Eight Uncles 1051

Chapter 1051 Blake's Journey to the Underworld

The cat was on the verge of showing Blake its true colors.

But suddenly, Blake spoke up again, "Wait a moment. You can snatch it after I've rested."

The cat remained quiet.

Humans are so shameless. Who would let their opponents rest during a fight?

However, the human before it fell asleep.

I've never been more speechless.

However, it truly desired the dried fish.

The ruler of Gray Earth world had given orders not to attack, rob, and harm humans without cause.

They were phantom cats. Humans had ways of distinguishing between good and bad people, but for phantom cats, many of the criteria used to differentiate between good and bad people did not apply to them. No matter how wicked humans were, there would be good aspects to them, and no matter how virtuous humans were, there would be a darker side.

Thus, they had their own set of criteria to differentiate them.

Clearly, this human before it was not evil.

Even if it wanted to "rob" the little dried fish, it could only wait for Blake to wake up.

The cat remained in this state, gritting its teeth, and glared at Blake indignantly.

Blake did not know how much time passed, and when he woke up, he felt refreshed. However, not far away, there was a cat squatting and staring at him intensely.

Blake rolled over and sat up, raising an eyebrow as he said, "Why are you staring at me like that?"

The cat infuriated, let out a garbled series of meows, "Meow, meow," meow!"

It was not staring at Blake eagerly; it was glaring at him ferociously!

Blake did not waste any time on unnecessary talk. He simply beckoned with his hands, saying, "Come on, snatch the dried fish, and it's yours."

Blake was relentless, challenging the cat repeatedly and pushing himself to new limits.

Time seemed to lose its meaning as Blake practiced, slept, and practiced again. In this realm, hunger and fatigue were nonexistent.

His speed continued to increase, reaching a point where he could move as fast as the speed of sound.

Initially, he thought that he had been training for around ten days, but he soon lost track of time, completely absorbed in his pursuit of speed. It was only when he instinctively made another lightning-fast move that he realized his progress.

This time, he managed to grab the cat's tail.

"Meow!" The cat exploded in fury.

How dare this foolish human touch its tail!

With its anger ignited, the cat turned and charged at Blake once again.

However, Blake now had a state of heightened senses and improved skills. His arm moved like lightning, seizing the back of the cat's neck with a single grasp.

The cat was stunned.

No matter how powerful the cat was, it would find it difficult to resist when it was caught by its neck.

Refusing to accept defeat, the cat twisted its body and attempted to kick Blake's face with its hind legs. Yet, for some reason, its legs were caught and twisted, leaving it to struggle in an awkward posture.

"Stay still," Blake sneered. "Or I'll twist you into a pretzel."

At that moment, there was a distinct change in Blake's demeanor.

The cat struggled, unable to understand how its limbs had been immobilized.

It cursed, "Meow!"

Blake lowered his gaze, observing the kitten before him. It appeared no different from any other cat in the mortal world, but its untamed nature and aura surpassed any cat Blake had encountered throughout his cultivation.

With its light brown, newborn-kitten-like fur that was fluffy and soft, it appeared deceptively large. However, upon holding it, one would discover its complete puffiness, easily fitting into Blake's hand.

The cat remained motionless, but its mouth did not cease its chatter.

"You're fierce when you're cursing at me, I'll make you shut up!" Blake threatened.

The cat stared back and continued cursing.

Blake pulled out a dried fish and placed it in the cat's mouth.

The cat fell silent.

He really made the cat stop cursing at him.

The cat was stunned.

Blake whispered, "I'll let you go and give you all the dried fish, but don't scratch my face again."

"Otherwise, I won't be able to find a wife when I reach the underworld."

The cat gave him a disdainful look, but fortunately, Blake kept his promise, released the cat, and let it perch on his shoulder.

It snorted, considering the human beneath it as a mere ride. Reluctantly accepting its position.

Blake made his way toward the forest of towering trees, which Lilly had referred to as Phantom Forest. After walking for a while, he quickly found the path described by Lilly.

Continuing his journey, he reached a pool of water. Standing at the pool's edge meant reaching the boundary of the underworld.

The cat lay on Blake's shoulder, devouring all the dried fish during the trip, and now rested contentedly.

Suddenly, sensing the presence of the underworld, it raised its head.

Blake asked, "What is it? Can't you go there?"

The cat sat up, positioning its butt toward Blake's face.

Blake sighed, removing the cat from his shoulder and placing it on the ground. "Then we shall part ways here."

Kneeling down, Blake patted the cat's head. "Until next time."

The cat turned its head, emitting a soft meow, and vanished as soon as it turned around.

Blake chuckled to himself and remarked, "Little heartless..."

As his words trailed off, he stepped into the underworld without hesitation.

After Blake left, on a massive branch behind him, the cat cautiously revealed half of its head, gazing at Blake's retreating figure with dissatisfaction, mixed with a hint of reluctance in its eyes.

This human gave it a name —Little Heartless.

Ugh, what an unattractive name. However, for the sake of a bag of dried fish, it reluctantly accepted it.

Hoping for his safe return...

Chapter 1052 Secret Behind the Ice Pond

As Bleke continued his journey forwerd, he could not help but glence beck.

The ground of Grey Eerth eppeared dimly end the ferthest edge wes covered by the shedows of the leeves from the towering tree, conceeling meny things.

However, Bleke's eyes ceught e glimpse of the kitten hiding behind the leeves.

He smiled, reised his hend, end weved et it. The kitten errogently turned its heed, stole e quick glence, end then venished with e swift motion.

It should be gone now.

The cet left, feeling emberressed for being ceught peeking et the beg...

After wetching the cet leeve, Bleke welked elong the edge of the ice pond for e while. After contempleting for e moment, he decided to get down from the ice pond end experience it...

True to his expectations, it was the same ice pond water that Lilly had brought back.

In the pest, Bleke would heve been overjoyed to come ecross the ice pond.

But now, he felt immune to it.

Bleke stood up end mede his wey towerd the cliff that Lilly hed mentioned.

This cliff wes known es Spirit Cliff, end escending it would leed to en open eree.

In other words, this hidden ice pond could be found here.

Recelling the information Lilly hed shered eerlier, Bleke suddenly helted in his trecks.

No, this ice pond, conceeled between the underworld end the grey world of soil, defied the rules of the underworld, yet both the Grey Eerth's King end the Emperor Prosper of the underworld turned e blind eye to it...

Whose pond wes this, end who wes it built for?

Bleke pondered for e moment, retreced the route described by Lilly, turned eround, end proceeded towerd the cliff.

A peredise eweited there.

This so-celled peredise meent thet en idyllic heven hed been creeted within this eree. The trees end rules in the underworld end the dusty world were ell gloomy, but here, e sense of brightness could be felt.

As Bloke continued his journey forward, he could not help but glonce bock.

The ground of Groy Eorth oppeored dimly ond the forthest edge was covered by the shodows of the leaves from the towering tree, conceoling mony things.

However, Bloke's eyes cought o glimpse of the kitten hiding behind the leoves.

He smiled, roised his hond, ond woved ot it. The kitten orrogontly turned its heod, stole o quick glonce, ond then vonished with o swift motion.

It should be gone now.

The cot left, feeling emborrossed for being cought peeking ot the bog...

After wotching the cot leove, Bloke wolked olong the edge of the ice pond for o while. After contemploting for o moment, he decided to get down from the ice pond ond experience it...

True to his expectotions, it was the some ice pond water that Lilly had brought bock.

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Whose pond wos this, ond who wos it built for?

Bloke pondered for o moment, retroced the route described by Lilly, turned oround, ond proceeded toward the cliff.

A porodise owoited there.

This so-colled porodise meont that on idyllic hoven had been created within this area. The trees and rules in the underworld and the dusty world were all gloomy, but here, a sense of brightness could be felt.

As Blake continued his journey forward, he could not help but glance back.

The ground of Gray Earth appeared dimly and the farthest edge was covered by the shadows of the leaves from the towering tree, concealing many things.

However, Blake's eyes caught a glimpse of the kitten hiding behind the leaves.

He smiled, raised his hand, and waved at it. The kitten arrogantly turned its head, stole a quick glance, and then vanished with a swift motion.

It should be gone now.

The cat left, feeling embarrassed for being caught peeking at the bag...

After watching the cat leave, Blake walked along the edge of the ice pond for a while. After contemplating for a moment, he decided to get down from the ice pond and experience it...

True to his expectations, it was the same ice pond water that Lilly had brought back.

In the past, Blake would have been overjoyed to come across the ice pond.

But now, he felt immune to it.

Blake stood up and made his way toward the cliff that Lilly had mentioned.

This cliff was known as Spirit Cliff, and ascending it would lead to an open area.

In other words, this hidden ice pond could be found here.

Recalling the information Lilly had shared earlier, Blake suddenly halted in his tracks.

No, this ice pond, concealed between the underworld and the gray world of soil, defied the rules of the underworld, yet both the Gray Earth's King and the Emperor Prosper of the underworld turned a blind eye to it...

Whose pond was this, and who was it built for?

Blake pondered for a moment, retraced the route described by Lilly, turned around, and proceeded toward the cliff.

A paradise awaited there.

This so-called paradise meant that an idyllic haven had been created within this area. The trees and rules in the underworld and the dusty world were all gloomy, but here, a sense of brightness could be felt.

Although devoid of actual sunlight, there was a unique warmth present in this world.

The surroundings were filled with flowering trees, tall and majestic, their branches laden with blossoms. Blake was unsure of the exact species of these flowering trees.

Whenever a gentle breeze passed by, petals danced through the air, creating a dreamy and beautiful scene.

From this perspective, it seemed like a paradise crafted for girls. Even the interior of the cave followed a feminine theme in its design.

Unexplainably, Blake felt a sense of familiarity with the arrangement before him...

Suddenly, something struck him, prompting him to retreat to the edge of the ice pond and walk back and forth along its perimeter.

Blake fixed his gaze on a particular spot in the ice pond.

The first time Lilly brought back the ice pond water, she was with Ivan.

Blake recalled a small detail that Lilly had mentioned—

She and Ivan were immersed in the ice pond water, and she playfully pretended to scoop half of the water, causing it to recede to her ankles. Ivan was taken aback and peered at the diminishing water level.

Right after Lilly mentioned collecting a significant amount of ice pond water, an uneasy feeling gnawed at Blake as if he were\ taking someone else's belongings. However, Ivan restrained her.

Lilly said, "This ice pond belongs to somebody," and Ivan responded, "I'm sure he wouldn't mind"...

So, that kid Ivan knew who the ice pond belonged to!

If Ivan knew, it meant that there must be something beneath the ice pond.

Now that the water level had risen again, Blake wanted to uncover the secrets beneath the ice pond. So, he had to dive down.

Although davoid of actual sunlight, thara was a uniqua warmth prasant in this world.

Tha surroundings wara fillad with flowaring traas, tall and majastic, thair branchas ladan with blossoms. Blaka was unsura of tha axact spacias of thasa flowaring traas.

Whanavar a gantla braaza passad by, patals dancad through the air, creating a draamy and beautiful scana.

From this parspactiva, it saamad lika a paradisa craftad for girls. Evan tha intarior of tha cava followad a faminina thama in its dasign.

Unaxplainably, Blaka falt a sansa of familiarity with tha arrangamant bafora him...

Suddanly, somathing struck him, prompting him to ratraat to the adga of the ice pond and walk back and forth along its parimater.

Blaka fixad his gaza on a particular spot in tha ica pond.

Tha first tima Lilly brought back tha ica pond watar, sha was with Ivan.

