

The Princess To The Eight Uncles Chapter 81 - 90

Chapter 81 How Long Will I Remain By Your Side?

Debbie was cursing viciously. “All you are is a little bastard! You are the lowest of the low! So what if you’re the little princess of the Crawford family? The blood that runs through your veins still belongs to dirty trash from the lowest rungs of society!”

She harbored all that resentment within her. Every word out of her mouth was vicious and blunt.

Pablo frowned. With a snap of his fingers, he had a talisman seal her lips shut!

“What a dirty mouth you have,” Pablo said with disgust.

Debbie whined and whimpered now that she was no longer able to spew curses.

“Take a shower and go to sleep, Lilly. I’ll deal with her,” Pablo said.

The resentful energy and aura that Debbie carried with her were already being absorbed by the jar.

Her soul body would no longer be able to maintain its form. She wouldn’t be able to harm anyone but it was still better for her spirit to be extinguished.

Something like that wasn’t something he was going to subject Lilly to.

Lilly seemed to want to ask more but decided against it. She obeyed. “Okay, Master.”

She ran into the room with Bunny in her arms, took a set of pajamas, and went to the bathroom.

Pablo turned to Debbie. “I’m curious. How did you die?”

“You said it was Stephen who did it so how did he die?”

He stroked his chin with great interest as he sized her up.

She stubbornly turned away.

He raised a brow. “Hah, still have a stubborn streak, do you?”

He waved a finger and extinguished half of her soul.

Debbie let out a muffled grunt of pain.

“I was just curious. It’s not as if I have to know. If you won’t tell me, I’ll just send you on your way.”

“...”

She didn’t really have a choice but to speak now but that still required him to remove the talisman!

It was only then that he realized his mistake. “Oh, I forgot it was still on you.”

Fatigue and hopelessness washed over her.

Debbie no longer had the energy to fight back after the talisman was peeled off. She simply lay there like a fish on a chopping block.

“Stephen kicked me to my death...”

It happened during Lilly’s birthday party. They had gone to the trouble of visiting the Crawford family from the South City countryside.

Anthony had mercilessly sent them off on their way in a police car.

Stephen was screaming at her for getting in his way in the vehicle and had repeatedly kicked her head in his frenzy.

“The police car is a prison car specially designed to escort prisoners. There were seats on both sides of the car, surrounded by iron railings. Those railings are locked... You understand don’t you?”

His kicks had been so ruthless, they sent her crashing against the iron railings head-first.

That was when her head made contact with the padlock.

The lock pierced right through her skull and ruptured her cranial arteries. That was how she died.

“If I hadn’t died there, I would’ve just been locked up for a few days before being released for spreading rumors. I could’ve gotten plastic surgery once I was let go...”

Jonas Crawford, the golden boy of film, was going to be her target.

Once she got her identity changed, her beautiful appearance would’ve allowed her an early debut. The early bird got the worm after all.

If that didn’t work out, she could always apply for a job as a nanny for the Crawfords. She could do anything to get close to Lilly...

She knew Lilly well enough to deal with her without breaking a sweat.

Children were most easily cajoled.

Getting Lilly on her side, getting into the house, and finding a way to climb into Jonas’s bed... She could very well have become a lady of the Crawford family!

Her plans were all cut short because she died!

Pablo snickered and asked, “So, how did Stephen die?”

Debbie flashed a cold grin. “What else do you think? I’m a resentful spirit who can scare people to their deaths.”

Stephen had already been living a miserable life in prison.

The Crawfords had bribed the prison to “take care of him”. He was viciously oppressed. His only source of drinking water was the toilet. His meals were always leftovers that had been spit into.

She manifested before him several times to scare him into incontinence.

In the end, he took a brick and smashed his own head with it.

Pablo nodded. Lilly should be almost done by now. “Are you done? You should have no other reason to stay now.”

Debbie began to protest. “Hold on, I already told you everything I know. Why aren’t you letting me go?!”

He raised a brow. “Oh, did I ever say I was going to let you go?”

Without waiting for her reply, he snapped his fingers and watched as she ceased to exist. The world would no longer suffer a woman by the name of Debbie Monroe.

The ghost baby continued to scramble about in a daze. Lilly rejoined them in the room in her cherry-print pajamas after her shower. “Hey, where’s stepmother?”

“She left.”

That took Lilly by surprise. “We don’t need to catch her?”

“She can no longer endanger anyone. Her soul will vanish from the earth even if we don’t catch her. Let her be.”

The ghostly infants would have to be temporarily kept in the jar of souls. They would be free to go once the opportunity for them to reincarnate arrived!

Lilly nodded. “Okay.:

There was a knock on the door. Bettany walked in to nag at the girl for not yet sleeping and offered to read her a bedtime story.

The little girl obediently got into bed and listened to Bettany reading her a story until she finally fell asleep.

Bettany gently ruffled Lilly’s hair and wanted to kiss the child on her forehead but found herself unable to do so.

She couldn’t stand up and Lilly was already asleep.

“Ah, my age is catching up with me.” Bettany threw her granddaughter reluctant looks. “Who knows how long this old bag of bones can remain by your side...?”

Pablo leaned by the wayside as he watched the sleeping child.

The kid must’ve wanted to ask who her father was.

It was only natural for her to be hurt after being so viciously called a bastard.

“Looking for your Dad, huh...” Pablo took out his booklet. “That’s easy to do. All I need is ten seconds.”

He concentrated his energy on opening the latter half of the booklet he usually wouldn’t be able to reach.

The veins in his forehead were rippling from the strain until he finally turned the page that belonged to Lilly.

“Damn... It’s going to take up all my energy if I try this every time unless it flips open by itself...”

Despite his painstaking efforts to open it, the column where her biological parents read, “Mother – Jean Crawford and Father – N/A”.

“ ... ”

F*ck!

He closed the booklet to stroke his nose bridge. He lightly cleared his throat. “Forget it. You don’t need to know who your father is. It’s information we don’t need.”

Lilly, meanwhile, was deeply asleep.

She dreamt that she was in the middle of a dense fog where she could barely make out shadows of a forest in the distance.

“Over here, Lilly.” A deep, soothing voice rang out.

“Daddy?” She blurted out and sped toward the direction of the forest but no matter how she tried, her destination never got closer.

She flopped onto the floor in her exhaustion when laughter rang in her ear. “Hehe.”

That scared her. She was greeted by an old woman in a green Victorian ball gown as soon as she turned around. The elder was laughing.

“You’re looking for your Daddy? I know who he is. Let me tell you...”

The old woman reached out...

That immediately shocked Lilly awake.

Chapter 82 The Old Lady Again!

It was the weekend the very next day. Drake and Josh Crawford were generally disciplined by nature and were up by 7. Zachary and Hannah on the other hand were not morning creatures and would not wake up unless they were hungry.

Josh was in the study on the first floor, seated upright on a chair with a serious expression on his face. “Magnetic induction... $B=F/IL$...” Josh mumbled to himself. “If B is the force of the magnetic induction and the magnetic flux required to be on a supernatural frequency is ϕ ... and B and F is...”

Drake, who was seated opposite Josh reading Shakespeare, looked up from his book. What was Josh calculating?! Drake wondered.

“Are you waiting for Lilly?” Drake asked. Josh usually preferred to stay in his own room since there was a large desk for him to work on his mathematical equations.

“Of course not,” Josh responded without looking up.

Drake smirked as he tapped on his cellphone. “You said yesterday you weren’t looking for her either, but I caught you going over to her room!” he

Josh’s ears turned red, but he did not crack. “Which eye of yours saw me going into her room? I wasn’t looking for her. I just happened to pass by her room.”

Drake refused to let his younger brother off the hook. He turned his cell phone screen in Josh’s direction and shoved it in his face roughly, accidentally hitting him on the cheek.

“Argh!” Josh cried out in annoyance and pain. “Fine, so what if I did look for her?” Josh had no qualms turning to Lilly for help since she was a genius. In fact, if Drake found out just how much of a genius Lilly was, he might even fight for her attention. No, Lilly was

his! Josh eyed Drake warily before grabbing his math textbook and moving over to the other end of the sofa.

Drake thought Josh was being ridiculous and sensitive, as if he would even be interested in Lilly. Was that even possible? Drake scoffed as he restrained himself from rolling his eyes at his brother.

Just then, Lilly appeared at the bottom of the staircase, hugging Bunny in one arm and rubbing her eyes sleepily with the other. Josh immediately shut the math textbook he was reading upon noticing Lilly. “Lils, you’re up!” he exclaimed.

Drake barely lifted his head from his book despite overhearing Josh. Wow, he gave her a pet name already? Drake thought to himself.

Lilly looked dazed and unfocused, and her hair became even more frazzled as she let out a loud sneeze.

