

The Princess To The Eight Uncles Chapter 111 - 120

Chapter 111 The Creepy Female Spirit

Outside the window, a pair of feet was quietly dangling in front of Josh.

He followed along the bruised legs and looked upward.

A headless female spirit was holding her head in her arms. The eyes turned and stared at them.

Her white dress looked like it was dyed with blood, especially in her neck area. There were irregular placements of blood spurts downwards. One could imagine the picture before she died.

The female spirit tried hard to show a smile.

As her head was cut off, her face was pale because of the blood loss. She looked creepy as she smiled again.

“Ahh! Crap!” Josh jumped on the spot and cursed.

The iron bowl fell on the floor with a loud “clank”.

Lilly had not come to her senses yet. Josh run and hid behind her while holding her neck.

“Cough... Josh... Loosen up...” Lilly had her tongue out, “I’m... Dying...”

Josh seemed to be too scared, he did not let go at all. He just wanted to hide behind Lilly’s small shoulders.

Lilly had no choice. She can’t be strangled to death by Josh, right?

She mustered up her energy. “Bang!” Josh was thrown away by an over-the-shoulder move in the direction of the window.

Josh could feel the world spinning as he was on the ground. Luckily there were carpets around so he did not hurt his head and went cuckoo.

When his mind was cleared, he saw the headless female spirit hovering above him when he opened his eyes.

He rather went cuckoo. No, he rather faints with the fall.

Josh reached out shakily, “Lilly, help me get up.” His legs were weak.

Lilly quickly went to help Josh up, “Sorry, Josh. I didn’t mean to do it.”

“It’s okay. Is it the time to say this now?”

He glanced sideways and dared not turned his head.

“Since... Since when was she here?”

Lilly felt puzzled. How could Josh see the spirit again?

“She was outside when your iron bowl needle started spinning,” Lily replied.

She added, “Josh, since you are so afraid of spirits, why did you desperately calculate how to see spirits again?”

“This is not a conflict...” Josh said.

Lilly thought of Zachary who likes to play video games. She asked, “Is this called playing even when you suck at it?”

Josh was speechless.

Let's talk about the female spirit first. Why Lilly could be so calm when the spirit is in front of her? She's not afraid?

Josh tried to hold back his shaking legs and asked, "What kind of spirit is she?"

Lilly shook her head, "I don't know!" Master is not back yet from the meeting. It had been two days!

Lilly looked at the female spirit and asked, "Aunty, what kind of spirit are you?"

The headless spirit did not answer while her eyes moved. There was a weird sound coming out from her throat too.

She floated towards Josh.

Josh was screaming mentally. Don't come near me! Ahh!

Lilly felt a hint of danger and stepped in front of Josh, "Please talk properly. Do not hurt him."

The female spirit screamed and lunged at Lilly viciously!

Lilly didn't have much practical combat experience. Without Pablo beside her, she could only subconsciously raise her hand to block the attack.

The red bracelet in her hand immediately emitted a glow and the female spirit rebounded.

The female spirit was caught off guard, and the head in her arms fell off to the side. It rolled towards Josh's feet.

The head turned and glared at Josh and the mouth was wide open.

Josh was shocked.

“Josh, don’t panic!” Lily said.

She ran towards Josh and yelled, “Attack!”

The head was being kicked like a ball and it was kicked out of the window.

The female spirit scurry aimlessly and floated out.

“Josh. You stay here,” Lilly ordered as she chased out.

How could he dare to stay in the room by himself? He hurriedly said, “Wait for me!”

Both of them ran out leaving the iron bowl and video recorder.

The light on the video recorder flickered, it recorded what happened just now...

—

Lilly ran downstairs. Old Mr. Crawford and Blake stopped their conversation and looked at her.

Only to see Lilly running out.

“Lilly? Where are you going?” Old Mrs. Crawford moved her wheelchair to follow.

Blake stood up and pushed the wheelchair. Old Mrs. Crawford looked back at him and was surprised.

She caught up with Lilly soon and saw her running to the back of the garden.

Lilly was looking in mid-air and the flower bed, searching for something.

Blake asked, “What are you looking for? Let me help you.”

Lilly shook her head, “Daddy, you can’t find it.”

“There’s nothing that Daddy couldn’t find,” Blake said.

He reckoned it was Lilly’s toy that had fallen. Finding something was as easy as pie for him.

Lilly shook her head and kept silent. What to do in case granny is scared?

Last time, Granny was shocked by Ivan who was covered in blood.

Josh arrived and he looked around nervously. He no longer saw the female spirit.

He calculated again once he calmed, “According to the parabola...”

He measured the distance from the window to the garden visually, as well as the angle of the female spirit’s head when it flew out.

“It should be over here...”

It could be found unless the female spirit changed direction halfway...

Lilly did not know what parabola meant.

She only had a hunched where the head landed. However, it couldn’t be found by her either.

The body of the female spirit was also missing.

“It’s strange. It’s strange!” Lilly frowned and muttered.

Old Mrs. Crawford asked, “What is Lilly looking for? Granny asked the people to look for it together.”

Lilly had to give up for the time being, “Nothing, Granny. I dropped a fart.”

Old Mrs. Crawford looked at Josh in a strange way.

“Well, It’s true. I teased her and said I threw her fart out of the window. She believed it,”
Josh answered.

The crowd was speechless.

“Don’t always tease your sister! She is going to believe whatever you say.”

“I know!” Josh quickly answered.

Blake looked at Lilly and Josh back and forth.

Not bad, little boy. You’re good at covering up, but there’s still a trace of a lie.

“Let’s go back.” Old Mrs. Crawford said.

They turned around and went back and did not notice a woman was standing behind the shrubs.

Chapter 112 A Daddy Who Can’t Cook Is Not A Qualified Daddy

In the garden, a maid craned her neck and twisted her body stiffly.

She quickly adjusted her head and body to face the same direction.

Her arms were in a position of holding something as if she was used to it.

She grabbed a flower basket and held it in her arms. Only then she showed a satisfied smile.

Blake turned around abruptly as he felt something. He saw a maid carrying a flower basket and holding a cutter in her hand quietly minding her own business.

Blake couldn’t tell what was wrong with her.

If he had seen the female spirit just now, he would have been able to recognize her due to the identical movements. Unfortunately, he couldn't see spirits.

It turns out that Lilly's accidentally kicked the female spirit into the maid's body.

Bloke took Lilly back into the house and the conversation just now was stopped.

"Are you hungry, Lilly? Gronny..." Old Mrs. Crawford was about to say 'Gronny will cook something delicious for you', but she said, "Gronny will ask your daddy to cook for you."

A successful dad had to have superb cooking skills to feed his child.

The food outside was not healthy compared to home-cooked food.

Hiring a maid to cook was not an option. What if she had an attitude problem?

"Are you sure?" Bloke asked as the only time when he held a knife was to hurt people.

He saw the Crawford family staring at him.

Lilly made a cheering gesture and said, "Daddy, you can do it!"

"Okay."

Since Lilly said he could do it then he must be able to do it.