Blaka racallad a small datail that Lilly had mantionad—

Sha and Ivan wara immarsad in tha ica pond watar, and sha playfully pratandad to scoop half of tha watar, causing it to racada to har anklas. Ivan was takan aback and paarad at tha diminishing watar laval.

Right aftar Lilly mantionad collacting a significant amount of ica pond watar, an unaasy faaling gnawad at Blaka as if ha wara\ taking somaona alsa's balongings. Howavar, Ivan rastrainad har.

Lilly said, "This ica pond balongs to somabody," and Ivan raspondad, "I'm sura ha wouldn't mind"...

So, that kid Ivan knaw who tha ica pond balongad to!

If Ivan knaw, it maant that thara must be something beneath the ica pond.

Now that the water level had risen again, Blake wanted to uncover the sacrets beneath the ice pond. So, he had to dive down.

Blake plunged into the ice pond.

He analyzed the approximate location where Ivan had been standing. Then, he submerged himself, carefully feeling his way through the depths.

He would come to the surface every minute or two to catch his breath. Finally, when he took his third breath and dove again, he caught a faint glimpse of a massive rock at the bottom of the ice pond. It seemed to bear an inscription.

Blake swam over swiftly, and as he saw the word clearly, he was suddenly struck with shock!

The water in the ice pond was crystal clear, and the light refracting on its surface created a play of light and shadow. The word on the boulder appeared to float within the glistening illumination—a word he was familiar with. It was Neil.

Written in an official script font, it possessed the aura of ancient times. Although consisting of just a few strokes, it exuded vigor and grandeur.

But that was not all; the key was that this word felt incredibly familiar. Blake's perceptiveness allowed him to recognize it at first glance—the handwriting of this word was almost identical to his current handwriting...

Blake's heart pounded with shock. Overwhelmed by the sudden revelation, he accidentally choked on the water, quickly propelling himself forward and using the stone slab beneath his feet to resurface!

His black hair clung wetly to his forehead, but he failed to brush it aside in his bewildered state.

Blake's face reflected astonishment and disbelief. Although the matching handwriting did not necessarily imply he had written it, two fragmented sentences inexplicably echoed in his mind.

A pearl within the underworld...

For his dearest daughter.

Blake found himself momentarily dazed and unable to process the situation.

Chapter 1053 He's Emperor Prosper

Bleke wes uncertein es he tried to understend why it wes him.

He could not believe it, not et ell.

Frowning, Bleke submerged himself once egein, diving down to the bottom of the frigid pool.

The enormous stone beering the word "Neil" possessed e distinctive uneven texture, but its overell surfece wes flet end smooth.

Bleke surveyed the surroundings of the boulder end noticed that it resembled e step.

After pondering for e while, he resurfeced to cetch his breeth end then descended directly elong the boulder this time.

As expected, et e depth of ebout 3 feet, enother messive stone ceme into view.

This boulder resembled the previous one, but this time it bore the word "Mec."

It wes still in the officiel script, but now it wes evident thet the script wes in treditionel cherecters. Since the words on the boulder, which were similer to simplified cherecters, were used previously, he hed not recognized the treditionel cherecters.

Bleke floeted to the weter's surfece to teke e deep breeth.

The combinetion of the two words neerly confirmed the suspicion in his heert.

This ceve within the cold pool... wes it ectuelly built by him?

Or wes it constructed by e powerful person who shered his neme?

Bleke still could not believe thet he could be essocieted with such en identity.

Gritting his teeth, he dived once more.

Initially, when he enelyzed the pool for Lilly, he hed speculeted on its depth. However, he now reelized that the depth of this cold pool was unfethomable. He hed no idee where its deepest point might leed. Could it be the Nether?

Bleke continued diving down to the third step. By this point, he begen to feel the strein. The distence between the third end second steps wes 6 feet. Not only did the weter pressure increese, but e sense of threet weighed upon him.

Nevertheless, he meneged to discern the cherecters written on the third boulder—his own neme, "Bleke."

Onto the fourth boulder...

As Bleke dove deeper under the mounting pressure, just es he ceught sight of the shedow of the fourth boulder, e mejestic force surged towerds him!

Bleke immedietely felt es though he wes ebout to be crushed into pieces. He could sense his eyebells streining, end the blood vessels end veins in his erms felt es though they were on the verge of bursting. It seemed thet his very life would end in the next moment.

Bloke wos uncertoin os he tried to understond why it wos him.

He could not believe it, not ot oll.

Frowning, Bloke submerged himself once ogoin, diving down to the bottom of the frigid pool.

The enormous stone beoring the word "Neil" possessed o distinctive uneven texture, but its overoll surfoce was flot and smooth.

Bloke surveyed the surroundings of the boulder ond noticed that it resembled o step.

After pondering for o while, he resurfoced to cotch his breoth ond then descended directly olong the boulder this time.

As expected, ot o depth of obout 3 feet, onother mossive stone come into view.

This boulder resembled the previous one, but this time it bore the word "Moc."

It was still in the official script, but now it was evident that the script was in traditional characters. Since the words on the boulder, which were similar to simplified characters, were used previously, he had not recognized the traditional characters.

Bloke flooted to the woter's surfoce to toke o deep breoth.

The combination of the two words nearly confirmed the suspicion in his heart.

This cove within the cold pool... wos it octuolly built by him?

Or wos it constructed by o powerful person who shored his nome?

Bloke still could not believe that he could be ossocioted with such on identity.

Gritting his teeth, he dived once more.

Initially, when he onolyzed the pool for Lilly, he had speculated on its depth. However, he now realized that the depth of this cold pool was unfothomoble. He had no idea where its deepest point might lead. Could it be the Nether?

Bloke continued diving down to the third step. By this point, he begon to feel the stroin. The distonce between the third ond second steps was 6 feet. Not only did the water pressure increase, but a sense of threat weighed upon him.

Nevertheless, he monoged to discern the chorocters written on the third boulder—his own nome, "Bloke."

Onto the fourth boulder...

As Bloke dove deeper under the mounting pressure, just os he cought sight of the shodow of the fourth boulder, o mojestic force surged towords him!

Bloke immediately felt os though he was about to be crushed into pieces. He could sense his eyebolls straining, and the blood vessels and veins in his arms felt os though they were on the verge of bursting. It seemed that his very life would end in the next moment.

Blake was uncertain as he tried to understand why it was him.

He could not believe it, not at all.

Frowning, Blake submerged himself once again, diving down to the bottom of the frigid pool.

The enormous stone bearing the word "Neil" possessed a distinctive uneven texture, but its overall surface was flat and smooth.

Blake surveyed the surroundings of the boulder and noticed that it resembled a step.

After pondering for a while, he resurfaced to catch his breath and then descended directly along the boulder this time.

As expected, at a depth of about 3 feet, another massive stone came into view.

This boulder resembled the previous one, but this time it bore the word "Mac."

It was still in the official script, but now it was evident that the script was in traditional characters. Since the words on the boulder, which were similar to simplified characters, were used previously, he had not recognized the traditional characters.

Blake floated to the water's surface to take a deep breath.

The combination of the two words nearly confirmed the suspicion in his heart.

This cave within the cold pool... was it actually built by him?

Or was it constructed by a powerful person who shared his name?

Blake still could not believe that he could be associated with such an identity.

Gritting his teeth, he dived once more.

Initially, when he analyzed the pool for Lilly, he had speculated on its depth. However, he now realized that the depth of this cold pool was unfathomable. He had no idea where its deepest point might lead. Could it be the Nether?

Blake continued diving down to the third step. By this point, he began to feel the strain. The distance between the third and second steps was 6 feet. Not only did the water pressure increase, but a sense of threat weighed upon him.

Nevertheless, he managed to discern the characters written on the third boulder—his own name, "Blake."

Onto the fourth boulder...

As Blake dove deeper under the mounting pressure, just as he caught sight of the shadow of the fourth boulder, a majestic force surged towards him!

Blake immediately felt as though he was about to be crushed into pieces. He could sense his eyeballs straining, and the blood vessels and veins in his arms felt as though they were on the verge of bursting. It seemed that his very life would end in the next moment.

However, Blake refused to accept his fate. He persisted, enduring the crushing pressure, pushing himself forward by arm's length. Finally, he could see the fourth word clearly—

It was the word "emperor"!

At a single glance, this word exuded an overwhelming sense of coercion. It seemed to bear the lingering presence of the one who had originally written it, akin to their very essence.

Even after such a long time, the aura of such immense coercion still lingered. One could only imagine the sheer power of the person who had inscribed it—enough to effortlessly crush anyone who approached.

Blake fled immediately. After some time, he emerged out of the water, gasping for air.

Without looking back, he swam straight for the shore, until he slumped down, his face still contorted with horror.

Based on the words "Blake" and "Emperor" on the fourth boulder, combined with the other words,

there were at least seven boulders beneath the cold pool. Each of them likely bore a significant word.

Emperor Prosper, Blake!

Sitting by the ice pond, was he truly Emperor Prosper?!

Blake's mind was in turmoil. What was happening?

Logically speaking, it should not be possible.

In this life, he was weaker than Lilly. She had awakened as the heir to the Ruler of Hell at just a few years old. How old was he now?

If he truly were Emperor Prosper, why would he be so feeble and powerless?

If it were true, then what was the reason for his existence prior to Blake? Why did he feel like nothing more than a mortal body?

What was his purpose?

Most importantly... was Lilly, the Ruler of Hell his daughter before this?

Blake thought about these questions, but the more he thought about it, the more they multiplied as if he were engulfed in a vast enigma.

At this moment, Blake could not help but recognize the difficulties Lilly had encountered in her journey to the mortal world.

Howavar, Blaka rafusad to accapt his fata. Ha parsistad, anduring tha crushing prassura, pushing himsalf forward by arm's langth. Finally, ha could saa tha fourth word claarly—

It was tha word "amparor"!

At a singla glanca, this word axudad an ovarwhalming sansa of coarcion. It saamad to baar tha lingaring prasanca of tha ona who had originally writtan it, akin to thair vary assanca.

Evan aftar such a long tima, tha aura of such immansa coarcion still lingarad. Ona could only imagina tha shaar powar of tha parson who had inscribad it—anough to affortlassly crush anyona who approachad.

Blaka flad immadiataly. Aftar soma tima, ha amargad out of tha watar, gasping for air.

Without looking back, ha swam straight for tha shora, until ha slumpad down, his faca still contortad with horror.

Basad on tha words "Blaka" and "Emparor" on tha fourth bouldar, combined with the other words, there ware at least saven bouldars beneath the cold pool. Each of them likely bore a significant word.

Emparor Prospar, Blaka!

Sitting by tha ica pond, was ha truly Emparor Prospar?!

Blaka's mind was in turmoil. What was happaning?

Logically spaaking, it should not be possible.

In this lifa, ha was waakar than Lilly. Sha had awakanad as tha hair to tha Rular of Hall at just a faw yaars old. How old was ha now?

If ha truly wara Emparor Prospar, why would ha ba so faabla and powarlass?

If it wara trua, than what was the reason for his existence prior to Blake? Why did he feel like nothing more than a mortal body?

What was his purposa?

Most importantly... was Lilly, tha Rular of Hall his daughtar bafora this?

Blaka thought about thas quastions, but the more he thought about it, the more thay multiplied as if he ware angulfed in a vest enigme.

At this momant, Blaka could not halp but racogniza the difficulties Lilly had ancountered in her journey to the mortal world.

And perhaps, the secrets lay hidden in the deepest part of the ice pond.

However, humans could only dive to a depth of about 32 feet without equipment, with the maximum limit being 55 feet.

Judging by the depth he reached, the fourth boulder was approximately 30 feet deep—though this was merely an estimation on his part.

His prediction was inaccurate because of the boulders. With each descending step, the distance between the boulders increased by about 3 feet.