“Why didn’t you sleep a little longer?” Josh asked.

“Mmm...” Lilly flattened her lips as she looked in Josh’s direction. “A ghost scared me, and then I couldn’t go back to sleep anymore...”

Josh could not help but recall the ferocity in Lilly’s eyes when she caught the ghost last night. How could she still be frightened of one? Just as Josh was about to offer Lilly some words of comfort, he noticed Drake looking at her intently with a curious glint in his eye.

Josh resisted the urge to give her a hug. Instead, he merely patted her on the shoulder stonily as he said, “There’s no such thing... Ghosts are nothing to be afraid of.” He was just about to say there that was no such thing as ghosts, but he knew better now.

Old Mrs. Crawford appeared from the kitchen carrying a tray of food. “Lilly, you’re up early!” the old lady said as she noticed Lilly with the boys.

“Granny!” Lilly squealed as her vision came into focus. “I’m hungry.”

“Oh? It seems hunger is the only thing that can wake you up, silly girl,” the old lady chuckled heartily. “Come, try some of these buns fresh out of the oven!”

“I’ll brush my teeth first!” Lilly exclaimed as she ran up the stairs two at a time.

Josh shut his textbook and went over to help Old Mrs. Crawford set up the table for breakfast. Drake watched all of this in amusement. Josh never let anything distract him when he was concentrating on his arithmetic calculations. He probably would not even budge in the event of an earthquake, and yet now here he was helping Granny arrange the breakfast table just for Lilly.

Drake shrugged as he walked over to help his brother out. Typically, chores like these were done by a servant and as the young master of the Crawford family, Drake never had to lift a finger. Family meals at the Crawford home never used to be like this. Back then, once the dining table was set up by the servant, the Crawfords would each sit down quietly to finish their meal and go about their own way once they were done. Drake had gotten used to the cold detachment of the entire ritual.

As he heard Lilly’s excited footsteps barreling down the stairs, he could not help but think to himself how much had changed since this little sister of theirs entered their lives. All of a sudden, she did not seem so irritating any longer.

As Lilly rushed down the stairs, she missed a step and found herself in mid-air for a few seconds before landing on the ground with a loud crash. As she laid motionless on the

ground, a parrot appeared from behind her, spreading its wings wide and shaking its little head. Instead of stopping where Lilly was, the parrot perched itself on Lilly's head.

Drake let out a cackle as he watched the entire scene unfold. "What an idiot!" he muttered.

Lilly grasped at her head. "Polly, you're stepping on me!!" she grumbled.

Polly immediately hopped off Lilly's head onto the ground and scampered around in circles. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry! One more time! One more time!" the parrot squawked repetitively only to be met by Lilly's death stare.

Josh immediately rushed to Lilly's aid, lending her a hand to help her stand up on her feet. "Are you alright? Does it hurt?" Josh's voice was concerned.

Lilly shook her head. "Nope. Pfft, that's nothing!"

Josh could not hold back his laughter. "Well, that's some skill you have right there!" he chuckled.

A lightbulb went off in Lilly's head. She finally understood what she had – it was skill! When she lived with the Hatchers, no one bothered to talk to her, so she had to pull all sorts of pranks to get someone's attention. Now, she was a genius whiz kid who learnt new words and picked up new skills in seconds! She was only going to become more skillful from now on!

As Old Mrs. Crawford brought over a tray of pasta to the table, Drake came over to take the tray from her. "Granny, just let the servants do their job," he said flatly.

"It's alright, Drake. It's good exercise for me anyway," Old Mrs. Crawford smiled. She enjoyed cooking and had been personally cooking meals for the family lately. The

servants and cooks had modified the kitchen layout just so Old Mrs. Crawford could move about the kitchen easily with her weak legs. On the menu today was spaghetti bolognese, hot cross buns, blueberry muffins and chocolate milk.

Lilly took a big bite of the hot cross bun and squealed in delight. Even a plain bun like that tasted so delicious!

“Lilly, have some spaghetti!” Old Mrs. Crawford felt a deep sense of satisfaction watching Lilly enjoy her food. The girl was not picky with food and would eat anything given to her. Lilly nodded and scooped a heaping mountain of pasta onto her plate. She forked a large portion of pasta into her mouth and gobbled it all up, getting sauce all over her face in the process.

Drake could not believe this girl. Was the pasta really that good? he wondered. Unlike Lilly, Drake twirled a small spoonful of pasta before politely bringing the spoon to his mouth and gingerly taking a bite. Hmm... he slowed his chewing. He did not know why, but the pasta was more delicious than he remembered it to be.

After breakfast, Lilly carried her backpack out of the door. The little girl had on a new panda bag pack today that she used to house Tortoise in as well as Polly who wormed her way inside.

“Where are you headed, Lilly?” Old Mrs. Crawford asked.

Anthony Crawford, who was swiftly eating his breakfast after finishing a morning meeting, answered on Lilly’s behalf. “We’re paying the Taylors a visit.”

Noticing Old Mrs. Crawford’s confusion, Lilly explained further. “Remember the ribbon cutting ceremony for Taylor Entertainment that Uncle Anthony brought me to? It’s the same Taylor!” she beamed.

Lilly might have mixed up Taylor Entertainment and the Taylor family, but that did not stop Old Mrs. Crawford from admonishing her son. “You may be a workaholic yourself, but you shouldn’t involve Sweet Pea in it. How are you going to keep her entertained while you’re busy with work? What if she wants to play?”

Anthony rubbed at his temple. How did he end up getting scolded by his mother once again?

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The car left Peninsula Villas and traveled on the highway through the bustling city to arrive at Greenview Bay. Greenview Bay was home to the best schools in the city and the land price in the area was among the most expensive. Only the city’s most affluent could afford to buy a home here.

Valentine Taylor was already waiting outside the door when Lilly and Anthony arrived at his home, smiling from ear to ear as he spotted them. “Ms. Lilly! Please come in!” he greeted jovially.

Just as Lilly was about to enter Valentine Taylor’s home, she felt a sudden compulsion to turn around. That was when she spotted an old lady dressed in a green Victorian era ball gown on the second-floor balcony of the opposite villa. The old lady grinned as she locked eyes with Lilly. Lilly gasped.

Chapter 83 The Eerie House

Jake did not attend any of his extracurricular classes today. Instead, he took on the role of being Lilly’s chaperone and followed her to Mr. Taylor’s home as well. “What’s wrong, Lil?” he asked as he followed Lilly’s line of sight toward the balcony of the opposite house. Lilly’s little face was colored upset with a frown.

“Lilly?” Anthony stopped in his tracks. Valentine Taylor felt his stomach lurch in despair as he noticed Lilly’s obvious unhappiness. Oh no, what’s the little brat unhappy with now? He looked around and saw an overgrown bonsai plant to Lilly’s right. Perhaps she thinks the plant is hideous?

“Quick, move the plant into the courtyard right now!” Valentine instructed two of his servants before rushing up to Lilly. “What’s the matter, Ms. Lilly?” he asked.

Lilly remained facing the bungalow opposite with one hand on her waist. “Hey! Granny upstairs! I’ve put up with you for a long time now!” she yelled. The old lady just stared at Lilly with a sinister smile.

Anthony and the rest followed Lilly’s gaze toward the balcony. Valentine felt goosebumps pricking his skin upon the grim realization that there was no one there.

“Ms. Lilly, the old lady in that house passed away last year...” Valentine gulped. The little brat could not possibly be seeing the old lady from next door, could she? His knees weakened at the thought.

Lilly turned toward Valentine. “Mr. Val, is that your house too?” she asked, referring to the house opposite. She took a good look at Valentine’s face before turning back to look at the old granny on the balcony again. The two of them looked eerily alike! How interesting...

Valentine’s eyes widened. “No... no! That house belongs to the Rosewoods. Now that you’ve mentioned it, it’s quite a tragic story for the Rosewood family who used to live there too...” Valentine paused. He could not help but feel as if someone from the opposite house was observing him too.

“What happened to them?” Anthony pressed.

Valentine sighed before continuing. “More than ten years ago, the Rosewoods had a daughter who was murdered by her close friend. The murder was extremely cruel, and I heard the police only found her dismembered body parts with no bones. The Rosewoods only had one daughter, and Old Mrs. Rosewood went mad after her death...”

Valentine’s voice lowered into a whisper as he looked left and right. “But before the girl was caught, the police found her dead body in an old printing factory. Rumor has it that it was Old Mr. Rosewood who arranged for her murder. Perhaps it was a clean job or someone in the police did not have the heart to arrest the old man, but the old man got away due to a lack of evidence and the case was closed. The old couple continued living in the house, always looking out for any news about their daughter’s remains, but the old lady finally kicked the bucket last year.”

Old Mr. Rosewood was the only person living in that old house now. Valentine felt a chill down his spine as he recounted the story to Lilly and her entourage.