Cooking is just a matter of preparing the ingredients, throwing them into the pot, and taking them out after they were cooked. There is nothing difficult about it.

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Blake loosened a button.

Anthony noticed Blake wore a shirt and pants today, looking more formal than his usual style.

He must have valued this meeting.

Blake earned some points from the Crawford family.

Old Mrs. Crawford said, “There are three chickens in the kitchen, you have to kill them. You’ll need to make three different types of dishes using different chickens.”

Blake nodded as he rolled up his sleeves, “Simple.”

Killing chickens is nothing compared to killing humans.

Old Mrs. Crawford added, “Add on a dish of eggplant. Lilly loves them. Ask Margaret if you don’t know how to cook them.”

“For the rest of the dishes, do whatever you want with the ingredients in the kitchen. You probably have to cook eighteen dishes. Oh, cook some omelets too. The kids love them.”

Blake was surprised. So many dishes for a meal?

As Blake was in the kitchen, Josh whispered, “Lilly, let’s go up.”

He was anxious about not finding the female spirit.

Lilly was not too worried and ran to the kitchen while saying, “Wait! I’ll go check on Daddy!”

In the kitchen.

Margaret handed an apron to Blake and asked, “Mr. MacNeil, kill the chicken first! Do you need a hand? The chickens are very lively.”

When Blake saw Lilly running in, the words that were about to come out of his mouth changed. “No,” he said.

He must keep his dignity in front of his daughter.

Blake brought out the chickens but he didn’t know what to do. He had only seen people killing them.

He took a knife and spun it in his hands.

Margaret was shocked and stood in front of Lilly to protect her in case the knife flew out of his hands.

“Pluck the feathers first,” Margaret instructed.

“I’m talking about the feathers on the neck of the chicken,” Margaret added.

Blake nodded and plucked the chicken feathers.

Then, he grabbed the chicken with one hand and held a knife in another hand.

The chicken could only struggle.

“Daddy is awesome!”

However, she said, “Daddy, next time let’s eat the chicken that had been cooked. Don’t kill them anymore. Okay?”

In Lilly's point of view, the chicken that was not cooked yet means it didn't want to die yet.

Blake nodded, "Alright."

He quickly slit the chicken's neck as Lilly was still covering her eyes.

He held the chicken's neck close to the bowl for the blood to flow in it.

Old Mrs. Crawford was watching not far away, "I thought he can't do it. He seemed to be doing a good job."

Blake earned some points again.

Once the chicken's blood was drained, he threw the chicken aside.

However, something dramatic happened. The chicken fluttered and ran away suddenly.

Everyone was shocked and they deducted their points for Blake again.

Blake took the knife and aimed it at the chicken.

It flew and cut straight through the chicken's neck. The headless chicken fell to the ground after running for a few steps.

It died.

Behind the tree, a maid who was holding a flower basket seemed to be shocked. Her pupils contracted violently and the basket in her hand fell with a clatter.

Lilly's eyes widened.

"This... this..." She stammered.

She didn't know whether to feel sad for the chicken or to praise her dad.

Margaret was shocked too. This is a new method to kill chickens.

Chapter 113 The Maid, Ashley Ross

"Lilly, let's go upstairs first," Josh ran towards Lilly as he was shocked by Bloke.

He was afraid that Bloke would directly cut off the other two chicken's heads.

He doesn't want Lilly to watch such a bloody and violent scene.

Lilly was looking to the other side. A maid was standing behind the big tree. She looked pale as her basket fell to the ground. The flowers scattered all over the place.

"Wait," Lilly said to Josh. She ran to the tree and reached out for the knife that was stuck there.

"Are you okay?" Lilly asked while she looked at the maid.

The maid looked down and saw a cute little girl with a bloody knife in her hand.

"Ahh!" She screamed and backed up, "Don't chop off my head!"

Lilly hid the knife behind her back. She didn't mean to do that! This maid was scared, right?

Lilly looked at the maid again. Something was wrong with her.

"Is your neck okay, miss?"

It turned out the maid's body and limbs were uncoordinated when she tried to turn and leave. Her head looked twisted at a glance.

Bloke came over and carefully took the knife from Lilly's hand. He stared at the maid.

“What’s your name?” He said while holding the knife in his hand. He looked scary with a hint of murderous aura.

The maid seemed very scared and she stammered, “I... I...”

Blake frowned.

Old Mrs. Crawford came over in her wheelchair. “Ashley, what are you doing here?” she asked.

The maid’s name was Ashley Ross, a gardener and florist who took care of the Crawford mansion’s garden.

The Crawford mansion was very large with varieties of flowers. When the flowers bloomed, there would be people in charge to cut them and arrange them in different rooms of the mansion.

Ashley had finally calmed down. “I’m cutting the flowers...”

Old Mrs. Crawford didn’t think much of it. After all, a person would look frightened after witnessing a knife flying toward them.

“Continue your work” She said to Ashley.

Ashley nodded and picked up the flowers that fell. She ran away when she was done.

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Old Mrs. Crawford wondered, "What's wrong with her today? She's strange."

"Maybe she was scared," Blake answered.

Old Mrs. Crawford looked at Blake, "Oh! Do you have the nerve to say that? What if you accidentally hurt Lilly?"

Blake felt embarrassed as he was being lectured. The knives and guns in his hands are always accurate, he thought.

Old Mrs. Crawford pulled Lilly over, "Good girl, go upstairs with Josh."

Lilly nodded and looked at Blake, "Daddy, you can do it! Please be gentle when you kill the chicken."

Blake reached out and wanted to ruffle her hair but he didn't do it when he remembered his hands were dirty.

“Go up!” He said, “Don't worry, Daddy can cook well.”

Lilly nodded and followed Josh upstairs.

Old Mrs. Crawford had no choice but to instruct Margaret to cook other dishes. She was afraid that lunch would not be served on time.

Margaret was cooking on the other side of the kitchen while Blake continued to kill the chickens.

In the end, he killed them with brutal force. The scene was horrific.

—

Upstairs.

Polly was dozing off by the window still. Parrots needed some naps too.

Josh glanced carefully at the window and reached out holding a mirror in his hand.

Polly opened its eyes and looked at him strangely while moving to the side.

Josh wanted to make sure that there were no spirits anywhere. He could only be reassured after he had done his checking.

“Strange. Where could it fall?” He stretched his neck to look out and picked up a book to calculate the parabola.

He drew the distance between the house and the flower garden, as well as the parabolic trajectory.

“That’s where it is, we were at the correct place.”

Lilly leaned on the window still and played with Polly as if she was not very concerned about where the female spirit is.

Josh asked, “Lilly, aren’t you anxious?”

Lilly shook her head, “No hurry! There are many spirits in this world. The ghosts we are looking for will appear one day.”

Josh asked skeptically, “Will it?”

What if it runs away?

Josh remembered what Lilly said about filling the jar of souls otherwise, she might be forced to leave. So even if he was afraid, he wouldn’t let the female spirit escape.

Lilly nodded, “Yes, it will. Maybe she’ll come out on her own when we sleep at night.”

Josh was speechless. Let’s stop talking about it.