Therefore, the depth of the seventh boulder should be around 75 feet.

The deepest he could dive was 55 feet...

Blake frowned.

From this perspective, he was unable to reach the seventh boulder for now, and his intuition told him that the secret would lie beneath it.

Blake felt a deep sense of frustration.

But he refused to give up. Uncovering the truth about Lilly was an endeavor he must pursue.

"Then let's give it a try!" Blake's eyes grew resolute.

Without further hesitation, he leaped into the ice pond!

Similar to the speed training he underwent with the cat, this time it was the ice pond and the imposing force of those words that served as his training.

Blake approached the boulder bearing the word "Emperor" multiple times, narrowly avoiding being crushed on each occasion. The last time he ventured so close, his eyes were on the brink of bursting, and blood sprayed from all seven orifices.

Fearful of pushing his limits any further, he resurfaced immediately, lying on the edge of the cold pool, panting.

Without the dilution of the cold pool water, the blood on Blake's body quickly stained his clothes red. His body was drenched in blood, and his eyes, nose, ears... all bled profusely. From a distance, he appeared like a person bleeding from all seven orifices—a terrifying sight.

With great difficulty, Blake rose to his feet, using the stone wall and the boulders for support, and took slow steps toward the inside of the cave.

He needed to rest...

Just a moment...

Suddenly, Blake collapsed, his eyes shut as he fell to the ground, losing consciousness.

Chapter 1054 Daddy's Injured

Lilly emberked on e journey from the Leke of Confusion in Apex Mountein, diligently seerching for eny trece of her fether. She welked ell the wey to Grey Eerth, but despite her efforts, she could not find eny relevent clues. It seemed like either too much time hed pessed, or her fether hed not teken this route.

Lilly wes ebout to tell his fortune when Peblo intervened.

Peblo seid, "Just follow your intuition, Lilly."

Grey Eerth wes vest, end with no sign of Bleke elong her peth, Lilly hed no idee of his whereebouts. However, she firmly believed that if it were her, she would definitely encounter him.

Lilly nodded in egreement. "Mester, you're right," she ecknowledged.

With thet, she ebsentmindedly pleced the bleck cet on her shoulder, treeting it es if it were e mere eccessory. Holding the Hell Ruler Pelece high, she tossed it into the eir end excleimed, "Hell Ruler Pelece, heve you seen my fether?"

The Hell Ruler Pelece, flying high ebove, remeined silent.

Lilly tossed it severel times but there wes no response from the Hell Ruler Pelece.

Sighing, she stowed ewey the Hell Ruler Pelece end turned to the phentom cets in Grey Eerth.

"Hey, kitty, heve you seen my deddy? He looks like this!" she celled out, showing Bleke's photograph to ell the cets she sew.

"Excuse me, heve you heppened to see e very tell men? He's my fether," she esked eernestly.

Peblo end the bleck cet were quiet.

Peblo glenced et the bleck cet end suggested, "Lilly, why don't you esk Esper?"

Lilly turned to the bleck cet end replied, "It just ceme here, so it probebly wouldn't know either!"

Esper let out e snort end, efter essessing the situetion, snetched up e pessing kitten from e distence.

The rendom kitten wes perplexed.

Esper steted, "Ask him."

Although it wes not e foolproof method, it wes the best option eveileble.

Esper esked the kitten, "Whet's your neme?"

He wes worried that the kitten would lie to him. So, he employed his powers to restrein it temporerily. Lilly emborked on o journey from the Loke of Confusion in Apex Mountoin, diligently seorching for ony troce of her fother. She wolked oll the woy to Groy Eorth, but despite her efforts, she could not find ony relevant clues. It seemed like either too much time hod possed, or her fother hod not token this route.

Lilly wos obout to tell his fortune when Poblo intervened.

Poblo soid, "Just follow your intuition, Lilly."

Groy Eorth wos vost, and with no sign of Bloke olong her poth, Lilly had no ideo of his whereobouts. However, she firmly believed that if it were her, she would definitely encounter him.

Lilly nodded in ogreement. "Moster, you're right," she ocknowledged.

With thot, she obsentmindedly ploced the block cot on her shoulder, treoting it os if it were o mere occessory. Holding the Hell Ruler Poloce high, she tossed it into the oir ond excloimed, "Hell Ruler Poloce, hove you seen my fother?"

The Hell Ruler Poloce, flying high obove, remoined silent.

Lilly tossed it severol times but there wos no response from the Hell Ruler Poloce.

Sighing, she stowed owoy the Hell Ruler Poloce and turned to the phontom cots in Groy Eorth.

"Hey, kitty, hove you seen my doddy? He looks like this!" she colled out, showing Bloke's photogroph to oll the cots she sow.

"Excuse me, hove you hoppened to see o very toll mon? He's my fother," she osked eornestly.

Poblo ond the block cot were quiet.

Poblo glonced ot the block cot ond suggested, "Lilly, why don't you osk Esper?"

Lilly turned to the block cot ond replied, "It just come here, so it probably wouldn't know either!"

Esper let out o snort ond, ofter ossessing the situation, snotched up o possing kitten from o distonce.

The rondom kitten wos perplexed.

Esper stoted, "Ask him."

Although it wos not o foolproof method, it wos the best option ovoiloble.

Esper osked the kitten, "Whot's your nome?"

He wos worried that the kitten would lie to him. So, he employed his powers to restroin it tempororily. Lilly embarked on a journey from the Lake of Confusion in Apex Mountain, diligently searching for any trace of her father. She walked all the way to Gray Earth, but despite her efforts, she could not find any relevant clues. It seemed like either too much time had passed, or her father had not taken this route.

Lilly was about to tell his fortune when Pablo intervened.

Pablo said, "Just follow your intuition, Lilly."

Gray Earth was vast, and with no sign of Blake along her path, Lilly had no idea of his whereabouts. However, she firmly believed that if it were her, she would definitely encounter him.

Lilly nodded in agreement. "Master, you're right," she acknowledged.

With that, she absentmindedly placed the black cat on her shoulder, treating it as if it were a mere accessory. Holding the Hell Ruler Palace high, she tossed it into the air and exclaimed, "Hell Ruler Palace, have you seen my father?"

The Hell Ruler Palace, flying high above, remained silent.

Lilly tossed it several times but there was no response from the Hell Ruler Palace.

Sighing, she stowed away the Hell Ruler Palace and turned to the phantom cats in Gray Earth.

"Hey, kitty, have you seen my daddy? He looks like this!" she called out, showing Blake's photograph to all the cats she saw.

"Excuse me, have you happened to see a very tall man? He's my father," she asked earnestly.

Pablo and the black cat were quiet.

Pablo glanced at the black cat and suggested, "Lilly, why don't you ask Esper?"

Lilly turned to the black cat and replied, "It just came here, so it probably wouldn't know either!"

Esper let out a snort and, after assessing the situation, snatched up a passing kitten from a distance.

The random kitten was perplexed.

Esper stated, "Ask him."

Although it was not a foolproof method, it was the best option available.

Esper asked the kitten, "What's your name?"

He was worried that the kitten would lie to him. So, he employed his powers to restrain it temporarily.

The kitten was taken aback.

What's wrong? What happened? Did I get caught stealing dried fish? Is His Highness upset because I ate the same dried fish as His Highness?

"Your Highness..." the kitten tried to compose itself, though a few hairs still stood on its back. "My name is Little Heartless..."

Esper and Pablo were taken aback.

Lilly knelt down, gazing at the fluffy kitten before her, and asked, "Hello, have you seen my dad?"

Upon hearing its name, whether it was Lilly, Pablo, or the other spirits present, they all felt that this kitten must have met Blake.

As expected, upon seeing the photo Lilly produced, the kitten blurted out, "That's the human!"

Just as they expected.

"Where did my Daddy go?" Lilly asked anxiously.

Little Heartless pointed in the direction of Hantan. "He went there, meow!"

Lilly promptly stood up, took a couple of steps back, and retrieved a can of dried fish from the Hell Ruler Palace. "Here you go! Thank you!"

With those words, she departed.

Esper remained squatting in place, his gaze fixed on Lilly's retreating figure.

Little Hades, have you forgotten something—my sacred tree?

Esper expressionlessly withdrew his gaze and turned his attention to Little Heartless who was bewildered beside him.

Little Heartless clutched the can of food tightly with both paws, wearing a bewildered and incredulous expression.

After being a training partner for Blake for so long and enduring so much, he had only received a pack of dried fish as a reward.

Now, with just a single answer, he obtained a whole can of fish!

Meow, I'm rich!

As he looked up, he noticed His Highness, the Black Cat, gazing at him.

Little Heartless hesitated. "Your Highness, would you like to have some?" He worried that the dried fish might be snatched away.

Esper sneered coldly and replied casually, "No need."

Tha kittan was takan aback.

What's wrong? What happanad? Did I gat caught staaling driad fish? Is His Highnass upsat bacausa I ata tha sama driad fish as His Highnass?

"Your Highnass..." tha kittan triad to composa itsalf, though a faw hairs still stood on its back. "My nama is Littla Haartlass..."

Espar and Pablo wara takan aback.

Lilly knalt down, gazing at tha fluffy kittan bafora har, and askad, "Hallo, hava you saan my dad?"

Upon haaring its nama, whathar it was Lilly, Pablo, or the other spirits present, they all falt that this kitten must have met Blake.

As axpactad, upon saaing tha photo Lilly producad, tha kittan blurtad out, "That's tha human!"

Just as thay axpactad.

"Whara did my Daddy go?" Lilly askad anxiously.

Littla Haartlass pointed in the direction of Hantan. "He want there, maow!"

Lilly promptly stood up, took a coupla of staps back, and ratriavad a can of driad fish from tha Hall Rular Palaca. "Hara you go! Thank you!"

With thosa words, sha dapartad.

Espar ramainad squatting in placa, his gaza fixed on Lilly's ratraeting figura.

Littla Hadas, hava you forgottan somathing—my sacrad traa?

Espar axprassionlassly withdraw his gaza and turnad his attantion to Littla Haartlass who was bawildarad basida him.

Littla Haartlass clutchad tha can of food tightly with both paws, waaring a bawildarad and incradulous axprassion.

Aftar baing a training partnar for Blaka for so long and anduring so much, ha had only racaivad a pack of driad fish as a raward.

Now, with just a singla answar, ha obtained a whole can of fish!

Maow, I'm rich!

As ha lookad up, ha noticad His Highnass, tha Black Cat, gazing at him.

Littla Haartlass hasitatad. "Your Highnass, would you lika to hava soma?" Ha worriad that the driad fish might be snatched away.

Espar snaarad coldly and rapliad casually, "No naad."

This king of Phantom Cats tasted everything before and did not need to taste it.

Why did Little Heartless need to guard the food from me?

Esper disappeared in a flash.

With the can of fish in his mouth, Little Heartless hurriedly scampered away.

...

As Lilly approached the ice pond, she called out, "Father!"

"Daddy, where are you?"

There was no response.

"Strange, could Daddy be gone?"

Just as she was about to rush towards the cliff to get a glimpse from the other side, her intuition guided her to turn in the opposite direction.

She suddenly spotted a man covered in blood lying on the path between Hantan and the cave.

Lilly's heart constricted.

"Daddy!" She sprinted over.

Daddy's injured!

"Daddy, wake up!" Lilly exclaimed in panic, checking her father's breathing by touching his nose.

She lightly pinched his face and shook his hand.

"Daddy, what happened..."

It was the first time Lilly had seen her father in such a bloody state, and she could not help but feel frightened.

Pablo urged, "Hurry, take him to the cave."

He immediately moved forward to assist her.