“He didn’t force the girl to reveal the location of his daughter’s remains?” Anthony asked.

Valentine shook his head and looked down. “I’m sure he did, but he never got an answer.”

Pablo appeared from the shadows of the towering walls of the villa. “If my guess is correct, this should be the house inhabited by the vanity ghost,” he commented. It was all too much of a coincidence that Pablo felt there must be more to it. He raised his head in contemplation.

Lilly stomped her foot impatiently. “Uncle Anthony, I want to go in... can we knock on the door?” she pleaded. Anthony immediately carried Lilly into his arms while motioning for his assistant to go ahead and knock on the door.

“Does... Ms. Lilly know the Rosewood family?” Valentine asked, treading cautiously. To be honest, he was not all that keen on going into the Rosewood home. He had even previously considered selling off his own villa, but his fortune teller had told him that his villa was in a good location that would help his business prosper, so he never did. However, he did not anticipate having to enter the Rosewood home ever. He was still traumatized by the tragic incident!

“But Uncle Val... your mother is up there!” Lilly remarked innocently.

“Wh... what?” Valentine stammered.

“The old granny up there looks exactly like you!” Lilly explained.

Based on Lilly’s description, it was only then that Valentine realized the ghost the little girl had been seeing was the ghost of his own mother!

“Oh! Come, let’s go in right now!” he exclaimed upon his realization. As Lilly glanced at Valentine, he was already rushing to the front of the Rosewood home himself. “Mr. Rosewood, it’s me, Valentine Taylor, your neighbor!” he shouted out loud after ringing the doorbell several times to no response.

“Mr. Rosewood doesn’t like people disturbing him, especially more so after Mrs. Rosewood’s passing. He barely even steps out of the house nowadays,” Valentine explained to the entourage.

Finally, after several long rings, a tired, raspy voice spoke through the intercom at the door. “Who is that?” the voice asked.

“Mr. Rosewood! We... Uhh...” Valentine began, but he soon realized he did not know what excuse to give Mr. Rosewood for turning up at his doorstep so abruptly. He could

not possibly tell Mr. Rosewood his mother was lounging at Mr. Rosewood's balcony! He looked at Lilly helplessly.

"Mr. Rosewood, I know where her remains are," Lilly spoke into the intercom. She did not have to mention who she was talking about.

There was a lingering silence in the air for a few moments before the group heard the door unlatching. The door had opened automatically!

"Come in..." Old Mr. Rosewood's voice rang through the intercom again. His voice was soft and weak, yet somewhat urgent.

The group entered the Rosewood house in a line. Jake swallowed nervously and clung on nervously to Anthony's pants as he took a step forward. He promised himself this was the last time he was going to be reckless.

As they entered the hallway, Lilly raised her head to peer at the second-floor balcony that was right above the main door. She found the old lady in the green dress holding onto the balcony rails, still staring intently at her. Lilly narrowed her eyes and stared back at the old lady.

Anthony, who was always constantly observing Lilly, could already guess what, or who Lilly had seen. On the other hand, Jake felt an imminent sense of dread when he looked at the balcony only to find no one there. He gripped onto Anthony's pants a little tighter.

Feeling Jake pulling at the fabric of his pants, Anthony glanced at the boy. "What are you afraid of?" his tone was rather flat and unemotional, even with his own son.

"I'm not afraid!" Jake shook his head, but he did not let go of his father's pants.

Wordlessly, Anthony offered a hand to his son who took it without thinking twice.

As the group ventured further into the house, they began to smell an unpleasant stench wafting through the air. It was the kind of scent associated with medication, elderly people and death.

A voice called out from above them. “Come upstairs... I’m on the second floor.”

Josh jumped in fright at the sudden voice, but Lilly was already eagerly rushing toward the staircase, dragging Josh along. “Josh, quick!” she urged

Together, they approached the master bedroom on the second floor and pushed the door open.

The room was pitch black, save for a sliver of sunlight peeking through the thick curtains. The old lady in the green dress was floating in a corner silently, her beady eyes still trained on Lilly.

Lilly breezed past the old lady, aiming straight for Old Mr. Rosewood’s bed. “Mr. Rosewood, could you open the windows? Just a little bit will do...” Lilly asked. There was a figure lying on the bed. Although his face was not visible, the room was filled with an eerie vibe.

Chapter 84

The man lying on the bed was as still as a stone. Valentine Taylor began to feel slightly creeped out. If he had not heard Mr. Rosewood’s voice through the intercom just a few moments ago, he would have thought... Hold on. If Mr. Rosewood was indeed dead, then whose voice was that through the intercom...? Valentine felt the hairs on his back stand as the thought occurred to him.

“Mr. Rosewood...?” Valentine called out cautiously. “Go ahead and open it,” the figure lying on the bed finally croaked out weakly.

Charlie immediately walked toward the windows and pulled the blinds open before unlatching the windows. Sunlight filtered into the room together with a breeze of fresh air, brightening up the dreary space. It also made it possible for the group to see Mr.

Rosewood clearly. He was a gaunt old man with gray skin, sunken features and skinny as a bag of bones. His eyes could barely open as his unfocused pupils finally landed on Lilly.

“Did you say... you found Amelia’s remains?” he rasped, clearly struggling for breath. It was like he was summoning all his remaining energy to speak to Lilly.

Josh covered his face with his hands, while Valentine’s legs felt shaky. How could a living person look so terrifying? Lilly on the other hand walked up to the old man fearlessly and placed her hand around his bony arm.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Rosewood. I know where she is,” Lilly comforted the old man. The red string bracelet around her tiny wrist began to emit a weak flow as she spoke, and the energy from the bracelet seemed to ebb and flow into the old man’s body. Everyone else could almost sense the dreadful energy in the room lifting and disappearing slowly as the old man’s eyes seemed to come back to life.

Moments later, Mr. Rosewood was able to prop himself up weakly, trying his best to sit up. Noticing this, Valentine immediately went over to help him. “Mr. Rosewood, why are you alone in this big, old house? You can’t possibly take care of yourself in this state...” Valentine asked the old man out of concern.

The strange thing was that Old Mr. Rosewood was dressed in a clean set of pajamas, and apart from the strong smell of medicine, Valentine could not discern any other rotting scent coming from the old man. As he looked around the bedroom, he noticed that it was rather clean and well-kept, despite the dark and gloomy interior. Old Mr. Rosewood was just a regular elderly man.

Old Mr. Rosewood let out a slow sigh. “What’s there to take care? My days are numbered...” he said faintly.

Lilly felt a pang of sadness fill her as she took in the old grandpa in front of her. There was an incense candle burning weakly on the top of his head. Master Pablo had once told her that the burning incense represents how long more a person got to live. Once the flame ran out, the person’s life would end.

“Mr. Rosewood, her bones are buried under the school’s football field,” Lilly told him without waiting for him to ask again. “Her name was Amelia Rosewood, and her best

friend was Roxanne Larson... am I right? Amelia was a nice lady. She gave all her pretty dresses to Roxanne, but Roxanne killed her," Lilly continued.

Old Mr. Rosewood blinked in surprise. His eyes filled with tears as the memories of his daughter's death returned. "Bring me there... Bring me to Amelia..." he wheezed. It had been more than ten years. He never thought he would live to find his daughter's remains, but there was hope now!

"Be patient, Mr. Rosewood. The police won't let you near the scene even if you head there yourself," Valentine tried to calm the old man down.

Noticing Anthony's expectant look, Charlie immediately sprang into action and rushed out of the room to call the police.

"Don't worry, Mr. Rosewood! I'll keep an eye too!" Lilly offered.

Old Mr. Rosewood's eyes seemed dejected as he looked away from Lilly, leaning against the bed frame. "I spent my whole life building and running my business without ever going against my conscience. When my worker's parents turned ill, I gave them money to get treatment and even helped them contact an overseas specialist. I lived an honorable life. The only mistake I ever made... was murdering that young lady..." he sighed.

Valentine's jaw dropped ever so slightly. Did the old man just confess to murdering Roxanne Larson?

Lilly nodded as Pablo whispered something in her ear, before turning to Old Mr. Rosewood again. "Grandpa Rosewood, why didn't you find out where Amelia was buried? How did she die?" she asked.

Old Mr. Rosewood let out another long sigh. He was looking better just a few moments ago, but now he seems to shrivel up again. "Amelia was our precious kind-hearted sweetheart. She was the kind of person who would give her favorite limited-edition dresses to her best friend. She was also always considerate of Roxanne's feelings, so she would tear the tags off her dresses and tell Roxanne she didn't want them," he told Lilly. "We were also always fond of Roxanne and let her walk in and out of our house freely... But who would've known that a seemingly kind, innocent girl like her would turn out to be the devil incarnate!"

