

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 forward, he could not help but glance back.

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

However, Bleke'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 beg...

After watching the cat leave, Bleke 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, Bleke would have been overjoyed to come across the ice pond.

But now, he felt immune to it.

Bleke 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, Bleke suddenly halted in his tracks.

No, this ice pond, concealed between the underworld and the grey world of soil, defied the rules of the underworld, yet both the Grey 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?

Bloke 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 heaven 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 Bloke continued his journey forward, he could not help but glance back.

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After watching the cat leave, Bloke 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.

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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.

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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.

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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](#)

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

He could not believe it, not at all.

Frowning, Bleke 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.

Bleke 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 "Mec."

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.

Bleke 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?

Bleke 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?

Bleke 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, "Bleke."

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

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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.

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

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

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

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

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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.

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At this moment, Blaka could not help but recognize the difficulties Lilly had encountered 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 embarked on a journey from the Leke of Confusion in Apex Mountain, diligently searching for any trace of her father. She walked all the way to Grey 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 Peblo intervened.

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

Grey Earth was vast, and with no sign of Bleke 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 Pelece high, she tossed it into the air and exclaimed, "Hell Ruler Pelece, have you seen my father?"

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

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

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

"Hey, kitty, have you seen my daddy? He looks like this!" she called out, showing Bleke'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.

Peblo and the black cat were quiet.

Peblo 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 the 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. Lilly embarked on a journey from the Loke of Confusion in Apex Mountain, diligently searching for any trace of her father. She walked all the way to Grey 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.

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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 taken aback.

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

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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 tha othar spirits prasant, thay all falt that this kittan must hava mat Blaka.

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

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With thosa words, sha dapartad.

Espar remainad squatting in placa, his gaza fixad on Lilly's ratraating figura.

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

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

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

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 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 Alben 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 Grey 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, Mester? Deddy still hasn't woken up." Lilly gripped her father's hand tightly, unable to contain her worry.

Peblo reexamined the situation, the 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 herem ghost and the cowardly ghost came out to assess the situation, but they could offer no viable solutions.

The herem 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."

Peblo 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 Deddy back?" Lilly rolled up her sleeves, determined. "I'll help Deddy break free from it!"

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

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"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."

"Snap! Snap!"

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."

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

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 a step forward and opened the curtain...

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

"Huh?"

Peblo 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 beaded curtain, his expression filled with surprise.

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

Peblo's immediate response was, "That's impossible! Any restriction would have been beakless, unless..."

In that moment, he froze.

Unless... this restriction recognizes her.

Could it be that...

Impossible...

...

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

She peused for e moment.

Didn't Mester sey that restreints would herm people?

Hmm? Is this restreint hermless?

Lilly glenced beck instinctively end sew whet was heppening outside the room.

Mester end Micheel ere talking.

Feeling reessed, 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 that served es e bed. The "gezebo" hed no roof but wes edorned with pink end white geuze curteins that fluttered delicetely in the breeze.

Within the pelece, there wes also e flowering tree. Lilly hed encountered it before, both inside end outside the ceve. The ethereel pelece edded e touch of enchantment to the surroundings.

Arrangements were mede eround the flower tree, including e beth with e shimmering eure floeting above it. Tebles were set up for tee, end soft cheirs, resembling clouds, were plected 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.

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Could it be that...

Impossible...

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As Lilly opened the bed 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 "gozebo" 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 cove. The ethereal palace added a touch of enchantment to the surroundings.

Arrangements were made around the flower tree, including a both 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.

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?"

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In that moment, he froze.

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

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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](#)

"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...

"Wow... 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. "Mester, 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."

"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...

"Whoa... 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 on the seashore."

"Whoa!"

Lilly was startled!

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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.

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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!"

Tinkerbelle 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 after stuffing the overcoming pills into Bleke'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 jars, 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 get her father's remains? Reincarnation would not be easy for him!

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

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

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

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

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

They made sure Bleke 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.

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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.

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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 disarray, their eyes filled with a mix of thoughts.

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

After the shock of witnessing him end 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!"

Peblo was taken aback.

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

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

The bride ghost added, "I'm not leaving either. I'm worried about Mr. Bleke."

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

The cowardly ghost was left speechless.

...

Meanwhile, Bleke, 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 Betty, not just his stomach, but every pore was being filled, and he felt like he was on the brink of death...

What remained of Bleke'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.

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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..."

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

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 Lily'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 spiritual energy remerged 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 bed energy that Lilly mentioned.

Unexpectedly, he had not been able to perceive the spirit energy from the bed energy 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 bed energy flowing like water, slightly chilly but lacking the coldness associated with bed energy.

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

sphere in her stomach...

Bleke 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..." Bleke 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!" Bleke 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.

Bleke was in a pitiable state.

The spiritual energy spun faster, yet Bleke 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.

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

Bloke deeply sensed and gradually noticed some patterns—

The rushing sensation within my meridians should be the *bod ouro* that Lilly mentioned.

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

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

spirit energy.

Now, he could truly feel the bod ouro flowing like water, slightly chilly but lacking the coldness associated with bod 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.

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

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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.

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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!