Josh got more worried when he couldn’t find the spirit. He couldn’t even sleep well.

He shivered when he thought of the female spirit’s wide-opened bloody mouth.

Josh immediately wrote and drew something on the paper again.

He also picked up the video recorder wanting to make a spirit alarm from it.

“Huh? It’s on?”

He pressed the stop button and played the video.

“I don’t even remember when it was on. I have to clear some of the storage...”

He hadn't finished his sentence and he saw a headless female spirit appear on the screen.

She emerged slowly while holding her head and her bruised legs appeared too while he was hitting his iron bowl.

Josh was shocked. He almost dropped the video recorder.

“Josh! What’s wrong?” Lilly asked.

“Nothing! It’s okay.” Josh said calmly.

He paused for a while and got excited. The people on the Internet didn't believe him, right? He will upload this video to frighten them.

Josh uploaded the video with the caption, “Stupid humans, you know nothing about this world”.

—

A few viewers watched the video as soon as it was uploaded.

“What? Cheap graphic work. Rubbish.”

“There’s no spirit in this world. Just believe in science. Stop doing this useless stuff, kiddo.”

“Again? You can’t afford a better video recorder if you really could see spirits? It’s always blurry when it comes to supernatural videos. I knew your tricks.”

Josh was upset at the mocking comments.

Chapter 114 Peeping In The Dark

Lilly potted Josh’s shoulders, “Young mon, don’t give up!

“I’m not a young man,” Josh answered dejectedly.

“Kid, don’t give up!” Lilly said again.

—

About an hour later, Old Mrs. Crawford shouted from downstairs, “The food is ready! Come down quickly! Lilly, Drake, Josh, Zachary, Hannah!”

The sound of the children upstairs could be heard.

The one who was running was definitely Lilly. The one who was dilly-dallying was Zachary.

Hannah was doing her homework in her room.

She looked up pitifully, “Daddy, can we eat first?”

Liam was silent as he stood by what he said. He would not allow her to leave for anything unless she had finished her homework.

Hannah was spoiled by Winona. She was already in kindergarten but couldn’t even read a word.

Two of Anthony’s children were top students. Lilly was also smart and clever. Liam felt pressured as a father because one of his children was dim-witted and another one was addicted to video games.

Hannah cried, “I’m only in kindergarten. Why do I have to do homework? Other kids don’t need to do that.”

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Liom didn’t budge olthough he was hungry too. Honnoh hod no choice but to do her homework while crying.

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She possed by Honnoh’s room ond secretly peeked inside.

After observing for o while, she got bored ond moved to onother room to set down the flowers. She also took the chance to snoop in the other rooms.

The dining room downstoirs was bustling with o lively otmosphere.

The people felt suffocoted os they sow the few dishes Bloke brought in.

Only the pooched chicken was fine os it was the eosiest to cook.

Old Mrs. Crowford was disgusted by the omelet os it was runny when she scooped it.

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“Don’t compare,” Liam said without any expression. He was impatient from waiting for Hannah to finish her homework.

Hannah wanted to go eat with Lilly.

Liam didn't budge although he was hungry too. Hannah had no choice but to do her homework while crying.

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"This... this is.."

"I've tasted it, it's delicious even though it doesn't look good."

"Urgh... And this is it?" Old Mrs. Crawford picked up a large piece of gray-coloured food.

"Eggplant," Blake answered.

Old Mrs. Crawford decided not to dwell on the appearance but...

"Why don't you cut it?" She asked.

Blake felt strange, “I had cut it.”

I cut it evenly in two halves.

The Crawford family was speechless.

Anthony chuckled and picked up a piece, “It’s pretty good.”

Everyone could get a piece, it’s fair. Hope that Blake can do a better job next time.

Edward stared at the eggplant and muttered, “We must also let Liam have a taste of this delicious eggplant.”

Gilbert kept smiling, “It’s such a pity that other people who were absent missed out on such delicious eggplant. Next time, we must make it again for them.”

Blake nodded, “Alright.”

Lily gobbled up the omelet and held a thumbs up, “Delicious!”

Blake smiled. Daughters are the best!

Lilly picked up a piece of eggplant and put it into her mouth. The uncles said it tasted delicious, it must be delicious then.

All of them were shocked by her actions, “Lilly...”

Lilly spat it out the next second. Yucks! It’s so disgusting! Why did Uncle Anthony, Grandpa, and Grandma still eat it so well?

“Sorry, daddy. This is too disgusting. I can’t boast about it.”

Is it that hard to eat? Some of them are eating well, aren’t they?

Mu Guifan picked up a piece and took a bite. He couldn't help but choke on it.

He said quietly after he drank some water, "It's okay, I can't boast about it either."

The crowd laughed at him and Old Mr. Crawford was gradually at ease with Blake. No matter how much Blake scored, he'll approve as long as Lilly likes him.

Ashley observed them secretly after she finished her task. The Crawford mansion looked so grand and luxurious and the people were laughing happily.

She subconsciously showed a trace of resentment in her eyes.

How could they live so well? This place is not comparable with Ambrosia, even the air tastes sweet in Ambrosia. How come they can live happier than her?

Ashley couldn't help but clenched hard on the cutter in her hands.

When Blake turned sound suddenly, Ashley was shocked and the cutter fell to the ground.

The Crawford family turned around when they heard the commotion.

Ashley hurriedly picked up the cutter and apologized, "Sorry. I accidentally dropped the cutter."

She ran away after saying that.

Blake said as he stared at her back, "There's something wrong with this gardener."

Old Mrs. Crawford frowned, she also felt that Ashley's words and actions were particularly strange today.

She personally chose Ashley as their gardener because she had to take care of the mansion's garden and was responsible for the replacement of the flower bouquets and arrangements. Just like their housekeeper that was responsible for cleaning several master rooms, she chose them because they were very trustworthy.

“Maybe she is not feeling well or something happened to her family. I'll ask her later.”

During the night, Blake stayed in the guest room.

He looked around at the interior of the room. It had a neutral earthy tone and a few pieces of furniture. It was very much in line with his personality.

One could see that it was deliberately designed.

Blake lay on the sofa and looked at Jean's photo on his phone.

He whispered, “I'm sorry, I didn't have that opportunity to get to know you.”

Before she passed away, he heard that she worried about Lilly the most. I will take good care of Lilly no matter what happens in the future.

“Don't worry. You can rest in peace.”

—

Finally, Liam allowed Hannah to leave her room. Her bad habits of being a picky eater were forgotten as she gobbled her food.

After placing her bowl in the dishwasher, she ran upstairs while yelling, “Lilly! Lilly! Let's play together!”

Lilly poked her head out from her room, “Hannah. I'm here.”

Hannah happily went to her.

However, she saw Lilly took out a book and said, "Uncle Liam had asked me and Josh to supervise your studies."

Hannah turned her direction immediately, "Oh no, I feel so sleepy suddenly. I'm going to take a bath and go to bed."

Chapter 115 Hannah The Study Slacker

When Old Mrs. Crowford talked to Ashley, she just admitted that she was not feeling well.

Old Mrs. Crowford didn't see anything unusual about her, so she kept an eye on her and let her go back to rest.