Pablo wrapped his arms around himself and listened on intently.

“Don’t be too nice to someone, for you never know their true intentions...” Old Mr. Rosewood warned. Unfortunately for him, he had learnt this lesson the hard way. The truth finally came to light as he described the events from more than ten years ago.

After Roxanne Larson left her job at the printing factory, she got herself into a burgeoning amount of debt as a result of unhealthy spending habits to maintain her lifestyle. Yet, she was still unsatisfied and eventually harbored a desire to replace Amelia Rosewood.

“One day, she called and told us that she had been scammed by an illegal clinic when she tried to buy some medicine for her parents. She said she was being held hostage by the clinic for a ransom of ten million dollars, and someone had to bail her out in person. She was crying desperately on the phone and sweet Amelia rushed to her rescue without thinking twice,” Old Mr. Rosewood lamented with agony in his voice. He regretted raising his daughter to be too kind and considerate as he never expected that to be the cause of her eventual death.

Old Mr. Rosewood shut his eyes as he continued. “Roxanne Larson wasn’t being held hostage in a clinic. She was at an illegal plastic surgery clinic that preyed on young girls’ vanity and lured them into signing expensive cosmetic surgery packages. It was the kind of business that was filthy to the core... Roxanne offered the clinic ten million dollars for them to perform a surgery on her using another person’s skin so that she could look exactly like the person. Heavens, the clinic accepted the job! Can you believe it? There was an actual syndicate performing surgeries using real human skin!”

It was not just the outer skin. The clinic could dissect and replace every internal organ in the body! By the time Old Mr. Rosewood heard of the news, Amelia was nowhere to be found. Roxanne returned with her face and clothes stained full of blood, crying frantically as she told the Rosewoods that Amelia had been captured by the criminals when she tried to save her.

“While we were desperately searching for Amelia, Roxanne had wormed her way into our home under the guise of taking care of me and Mrs. Rosewood. I was truly a fool for not being able to see through her façade...” Old Mr. Rosewood chuckled bitterly. Tears fell down his sunken cheeks as he recalled the painful details. By the time they found Amelia, all that was left of her was scrap flesh and tissue remnants. Her bones and large organs had mysteriously disappeared.

“Since Roxanne was not the one who performed the surgery, she was only an accomplice to the murder at most for deceiving Amelia and luring her to the clinic. The courts wouldn’t have given her a heavy sentence, but we decided she should pay for her crimes with her life!” Old Mr. Rosewood bellowed as his eyes flashed with angry hatred, before burying his face in his frail hands. “But no matter what we did, Roxanne could not tell us where Amelia’s bones were buried since she was not the one who mutilated her...”

Old Mr. Rosewood would have done the exact same thing if he was given a choice again. “My biggest regret is not killing Roxanne Larson. It is not teaching my daughter to be wary of people...” he sobbed miserably.

Chapter 85 Lilly’s Father is a MacNeil

Everyone listened to Old Mr. Rosewood attentively as he recounted the details of his daughter’s mysterious death. The mood was somber and heavy, almost as if they were trapped in a room that made breathing difficult. Anthony glanced at Lilly and found her holding Old Mr. Rosewood’s hand in hers gently, listening to his story without fear nor judgment. Anthony was not sure if Lilly fully grasped the gruesomeness of the murder incident, or if she should even be allowed to hear these things in the first place. Yet, he knew Lilly was not your average 4-year-old child.

“That means... Roxanne also only found out where Amelia was buried after she died and turned into a ghost,” Pablo observed. What about the other 17 skeletons underneath the field?“Don’t be too upset, Grandpa Rosewood,” Lilly tried to comfort the old man. She brought herself closer to him and whispered some words in his ear. Old Mr. Rosewood expression turned from one of shock and surprise to joy before finally calming down.

“Great!” there was a vicious bite to his tone. “It is karma!”

Lilly noticed that the incense candle above his head was about to burn out soon.

“Grandpa Rosewood, is there anything else you need our help with?” she asked.

Old Mr. Rosewood shook his head tiredly. “No... There’s nothing else you can do for me. I can be with my wife now. Before she died, she still reminded me to keep looking for our daughter...” His eyes were heavy, and he was desperately trying to keep them open. “Oh yes, if you could, could you help me look for someone?”

“I can try,” Lilly nodded, but Old Mr. Rosewood remained silent. His eyes were already shut, and he had fallen into an eternal slumber. His face looked like he was at peace, with his lips curved up in a slight smile.

The room fell deathly silent. There was a complicated emotion playing in Valentine’s eyes. When Mrs. Rosewood passed on, it was Mr. Rosewood who organized her affairs and arranged for her funeral, but now, there were no other Rosewoods alive. Valentine hesitated for a moment, but finally sent out a text message instructing someone to arrange for Mr. Rosewood’s funeral and cremation.

“Let’s go!” Anthony said as he grabbed hold of Lilly’s hand gently.

“Hold on,” Lilly stopped him. A wandering soul had emerged from Old Mr. Rosewood’s dead body, staring at his surroundings blankly.

“I... What’s going on...” The ghost of Old Mr. Rosewood wondered aloud.

“Grandpa Rosewood!” Lilly greeted him. “You haven’t told us the favor you were going to ask of us!”

The ghost of Old Mr. Rosewood was much more responsive and alert than his human form, perhaps because he was no longer carrying any human weight. It was like a burden had been lifted off him.

“When I was searching for Amelia’s body more than ten years ago, I met an old policeman along the way. He was an undercover spy at the time, and the criminals had

discovered his real identity. They killed his entire family, save for his grandson. Before he died, he asked me to find and take care of the boy, but I never found him..." Old Mr. Rosewood said with a tinge of regret in his voice. "Back then, he said his grandson was about 7 years old, so he must be about 25 or 26 now. He was from South City and his last name was MacNeil. Oh yes, his name was Erick MacNeil..." the ghost recalled.

As for the grandson's name, Erick did not reveal it to Mr. Rosewood before he died. Mr. Rosewood observed Lilly in a new light as he told this story, and he could not help but feel a kindred connection to the little girl, as if they had crossed paths in a time before.

Lilly mentally noted down the facts that Mr. Rosewood had given her. 256 years old... Last name MacNeil from South City... Erick MacNeil... South City? That was her hometown too! Lilly thought.

"Got it!" Lilly nodded reassuringly.

Just then, Charlie entered the room once again. "Mr. Crawford, the police have already made their way to the crime scene. They've started digging up the school field," Charlie informed.

As she heard Charlie's voice, Lilly turned her head around only to find the old lady in the green dress still silently observing her. The old lady smiled at her once again.

"I should go now... While there's still time, I should go and look for Amelia," Old Mr. Rosewood said. As if there was an invisible string leading the way, Old Mr. Rosewood somehow knew which way to go. As he passed the old lady in the green dress, he even stopped to say hello. "Mrs. Taylor! Don't go around scaring the young kids looking like that!" he chuckled.

Lilly's right hand held on to Anthony as she raised her left hand to wave at Old Mr. Rosewood. "Goodbye, Grandpa Rosewood! Uncle Anthony, let's go now. Grandpa Rosewood is gone!"

As Lilly approached the door, Old Mrs. Taylor cleared her throat and followed closely behind Lilly. "Lilly... Lilly..." she howled. "I knew your father..."

Lilly stopped dead in her tracks and turned around to face the old lady. "Who was my father?" she demanded to know.

"MacNeil... MacNeil..." the old lady droned on.

"What's his first name?" Lilly asked, but the old lady only shook her head and continued chanting.

"MacNeil... MacNeil..."

Lilly frowned in deep thought for a moment before speaking. "Master, why do they always repeat themselves?" she asked Pablo.

She was thinking about all the other ghosts she had encountered previously. Her stepmother used to repeat herself saying, "You caused me so much misery... so much misery!"

When the vanity ghost turned angry, she repeatedly yelled out, "It's not fair.... It's not fair...!"

Right now, the old lady in the green dress could not stop repeating the last name MacNeil.

Pablo referred to his little booklet and spoke while reading. "When a spirit lacks IQ, it will tend to repeat certain words over and over again. After all, the human being leaves

its brain behind once it dies. Some of them may have unfocused eyes, and some might drool uncontrollably, but a common trait among them is that they will repeat the last thing they encountered right before their death...”

Pablo’s brows were still furrowed as he flipped the booklet for more information. Sweet Pea’s father’s last name is MacNeil, but there was no MacNeil in South City related to her. He finally found Erick MacNeil’s name in the booklet, as well as Erick’s son, but there was no information when it came to Erick’s grandson. How strange!

Pablo eyed Old Mrs. Taylor curiously as he tried to connect all the dots. The vanity ghost... Old Mrs. Taylor... Mr. Rosewood... Mr. Rosewood was looking for a MacNeil, and the old lady just said that Lilly’s father was a MacNeil. Did Old Mrs. Taylor say that because she knew that for a fact, or was she just repeating after Mr. Rosewood like a robot?