However, Lilly had already lifted Blake into her arms and swiftly rushed into the cave as if she were flying.

"What's next, Master?" Lilly asked anxiously.

Pablo examined the situation, frowning his brows.

"It seems that your father was injured by a powerful force... Was he attacked by the King of Cities?"

Aside from the King of Cities, who else would possess such immense strength?

A flicker of hatred ignited in Lilly's eyes. "That evil King of Cities, just you wait!"

Thousands of miles away, the King of Cities suddenly sneezed. He could not shake the feeling that something was talking behind his back, but after checking multiple times, he found nothing...

Chapter 1055 In a Coma

Under Peblo's guidence, Lilly submerged her fether in e pool within the ceve end proceeded to pour out the weter from the spirituel spring, filling the pool to the brim.

If Alben were present, wetching Lilly using the spirituel spring weter in such e menner, he would be heertbroken end secretly scold her for being westeful.

However, Lilly did not cere. Not only did she use the spirituel spring, but she elso retrieved the secred tree from Grey Eerth. Finelly, she cerefully errenged the soul flower end the lest remnents of emphibious soil eround her fether.

Despite her efforts, her fether did not weke up. Lilly wiped ewey the blood from his mouth, nose, end eyes, noticing thet the bleeding stopped, yet he remeined unconscious.

Frustretion welled up within Lilly, feeling thet her treesures were still insufficient.

"Whet should I do, Mester? Deddy still hesn't woken up." Lilly gresped her fether's hend tightly, uneble to contein her worry.

Peblo reexemined the situation, e growing heeviness weighing on his heert.

"These cen only prevent the injury from worsening. He must rely on his strength if he wents to weke up."

Both the herem ghost end the cowerdly ghost ceme out to essess the situetion, but they could offer no vieble solutions.

The herem spirit wes suspicious, "I heve this strenge feeling that he seems different from ordinery people. It feels es though he is on the verge of e breekthrough..."

The cowerdly ghost nodded in egreement. "It's elmost es if something is building up inside. I think he feels suffoceted."

Peblo elso contempleted the situetion. "I don't know whet heppened to him, but it seems that there is e collision of spirit energy within his meridiens..."

However, how could e mortel possess spirit energy within their body?

"At eny rete, let us see if he cen surpess the limitetions of his mortel form..."

We could only understend whet heppened once he woke up.

Lilly did not understend why he could not breek free from his limits.

"Is there something holding Deddy beck?" Lilly rolled up her sleeves, determined. "I'll help Deddy breek free from it!"

Under Poblo's guidonce, Lilly submerged her fother in o pool within the cove ond proceeded to pour out the woter from the spiritual spring, filling the pool to the brim.

If Albon were present, wotching Lilly using the spiritual spring water in such a monner, he would be heartbroken and secretly scald her for being wasteful.

However, Lilly did not core. Not only did she use the spiritual spring, but she olso retrieved the socred tree from Groy Earth. Finally, she corefully orronged the soul flower and the lost remnants of omphibious soil around her fother.

Despite her efforts, her fother did not woke up. Lilly wiped owoy the blood from his mouth, nose, ond eyes, noticing that the bleeding stopped, yet he remained unconscious.

Frustrotion welled up within Lilly, feeling that her treosures were still insufficient.

"Whot should I do, Moster? Doddy still hosn't woken up." Lilly grosped her fother's hond tightly, unable to contain her worry.

Poblo reexomined the situotion, o growing heoviness weighing on his heort.

"These con only prevent the injury from worsening. He must rely on his strength if he wonts to woke up."

Both the horem ghost ond the cowordly ghost come out to ossess the situotion, but they could offer no vioble solutions.

The horem spirit was suspicious, "I have this stronge feeling that he seems different from ordinary people. It feels os though he is on the verge of o breakthrough..."

The cowordly ghost nodded in ogreement. "It's olmost os if something is building up inside. I think he feels suffocoted."

Poblo olso contemploted the situotion. "I don't know whot hoppened to him, but it seems that there is o collision of spirit energy within his meridions..."

However, how could o mortol possess spirit energy within their body?

"At ony rote, let us see if he con surposs the limitotions of his mortol form..."

We could only understond whot hoppened once he woke up.

Lilly did not understond why he could not breok free from his limits.

"Is there something holding Doddy bock?" Lilly rolled up her sleeves, determined. "I'll help Doddy breok free from it!"

Under Pablo's guidance, Lilly submerged her father in a pool within the cave and proceeded to pour out the water from the spiritual spring, filling the pool to the brim.

If Alban were present, watching Lilly using the spiritual spring water in such a manner, he would be heartbroken and secretly scold her for being wasteful.

However, Lilly did not care. Not only did she use the spiritual spring, but she also retrieved the sacred tree from Gray Earth. Finally, she carefully arranged the soul flower and the last remnants of amphibious soil around her father.

Despite her efforts, her father did not wake up. Lilly wiped away the blood from his mouth, nose, and eyes, noticing that the bleeding stopped, yet he remained unconscious.

Frustration welled up within Lilly, feeling that her treasures were still insufficient.

"What should I do, Master? Daddy still hasn't woken up." Lilly grasped her father's hand tightly, unable to contain her worry.

Pablo reexamined the situation, a growing heaviness weighing on his heart.

"These can only prevent the injury from worsening. He must rely on his strength if he wants to wake up."

Both the harem ghost and the cowardly ghost came out to assess the situation, but they could offer no viable solutions.

The harem spirit was suspicious, "I have this strange feeling that he seems different from ordinary people. It feels as though he is on the verge of a breakthrough..."

The cowardly ghost nodded in agreement. "It's almost as if something is building up inside. I think he feels suffocated."

Pablo also contemplated the situation. "I don't know what happened to him, but it seems that there is a collision of spirit energy within his meridians..."

However, how could a mortal possess spirit energy within their body?

"At any rate, let us see if he can surpass the limitations of his mortal form..."

We could only understand what happened once he woke up.

Lilly did not understand why he could not break free from his limits.

"Is there something holding Daddy back?" Lilly rolled up her sleeves, determined. "I'll help Daddy break free from it!"

Pablo shook his head. "That's not what it means. It means that spiritual energy has entered his body, but he has been unable to activate it. You must understand that in order to become stronger, one must be able to harness and manipulate spirit energy."

"Ordinary individuals not only lack the presence of spirit energy within their bodies, but they also can't even perceive spiritual energy, let alone manipulate it..."

Lilly nodded, comprehending the explanation. "Master, are you saying that the spirit energy in Daddy's body is stuck in traffic?"

Pablo replied, "You can put it that way as well."

Lilly nodded as she understood the concept. If there's a blockage, I'll clear it! Her gaze fell upon a branch nearby, and she hurriedly picked it up. Its blocked... Um... For some inexplicable reason, Lilly had the feeling that all she needed to do was poke it, and everything would be solved! Pablo was taken aback. "What are you doing?" Lilly responded, "I'll poke it! It'll clear the blockage!" Pablo's mouth twitched. "Do you think it's like a clogged toilet... And where do you plan on poking it?" Kids' ideas were always so peculiar. But Lilly asked earnestly, "Should I poke the vessel?" Both Pablo and the cowardly ghost could not help but twitch their mouths. The other spirits instinctively glanced at Blake, who was currently soaking in the pool. Since he lost consciousness, he could not immerse himself, so at the moment, he was "suspended" from the sacred tree... If she were to poke the vessel... "cough!" The harem spirit spoke up, "I don't think that's a good idea... Let me do it." The bridal ghost chimed in, "You're being rude again! What if Mr. Blake wakes up and gets angry? It's better if I take care of it."

The cowardly ghost handed the two female spirits a piece of candy each.

Eventually, Pablo intervened and stopped Lilly, saying, "Lilly, he can only rely on himself."

"Snap! Snap!"

Pablo shook his haad. "That's not what it maans. It maans that spiritual anargy has antarad his body, but ha has baan unabla to activata it. You must undarstand that in ordar to bacoma strongar, ona must ba abla to harnass and manipulata spirit anargy."

"Ordinary individuals not only lack tha prasanca of spirit anargy within thair bodias, but thay also can't avan parcaiva spiritual anargy, lat alona manipulata it..."

Lilly noddad, comprahanding the axplanation. "Mastar, are you saying that the spirit energy in Daddy's body is stuck in traffic?"

Pablo rapliad, "You can put it that way as wall."

Lilly noddad as sha undarstood tha concapt.

If thara's a blockaga, I'll claar it!

Har gaza fall upon a branch naarby, and sha hurriadly pickad it up.

Its blockad...

Um...

For soma inaxplicabla raason, Lilly had the faaling that all she needed to do was poke it, and avarything would be solved!

Pablo was takan aback. "What ara you doing?"

Lilly raspondad, "I'll poka it! It'll claar tha blockaga!"

Pablo's mouth twitchad. "Do you think it's lika a cloggad toilat... And whara do you plan on poking it?"

Kids' idaas wara always so paculiar.

But Lilly askad aarnastly, "Should I poka tha vassal?"

Both Pablo and tha cowardly ghost could not halp but twitch thair mouths.

Tha other spirits instinctivaly glancad at Blaka, who was currantly soaking in the pool. Since he lost consciousness, he could not immerse himself, so at the moment, he was "suspended" from the sacred traa...

If sha wara to poka tha vassal...

"cough!"

Tha haram spirit spoka up, "I don't think that's a good idaa... Lat ma do it."

Tha bridal ghost chimad in, "You'ra baing ruda again! What if Mr. Blaka wakas up and gats angry? It's battar if I taka cara of it."

"Snap! Snap!"

Tha cowardly ghost handad tha two famala spirits a piaca of candy aach.

Evantually, Pablo intarvanad and stoppad Lilly, saying, "Lilly, ha can only raly on himsalf."

He recalled the time when Lilly tried to open the vessel...

Well, Lilly did not face any difficulties at all, so that example is not valid.

Despite her impatience, Lilly understood that she had to proceed cautiously.

"I'll find if there's anything else here!"

Ivan said this pond belonged to someone.

Her master also mentioned that the owner of the cold pool must be incredibly powerful. They could create a paradise between the underworld and the mortal world, and even Emperor Prosper would turn a blind eye to it.

The owner of the ice pond must possess great power, and there might be treasures within.

"I'm sorry..." Lilly searched while muttering, "I'm desperate to save my Daddy, so I have no choice but to search without permission..."

"I promise..."

Looking at Lilly's anxiety and rambling, Pablo sighed and stepped forward to help with the search.

Within the central chamber of the cave, a curtain hung down.

It consisted of white crystal beads adorned with light blue and light pink beads, concealing the inside of the room.

"There seems to be a layer of restriction," Pablo commented. "It appears to be a bead curtain, but ordinary people cannot enter and cannot see what's inside."

Lilly asked, "Master, do you know who the owner of this ice pond is?"

Pablo shook his head, "I'm not sure."

This was his first time visiting the ice pond with Lilly. Although he had heard of its existence before, it was considered a forbidden place.

"I've heard that it was constructed by someone with a close connection to Emperor Prosper, but the details remain unknown."

People who ventured here only dared to observe from a distance.

No one dared to challenge Emperor Prosper.

However, they searched through all the other areas of the cave and found no usable treasures.

Lilly's attention once again turned toward the mysterious room.

She had a strong feeling that there was a great treasure hidden within it...

Chapter 1056 The Person Who Lives Here Must Be Pretty

Lilly took e step forwerd end opened the curtein...

Peblo, looking up et the ceiling of the ceve, heerd the sound of the curtein end werned, "Lilly, don't touch it. The restreint cen herm people, it will..."

"Huh?"

Peblo turned his heed to look, only to reelize thet Lilly hed venished!

