blair." He seems like a nice person.

Lily quickly murmured to her mobile watch, "Josh! We have a business here!" Josh hurriedly ran down from his room in less than two seconds and unintentionally stepped on his mother's dress. Lisa was stunned. Oh no! My dress! My diamonds! Forget it; it was my son who stepped on it. I should forget about it! She held the corner of her dress in sorrow.

Josh had no idea what he just did; he was only interested in the newly appearing ghost. He asked softly, "Lils, what is this?" Lily replied, "This is the Holy Mother Ghost." Josh quickly jotted it down.

Lily asked, "Josh, isn't The Holy Mother something good?" Josh shook his head. "It was originally good. Ten years ago, novelists preferred describing the heroine as the Holy Mother. She received unfair treatment from others, but she repays her grievances with goodness. The villainous mother-in-law bullied the heroine since the first day of her marriage; she never stopped, even if the heroine was pregnant. The evil mother-in-law eventually grew ill; the heroine will take care of her regardless of the past." "Her rival came to seduce the male lead; the heroine will forgive the two of them. She would even take care of the mistress after her miscarriage!" Lily was shocked. "What the hell is this?" Adults were so strange! If someone had been hurting me for a few years, I would applaud in front of his hospital bed.

Josh continued, "I heard from Granny that women were treated harshly in the previous era. Women have been taught from an early age that they must please others in order to survive. Women had been chained to being kind, even to the point of being stupidly kind. It is said that this is not foolish; this is

cute, and wealthy CEOs prefer such fools." "It's a different era now. Women are confident and self-assured. Everyone was being taken care of by their parents. Naturally, women do not need to disrespect themselves and please others anymore." "Granny also said that it was common for husbands to beat wives in rural areas during her day. Now, when a wife is abused by her husband, it is domestic violence."

In short, people change their view of the Holy Mother after years. They used to describe the heroine as cute, kind, and special. Now, everyone would say, "Get out of here!"