Beside Lilly, Josh whispered to her while eyeing his surroundings cautiously. “Lils, have they left yet?” he asked, referring to both Mr. Rosewood as well as the spirit that Lilly saw on the way in.

“Nope, there’s one right next to you,” Lilly said as a matter-of-factly. Josh grimaced in fear as Anthony led both of them out of the house.

Once Valentine had passed down the instructions to handle Mr. Rosewood’s funeral, he turned toward Lilly only to frighten himself. He found the little girl seemingly talking to herself, but he knew that was probably not the case.

Almost as if Lilly could hear his thoughts, she turned around to face Valentine with a strange expression on her face. “Mr. Taylor, remember to bring an umbrella when you walk back to your house!” she informed him.

Valentine was confused at her request, but he figured there was no harm in obliging her request. It was just an umbrella after all. A ghost was not going to pop out from the umbrella, was it?

He found an unused umbrella and opened it just before he walked back to his own house, completely missing the floating spirit that tagged along to his umbrella and followed him home. “Ms. Lilly, thank you for all the help! My mother was unconscious ever since she slipped and fell one day. After emergency surgery in the ICU, the doctors managed to save her life, but she wouldn’t wake up...” he explained.

Pablo wrinkled his nose while reading his booklet. “Old Mrs. Taylor should have rightfully passed away... How could she still be holding on to her last breath? She’d be cheating death if she woke up,” Pablo remarked in confusion.

As they spoke, Valentine led Lilly and her entourage into his home, a magnificent three-story bungalow with manicured front and back lawns. Valentine brought them upstairs toward his mother’s room. As he pushed the door wide open, Anthony and the rest of them were stunned in disbelief.

Chapter 86 Scene out of a Horror Movie

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Valentine nodded. “These talismans cost me at least 10 million dollars, the hand-sculpted statue of Mother Mary cost 50 million, the spirit-calling banner cost 60 million. The gold bar is the only thing preserving my mother’s last breath as well as her mortal body. That cost 100 million dollars.”

The crowd was momentarily stunned. “10 million... 50 million... plus 60 million... plus 100 million... That’s... 220 million dollars!” Josh calculated and muttered to himself.

“You believe in this sort of thing?” Charlie could not help but ask.

Valentine shrugged. “It’s just a few million dollars. I’d give a billion dollars if my mother can be brought back to life!” Valentine said, leaving the crowd speechless once again.

Valentine was a man with a stocky build and a belly so rotund that the buttons were hanging on to a thread. He looked like a typical conniving businessman, but he was unexpectedly filial.

Pablo decided it was best to get down to business immediately. “Firstly, the statue of Mother Mary is a Catholic artifact, but the talismans are Taoist. They are two very distinct and separate religions, but now they are jumbled up together in this madhouse,” Pablo shook his head disapprovingly. It was one thing to be an atheist, but choosing to believe in multiple religions was a huge taboo that brought no benefit, contrary to what Valentine believed.

Pablo eyed Old Mrs. Taylor lying on the bed. “The only marginally useful thing in this room is that small gold bar that she’s biting, but it works as a sedative spell. Old Mrs. Taylor’s is dead, but because her body is trapped here, her soul cannot be set free,” he explained. For some reason or another, the old lady had taken a liking to Lilly and followed her around.

“Ms. Lilly, is there something wrong?” Valentine asked with a hint of concern in his voice.

“Yes, something is wrong. Very wrong,” Lilly replied. She pointed at the statue of Mother Mary. “Putting artifacts from different religions in one room is a big no-no. Those who do that will end up cursed.”

“For... for real?” Valentine trembled.

Lilly then pointed at the spirit-calling banner. “The script on the banner is all wrong too. You can’t even call a tiny ghost with it, let alone a spirit. All these talismans are just junk trinkets too.”

Valentine turned as white as a sheet. “Are you saying... all these things don’t work at all? But, my mother...” His first reaction was not so much of anger from being scammed, but to worry for his poor mother’s soul.

Old Mrs. Taylor’s spirit was still in the corner of the bedroom, eyeing her own human body wistfully. “I want to leave... I want to leave...” she repeated.

“Well, it’s not all useless. The gold bar has some use,” Lilly reassured Valentine, who looked visibly relieved. “The gold bar can sedate a spirit...” Lilly continued.

“Oh, so it wasn’t all for nothing!” Valentine beamed.

“... Sedating a spirit means suppressing and destroying it,” Lilly cleared the air.

“Mother!” Valentine yelled as he rushed over to his mother’s body and yanked the gold bar from her lips. Ghostly rays of light beamed from the old lady’s human body and seemed to flow into her spirit that was standing just next to her own body.

For the first time, Old Mrs. Taylor’s spirit spoke coherently instead of repeating after herself. “My foolish son almost destroyed my soul! Can you believe it? My own son!” she huffed.

“Ms. Lilly, can my mother still... come back to life?” Valentine panicked.

“I ain’t coming back to life, you fool!” Old Mrs. Taylor’s spirit scolded her son.

“She says... she ain’t coming back, you fool!” Lilly parroted, passing the message on. She placed her hand on her waist and cocked her hip exactly like Old Mrs. Taylor.

“Wh... what do you mean?” Valentine blinked.

Lilly pointed to the empty space next to Josh. “Old Mrs. Taylor is right there!” she exclaimed.

Josh jumped up in fright. Why was the old lady next to him?!

“You stupid fool! Getting yourself fooled out of 200 million dollars!” Old Mrs. Taylor continued berating her son. “Do you think money grows on trees?”

Lilly repeated Old Mrs. Taylor’s scolding back to Valentine word for word, including the old lady’s mannerisms. The rest of the crowd could not help but be slightly impressed with the little girl’s penchant for impersonations.

Valentine did not know whether to laugh or cry. He slumped onto his mother's bed weakly and held her hand in his. "So... she's not coming back, is she? I just want to see her for one last time..." the 300-pound began to sob like an overgrown child. His mother did not have an easy life raising him. All he wanted was to repay her for all that she had sacrificed for him and give her the opportunity to live her golden years in comfort, but she left way too soon...

Chapter 87 2-2-5-2-6 Years Old Is Really Old, Right?

Seeing that Valentine was crying, they did not know what to say.

When someone was about to die, no one could stop them. Rather than being connected to countless tubes and suffering until the end, it was better to just let go. Lilly comforted him, "There, there, don't cry, Mr. Val. If you cry..."

Valentine raised his head, revealing his face covered in snot.

Dumbfounded, Lilly quickly took two steps back, unable to continue comforting him.

Mrs. Taylor, who was floating at the side, said, "You'll look ugly if you cry! You're already grown up, but you still let your snot flow into your mouth..." A hint of helplessness flashed in her eyes as she thanked Lilly, "Thank you, Lilly."

Otherwise, she did not know how long she had to suffer. In the end, she would even be "killed" by her son. There was nothing more tragic.

Lilly shook her head as she said, "No problem, Granny." After a moment, she continued with a fierce expression, "However, I've put up with you since you scared me last time!"

Mrs. Taylor laughed and apologized, "I'm sorry! I won't scare anyone anymore!" Well, who asked Lilly to be the little Hades? Other than going to her, Mrs. Taylor had no other choice.

Mrs. Taylor sighed and said, "Can I talk to my son?"

Lilly felt a little awkward, but Pablo raised an eyebrow.

"Alright, Lilly, I'm going to teach you something amazing! This spell can allow a spirit to speak through someone else's mouth!"

Lilly was taken aback. “Is that what it means for the dead to speak?”

Pablo replied, “Well... I guess you’re right.”

Lilly nodded. “I understand.”

Charlie stared at Lilly talking to herself and asked worriedly, “Mr. Anthony... Has the Little Miss always been like this?”

Anthony replied indifferently, “She’s talking to someone on the phone.”

Josh also nodded. “She’s wearing a special earphone.”

The father and son were spouting nonsense with straight faces.

Charlie was speechless. Was... Was that really the case?

Pablo said, “Come on, repeat after me. May the Dragon City fly!”

Lilly said, “May the Dragon City fly!”

Pablo continued, “Come on baby, don’t be shy.”

Lilly repeated after him, “Come on baby, don’t be shy.”

Pablo immediately laughed.

Everyone present was speechless.

Pablo could not help but think that Lilly was too gullible!

Lilly glared at him. “Master, you’re tricking me again!”

Pablo coughed and said, “No, no. This skill requires someone who is somewhat related to the dead person. No one’s suitable here, so I’ll teach you another skill, reviving corpses!”

Lilly said worriedly, “Master, if you trick me again, you’ll become a stinky fart!”