At eight or nine o'clock at night, the sound of reading came from Lilly's room.

Droke put on a stern expression looking just like Anthony.

Josh was leaning on Lilly's dresser fiddling with his video recorder.

At the desk, Lilly was holding a textbook with both hands above her head.

Hannah was reading the poem in the textbook out loud.

Droke looked at her hopelessly.

What she read out loud was different from the textbook. She was simply saying some random words.

Droke said sternly, "Did you remember what I thought you just now?"

Hannah looked at her brother's serious face, which was even scier than her father.

She pulled a long face and said, "Yes."

Josh smirked, "All of them?"

Hannah panicked, "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Droke narrowed his eyes, "Good, I'll test you."

He did not require her to get all of them correct. Just two would be enough.

Lilly looked at Droke and Hannah back and forth.

Droke is so fierce! Hannah looked at Lilly for help for answers.

Before she could say anything, Droke glared at her.

Lilly quickly shut her mouth and signaled Hannah to think for the answer herself.

Hannah racked her brain but she still answered wrongly with hints given by Droke.

Droke was so angry that he quit teaching Hannah. What the hell?

"Ask Uncle Liam to teach you!"

Hannah cried pitifully, "No please, my dad is very angry with me. He could have a heart attack if I go to him again."

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Drake narrowed his eyes, "Good, I'll test you."

He did not require her to get all of them correct. Just two would be enough.

Lilly looked at Drake and Hannah back and forth.

Drake is so fierce! Hannah looked at Lilly for help for answers.

Before she could say anything, Drake glared at her.

Lilly quickly shut her mouth and signaled Hannah to think for the answer herself.

Hannah racked her brain but she still answered wrongly with hints given by Drake.

Drake was so angry that he quit teaching Hannah. What the hell?

“Ask Uncle Liam to teach you!”

Hannah cried pitifully, “No please, my dad is very angry with me. He could have a heart attack if I go to him again.”

Drake sneered, “You knew that too?”

I will not teach her anymore!

Lilly covered her mouth and snickered while Hannah looked at her for help.

Lilly pleaded for Hannah, “Drake, Hannah knew her mistakes. Teach her again and she’ll answer it correctly.”

Fine... five more minutes!

—

“Learn it by yourself!”

After five minutes, Drake threw the book and left.

Hannah answered wrongly again.

Lilly and Hannah looked at each other.

“Did I memorize it wrongly again?”

“It’s wrong. Drake just explained it.”

Hannah couldn’t remember anything Drake taught her.

Lilly looked at Hannah sympathetically, “Hannah, are you the study slacker?”

Lilly followed Josh to school once, she got to know what’s the difference between a top-grade student and a study slacker.

“I didn’t want to,” Hannah said.

Learning is too difficult. Why is there such a thing as study? Why is there such a thing as an exam?

Lilly patted and comforted her, “Wash up and go to sleep!”

She kicked away her slippers and flung herself on Lilly’s bed, “I want to sleep in your room.”

The two little girls looked at Josh.

Josh said softly, “I will stay a little longer.”

Why is he a boy? He also wants to sleep in this room.

Josh did not want to go back to his room. What to do in case that female spirit appeared again?

Lilly suddenly ran to her dresser and pulled out a yellow talisman from the small drawer.

“Josh, take this. Don’t be afraid!” Lilly looked at him like she knew what he was thinking.

Josh blushed and said, “Who said that I’m afraid? If I’m afraid I would not have invented the device to see spirits...”

Hannah exclaimed, “What? Josh is afraid of spirits? Hahaha, you are a coward!”

Josh was angry because of the teasing and he left.

Hannah innocently touched her nose. What she said is not wrong!

As the night gets deeper, only a few night lights were on at the Crawford mansion.

Josh set up his iron bowl in the room and placed a ritual blade under his pillow.

Then he hung the talisman given by Lilly on his chest.

He felt chills as he saw the curtains sway when the wind blew. He had a feeling that there were people under his bed, in the bathroom, and behind the door. There were people everywhere.

Josh tensed up and gradually fell asleep.

“Whoosh.” The wind blew.

There was a subtle click from the door as if someone was unlocking it with a key.

Josh frowned in his sleep. It looked like he had a nightmare.

The door was pushed open without a creaking sound.

A person tiptoed towards Josh and stared at his sleeping figure.

Suddenly a hand reached out, getting closer and closer to him...

Josh's eyelashes twitched. He felt something in his dreams and got more restless. He opened his eyes abruptly as he was frightened by his nightmare.

As he got used to the darkness of the room, he recalled his dream and subconsciously turned to look at the door.

His pupils shrank. His room door... When did it open?

Chapter 116 The Night of Terror

Josh could feel his hair standing and his heart racing fast.

“Who... who is there?” Josh shouted to feel brave. He sprang up and on the lights of his room.

The room was bright and the curtains were swaying slightly from the breeze.

The room looked quiet and there was nothing out of the ordinary.

Josh almost cried but the light gave him the courage to look around.

The corridor's dim night light was on.

At the end of the corridor's corner, there's a shadow on the ground. It looked like a person's shadow.

Josh was frightened and he shut the door immediately. He locked it too.

He let out a sigh of relief when he felt safe.

“Don't be afraid. Sob...” Josh couldn't help but clutch the talisman in front of his chest.

The nightmare made him nervous and felt there were people around. Maybe he didn't close the door before he went to sleep? Josh was not sure about it. He had a habit of closing the door before he goes to bed. Did he forget it tonight?

Josh lay in bed with the lights on. He tossed and turned as he was unable to sleep.

He recalled the nightmare again. Someone had opened the door to his room and they wondered around. They stood in front of his bed lostly. The more he thought about it, the more frightened he was.

Josh was thinking of going to Lilly's room to sleep. He could sleep on the floor.

He could also go to his brother's room. It's not embarrassing sleeping with your brother, right?

However, if he wanted to go out, he had to go through the corner of the corridor.

What if that "person" is hiding there? He would have a face-to-face confrontation with them.

Josh shivered and thought of going to his father. Both of their rooms were separated by a study. He wouldn't have to go through that corner.

Josh got up. His foot was just about to step on the floor, he saw a shadow coming out from the bottom of the bed.

He pulled his feet back instantly.

Everything is so scary!

Josh fumbled to get his phone and was ready to call his father.

Josh could feel his hair standing and his heart racing fast.

"Who... who is there?" Josh shouted to feel brave. He sprang up and on the lights of his room.

The room was bright and the curtains were swaying slightly from the breeze.

The room looked quiet and there was nothing at all.

Josh almost cried but the light gave him the courage to look around.

The corridor's dim night light was on.

At the end of the corridor's corner, there's a shadow on the ground. It looked like a person's shadow.

Josh was frightened and he shut the door immediately. He locked it too.

He let out a sigh of relief when he felt safe.

“Don't be afraid. Sob...” Josh couldn't help but clutched the talisman in front of his chest.

The nightmare made him nervous and felt there were people around. Maybe he didn't close the door before he went to sleep? Josh was not sure about it. He had a habit of closing the door before he goes to bed. Did he forget it tonight?