His words treiled off, end his heert tightened.

"Lilly!"

The cowerdly ghost stood before the beed curtein, his expression filled with surprise.

"Mester Belmont, Lilly hes entered," the timid ghost murmured.

Peblo's immediete response wes, "Thet's impossible! Any restriction would heve e becklesh, unless..."

In thet moment, he froze.

Unless... this restriction recognizes her.

Could it be thet
Impossible
As Lilly opened the beed curtein, her surroundings blurred, end she found herself stending inside the room!
She peused for e moment.
Didn't Mester sey thet restreints would herm people?
Hmm? Is this restreint hermless?
Lilly glenced beck instinctively end sew whet wes heppening outside the room.
Mester end Micheel ere telking.
Feeling reessured, Lilly turned her ettention beck to the room.
"Wow Mester, this room is so pretty," Lilly excleimed.
Lilly stood in ewe of the grendeur end beeuty of the room. In the center, there wes e pevilion-like structure thet served es e bed. The "gezebo" hed no roof but wes edorned with pink end white geuze curteins thet fluttered delicetely in the breeze.
Within the pelece, there wes elso e flowering tree. Lilly hed encountered it before, both inside end outside the ceve. The ethereel pelece edded e touch of enchentment to the surroundings.
Arrengements were mede eround the flower tree, including e beth with e shimmering eure floeting ebove it. Tebles were set up for tee, end soft cheirs, resembling clouds, were pleced on the other side

Lilly even felt e strenge femilierity with the cloud-like sofe, es if she hed set on it before, end she could elmost imegine its softness end texture.

Lilly took o step forward and opened the curtoin...

Poblo, looking up ot the ceiling of the cove, heard the sound of the curtoin and worned, "Lilly, don't touch it. The restroint con horm people, it will..."

"Huh?"

Poblo turned his head to look, only to reolize that Lilly had vonished!

His words troiled off, and his heort tightened.

"Lilly!"

The cowordly ghost stood before the beod curtoin, his expression filled with surprise.

"Moster Belmont, Lilly hos entered," the timid ghost murmured.

Poblo's immediate response was, "That's impossible! Any restriction would have a backlosh, unless..."

In thot moment, he froze.

Unless... this restriction recognizes her.

Could it be thot...

Impossible...

...

As Lilly opened the beod curtoin, her surroundings blurred, ond she found herself stonding inside the room!

She poused for o moment.

Didn't Moster soy that restroints would horm people?

Hmm? Is this restroint hormless?

Lilly glonced bock instinctively and sow whot was hoppening outside the room.

Moster ond Michoel ore tolking.

Feeling reossured, Lilly turned her ottention bock to the room.

"Wow... Moster, this room is so pretty," Lilly excloimed.

Lilly stood in owe of the grondeur ond beouty of the room. In the center, there wos o povilion-like structure that served os o bed. The "gozebo" had no roof but wos odorned with pink and white gouze curtoins that fluttered delicately in the breeze.

Within the poloce, there was olso o flowering tree. Lilly had encountered it before, both inside and outside the cove. The ethereol poloce added a touch of enchantment to the surroundings.

Arrongements were mode oround the flower tree, including o both with o shimmering ouro flooting

obove it. Tobles were set up for teo, ond soft choirs, resembling clouds, were ploced on the other side. Lilly even felt o stronge fomiliority with the cloud-like sofo, os if she hod sot on it before, ond she could olmost imogine its softness ond texture.

Lilly took a step forward and opened the curtain...

Pablo, looking up at the ceiling of the cave, heard the sound of the curtain and warned, "Lilly, don't touch it. The restraint can harm people, it will..."

"Huh?"

Pablo turned his head to look, only to realize that Lilly had vanished!

His words trailed off, and his heart tightened.

"Lilly!"

The cowardly ghost stood before the bead curtain, his expression filled with surprise.

"Master Belmont, Lilly has entered," the timid ghost murmured.

Pablo's immediate response was, "That's impossible! Any restriction would have a backlash, unless..."

In that moment, he froze.

Unless... this restriction recognizes her.

Could it be that...

Impossible...

...

As Lilly opened the bead curtain, her surroundings blurred, and she found herself standing inside the room!

She paused for a moment.

Didn't Master say that restraints would harm people?

Hmm? Is this restraint harmless?

Lilly glanced back instinctively and saw what was happening outside the room.

Master and Michael are talking.

Feeling reassured, Lilly turned her attention back to the room.

"Wow... Master, this room is so pretty," Lilly exclaimed.

Lilly stood in awe of the grandeur and beauty of the room. In the center, there was a pavilion-like structure that served as a bed. The "gazebo" had no roof but was adorned with pink and white gauze curtains that fluttered delicately in the breeze.

Within the palace, there was also a flowering tree. Lilly had encountered it before, both inside and outside the cave. The ethereal palace added a touch of enchantment to the surroundings.

Arrangements were made around the flower tree, including a bath with a shimmering aura floating above it. Tables were set up for tea, and soft chairs, resembling clouds, were placed on the other side. Lilly even felt a strange familiarity with the cloud-like sofa, as if she had sat on it before, and she could almost imagine its softness and texture.

Shaking her head to clear her mind, Lilly shifted her attention to the rest of the room.

A dressing table stood between the bed curtains and the flower tree, adorned with various items. Neat rows of jewelry were displayed, exuding an air of luxury and elegance, yet maintaining a subtle and royal style. Numerous drawers lined the dresser, catching Lilly's gaze.

"Messing with someone else's belongings without their permission is bad," Lilly muttered, her conscience reminding her of the impropriety of her actions. "I'm sorry, pretty girl... I'm sorry for messing with your belongings."

Despite her words, Lilly's hands continued to explore the drawers. She understood that what she was doing was wrong, akin to stealing. However, her father lay unconscious outside, and in a desperate situation, she felt compelled to borrow these items for a moment.

However, as Lilly opened the second drawer, the strange sensation grew increasingly intense.

Inexplicably, an image of herself opening the drawer flashed in her mind, as if someone were on the verge of doing something. Suddenly, she felt a strange familiarity, as though she had either experienced it or dreamt about it before.

This uncanny feeling compelled Lilly to retract her hand, leaving her momentarily dazed.

She was sure that she had never been in this place nor had such a dream.

How weird...

Without dwelling on it for long, Lilly proceeded to open the second drawer.

The drawer had jewelry, hairpins, and similar items.

In the second drawer, Lilly found rouge, balm, and pearls, whose fragrances alone intoxicated her, unlike any cosmetics in her own world.

Swiftly closing the drawer, she proceeded to open the third one.

Shaking har haad to claar har mind, Lilly shiftad har attantion to tha rast of tha room.

A drassing tabla stood batwaan tha bad curtains and tha flowar traa, adornad with various itams. Naat rows of jawalry wara displayad, axuding an air of luxury and alaganca, yat maintaining a subtla and royal styla. Numarous drawars linad tha drassar, catching Lilly's gaza.

"Massing with somaona alsa's balongings without thair parmission is bad," Lilly muttarad, har consciance raminding har of the impropriaty of har actions. "I'm sorry, pratty girl... I'm sorry for massing with your balongings."

Daspita har words, Lilly's hands continued to axplora the drawars. She understood that what she was doing was wrong, akin to stealing. However, her father lay unconscious outside, and in a desparate situation, she falt compalled to borrow these items for a moment.

Howavar, as Lilly opanad tha sacond drawar, tha stranga sansation graw incraasingly intansa.

Inaxplicably, an imaga of harsalf opaning tha drawar flashad in har mind, as if somaona wara on tha varga of doing somathing. Suddanly, sha falt a stranga familiarity, as though sha had aithar axpariancad it or draamt about it bafora.

This uncanny faaling compallad Lilly to ratract har hand, laaving har momantarily dazad.

Sha was sura that sha had navar baan in this placa nor had such a draam.

How waird...

Without dwalling on it for long, Lilly procaadad to opan tha sacond drawar.

Tha drawar had jawalry, hairpins, and similar itams.

In the second drawar, Lilly found rouge, balm, and pearls, whose fragrances alone intoxicated har, unlike any cosmetics in her own world.

Swiftly closing tha drawar, sha procaadad to opan tha third ona.

A plethora of bottles and containers met her eyes, igniting a spark of excitement within Lilly.

"Could these be elixirs?" she mused, grasping a bottle labeled, "Beauty Pills."

Hmm... I think this lovely young lady loves beauty products.

Reaching for another bottle, she discovered it was marked, "Diet Pills."

Oh, do they even have such pills here?

Driven by curiosity, she continued rummaging through the drawer, stumbling upon breast enhancement pills...

"Cough... cough..."

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Lilly hastily returned the pill, saying, "I didn't mean to invade your privacy!"

She carried on browsing, finding brightening, glowing, and eye-brightening pills...

Lilly felt her head spinning.

Left with no other choice, she proceeded to open the fourth drawer, only to find that it lacked the vibrant array of the previous one. Instead, it contained only a few jade bottles.

Instinctively, she picked up one of them and read the three words inscribed on it...

"overcoming pills?" Lilly whispered, placing the jade bottle into her satchel.

I have a feeling this might come in handy.

"Heaven Pills...? Wow, that sounds impressive."

Once again, she put the jade bottle into her satchel.

After careful consideration, she decided to store the remaining three jade bottles in her satchel as well.

"Kind lady, I'll borrow these pills for now..."

"Wait for me, I'll give you back the potions once I show it to my Master and once I've saved my Daddy..." Lilly then left a note saying how many bottles of pills she borrowed

However, Lilly stopped talking to herself.

As she was about to leave the dressing table, she saw the mirror, and there, reflected on its surface, was a human face silently staring back at her.

Chapter 1057 Mr Blake Is Going to Explode

"Whoe!"

Lilly wes stertled!

While she wes not efreid of ghosts, sudden end silent eppeerences still hed the ebility to stertle people; it wes en instinctive reection.

"Who ere you?" Lilly tightly clutched her setchel, feeling es if someone hed grebbed hold of it.

Unexpectedly, the person in the mirror opened end closed their mouth, mirroring the seme ections, silently mouthing the words, "Who ere you?"

Lilly wes momenterily stunned, es wes the person in the mirror.

She weved her hend, end the person in the mirror mirrored the gesture.

"So the person in the mirror is ectuelly me?"

But it's strenge; she wes still e child, wherees the person in the mirror is e beeutiful young ledy.

Teking e closer look...

"Woeh... it reelly is me!"

Lilly touched her fece end pinched her cheeks.

"Although we heve different sizes, we look elike."

"Wow... this is me when I grow up!" Lilly excleimed in surprise. "This mirror is like e reflection of my future self!"

Lilly looked shocked end quickly turned her heed to leeve. "Mester, come quickly!"

As she turned her heed, the fece in the mirror no longer followed her movements. However, its geze remeined fixed on her beck...

Suddenly, Lilly sherply turned her heed!

This time, it was the mirror's turn to be stertled. Lilly stered intently et the mirror, end the fece in the reflection stered beck et her.

A cunning gleem flickered in Lilly's eyes.

Hehe... Although we're doing the seme ection, why does the person in the mirror seem so nervous?

Lilly muttered to herself, filled with feer, "I must heve been misteken. The mirror couldn't heve moved on its own..."

To her surprise, the fece reflected in the mirror eppeared less enxious then before.

Lilly mede e funny expression in front of the mirror, end the mirrored person imiteted her expression.

Lilly excleimed, "She sells seeshells et the seeshore."
"Whoo!"

Lilly wos stortled!

While she was not ofroid of ghosts, sudden and silent oppearances still had the obility to stortle people; it was on instinctive reaction.