Anthony could not help but smile. Although he did not know what Lilly and her master were discussing, Lilly’s fierce expression was adorable. Even Josh felt relaxed and thought that everything was not as scary anymore.

The moment he thought that Mrs. Taylor, who was lying on the bed, suddenly took a deep breath and sat up!

Josh was so shocked that he quickly hugged Anthony's thigh. Anthony was speechless.

Charlie exclaimed, "The corpse... revived?!"

Lilly blinked her eyes innocently, "No, I just accidentally stepped on the bed's button!"

Charlie was rendered speechless.

Soon, everyone left the room, leaving Mrs. Taylor and Valentine alone to talk.

In the room, Spirit-calling Banners fluttered with the wind, and the yellow talismans on the wall rattled. Mrs. Taylor lowered her head, her arms resting by her side weakly.

"Val..." She said slowly. Her voice, in addition to the surroundings, made it seem scary.

Valentine said nervously, "Mother?"

Mrs. Taylor could not raise her head, so her voice was a little muffled. "I'm leaving soon, so you don't have to try saving me. I'm satisfied with my life."

Valentine's eyes turned red. "Mother..."

Mrs. Taylor continued, "Remember, there is something you must investigate in the future... Investigate the boy surnamed MacNeil who lived in our house when he was little!"

Mrs. Taylor had died, so the scenes in her life were the clearest now. She remembered that they saved a little boy, so he lived at their house for some time... He looked a little similar to the current Lilly.

"Maybe he's Lilly's father. He was seven back then, so he should be around 25 to 26 now. It's the same as what Mr. Rosewood said. You should try your best to help the Crawford family find him, understand? Find a chance to talk to them about it."

Valentine nodded seriously. "I understand, Mother."

...

Lilly carried her Bunny and stood by the door, looking at the villa on the opposite. There were people at the villa, and they were all dressed in black. The funeral services came over, and there was also a police car at the side.

“Rest in peace, Mr. Rosewood!” Lilly said softly.

Old Mr. Rosewood had probably seen Amelia’s corpse. Unfortunately, it had been a long time, and Amelia had been long gone.

Lilly pursed her lips, and her big eyes seemed a little dull. No one knew what she was thinking about when she was quiet.

Pablo was dressed in a white robe as he leaned lazily to the side. He was holding a book, but his eyes were on Lilly. Compared to finding Lilly’s biological father, he was more concerned about whether she could endure this.

He wrote a line under Lilly’s name in his book, “vicissitudes of life”. Was Lilly going through a trial now?

As he thought about it, he heard Lilly talking to the parrot, “Polly, 2-5-2-2-6 years old is really old, right?”

Lilly’s mathematics was not very good. She was only 4 years old, and she had not even been to kindergarten.

Polly’s head rubbed against Lilly’s hand as it said, “Old mountain monster! Old mountain monster!”

Lilly put on a sad expression. She did not want a monster to be her father!

She did not manage to fill up her jar this time, but she learned that her father might be a monster!

After going through a fierce battle in her heart, she said to Polly, “Forget it! A child can’t complain about their own dad. Even if he’s a pig, he’s still my dad! Polly can’t complain about him too!”

Polly said, “Dad! Dad!”

Lilly laughed.

At this moment, Valentine walked out and whispered something to Anthony. After a moment, Anthony said, “Lilly, we’re leaving.”

Lilly sat in the car and looked at the Taylor residence as it got further away. She leaned on the window and said, “Mr. Val will get rich. It’s a place with rich energies.”

Anthony replied, “Mmhm.”

He did not know much about energy. However, he knew that one could only rely on themselves. Valentine had a good personality, so it was no wonder he would get rich.

...

At night, as the wind blew around the Rosewood residence. A black figure appeared in Old Mr. Rosewood’s room.

The figure wore black clothing and was about 6.2 feet tall. He pulled a chair over and sat down. Sitting crossed-legged on the chair with his fingers clasped, he stared at Old Mr. Rosewood’s bed.

“I’m a step too late,” he said in a low voice.

Chapter 88 Going to the MacNeil Residence

In the dark room, one could see the man in black, his dark eyes under the dim moonlight. His slightly curly hair hung over his eyebrows, and his eyes reflected the moonlight. His phone rang, so he picked up the phone. A voice from the other side could be vaguely heard. “Mr. Rosewood passed away today at 3.50 pm. It was his neighbor, Valentine, who discovered him. The ones who went to the Rosewood residence together are Anthony, Josh, and Lilly from the Crawford family and Charlie Brown... About the corpse under the Animaux Private Academy’s field... The police records show that Mr. Rosewood went over previously to report that he was certain that corpses were buried under the field...” The man in black laughed. Old Mr. Rosewood went over to solve the case? He could not believe that.

“Why did the Crawford family go over?”

The other party replied, “The Crawford family were planning on going to the Taylor residence...”

Once the other party finished speaking, the man in black said coldly, “Investigate everyone who went to the Rosewood residence today and send me their information.” He then hung up the phone and put his phone into his pocket.

He was Blake MacNeil, whose name was given by his grandfather, who had passed away 18 years ago. Before his grandfather passed away, his grandfather met Mr. Rosewood coincidentally and asked Mr. Rosewood to find Blake.

Blake only discovered this after some time, so he was too late when he returned. There were many things he wanted to ask Old Mr. Rosewood about, but he would never have the chance to do so anymore.

Blake soon stood up and disappeared into the night.

...

Lilly had a great sleep that night. She dreamt that a man taller than a door frame admitted to being her father. Then, he bumped his head into the door frame as he was about to step through the door, causing Lilly to giggle.

As Pablo returned, he saw Lilly giggling in her dreams, revealing her sweet dimples. He was dressed in a white robe and showed a rarely-seen gentle smile as he patted Lilly’s head. “Silly little one.”

The next day, Lilly slept until it was 9.00 am. Bettany quietly walked in, seemingly worried, and wanted to check if Lilly was still there. She then saw that Lilly had washed up and changed. Lilly was already wearing her shoes.

“Good morning, Granny!” Lilly said with a bright smile.

Bettany’s mood immediately brightened, and she smiled. “Lilly, why are you up so early?”

Lilly replied, “Polly woke me up!”

On the balcony, Polly leaned against the mosquito net while singing a song. Bettany’s mouth twitched upon seeing this. She disagreed with Anthony when he said he wanted to create a tropical rainforest room beside the balcony because she thought the parrot was too noisy.

Lilly was growing up, so she had to have a peaceful sleep. What if the parrot woke her up at midnight?

Bettany nagged and complained that Anthony was insensible even though he was all grown up.

Lilly could not help but laugh. She held Bettany’s hand and walked out, following the wheelchair. “Granny, Polly won’t be noisy at night.”

Parrots were the same as humans. They could not see anything at night if there was no light. Moreover, they would sleep quietly at night and not make any noise unless someone disturbed them or there was danger.

Downstairs, Anthony, Drake, and Josh had their breakfast at the dining table. One of them was looking at the tablet to handle work, another was reading the news in the newspaper, and the last of them was reading an arithmetic book, thinking and eating at the same time. They did their own things without disturbing each other.

Hugh put the teacup aside and said with a stern expression, “Eat properly. Why are you all doing so many things at once?”

Since Lilly returned, the Crawford family had not had their “morning meetings” for a while.

Hugh was a strict person who usually did not speak much. However, everyone would be obedient once he spoke. Anthony put down his tablet while Drake and Josh put down their book and newspaper. Hearing the noise from the stairs, Josh thought it was Lilly and immediately looked over. Instead, he saw Hannah running down with slippers.

Hannah looked around and asked, “Where’s Lilly?” She was secretly frustrated. Did she not make it in time again today? She did not see Lilly yesterday, and Lilly even went out today!

Josh sneered and asked, “Tsk, the princess is up early today huh?!”

Hannah snorted angrily and prepared to return to her room in a bad mood, not wanting to have breakfast at all.

Hugh frowned and said, “Don’t you know how to greet people? Have your breakfast before sleeping again!”

Anthony said indifferently, “Dad, you don’t have to be that strict.”

Hugh sneered and replied, “I’m strict with everyone!”

Hannah walked over with her slipped, not wanting to have breakfast at all. She never had the habit of eating breakfast.

The elevator’s light flashed, and Lilly and Bettany came out.

Hannah's eyes lit up, but she quickly acted as if nothing happened and took a bite of bread.

Lilly said, "Good morning, Hannah, Drake, Josh, Uncle Anthony, and Grandpa Hugh!"

Hugh nodded and replied with a gentle voice, "Morning, Lilly."

Drake and Josh immediately looked at Hugh, and even Anthony raised his head. Strict to everyone?

Hugh coughed and looked at his watch as he said, "Lilly, it's already 9.00 am. You should wake up earlier next time, understand?"