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Josh got up. His foot was just about to step on the floor, he saw a shadow coming out from the bottom of the bed.

He pulled his feet back instantly.

Everything is so scary!

Josh fumbled to get his phone and was ready to call his father.

There was a soft click emitting from the closet.

“Creak”. A gap appeared at the door of the closet.

Josh's back stiffened and he reluctantly turned his head towards the closet.

There was a two inch gap and it stopped. It looked like an aging closet that couldn't be closed properly.

Josh looked at the gap and felt there was something hidden inside.

If the nightmare was real, that person had not left at all. They were hiding in his closet all the time, right?

Josh held his breath. The room was so quiet that he had the illusion of hearing someone breathing.

“Who... Who is there?” Josh shouted.

He couldn't care if there was someone in his room or not. He dashed like an arrow towards the door. As he had locked it previously, he panicked when he couldn't get it to open. He felt someone behind him...

"Click". Finally, the door opened.

Josh wailed as he ran out. He didn't dare to look back at all.

"Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!" Josh banged at Anthony's room.

It was around 2 or 3 AM when Anthony had just finished his work and lay down. He had a severe headache.

He heard banging on his door suddenly. He opened the door and a small figure jumped into his arms.

The force was so great that he took two steps back. Then only he saw Josh in his arms.

Josh's face was stained with tears.

"Huh?"

Drake and Josh began to sleep by themselves at the early age of four.

They have not relied on Anthony for the past three years. This was the first time.

"What's wrong?" Anthony bent down and picked up Josh while patting his back.

Josh couldn't even remember how long it had been since he had been hugged like this by his father.

He could only remember that after the disappearance of his aunt, the atmosphere at home was depressing. His father was so busy that he could not spend time with him. Granny

soon collapsed into a nursing home and the other uncles were all heartbroken running around looking for his aunt.

The only people in the house were Margaret, the maids, Jack, and Old Mr. Crawford. Most of the time he looked cold and solemn and it was scary to see from afar.

Jack and Margaret were not his relatives. Although Aunt Winona stayed at home every day, her attention was only given to Hannah.

Josh was envious of Hannah sometimes even though she was an annoying spoiled brat.

At least, there was someone that she could go to.

“Daddy...” Josh cried louder as he thought of all the mess in his family. Tears and snorts were gushing out together.

Josh leaned on Anthony’s shoulder and wiped his tears and snorts. He felt embarrassed from all the crying and he forced himself to calm down.

Anthony closed the door and carried Josh to the sofa. He poured Josh a glass of water and gave him a clean towel.

“Have you calmed down?” he asked.

“Yes,” Josh mumbled while nodding.

“Tell me, what’s going on?” Anthony asked as he sat opposite Josh.

Josh didn’t know how to start. Should he start with the nightmare first or the room first?

Whichever it was, it was ridiculous just to think about it. How could he say it out loud?

“My... My room had spirits...” Josh started.

Just when Josh thought his father would deny him, he saw his dad stand up and said, “Let’s go.”

Josh hurriedly stood up, “Where?”

“To your room.”

Moments later, both father and son returned to Josh’s room. Josh grabbed the corner of Anthony’s clothes tightly.

Anthony turned on all the lights in the room and scanned the room.

His eyes were attracted to the closet door that Josh talked about.

It was wide open, revealing the clothes that were hanging neatly inside.

Josh’s eyes widened immediately. He stammered, “When... When I left just now, the gap was very narrow.” That’s right, he remembered correctly this time!

There was a sound outside the door, it seemed to be the sound of footsteps.

Anthony opened the door.

Chapter 117 Who’s The One Scaring Who Now?

A woman was standing outside the door and next to her was Bloke.

Bloke was holding a sharp knife against the woman’s neck.

It was none other than Ashley.

“Don’t move,” Bloke said with a hint of killing intent.

Ashley’s eyes widened and she repeatedly said, “Don’t chop off my head... Don’t chop off my head...”

Bloke recolled that she was also scared out of her mind when the kitchen knife flew toward her in the afternoon. She was also chonting the some words.

A normol one would be soying 'Don't kill me' or 'Help' when o knife was ogoinst their neck.

This womon is weird.

"Who ore you?" Bloke osked.

Ashley looked poled os she onswered, "I'm Ashley."

Bloke ond Anthony looked ot each other.

Anthony osked, "Whot ore you doing here?"

Ashley stommered, "I... I couldn't sleep ot night ond hoppeded to hear the commotion..."

Her eyes londed on Josh, "It seems to be the voice of Josh. Is he olright?"

"There's nothing wrong. Go bock." Anthony ordered.

Bloke heard him ond withdrew the shorp knife.

Ashley let out o sigh of relief ond glonced ot Bloke before soying, "Yes, I'm going bock now."

After soying thot, she left in o hurry.

Josh, "Dod, whot's going on?"

Anthony lowered his voice, "The room where the servonts rest is ot the other end of the monsion. Even if you shouted, she couldn't hove heard it ond come over so quickly."

The soundproofing effect of the Crawford mansion was very good. Otherwise, the rest of the Crawford family have been woken up by Josh banging on the door, except for the special Bloke.

“Next, there are so many children in this mansion. How does she know that the person shouting is you?”

It was hard to tell who was who when little children screamed, not to mention the fact that the three boys have almost similar voices.

Ashley could know that it was Josh's with a scream. Which was way too suspicious. A woman was standing outside the door and next to her was Blake.

Blake was holding a sharp knife against the woman's neck.

It was none other than Ashley.

“Don't move,” Blake said with a hint of killing intent.

Ashley's eyes widen and she said repeatedly, “Don't chop off my head... Don't chop off my head...”

Blake recalled that she was also scared out of her mind when the kitchen knife flew toward her in the afternoon. She was also chanting the same words.

A normal one would be saying ‘Don't kill me’ or ‘Help’ when a knife was against their neck.

This woman is weird.

“Who are you?” Blake asked.

Ashley looked pale as she answered, “I'm Ashley.”

Blake and Anthony looked at each other.

Anthony asked, "What are you doing here?"

Ashley stammered, "I... I couldn't sleep at night and happened to hear the commotion..."

Her eyes landed on Josh, "It seems to be the voice of Josh. Is he alright?"

"There's nothing wrong. Go back." Anthony ordered.

Blake heard him and withdrew the sharp knife.

Ashley let out a sigh of relief and glanced at Blake before saying, "Yes, I'm going back now."

After saying that, she left in a hurry.

Josh, "Dad, what's going on?"

Anthony lowered his voice, "The room where the servants rest is at the other end of the mansion. Even if you shouted, she couldn't have heard it and come over so quickly."

The soundproofing effect of the Crawford mansion was very good. Otherwise, the rest of the Crawford family have been woken up by Josh banging on the door, except for the special Blake.

"Next, there are so many children in this mansion. How does she know that the person shouting is you?"

It was hard to tell who was who when little children screamed, not to mention the fact that the three boys have almost similar voices.

Ashley could know that it was Josh's with a scream. Which was way too suspicious.

These two points were enough to prove that she was lying.