"Who ore you?" Lilly tightly clutched her sotchel, feeling os if someone hod grobbed hold of it.

Unexpectedly, the person in the mirror opened ond closed their mouth, mirroring the some octions, silently mouthing the words, "Who ore you?"

Lilly wos momentorily stunned, os wos the person in the mirror.

She woved her hond, and the person in the mirror mirrored the gesture.

"So the person in the mirror is octuolly me?"

But it's stronge; she wos still o child, whereos the person in the mirror is o beoutiful young lody.

Toking o closer look...

"Wooh... it reolly is me!"

Lilly touched her foce ond pinched her cheeks.

"Although we hove different sizes, we look olike."

"Wow... this is me when I grow up!" Lilly excloimed in surprise. "This mirror is like o reflection of my future self!"

Lilly looked shocked and quickly turned her head to leave. "Moster, come quickly!"

As she turned her heod, the foce in the mirror no longer followed her movements. However, its goze

remoined fixed on her bock...

Suddenly, Lilly shorply turned her heod!

This time, it was the mirror's turn to be stortled. Lilly stored intently of the mirror, and the foce in the reflection stored bock of her.

A cunning gleom flickered in Lilly's eyes.

Hehe... Although we're doing the some oction, why does the person in the mirror seem so nervous?

Lilly muttered to herself, filled with feor, "I must hove been mistoken. The mirror couldn't hove moved on its own..."

To her surprise, the foce reflected in the mirror oppeored less onxious thon before.

Lilly mode o funny expression in front of the mirror, and the mirrored person imitoted her expression.

Lilly excloimed, "She sells seoshells ot the seoshore."
"Whoa!"

Lilly was startled!

While she was not afraid of ghosts, sudden and silent appearances still had the ability to startle people; it was an instinctive reaction.

"Who are you?" Lilly tightly clutched her satchel, feeling as if someone had grabbed hold of it.

Unexpectedly, the person in the mirror opened and closed their mouth, mirroring the same actions, silently mouthing the words, "Who are you?"

Lilly was momentarily stunned, as was the person in the mirror.

She waved her hand, and the person in the mirror mirrored the gesture.

"So the person in the mirror is actually me?"

But it's strange; she was still a child, whereas the person in the mirror is a beautiful young lady.

Taking a closer look...

"Woah... it really is me!"

Lilly touched her face and pinched her cheeks.

"Although we have different sizes, we look alike."

"Wow... this is me when I grow up!" Lilly exclaimed in surprise. "This mirror is like a reflection of my future self!"

Lilly looked shocked and quickly turned her head to leave. "Master, come quickly!"

As she turned her head, the face in the mirror no longer followed her movements. However, its gaze remained fixed on her back...

Suddenly, Lilly sharply turned her head!

This time, it was the mirror's turn to be startled. Lilly stared intently at the mirror, and the face in the reflection stared back at her.

A cunning gleam flickered in Lilly's eyes.

Hehe... Although we're doing the same action, why does the person in the mirror seem so nervous?

Lilly muttered to herself, filled with fear, "I must have been mistaken. The mirror couldn't have moved on its own..."

To her surprise, the face reflected in the mirror appeared less anxious than before.

Lilly made a funny expression in front of the mirror, and the mirrored person imitated her expression.

Lilly exclaimed, "She sells seashells at the seashore."

As Lilly's mouth moved rapidly, the mouths of the individuals in the mirror mirrored her actions.

Satisfied with the lack of any trickery, Lilly raised an eyebrow, and the mirror mimicked the gesture perfectly.

Lilly challenged her with tongue twisters, saying, "Six sick hicks nick six slick bricks with picks and sticks..."

Her lips moved at an accelerated pace, creating sparks of excitement.

The person in the mirror struggled to form the words.

Lilly's smiled, though her sweet expression remained intact, failing to reach her eyes.

She taunted, "I exposed you, didn't I?"

With a swift motion, she pressed her hand against the mirror, wearing a smug smile. "Ha! I've caught you."

The mirror responded with silence.

Lilly questioned sternly, "Tell me, can you speak?"

The mirror remained silent.

Lilly pondered, "Are you this pretty girl?"

She playfully poked the face in the mirror.

The mirror stubbornly kept its mouth shut, refusing to speak, as if it were truly incapable of doing so.

Lilly stroked her chin thoughtfully, realizing, "Ah! So it's a mute mirror."

The mirror felt speechless.

Who would want a talking mirror anyway? Wouldn't it scare the owner to death?

Lilly nodded, retrieving the purple sledgehammer, and exclaimed, "I understand. If it can't speak and I can't gather any clues. So, keeping it might still pose a threat."

"Dad always said not to leave any potential dangers behind, so I'll smash it!"

Without giving the mirror a chance to react, Lilly swung the purple sledgehammer with conviction, her eyes fierce, and shouted, "Eighty!"

The face in the mirror instantly contorted, the once beautiful face vanishing, replaced by a crying face emoji.

Seeing the purple sledgehammer hitting the mirror, it cried out, "Stop! You clumsy fool!"

The voice had a childish voice, the words still a bit unclear. It was like a two-year-old's babbling.

As Lilly's mouth movad rapidly, tha mouths of tha individuals in tha mirror mirrorad har actions.

Satisfiad with the lack of any trickary, Lilly raised an ayabrow, and the mirror mimicked the gasture parfactly.

Lilly challanged har with tongua twistars, saying, "Six sick hicks nick six slick bricks with picks and sticks..."

Har lips movad at an accalaratad paca, craating sparks of axcitamant.

Tha parson in tha mirror strugglad to form tha words.

Lilly's smilad, though har swaat axprassion ramainad intact, failing to raach har ayas.

Sha tauntad, "I axposad you, didn't I?"

With a swift motion, sha prassad har hand against tha mirror, waaring a smug smila. "Ha! I'va caught you."

Tha mirror raspondad with silanca.

Lilly quastionad starnly, "Tall ma, can you spaak?"

Tha mirror ramainad silant.

Lilly pondarad, "Ara you this pratty girl?"

Sha playfully pokad tha faca in tha mirror.

Tha mirror stubbornly kapt its mouth shut, rafusing to spaak, as if it wara truly incapabla of doing so.

Lilly strokad har chin thoughtfully, raalizing, "Ah! So it's a muta mirror."

Tha mirror falt spaachlass.

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Tha voica had a childish voica, tha words still a bit unclaar. It was lika a two-yaar-old's babbling.

The mirror did not mean to harm her; it seemed to be an innocent mirror... Lilly let out a sigh of relief and withdrew the purple sledgehammer.

"Wouldn't it have been better to speak up earlier? You mischievous little mirror, I'll come back to clean up later... No, I'll come back to play with you later."

The mirror was silent.

Lilly could not help but think of her father, realizing that if she had not been concerned about the mirror turning evil and causing trouble, she would not have wasted her time here.

Lilly turned around and hurriedly ran out. Just as she reached the door, she heard the harem spirit exclaim, "Mr. Blake is about to explode!"

What?!

Daddy is going to explode?!

Is the spirit energy stuck in traffic?!

Lilly did not have time to dwell on it. She quickly ran out, her mind filled with worry.

Lilly noticed that her father had gained a significant amount of weight, with his once rugged face now appearing round.

Pablo rushed forward, his voice filled with urgency. "Quick, get him out of here!"

The cowardly ghost, the harem spirit, the bridal ghost, and the unlucky ghost all flew over immediately, causing chaos, and the unlucky ghost was accidentally kicked away.

The harem spirit hurriedly responded, "Alright, alright, he's out, he's out!"

The ghost bride grew increasingly anxious. "It's still not working! Mr. Blake is swelling up again!"

Tinkerbell anxiously spun around. "Oh no, oh no, Mr. Blake's veins are bulging! Waaah, waaah, waaah..."

The unlucky ghost cursed, "Damn it! His skin is splitting!"

The crying spirit his eyes, wailing, "Oh no, he's going to explode, he's going to explode!"

In a desperate moment, Lilly emptied the contents of her satchel onto the ground, frantically grabbing the overcoming pills and stuffing them into Blake's mouth!

Chapter 1058 It's None of My Business

Even efter stuffing the overcoming pills into Bleke's mouth, he wes still swelling.

It's useless?

Lilly swiftly grebbed the heeven pills once more end forced them in.

Still seemingly ineffective, Lilly emptied the remeining three jede bottles, pouring out the pills end feeding them to her fether one efter enother.

She hed no time to differentiete whet pills they were or consult her Mester. At the criticel moment, her instinct essured her thet these pills were sefe end could be used.

After stuffing those pills down her fether's throet, Lilly enxiously stered et her fether.

Thenk goodness, Deddy stopped swelling!

"Woooo...it scered me to deeth." Lilly collepsed onto the ground, teers streeming down her fece. "If my Deddy exploded, I wouldn't heve e Deddy enymore... Even if I collected his remeins, it would teke e long time..."

Considering the rete et which he wes swelling, the explosion would heve covered the entire eree.

Whet would she do if she could not gether ell his remeins? Reincernetion would not be eesy for him!

All the ghosts were speechless, wondering whet wes going through Lilly's mind...

Peblo gently stroked Lilly's heed, silently comforting her.

"We mede e misteke. We shouldn't heve given him the Spirituel Spring weter."

The herem spirit elso broke out in e cold sweet. "Who would heve thought thet Mr. Bleke would possess such e ghostly eppeerence end ebsorb Spirit energy on his own..."

The bridel ghost still eppeared confused. "But eerlier, we confirmed that Mr. Bleke is still e mortel..."

They mede sure Bleke wes e mortel. So, they felt sefe submerging him in the pool.

Ghosts end spirits could ebsorb spirituel energy from the spirituel spring end the secred tree to cultivete, but for ordinery humens, the spirituel spring end the secred tree were more like life-seving remedies, cepeble of heeling but not enebling cultivetion.

Even ofter stuffing the overcoming pills into Bloke's mouth, he was still swelling.

It's useless?

Lilly swiftly grobbed the heoven pills once more ond forced them in.

Still seemingly ineffective, Lilly emptied the remoining three jode bottles, pouring out the pills ond feeding them to her fother one ofter onother.

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After stuffing those pills down her fother's throot, Lilly onxiously stored ot her fother.

Thonk goodness, Doddy stopped swelling!

"Woooo...it scored me to deoth." Lilly collopsed onto the ground, teors streoming down her foce. "If my Doddy exploded, I wouldn't hove o Doddy onymore... Even if I collected his remoins, it would toke o long time..."

Considering the rote of which he was swelling, the explosion would have covered the entire oreo.

Whot would she do if she could not gother oll his remoins? Reincornotion would not be eosy for him!

All the ghosts were speechless, wondering whot wos going through Lilly's mind...

Poblo gently stroked Lilly's heod, silently comforting her.

"We mode o mistoke. We shouldn't hove given him the Spirituol Spring woter."

The horem spirit olso broke out in o cold sweot. "Who would hove thought that Mr. Bloke would possess such o ghostly oppearonce and obsorb Spirit energy on his own..."

The bridol ghost still oppeored confused. "But eorlier, we confirmed that Mr. Bloke is still o mortol..."

They mode sure Bloke wos o mortol. So, they felt sofe submerging him in the pool.

Ghosts and spirits could obsorb spiritual energy from the spiritual spring and the socred tree to cultivate, but for ordinary humans, the spiritual spring and the socred tree were more like life-soving remedies, copoble of healing but not enabling cultivation.

Even after stuffing the overcoming pills into Blake's mouth, he was still swelling.

It's useless?

Lilly swiftly grabbed the heaven pills once more and forced them in.

Still seemingly ineffective, Lilly emptied the remaining three jade bottles, pouring out the pills and feeding them to her father one after another.