Bettany controlled the wheelchair to move over. As she got some oatmeal for Lilly, she glared at Hugh. "Why are you showing such a bad expression when it's only the morning? Do you think you're still the leader of the company?"

Hugh pursed his lips.

Lilly said with a smile, "I understand, Grandpa. I'll wake up earlier than the rooster next time!"

Hugh replied, "Well, you don't have to wake up that early..."

Anthony, Drake, and Josh looked at him, causing him to be speechless.

After breakfast, Anthony wanted to bring Lilly to the MacNeil residence.

Yesterday, Mr. Rosewood said that Lilly's father was surnamed MacNeil, so the Crawford family decided to visit them after some discussion.

If Lilly was really from the MacNeil family, the Crawford family had no reason to hide Lilly's existence, so they selfishly made the decision for her.

Coincidentally, there was someone around 26 in the MacNeil family. It was said that he was a nephew from a small branch of the MacNeil family, and lived away from home, which matched what Old Mr. Rosewood described.

The MacNeil residence was close to the Shaw residence. However, the Shaw residence was in the military compound, while the MacNeil residence was in a wealthy area where businessmen and politicians gathered.

As the car drove along the streets, Lilly leaned on the car window and suddenly gasped.

A woman in red was waiting for the traffic lights to turn green by the road.

Chapter 89 If Dad Is Like That, I Don't Want Him

The reason why Lilly noticed the woman in red was due to the ghost on her back.

Seeing the woman in red, Pablo said, "Hmm? Another malignant spirit?" From the crying spirit that escaped, to the vanity spirit on Cheryl, to this one...

"Tsk, are malignant spirits that common now?" Pablo mumbled as he glanced at Lilly.

Her luck was great. There would be a ghost wherever Tulip went. Others would have to work hard to find ghosts, but ghosts would appear wherever Lilly was. Tsk, tsk...

"That's called a weakling spirit. I'll help you record it," Pablo said. Once it was recorded, there was no chance for it to escape like the crying spirit.

Lilly did not say anything. She kept staring at the man not far away from the woman in red.

The man was really tall and dressed in bed. His slightly curly hair hung in front of his eyes, making him look cold yet handsome.

Lilly had a strange feeling as she looked at him, so she could not help but reach her head out of the car window.

“Lilly, don’t put your head out. It’s dangerous.” Anthony carried her back in and closed the car window.

Blake’s sharp senses felt that someone was looking at him. When he raised his head, he saw a black Maybach with a little figure inside passing by him.

...

In the MacNeil residence’s grand dining room, Giuliana ate gracefully with her children and daughters-in-law around her. One of her daughters-in-law was standing while serving her. She held a wet towel to help Giuliana wipe her hands and mouth. The others stayed silent as they were used to such a scene.

The butler walked in and said, “Sir, Madam, the Crawford family is outside, and they brought a little girl.”

Jerome ate in small bites. After swallowing his food, he asked, “Why are they here?”

The butler replied, “I already asked them. The Crawford family said that Mr. Leo might be Little Miss Crawford’s father, so they came over to have a look. If it’s possible, they want to get Mr. Leo’s blood sample so they can do a DNA test...”

The butler roughly conveyed what Anthony said.

Giuliana rolled her eyes. “Another one who’s here to find their relatives? Tell them we’re not meeting them and ask them to leave!”

She knew about that child and heard it was the sickly Jean who gave birth to her. Who knew which man she slept with that caused her to get pregnant. How could a child with such a background dare to come to them? Even if this child really belonged to the MacNeil family, she would not let such a child step into the MacNeil residence.

At the dining table, a young man said hesitantly, “Aunt Giuliana, why don’t we meet them? After all, they’re from the Crawford family...”

Jerome said disdainfully, “So what if they’re the Crawford family? They’re just rich, right?”

The richest family on the continent? In Miralaea, the rich could make others vote for them to become the president. In Heneria, the rich could suppress the government and cover up everything. However, in Dudroinia, no matter how rich one was, all they had was money. They would still have to be careful when facing someone in power.

No matter how rich the Crawford family was, that was all they had. However, the MacNeil family was different, as one of their members had once received an award. Moreover, they were also rich.

The butler nodded and walked out with his head held high. He replied to Anthony arrogantly, saying that Jerome and Giuliana were busy. Before they could even react, the butler left and closed the door.

Anthony sat in the car indifferently. It was fine if the MacNeil family did not want to see Lilly. They did not want to “share” Lilly with them anyway.

Lilly could tell Anthony was a little unhappy, so she asked, “Uncle Anthony, why are we here?”

Anthony's expression relaxed slightly as he said, "You said you wanted to find your dad, so we're bringing you here to look."

Yesterday, Old Mr. Rosewood asked Lilly to find Erick MacNeil's descendant. Old Mr. Rosewood had been focusing on finding his daughter's corpse, so he did not pay attention to the rising MacNeil family.

Five years ago, the MacNeil family was considered a big family in Clodston, and they were still doing business in coastal areas.

After the gangster groups were eradicated, one of the ones who were sacrificed was Erick. Moreover, he was a first-class hero.

The first-class hero award was considered rare during those peaceful times. Erick had no descendants or immediate family members, so the honor of gaining this award fell onto his cousin, Jerome.

Jerome relied on this to rise when the time was right and came to Clodston to gain a foothold. The MacNeil family also looked down on others because of this. The only ones who could make them bow were those involved in politics. Everyone's goal in the family was to pass the civil service exam. Unfortunately, none of them had passed in these few years.

Anthony went over this time because Lilly mentioned that her father's surname was MacNeil yesterday. There was a hint of excitement in her eyes when she mentioned it, so how could Anthony disappoint her? Even if he knew the MacNeil family would look down on them, he was willing to bring Lilly over.

However, he saw Lilly shake her head and say, "Uncle Anthony, let's go back!"

If her father was like that, she would not want him. She only wanted her uncles, grandparents, and cousins!

Anthony was taken aback. “Lilly, do you not want to find your dad anymore?”

Lilly shook her head. “I don’t want a dad like that.”

Anthony smiled. She’s indeed a child of the Crawford family!

Although Old Mr. Rosewood had asked them to find Erick, Anthony did not care. It would be best if he could help, but it was fine even if he could not. As long as Lilly was fine, why should he care about others?

Anthony smiled and was in a good mood. His large hand patted Lilly’s head. “Lilly, why don’t I bring you to the playground?”

Lilly’s eyes lit up. “Let’s go! I want to go!” She could not wait to go. She even raised her arms and said, “Let’s ask the others too! That includes Polly and Tortoise!”

In Lilly’s eyes, going to the playground was a good thing, and good things were meant to be shared with her friends!

...

In the MacNeil residence, Jerome and Giuliana had finished eating and were wiping their lips gracefully. Giuliana asked, “Is the Crawford family still outside?” If they were still waiting, she did not mind meeting them, seeing how sincere they were.

The butler replied, “They’ve gone back.”

Giuliana snorted. “They want to find their family, but they don’t even have any patience.”

Luckily, they did not have to meet the Crawford family. They wished the Crawford family would bring that jinx away and never disturb them again.

Jerome spoke to his eldest son, Davion MacNeil, “Have you contacted the person your supervisor mentioned yet? His surname is MacNeil too, and he’s the God of Battle who had only returned from the frontier battlefield. Quickly find a way to connect with him.”

Davion was a little troubled. “Dad, it’s not easy to find him. He’s not only the God of Battle, but he’s also the head of a hidden family...”

Jerome glared at him and said, “What hidden family? Did you read too many novels?! You’re always reluctant to help when I ask you to do something! Why do you have so many excuses? I think you’ve not even asked anyone about him before!”

The MacNeil family argued because a big shot was soon appearing. They were anxious and tried to gain more connections.

They did not know what they had missed today...

Chapter 89 If Dad Is Like That, I Don’t Want Him

The reason why Lilly noticed the woman in red was due to the ghost on her back.

Seeing the woman in red, Pablo said, “Hmm? Another malignant spirit?” From the crying spirit that escaped, to the vanity spirit on Cheryl, to this one...

“Tsk, are malignant spirits that common now?” Pablo mumbled as he glanced at Lilly.

Her luck was great. There would be a ghost wherever Tulip went. Others would have to work hard to find ghosts, but ghosts would appear wherever Lilly was. Tsk, tsk...

“That’s called a weakling spirit. I’ll help you record it,” Pablo said. Once it was recorded, there was no chance for it to escape like the crying spirit.

Lilly did not say anything. She kept staring at the man not far away from the woman in red.

The man was really tall and dressed in bed. His slightly curly hair hung in front of his eyes, making him look cold yet handsome.

Lilly had a strange feeling as she looked at him, so she could not help but reach her head out of the car window.