Josh linked the points and asked nervously, “Daddy, do you mean that it was her who was in my room?”

Anthony nodded and phoned Jack to ask him to check the surveillance camera.

However, they had no luck as the recording was stopped by someone.

Josh felt fearful. People with weird actions were scarier than spirits.

Anthony looked up at Blake and Blake looked back. They were thinking of the same thing.

Blake nodded his head and raised his voice slightly, “Then I’ll go back to my room first.”

“Alright,” Anthony said.

“Dad, I want to sleep in your room.” Josh requested.

Anthony agreed and brought Josh to his room.

The Crawford mansion was silent again.

A few moments later, the door on the first floor was pushed open and a figure floated in silently.

Blake was crouching on the top of the beam, secretly sneering at it.

Normal people who have been caught on the spot would never dare to do it again right away. Either this maid is weird to the point of being creepy or she doesn’t think normally.

Blake was more inclined to believe that she was a psychopath.

Ashley went upstairs without making a sound. The strange thing was she looked like a lonely person lurking around in the middle of the night.

Blake frowned as he had a very strange feeling...

—

In the room, Josh was lying on the bed with his hands on his belly.

Anthony brought out a thin bed quilt, "Let's sleep."

Josh moved near Anthony as the room was dark without a night light.

"Dad?"

"Hmmm?"

He is not asleep yet, Josh thought.

"Dad... A lot of people said that my brother and I came from the test tube. Our existence is just to provide a match for my aunt. Is it true?"

"Who told you that?" Anthony asked with his eyes closed."

"Everyone said so."

They grew up without a mother, only a father. There was not a trace of their mother's existence. That's why others said Josh and Drake were carefully selected from the test tubes. Their birth was only to provide a suitable match for their aunt who was going through the last stage of Leukemia. There was not a suitable match for her in the entire world.

"Why is there a need to separate the test tube then?"

Josh and Drake were more than one year apart.

Josh was speechless as he thought of it.

Anthony was about to speak but he felt something. He turned and stared at the door.

Josh followed and tensed up.

A door would always have a small gap below otherwise it would create friction with the floor from opening and closing the door. They could see someone standing outside from the gap.

A few moments later the shadow moved toward the front and soon disappeared.

Josh nearly pissed himself due to the fright.

—

Lilly's room.

She was sleeping soundly when a sudden gust of wind blew on her cheeks. Polly also made some deep squeaky noises on the balcony. Parrots would make this sound in the middle of the night when they were touched by other creatures that pose threats to them.

Soon, the sound was gone.

Lilly opened her eyes and blankly stared at the ceiling.

Her eyelids were half closed and she was half asleep.

The surroundings were quiet. When the door was gently opened, Lilly looked over in confusion as she heard it.

She saw a figure coming in, gradually approaching her...

Lilly could clearly see the figure walking to her bedside, staring straight at her.

Suddenly, Lilly asked out loud, “Aunt Ashley, what are you doing?”

Ashley was shocked by the childish voice in the dark. She shrieked.

“Ahh!”

She backed up hurriedly but ended up stepping on something that made a loud noise.

Chapter 118

The headless female spirit was so scared that she briefly separated from Ashley, causing her head to shift by 0.03 feet.

Lilly could see it now and exclaimed in shock, “Huh, so you are hiding here!”

No wonder she could not find her, no matter how hard she tried.

Lilly immediately got up and reached out to grab the head of the headless female spirit.

“Come out now...”

Lilly stood on the bed and twisted the headless female spirit’s head with all her strength, like pulling a carrot.

Ashley quickly held her head with a hint of pain, then her expression became stiff and rigid.

She made a “huh” sound and said, “Ms. Lilly... what are you saying?”

Ashley showed a fierce expression.

How could this little girl even want of catching her?!

Being loved by many people and born into a wealthy family, why could not it be her?!

Although she wanted to be clever as Josh, the identity of being this little girl was more suitable.

Ashley reached out to viciously grab Lilly's neck, but suddenly a black lightning bolt flashed from the balcony.

Blake's eyes gleamed with killing intent as he was about to slap Ashley away.

But he saw Lilly suddenly grab Ashley's hand, and she flung Ashley away.

"Go away!" The little girl said it in a childish voice.

Boom! Ashley crashed into a nearby toy shelf, causing it to collapse and the toys to scatter all over the ground.

All of this happened in an instant, leaving Blake stunned.

Was this his little sweetheart?!

Hannah, sleeping on the bed, seemed annoyed by the noise, frowning and turning over while muttering something, and soon fell asleep again.

Lilly ran barefoot off the bed and went to Ashley.

She immediately stretched out her white and tender little feet and stepped on Ashley's chest when she was trying to resist.

Ashley wanted to push her away, but no matter how hard she tried, she could not move her.

Lilly asked, "What are you doing here? Why did you sneak into my room?"

Ashley saw Blake behind her, and she was in a panic.

“I didn’t do anything... I don’t know why I’m here. Maybe I was sleepwalking...”

Ashley said while struggling, “Ms. Lilly, can you let me go first?”

“No, I can’t!”

Blake drew his short sword out and said, “Lilly, go rest aside.”

He was good at extracting confessions.

Lilly, who trusted him very much, retracted her foot.

Ashley hurriedly tried to get up but did not expect Blake to step on her after Lilly.

Blake showed a cold smile and said, “I’m losing patience. If you don’t confess honestly...”

He put the sword on her neck and spoke in a low, sinister voice.

This scene made Ashley feel terrified.

Blake spun his short sword and whispered, “I have quite a lot of experience in taking someone’s heads off.”

He chuckled softly and said, “Do you want to try?”

Ashley was scared out of her wits. It was true. A female spirit’s soul separated from her body.

Ashley then fainted.

Lilly widened her eyes, realizing that being scared of one’s wits was real!

She learned it in reality.

The head-hugging female spirit detached from Ashley's body and flew away.

"Don't run!" Lilly immediately chased after her.

Blake was speechless.

Meanwhile, Josh and Anthony noticed something unusual in the room, so they quietly followed her out.

Josh clenched the yellow triangular charm that Lilly had given him and dared not even breathe.

Looking at a reflection in the corridor's corner, Josh nervously clutched Anthony's clothes.

Anthony did not turn back, but he held his son's hand.

As they arrived at the corner of the corridor, Josh saw clearly that the shadow was nothing but a bundle of flowers on the side of the corridor.

Josh breathed a sigh of relief and followed Anthony to Lilly's room.

The door was half open when Josh arrived. He heard Lilly shouting softly and tenderly, "Don't run!"

Before he could react, the head-hugging female spirit rushed towards him.

"D*mn!"

"Oh my gosh!"

"Daddy... Daddy... Argh!" Josh was so scared that he stuttered.

Anthony, who saw nothing, was confused.

The head-hugging female spirit showed a fierce look when she saw Josh and rushed toward him.

But before getting close, she was hit by a yellow light and fled!

“Argh!” The head-hugging female spirit screamed mournfully.

Anthony seemed to have seen a flash of light in front of Josh’s chest just now, but it was too fast, almost like an illusion.

But the next second, he heard a faint screech.