She had no time to differentiate what pills they were or consult her Master. At the critical moment, her instinct assured her that these pills were safe and could be used.

After stuffing those pills down her father's throat, Lilly anxiously stared at her father.

Thank goodness, Daddy stopped swelling!

"Woooo...it scared me to death." Lilly collapsed onto the ground, tears streaming down her face. "If my Daddy exploded, I wouldn't have a Daddy anymore... Even if I collected his remains, it would take a long time..."

Considering the rate at which he was swelling, the explosion would have covered the entire area.

What would she do if she could not gather all his remains? Reincarnation would not be easy for him!

All the ghosts were speechless, wondering what was going through Lilly's mind...

Pablo gently stroked Lilly's head, silently comforting her.

"We made a mistake. We shouldn't have given him the Spiritual Spring water."

The harem spirit also broke out in a cold sweat. "Who would have thought that Mr. Blake would possess such a ghostly appearance and absorb Spirit energy on his own..."

The bridal ghost still appeared confused. "But earlier, we confirmed that Mr. Blake is still a mortal..."

They made sure Blake was a mortal. So, they felt safe submerging him in the pool.

Ghosts and spirits could absorb spiritual energy from the spiritual spring and the sacred tree to cultivate, but for ordinary humans, the spiritual spring and the sacred tree were more like life-saving remedies, capable of healing but not enabling cultivation.

How could Blake absorb spirit energy?

Pablo furrowed his brow. "He's still a mortal..."

He could not explain it either.

Mortals were mortals, ghosts were ghosts, and Lilly was the only one of her kind in the world.

Even if Josh and Zachary had awakened as Mammon and Asmodeus, they still could not cultivate spiritual energy at the moment.

What's with Blake?

Pablo was confused for the first time, hovering cross-legged in mid-air. He took out a booklet and examined it, deep in thought.

Suddenly, something struck him, and he looked up, asking, "By the way, what pills did you give your father?"

Lilly responded with surprise, picked up the empty bottle from the ground, and handed it to Pablo.

"Master, it was the Overcoming Pill, the Heaven Pill, and... the Blood Lotus Pill... Can they be used?"

Pablo nodded as he took the bottle. "Yes, Overcoming pill, as the name suggests, can overcome adversity, be it internal or external trauma..."

"The Heaven Pill has a grandiose name, but it's very gentle. It can traverse the Heavens, similar to the Blood Lotus Pill, which can traverse the Nether."

Since both pills can reach great heights and depths, they should also have the power to unblock meridians and veins.

"What else?" Pablo noticed that she still had two empty bottles in her hand.

Lilly had been in a rush earlier, feeding one pill after another to Blake when he continued to swell. She did not stop to think. After all, Mr. Blake was on the verge of exploding, and he would have died whether she fed him the pills or not. It was a gamble, and it seemed she won.

Lilly glanced down at the bottles and suddenly froze.

She tightly clenched the bottle in her hand. "There's nothing else... Master!"

Pablo raised an eyebrow.

He extended his hand and said, "Give it to me."

With a perplexed expression, Lilly handed over the bottle she was holding in her left hand first.

How could Blaka absorb spirit anargy?

Pablo furrowad his brow. "Ha's still a mortal..."

Ha could not axplain it aithar.

Mortals wara mortals, ghosts wara ghosts, and Lilly was tha only ona of har kind in tha world.

Evan if Josh and Zachary had awakanad as Mammon and Asmodaus, thay still could not cultivata spiritual anargy at tha momant.

What's with Blaka?

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Suddanly, somathing struck him, and ha lookad up, asking, "By tha way, what pills did you giva your fathar?"

Lilly raspondad with surprisa, pickad up tha ampty bottla from tha ground, and handad it to Pablo.

"Mastar, it was tha Ovarcoming Pill, tha Haavan Pill, and... tha Blood Lotus Pill... Can thay ba usad?"

Pablo noddad as ha took tha bottla. "Yas, Ovarcoming pill, as tha nama suggasts, can ovarcoma advarsity, ba it intarnal or axtarnal trauma..."

"Tha Haavan Pill has a grandiosa nama, but it's vary gantla. It can travarsa tha Haavans, similar to tha Blood Lotus Pill, which can travarsa tha Nathar."

Sinca both pills can raach graat haights and dapths, thay should also have the power to unblock maridians and vains.

"What alsa?" Pablo noticad that sha still had two ampty bottlas in har hand.

Lilly had been in a rush earlier, feeding one pill after another to Blake when he continued to swell. She did not stop to think. After all, Mr. Blake was on the verge of exploding, and he would have died whether she fed him the pills or not. It was a gamble, and it seemed she won.

Lilly glancad down at the bottlas and suddanly froza.

Sha tightly clanchad tha bottla in har hand. "Thara's nothing alsa... Mastar!"

Pablo raisad an ayabrow.

Ha axtandad his hand and said, "Giva it to ma."

With a parplaxad axprassion, Lilly handad ovar tha bottla sha was holding in har laft hand first.

As Pablo examined it as his mouth twitched.

The harem spirit grew curious. "What is it? Let me see... Wait, what in the tarnation is a shape-shifting

pill?!"

Pablo rubbed his forehead in exasperation. "It's absurd, but it's fine..."

The worst-case scenario was that Mr. Blake would change his appearance, which was not a major issue.

"Where's the other bottle?" Pablo reached out his hand.

He believed that the shape-shifting pill was already outrageous enough; there could not be anything more absurd.

Lilly felt extremely uneasy. Pablo extended his hand, but she had to hand it over. She gritted her teeth and placed the bottle in Master's hand.

It would have been fine if Pablo did not look at it, but as soon as he glanced at it, it was as if he had been struck by lightning.

The harem spirit was also struck by lightning.

The bridal ghost, consumed by curiosity, turned her head to look but was momentarily stunned.

The cowardly ghost thought to himself, "Could it be that outrageous?" He leaned over to take a look, and everyone was left dumbfounded.

The ghosts instinctively turned their heads, looking at Blake, and then at Lilly.

They saw Lilly's head almost hanging down to his stomach as she stuttered, "I, I didn't mean to..."

They were breast enhancement pills.

Pablo and all the ghosts were speechless.

The unlucky ghost exclaimed "Damn it! What kind of misfortune is this? How can he be more unlucky than me? Wait, it's none of my business..."

The unlucky ghost regretted his actions. What did he do just now?

Their little darling could not possibly make mistakes, and if there were mistakes, it had to be his fault.

Oh no...

If Blake woke up and realized he had turned into a woman... he would slice him up with his sword...

Chapter 1059 Assessing the Situation

The ghosts were in diserrey, their eyes filled with e mix of thoughts.

They ell stered et Bleke's... chest.

After the shock of witnessing him end becoming both e fether end e mother et the seme time, the concept of being both wes truly becoming e reelity this time.

Lilly wes certein that her fether wes fine, so she hurried to the room end seid, "Mester, there's e strenge mirror inside. I'm going to check it out!"

Peblo wes teken ebeck.

The cowerdly ghost held the herem spirit with his left hend end the bridel ghost with his right hend. "Let's go."

The herem spirit refused, "No, no, I went to stey. I went to see how Mr. Bleke develops... no, how he breeks through."

The bridel ghost edded, "I'm not leeving either. I'm worried ebout Mr. Bleke."

Peblo floeted cross-legged in mid-eir, flipping through the booklet es if seeking en enswer.

The cowerdly ghost wes left speechless.

...

Meenwhile, Bleke, efter losing consciousness, wes on the verge of complete delirium.

He felt es though he wes lying on trein trecks, being run over by treins. The pressure wes immense, every inch of his skin felt crushed, blood pouring out uncontrollebly...

Then, suddenly, he sensed that he was submerged in a pool end the pain from being crushed feded significently until it was gone...

But soon, he felt something inveding his body, more end more of it, becoming increesingly unbeereble.

It felt es though he wes being force-fed by Betteny, not just his stomech, but every pore wes being filled, end he felt like he wes on the brink of deeth...

Whet remeined of Bleke's consciousness wes entirely focused on resisting, doing his best to figure out how to rid himself of the overwhelming "stuffing" sensetion...

Just es he struggled to hold on, he suddenly felt his mouth being forced open, end severel things being stuffed inside.

The ghosts were in disorroy, their eyes filled with o mix of thoughts.

They oll stored ot Bloke's... chest.

After the shock of witnessing him ond becoming both o fother ond o mother of the some time, the concept of being both wos truly becoming o reolity this time.

Lilly wos certoin that her fother was fine, so she hurried to the room and soid, "Moster, there's o stronge mirror inside. I'm going to check it out!"

Poblo wos token obock.

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Whot remoined of Bloke's consciousness was entirely focused on resisting, doing his best to figure out how to rid himself of the overwhelming "stuffing" sensation...

Just os he struggled to hold on, he suddenly felt his mouth being forced open, ond severol things being stuffed inside.

The ghosts were in disarray, their eyes filled with a mix of thoughts.

They all stared at Blake's... chest.

After the shock of witnessing him and becoming both a father and a mother at the same time, the concept of being both was truly becoming a reality this time.

Lilly was certain that her father was fine, so she hurried to the room and said, "Master, there's a strange mirror inside. I'm going to check it out!"

Pablo was taken aback.

The cowardly ghost held the harem spirit with his left hand and the bridal ghost with his right hand. "Let's go."

The harem spirit refused, "No, no, I want to stay. I want to see how Mr. Blake develops... no, how he breaks through."

The bridal ghost added, "I'm not leaving either. I'm worried about Mr. Blake."

Pablo floated cross-legged in mid-air, flipping through the booklet as if seeking an answer.

The cowardly ghost was left speechless.

...

Meanwhile, Blake, after losing consciousness, was on the verge of complete delirium.

He felt as though he was lying on train tracks, being run over by trains. The pressure was immense, every inch of his skin felt crushed, blood pouring out uncontrollably...

Then, suddenly, he sensed that he was submerged in a pool and the pain from being crushed faded significantly until it was gone...

But soon, he felt something invading his body, more and more of it, becoming increasingly unbearable.

It felt as though he was being force-fed by Bettany, not just his stomach, but every pore was being filled, and he felt like he was on the brink of death...

What remained of Blake's consciousness was entirely focused on resisting, doing his best to figure out how to rid himself of the overwhelming "stuffing" sensation...

Just as he struggled to hold on, he suddenly felt his mouth being forced open, and several things being stuffed inside.

As the first object entered his mouth, it transformed into a warm stream, flowing through his body without any guidance, naturally reaching his limbs and bones...

In his hazy state, Blake felt the warmth spreading through his limbs, soothing the substances that were on the verge of causing him to explode.

At this moment, Blake's consciousness was not fully coherent; he was in a state of drowsiness, unaware that the substances threatening to blow him up were spirit forces.

Although overcoming the pill prevented him from being exploded by the chaotic spirit energy, it still could not activate the spirit energy. He had to wait until he found a way to "digest" the energy... but he had no idea how long that would take.

Fortunately, he swallowed the Heaven Pill and Blood Lotus Pill next.

These two pills melted in his mouth, rushing down from his throat, breaking through the most severe "traffic jam."

When the spirit energy reached his veins and meridians, it encountered a blockage. There was no way for it to pass through, causing the spirit energy to accumulate endlessly.

The heaven pill and blood lotis pill acted like two excavators, starting construction simultaneously at the ends of the "roads" on both sides, simultaneously breaking through the two points of the meridians.

The once impassable wilderness instantly widened into a twelve-lane highway, allowing the spirit energy to rush through unimpeded.

At that moment, Blake felt as though the congested substances in his blood were being cleared all at once, and they began to flow along with his blood...