“Lilly, don’t put your head out. It’s dangerous.” Anthony carried her back in and closed the car window.

Blake’s sharp senses felt that someone was looking at him. When he raised his head, he saw a black Maybach with a little figure inside passing by him.

...

In the MacNeil residence’s grand dining room, Giuliana ate gracefully with her children and daughters-in-law around her. One of her daughters-in-law was standing while serving her. She held a wet towel to help Giuliana wipe her hands and mouth. The others stayed silent as they were used to such a scene.

The butler walked in and said, “Sir, Madam, the Crawford family is outside, and they brought a little girl.”

Jerome ate in small bites. After swallowing his food, he asked, “Why are they here?”

The butler replied, “I already asked them. The Crawford family said that Mr. Leo might be Little Miss Crawford’s father, so they came over to have a look. If it’s possible, they want to get Mr. Leo’s blood sample so they can do a DNA test...”

The butler roughly conveyed what Anthony said.

Giuliana rolled her eyes. “Another one who’s here to find their relatives? Tell them we’re not meeting them and ask them to leave!”

She knew about that child and heard it was the sickly Jean who gave birth to her. Who knew which man she slept with that caused her to get pregnant. How could a child with such a background dare to come to them? Even if this child really belonged to the MacNeil family, she would not let such a child step into the MacNeil residence.

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Chapter 90 The First Happy Time of the Four Kids

Dreamrealm was the largest amusement park in the city. It was a paradise for children. They could see the staff in doll costumes everywhere, and the screams brought by the roller coaster could overturn the sky within a radius of one kilometer.

The long slide was as high as four floors, and when people slid down from the top, the excitement was so exciting that their hearts almost jumped out. Pablo frowned. There were many people and high positive energy. Especially many children. It was not very comfortable for ghosts.

“I’ll find a place to sleep.” Pablo glanced at Anthony and Drake. Two of them were like bodyguards, so he could rest assured to leave Lilly to them.

Just as Lilly was about to nod, Hannah held Lilly's hand excitedly and ran fast. Her pretending to be nonchalant in the morning was shattered into scum in front of the amusement park.

“Go over there! Let's slide down from the top slide!”

Josh chased after them. “Wait for me!”

Drake naturally liked to be quiet. He looked at the three running up speechlessly.

It's childish. Not fun at all.

Anthony wore a suit. With a tall and straight figure, he looked outstanding among the parents in the amusement park.

It was a pity that he looked too cold with an indifferent expression. No one dared to come up to strike up a conversation. Besides, they saw Anthony together with four children.

A girl said heartbrokenly, “Such a handsome man has children, and he's still so handsome after having four children. I hope to be one of those children's mothers!”

Her companion rolled her eyes and said, “Stop daydreaming!”

The cold and handsome man could only watch from a distance and not be profane. Many people secretly took pictures of Anthony.

Anthony followed the children when receiving a call. He looked at the number and said, “Take care of your sisters.”

Drake answered emotionlessly, “Got it.”

Lilly and the others came to the giant slide. There were too many people, so they had to line up. Hannah was at the front, Lilly was in the middle, and Josh was at the back.

Lilly looked at the long slide and said regretfully, “It'll be good if Polly and Tortoise could come too!”

Dreamrealm prohibited bringing pets. Otherwise, Polly and Tortoise must be happy.

Soon, it was almost Lilly and the others' turn. But suddenly, a little girl ran over and squeezed in front of Lilly.

Josh frowned. "What are you doing? Don't jump in line!"

The little girl, Nicole, looked arrogant and shouted, "No! I want to stand here!"

Next to Nicole was a granny who said to Josh, "Don't mind! It's more fun when everyone plays together."

Lilly said solemnly, "But it's wrong to jump in line!"

Nicole did not listen to Lilly, and that granny, Lydia, also pretended to play on her mobile phone as if she did not hear anything.

There were so many children in Dreamrealm. They did not want to wait in line. Many other people also jumped in line, and they played like that just now.

Seeing her grandma ignore Lilly, Nicole, who jumped in line, winked and made a provocative grimace at Lilly. "Haha! I still stand here! Hit me if you dare to!"

Lilly was upset. She imitated Pablo's look and squinted her eyes. But Lilly had not had a chance to show off as Drake blocked her. He said coldly to Nicole, "Go to the back and line up!"

Josh also stood in front of Lilly with a stern expression. Lydia still pretended to look at her mobile phone and ignored them.

Nicole was even more arrogant and twisted her body. "No, I won't!"

Hannah could not bear it anymore. She grabbed Nicole's hair and pushed her out of the line.

"Go away!" She glared at Nicole angrily. "Do you think I'm a coward? You deserve it!"

Hannah suddenly discovered that the arrogant child was so annoying!

Nicole fell to the ground hard and burst into tears. Seeing Hannah hit Nicole, Lydia reacted immediately. Lydia was full of anger and yelled, "Hey! Where are your parents? How dare you hit Nicole!"

Hannah refuted, "So what? Because she didn't line up!"

Lydia was very annoyed. “Even so, you can’t hit her! You can say it if you’re not happy! How can you hurt her?”

Lydia was unwilling to let Hannah go. She cursed loudly to make a commotion.

When Anthony heard the quarrel, he immediately hung up the phone and strode over.

At the same time, a woman in red also hurried over.

“What’s going on?” Anthony asked coldly.

He was condescending and staring at Lydia coldly. His sharp and cold aura made Lydia stutter immediately.

“You... your child hit my granddaughter!”

Lilly immediately explained, “Uncle Anthony, she jumped in line first. We asked her to line up, but she refused.”

Lydia retorted, “We didn’t hear you...”

Anthony interrupted coldly, “You didn’t hear that, so we should let you jump in line? Do you want to be beaten too?”

When Anthony was angry, even the experienced executives dared not to speak, let alone Lydia.

Lydia did not dare to say anything.

At this time, the woman in red also ran over and apologized, “I’m sorry! I apologize for them.”

Lilly was surprised as she had seen that woman before. Lilly looked at that woman’s shoulder, where a spirit lay on it limply.

Anthony asked indifferently, “Is this your child?”

The woman in red, Rebecca Fisher, was a little embarrassed and replied, “She’s my niece...”

Lydia felt suffocated, then said to Nicole unhappily, “Let’s go! Don’t play this! What bad luck to meet a group of petty b*stard!”

She picked up the crying Nicole, knocked Rebecca away, and left. She still complained, “I thought Clodston’s amusement park was high-end! Why didn’t you buy VIP tickets?”

After apologizing repeatedly, Rebecca followed behind and answered Lydia helplessly, “I told you, Dreamrealm doesn’t have VIP tickets.”

Lydia’s displeased voice came from afar. “You earned so much money! Why can’t you take us to a place with higher quality? We came here for…”

Rebecca followed behind silently without saying a word.

Lilly and Josh looked at each other.

“That granny is so rude!” Lilly winked while saying that.

Hannah pulled Lilly up. “Forget it! Come on! It’s our turn!”

The giant slide connected to the climbing net. They would climb up the climbing net, then slide down. The four-floor high climbing net folded twists and turns, which could prevent children from falling and getting hurt. It was both challenging and fun for the children.

Watching Lilly and Hannah climb up, Anthony hinted at Drake.

Drake was speechless.

I got it. I’ll take care of my sisters.

Drake, who felt bored, followed Lilly and Hannah helplessly. He only wanted to roll his eyes when he saw Josh’s nervousness and Josh’s hands always ready to support Lilly.

How did my good brother become like this?

Hannah asked, “Lilly, can you climb it?” Looking at Lilly’s slender arms and legs, Hannah thought Lilly could not climb the net.

Lilly was carrying Bunny behind her back, then said firmly, “I can! I’m super good!”

Hannah and Josh did not believe it at all.

Before they could react, they saw Lilly grabbing the climbing net and climbing up agility.

Hannah and Josh's mouths opened in shock, and even Drake was secretly surprised. They did not expect Lilly, who looked so weak, to be so powerful.

They quickly caught up with Lilly. As a result, they were out of breath, but Lilly was fine. They reached the top of the slide together.

"Hurry up!" Lilly urged excitedly, "I'll be the first!"

Hannah immediately said, "I'm second!"

Josh said, "I'm third."

Drake did not say anything.

Four of them lined up and slid down the long slide. Although it was high and long, it had several turns and was steeper than ordinary slides.

The slippery slide was more exciting than a pirate ship.

"Wow!" Lilly shouted excitedly, "Bullets fired!"

Hearing that, Hannah, Josh, and Drake were speechless at the same time.

Until the end, they piled up, and Lilly's giggles infected everyone around them so much that they could not help but laugh.

Lilly flushed excitedly, then turned her head just in time to see Drake.

"Drake, is it fun?" Lilly asked.

Drake turned his face away and replied stiffly, "Not bad."