Anthony held the pale-faced Josh in his arms and asked in a low voice, “What did you see?”

Josh cried and trembled, “A female spirit, a headless female spirit. She rushed towards me, hmm.”

At that moment, the head-hugging female spirit was thrown back into the room again and hit right on Lilly.

Lilly quickly raised her hands and flashed the jar of souls, “Get in!”

The head-hugging female spirit was sucked into the jar, but how could a malignant spirit be so easily contained?

Pablo had accompanied Lilly in the previous attempts to capture the ghosts, and this was the first time she tried to do it alone.

The moment the head-hugging female spirit was sucked into the jar of souls, she resisted violently.

The jar trembled nonstop, and Lilly could not stop it.

She felt a sudden pressure in her chest and spat out a mouthful of blood.

Her body went limp and fell to the ground.

Blake was shocked and shouted, "Lilly!"

He immediately held her in his arms, but her face was pale, and her lips trembled, "Don't... run..."

The head-hugging female spirit came out again. Her evil aura surged, and she made a hoarse sound.

The weakling and ugly ghosts were also forced to follow her out, and they saw Lilly spitting blood.

The weakling ghost was a fourteen years old boy. Before and after his death, only Lilly gave him candy. She understood his unwillingness and regret.

Now, seeing her injured, he rushed towards her without hesitation.

The two malignant spirits started fighting, and the weakling ghost was weaker.

The head-hugging female spirit tore off his arm and swallowed it.

The ugly ghost screamed and rushed forward.

The head-hugging female spirit's head turned and scared the ugly ghost to retreat, "Baby, don't blame me, I-I-I can't beat her!"

The room was filled with a cold wind, and the curtains rustled as the temperature dropped several degrees.

Hannah, sleeping like a log, felt cold and instinctively rolled up the blanket to continue sleeping.

Blake and Anthony were both extremely frightened, although they could not see anything.

They could only see Lilly inexplicably spitting blood, the curtains mysteriously moving, and they could also feel the sudden chill in the room.

Josh was the only one besides Lilly who could see ghosts.

Seeing the two ghosts fighting, he felt horrified and could only hold Lilly's hand tightly.

He realized that even his sister was not invincible and that she would die.

Josh's eyes turned red with tears as he realized he could not do anything and felt hopeless.

Chapter 119 Master Is Back

The red bracelet on Lilly's wrist continued to glow, alleviating some pressure on her chest.

However, she still felt weak and did not have any strength.

Blake picked up Lilly and said, "Go to the hospital. We're going to the hospital!"

He felt a sense of panic, a feeling of powerlessness that was beyond his control.

Only then did he vaguely understand that his delicate little darling differed from other children.

Anthony quickly took out his phone and called Gilbert first.

Upon seeing Lilly injured, the head-hugging female spirit was happy and rushed toward Lilly.

It would be great to be human. She wanted to be human.

And being Lilly was fantastic. Not only was she the beloved little princess of the Crawford family, but she was from the MacNeil family.

With so many people doting on her, will I be able to get whatever I want if I become her?

At that time, she would go to Miralaea and become a famous person, obtaining an identity card from Miralaea and becoming a citizen.

She would be superior to others wherever she went.

“Be careful, Lilly!” The weakling spirit rushed over.

Josh had no other choice but to stand in front of Lilly. He gritted his teeth, saying, “Don’t come any closer!”

He grabbed the yellow charm and fiercely smashed it at the ghost.

Unfortunately, the yellow charm was disposable and useless after it was destroyed.

At that moment, a black lightning bolt flashed with a crackling sound, knocking out the fierce head-hugging female spirit.

The man wearing a white robe had a cold expression, a pale complexion, and crimson lips. It was Pablo.

Josh almost cried out, “Master!”

He had never been so excited to see a ghost before.

Pablo looked terrible. He had only been away for a few days, and now another malignant spirit was in the house.

Pablo quickly came to Lilly's side, grabbed her hand, and spoke slowly, "Are you okay?"

Lilly's voice was weak as she replied, "Yeah..."

Even then, she learned to mimic Blake's tone to some extent.

Lilly felt a warm current flowing through her wrist as Pablo held her hand.

Soon, she felt dizzy and comfortable, like she was soaking in a hot spring.

The head-hugging female spirit noticed that something was wrong and tried to escape.

However, Pablo did not even turn his head. He raised his finger, and a red escape-proof net fell, trapping the head-hugging female spirit.

Pablo said coldly, "You hurt my disciple and want to run away?"

The head-hugging female spirit struggled in anger, but it was useless.

Lilly asked, "Master, what is this head-hugging female spirit?"

"This ghost is very strange. She likes to sneak into other people's rooms at night to possess their bodies," Lilly said.

He glanced at the ghost and said, "A fake foreign ghost."

Lilly was puzzled.

I've never seen this kind of ghost before!

Pablo explained, “This type of ghost is obsessed with foreign things and admires strength. It’s okay to admire strength, as people need to have a certain degree of admiration for strength to work harder and become stronger. What’s hateful are those who admire strength but don’t want to work hard themselves. They only want to achieve their goals through despicable means, such as licking boots, stealing other people’s lives, and bullying the weak. They suck the blood of their people while fawning over foreigners, and they even want to dig out their hearts to prove their loyalty. As for other things, it may be related to their quirks, such as spying on other people’s lives.”

Pablo then stopped talking. He did not care about the fake foreign ghost anymore.

Pablo frowned and shook Lilly’s wrist, asking, “Did you forcibly put her in the jar?”

Lilly nodded obediently, “Yes.”

Pablo pointed at her forehead, saying, “How dare you!”

“Don’t try to forcefully capture a malignant spirit before you have developed your skills,” Pablo said.

“For example, if you hadn’t used the jar of souls just now, she wouldn’t have been able to do anything to you. If she dared to attack you, the red bracelet would have blocked her.”

Lilly confusedly looked at the red bracelet on her wrist and asked, “Is the red bracelet very powerful?”

Pablo nodded and said, “It’s very powerful, extremely powerful. However, you can’t use it to attack others yet. It can only protect you from attacks. When someone or a ghost tries to harm you, the red bracelet will be triggered to launch an attack.”

Lilly understood and said, “So, Master, can we contain her now?”

She was full of energy and eager to try.

Pablo was helpless and indulgent.

After listening so much, did she take his words?

But what else could he do? He could only do whatever she wanted.

They surrounded the head-hugging female spirit, staring at her intently.

The head-hugging female spirit was terrified and said, "Don't come over."

Lilly remembered Hannah's prank and imitated her cunning smile, saying, "Hey, you can scream all you want, but no one will save you."

The people around her were puzzled and speechless about where she learned these words.

On the bed, Hannah kicked the blanket because it was too noisy, then she turned over and went back to sleep again.

Blake could not help but ask Josh in a low voice, "Who is Lilly talking to?"

Anthony also looked at Josh.

Josh said, "Lilly is talking to her master. Her master told Lilly not to forcibly capture ghosts, they can't harm her... because the red bracelet is very powerful."

Suddenly, he remembered his video recorder.