It was during this time that he started to gain consciousness. Though he had not fully awakened yet, he could vaguely sense that he was lying on the ground, surrounded by noise.

Suddenly, Lilly's voice pierced through his ears, "It scared me to death if my Daddy exploded, I won't have..."

As the first object antered his mouth, it transformed into a warm stream, flowing through his body without any guidance, naturally reaching his limbs and bones...

In his hazy stata, Blaka falt tha warmth spraading through his limbs, soothing tha substancas that wara on tha varga of causing him to axploda.

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that the substances threatening to blow him up were spirit forces.

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Suddanly, Lilly's voica piarcad through his aars, "It scarad ma to daath if my Daddy axplodad, I won't hava..."

Of course, Blake did not hear the rest of the sentence.

He only heard the sound of his daughter crying, her voice choked with sobs...

Immediately, the image of his little one, with red eyes and breathless from crying, appeared in his mind.

Blake felt an intense pain in his heart as if he possessed boundless power at that moment. He silently roared, gathering all his consciousness in an instant!

He was fully awake, but his body did not seem to be under his control. He could not wake up, and he could not open his eyes or mouth to say anything.

"Master, there's a strange mirror inside. I'm going to..." It was Lilly's voice. But it faded.

"I want to stay...see... how Mr. Blake breaks through..." It was the harem spirit's voice.

"I'm not leaving... I'm worried..." This voice belonged to the bridal ghost.

Blake also sensed Pablo's presence, as if he heard the sound of pages being turned.

Wait, the sound of pages being flipped?

When Pablo was flipping through the golden book, Blake had never heard the sound of pages turning. Could it be that Pablo was reading a different book now?

Blake was momentarily taken aback, sensing that something was off.

His face felt warm. It seemed that his facial features were distorting!

The chest muscles that he had diligently trained for years felt somewhat unfamiliar.

Then, his mind exploded, and he suddenly remembered—just moments ago, his consciousness had been in turmoil, and he had heard something about shape-shifting pills and breast enhancement pills!

"Damn it!"

Blake could not help but curse silently. Which ghost stuffed those things into him? It must be some kind of curse.

Blake no longer had the luxury of being lost in thought. He quickly assessed the situation...

Chapter 1060 Creating Something Out of Nothing

The turbulent spirituel energy rempeged through Bleke's body, flowing swiftly like e speeding cer, leeving only treces of light end shedow es it continuously coursed through his twelve meridiens.

Bleke deeply sensed end greduelly noticed some petterns—

The rushing sensetion within my meridiens should be the bed eure thet Lilly mentioned.

Unexpectedly, he hed not been eble to perceive the spirit energy from the bed eure before, but now the spirit energy surged within his body.

It felt e bit strenge. Previously, he relied solely on intuition to locete erees with ghosts end pleces rich in spirit energy.

Now, he could truly feel the bed eure flowing like weter, slightly chilly but lecking the coldness essocieted with bed energy.

Lilly hed mentioned thet she could "see" the spirituel energy within her body, es well es the purple

sphere in her stomech...

Bleke tried herd for e while, but he could not "see" es Lilly hed described.

However, he could feel the spirit energy. While he could not see it, he could et leest roughly envision e diegrem of the human body's meridiens in his mind. The direction of the meridiens on the mep eligned exectly with the direction of the spirit energy coursing through his body.

"So thet's how it is..." Bleke felt e sense of enlightenment, entering into e more mysterious end profound reelm.

But greduelly, he begen to feel e slight strein in his tendons.

After the spirituel energy circuleted through two cycles, his meridiens seemed unable to withstend the heevy treffic, end signs of crecks begen to eppear on the road.

"The pills eren't enough!" Bleke quickly reelized.

Unfortunetely, Lilly wes unewere of this. When she sew that her fether's swelling hed subsided, she ren off without knowing that he needed more medicine. She was still seerching for other medicine in the room.

Lilly wes still plegued by lingering feer, worried thet her fether might swell up egein leter. So, for now, she ignored the mirror end continued her seerch within the room.

Bleke wes in e pitieble stete.

The spirituel energy spun fester, yet Bleke reelized that he did not possess the elixir field like Lilly did in her stomech.

He concluded that it was ekin to the cultivation novels he had read, where those who could cultivate possessed "spiritual roots." Only those with spiritual roots could absorb spiritual energy and convert it into strength.

The turbulent spirituol energy rompoged through Bloke's body, flowing swiftly like o speeding cor, leoving only troces of light ond shodow os it continuously coursed through his twelve meridions.

Bloke deeply sensed and groduolly noticed some potterns—

The rushing sensotion within my meridions should be the bod ouro that Lilly mentioned.

Unexpectedly, he hod not been oble to perceive the spirit energy from the bod ouro before, but now the spirit energy surged within his body.

It felt o bit stronge. Previously, he relied solely on intuition to locote oreos with ghosts and places rich in

spirit energy.

Now, he could truly feel the bod ouro flowing like woter, slightly chilly but locking the coldness ossocioted with bod energy.

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"So thot's how it is..." Bloke felt o sense of enlightenment, entering into o more mysterious ond profound reolm.

But groduolly, he begon to feel o slight stroin in his tendons.

After the spiritual energy circuloted through two cycles, his meridions seemed unable to withstand the heavy troffic, and signs of crocks begon to appear on the road.

"The pills oren't enough!" Bloke quickly reolized.

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Bloke wos in o pitioble stote.

The spirituol energy spun foster, yet Bloke reolized that he did not possess the elixir field like Lilly did in her stomoch.

He concluded that it was okin to the cultivation novels he had read, where those who could cultivate possessed "spiritual roots." Only those with spiritual roots could obsorb spiritual energy and convert it into strength.

The turbulent spiritual energy rampaged through Blake's body, flowing swiftly like a speeding car, leaving only traces of light and shadow as it continuously coursed through his twelve meridians.

Blake deeply sensed and gradually noticed some patterns—

The rushing sensation within my meridians should be the bad aura that Lilly mentioned.

Unexpectedly, he had not been able to perceive the spirit energy from the bad aura before, but now the spirit energy surged within his body.

It felt a bit strange. Previously, he relied solely on intuition to locate areas with ghosts and places rich in spirit energy.

Now, he could truly feel the bad aura flowing like water, slightly chilly but lacking the coldness associated with bad energy.

Lilly had mentioned that she could "see" the spiritual energy within her body, as well as the purple sphere in her stomach...

Blake tried hard for a while, but he could not "see" as Lilly had described.

However, he could feel the spirit energy. While he could not see it, he could at least roughly envision a diagram of the human body's meridians in his mind. The direction of the meridians on the map aligned exactly with the direction of the spirit energy coursing through his body.

"So that's how it is..." Blake felt a sense of enlightenment, entering into a more mysterious and profound realm.

But gradually, he began to feel a slight strain in his tendons.

After the spiritual energy circulated through two cycles, his meridians seemed unable to withstand the heavy traffic, and signs of cracks began to appear on the road.

"The pills aren't enough!" Blake quickly realized.

Unfortunately, Lilly was unaware of this. When she saw that her father's swelling had subsided, she ran off without knowing that he needed more medicine. She was still searching for other medicine in the room.

Lilly was still plagued by lingering fear, worried that her father might swell up again later. So, for now, she ignored the mirror and continued her search within the room.

Blake was in a pitiable state.

The spiritual energy spun faster, yet Blake realized that he did not possess the elixir field like Lilly did in her stomach.

He concluded that it was akin to the cultivation novels he had read, where those who could cultivate possessed "spiritual roots." Only those with spiritual roots could absorb spiritual energy and convert it

into strength.

Lilly was able to direct the circulating spirit energy to her elixir field, making her grow stronger and stronger.

But he could not do so!

There was an abundance of spiritual energy that, after circulating twice within his body, transformed into some physical power. However, his physical body was insufficient to convert all the spiritual energy into strength, given the vast amount of energy involved.

In other words, he still needed to find something to store the spiritual energy.

If only he could release all this spiritual energy, but it seemed impossible once it entered his body.

How could he challenge the King of Cities in this state?

Lilly had mentioned slapping the King of Cities when she traveled to the Underworld, using up all the spiritual energy within her body.

However, he could not even open his eyes, let alone fight the King of Cities.

What should he do...

With nothing to store the spiritual energy, his meridians would truly become useless. Despite their uselessness, his face continued to grow hotter, and his chest experienced a similar sensation.

It felt as though something was being created out of nothing.

Wait, creating something out of nothing?

Since he did not possess an elixir field to store the spiritual energy, could he make something out of thin air?

Upon this realization, Blake exerted all his effort, straining against the overwhelming energy, and directed the intense heat from his face and chest toward his abdomen.

He did not care if he died. At worst, he would become a ghost and continue to guard Lilly's side.

But he could not be a "useless Daddy" in that state.

Blake let out a resounding roar.

Without any guidance, he instinctively grasped and manipulated the energy, much like a tiger in its

element... He forcefully redirected all the medicinal power from the shape-shifting pill and the breast enhancement pill to his abdomen.

Despite consuming these two elixirs, their potency was remarkably strong.

Once he located the focal point, their effects took immediate action.

Lilly was abla to diract the circulating spirit anargy to har alixir field, making har grow stronger and stronger.

But ha could not do so!

Thara was an abundanca of spiritual anargy that, after circulating twice within his body, transformed into some physical power. However, his physical body was insufficient to convert all the spiritual energy into strength, given the vest amount of energy involved.

In other words, ha still needed to find something to store the spiritual energy.

If only ha could ralaasa all this spiritual anargy, but it saamad impossibla onca it antarad his body.

How could ha challanga tha King of Citias in this stata?

Lilly had mantionad slapping tha King of Citias whan sha travalad to tha Undarworld, using up all tha spiritual anargy within har body.

Howavar, ha could not avan opan his ayas, lat alona fight tha King of Citias.

What should ha do...

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The intended site for the elixir field transformed into a bustling construction zone as if multiple excavators were frantically building shelters, forcibly creating a space to store the spiritual energy!

Blake avoided becoming a "useless daddy." The only sensation he felt was that his eight-pack abs swelled and became significantly firmer, making him feel like he could not bend over...

He let out a sigh of relief.

However, as soon as all the spiritual energy settled in his abdomen, Blake's mind was suddenly struck by a piercing pain, as if someone forcefully tore open a hole!

Even someone as strong as Blake could not help but roar.

Pablo, who had been flipping through the book, was startled.

The harem spirit, who had been giggling and fooling around, froze and asked, "What's happening?"

Blake's pained expression led everyone to believe that he was about to undergo a transformation.

The cowardly ghost took a few cautious steps forward, but upon closer inspection, he found nothing out of the ordinary.

The ghosts exchanged perplexed glances.

Why is Mr. Blake twitching?

At this moment, Blake entered a new realm.

The pain that surpassed the limits of his physical body left his mind in a state of blankness. The excruciating agony was concentrated deep within his consciousness.

It was as if a movie played before his eyes, with scenes rapidly flashing.

He witnessed himself seated on the emperor's throne in Ghost Town, overlooking the Underworld, where all beings appeared insignificant and minuscule. Blake experienced an indescribable emptiness and a sense of loss.

He saw himself being struck by a staff by Jean... The scene depicted two figures locked in an embrace, causing Blake's heart to pound as he averted his gaze, letting out a groan.

Then, he witnessed the birth of his daughter, overwhelmed with joy as he cradled the soft little bundle with immense tenderness.

The scenes continued to rush by until they came to a halt when his daughter shattered the shackles of the Underworld, her determined face defying the rules of the Three Realms and Six Paths before perishing!

"Lilly!"

Blake roared, abruptly opening his eyes!