"Wait, I'll go get the video recorder!" Josh ran quickly.

The head-hugging female spirit was trapped, so he was no longer afraid of her.

He ran to his room, and grabbed his video recorder.

He turned it on.

Anthony frowned and asked, “What are you doing?”

Josh replied, “I invented this video recorder. It’s awesome. It can take pictures of ghosts!”

Blake was speechless.

His video recorder was similar to an ordinary camera, except it had a few magnets attached to the bottom and two antennas sticking out from the top.

Could it take photos of ghosts? What a joke!

However, the indicator light on the video recorder was flashing.

Blake was keeping an eye on it.

When he looked at the screen, suddenly he saw four people.

Beside Lilly was a man in a white robe, and behind Lilly was a middle school boy in his school uniform.

There was also an extremely ugly female ghost turning her head to look at them, giggling shyly, and saying, “Can you see me, Mr. Blake?”

In front of them was a net, and a woman holding her head in her arms was trapped inside.

The headless female spirit said frustratedly, “My name is Jastrensky.”

Blake and Anthony both felt amazing.

Everything that happened before them exceeded their understanding and overturned their worldview.

If this world was beyond their control, then who would protect Lilly in the future?

Blake was feeling uneasy.

At this moment, Lilly asked in confusion, “What did she say?”

The little girl’s voice was sweet and innocent as if she were born with a halo. It immediately dispelled the gloom in Blake’s mind.

He looked at Lilly softly.

Well... no worries. In the worst case, he could become a practitioner in the future.

Chapter 120 Obsessed with Foreign Things

Upon hearing Lilly call her Jay, the head-hugging female spirit stared at Lilly, and said with a wheezing sound, “It’s... Jastrensky, Jas-tren-sky!”

“Jastrensky... what a cool and trendy name! Do you guys understand? A bunch of bumpkins!”

The head-hugging female spirit seemed angry that others defiled her holy name and spoke in a stuttering voice.

Blake stared at the ghost on the screen, feeling a strange sense of familiarity.

Josh asked with a frown, muttering disdainfully, “Jastrensky... What an ironic name.”

Upon hearing Josh’s words, Blake suddenly realized where he had listened to the name.

Ten years ago, when he was sixteen, he joined that criminal gang and happened to deal with a big order.

The gang kidnapped a group of women and sent them abroad for work.

One kidnapped woman did not know what was happening and kept saying, “D*mn, I’m not from Dudroinia! They will punish you...”

The woman’s name was the same as this, which was very resolute.

Lilly, who had listened to the female spirit’s words, nodded and asked, “Yeah, Aunt Jay, how did you die?”

Blake could not help but chuckle, and the memories in his mind instantly disappeared.

The little girl looked serious, blinking her eyes, which made the female spirit furious.

“Shut up! My name is Jastrensky!”

Pablo slapped over and chopped off the head-hugging female spirit’s arm.

Jastrensky screamed in pain, and her arm suddenly disappeared.

Pablo sneered, “Mind your words when talking to my disciple.”

The head-hugging female spirit immediately nodded and hugged her head tightly.

Pablo, “Tulip, continue. ”

Lilly said, “Hmm! Aunt Jay, where are you from, when is your birthday, and how did you die?”

Lilly could not understand this name and felt strange that she could not get it right every time she said it.

The head-hugging female spirit said, “I’m tired.”

She held back her grievances and emphasized, “My name is Jastrensky. I’m from Auberge of Ambrosia.”

Pablo held a pen and did not even look at her, “I asked you to tell me your place of birth.”

Jastrensky seemed embarrassed to mention her place of birth, and her voice was low and fast.

Lilly listened carefully and asked, “What did you say?”

Jastrensky said, “Marriott Village!”

Lilly thought momentarily and asked, “Oh, what’s your real name?”

The little girl thought that Jay was just a nickname, as everyone called her Lilly, so she assumed that Jastrensky must have a real name.

Jastrensky hesitated for a while. Her original name was too common, and she did not want to say it.

But when she saw Pablo’s sharp gaze and the knife in Blake’s hand accidentally fell to the ground, Jastrensky was frightened and quickly confessed, “My name is Michelle Garcia, and my family is very poor.”

“But living in Ambrosia has always been my dream. I have always felt that I am different from others. I was born with noble blood, but unfortunately, I was born in the wrong place.”

Lilly curiously asked, “Did your dream come true after you went to Ambrosia?”

Jastrensky said sadly, “No...”

She was just a girl from the countryside. Her family had no money and no background.

Her results were not good on school days, and she did not meet the university requirements.

She could only have two choices. Either she went back to her hometown and got married and had children for the rest of her life, or she worked in a factory and still got married and had children for the rest of her life.

Both of these choices were not what she wanted.

Jastrensky was frustrated and exclaimed, “Is this how my life will be? I refuse to accept it!”

Josh asked coldly, “Then who can you blame? If you can’t even meet the university requirements, it’s your problem!”

Lilly, “Yeah!”

Jastrensky complained angrily, “I couldn’t get into university because of the education system! The rigid education system has stifled my talent and freedom.”

Lilly suddenly interrupted, “Aunt Jay, what grade did you get on the exam?”

Jastrensky said, “Grade F.”

Lilly, “Wow! You are talented!”

How could she only be in Grade F? She could score higher than her with her eyes closed!

Lilly understood, “So you’re not good at studying! Just like Hannah.”

Hannah was snoring and even blowing a bubble of snot.

Jastrensky defended herself, saying, “I tried my best, but the education system is to blame. And when I was young, my parents couldn’t afford to send me to tutoring classes.”

Lilly, “So, what are your skills? Are you good at speaking English?”

Jastrensky hesitated for a moment.

She did not have any particular skills. She was not very pretty, and her English was not good.

So she could not go to Ambrosia and only worked as a cashier in a small supermarket.

With a dream of going abroad but was unable to do so, she felt that she was better than those around her but had to stay with them, making her increasingly miserable.

Finally, one day she got the chance she had been waiting for. A foreigner came to the supermarket.

“At that moment, I felt like I had seen a God as if it was a reward for my long-standing perseverance.”

“I followed that man, asking him about his well-being, acting as his tour guide, and accompanying him to the hotel.”

She even stayed up late to study English to communicate with him easily.

She even paid for everything, including meals, entertainment, and even having sex with him. She heard that as long as she was carrying a foreigner’s child, she could get an identity card from Ambrosia for free.

She finally succeeded. The man helped her get a visa and took her to Ambrosia.

Lilly asked in confusion, “Where will you get money from? Going to such a faraway place must require a lot of money, right?”

Jastrensky replied calmly, “It’s from my daddy... I asked him for money to go abroad, but he didn’t give it to me. However, when he got sick, he had money to go to the hospital and have surgery.”

“Huh... How could she agree to that?”

After causing a scene at the hospital, her dad finally gave her the money, and she went to Ambrosia as she had wished.

“I felt everything was so wonderful when I got off the plane. Ambrosia is truly a paradise. Even the air is filled with a sweet fragrance... Unlike my country, which only has the stench of car exhaust and polluted environment.”

Her words made Lilly very angry.