

Eight Uncles 1071

[Chapter 1071 Bellflower Reclaims Its Position](#)

Bellflower bit onto the dog's head and dragged it to a space away from prying eyes.

Josh, who had been spectating the events, was eventually pulled away by Zachary. When he discovered Bellflower, he saw that it was gnawing on the dog's head like a ball.

This was Bellflower's first time catching ghosts, and they were also beast spirits. Seeing the dog's head was akin to seeing a person turning into a ghost after death.

It was not scary per se, but it felt uncomfortable.

Why was it that the phantom cats could catch vengeful spirits, fierce ghosts, and malevolent spirits, but they could only catch ghost puppies and kittens?

They were both cats, so why was there such a stark difference between phantom cats and a mythical beast?

Thinking about the black cat's arrogant face, Bellflower grew so infuriated that it scratched at the dog's head!

I'm so mad, I'm so mad! It's bad enough that I catch puppies and kittens, but it almost overpowered me just now!

The dog's head was violently pummeled by Bellflower, which was an unjust act in itself!

Imagine being the boss of the beast spirits, beaten so mercilessly by a cat that it could not even hold its head up high!

Typically, the souls of puppies and kittens were weak after death. If they managed to survive in the world for two years without reincarnation, it would be considered defying fate.

But in this case, it had survived for two years and evolved into a unique dog spirit—an evil spirit known as a simp!

With such a heaven-defying opportunity, it ended up being at the mercy of a cat's paw!

"Ah, ah, ah, ah!"

The dog's head grew so enraged that it began smashing itself in frustration.

Josh, who had been observing the battle, turned to Zachary.

Are we looking at a chicken fight?

Josh was questioning everything!

The dog's head, weak, couldn't compare to even the lowest-ranking evil spirits.

Josh could not restrain himself and punched the dog's head.

In an instant, the dog's head stuck out its tongue, its eyes rolling back, and it fainted.

Bellflower was speechless.

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It had a fierce expression, looking at Josh.

Zachary said, "Let's go. There are cameras around here."

With that, he walked away first.

Well... Bellflower could only grab the dog's head and toss it into the bell hanging around its neck.

Josh's eyes widened in astonishment. "Wait, your bell store ghosts too?!"

Bellflower snorted arrogantly and departed.

Josh inquired, "Where did you get it?"

Josh's eyes gleamed with interest. What a fantastic item! It would be wonderful if he could make one himself.

"Little Bellflower, let's discuss something. Can you lend me your bell for a few days?" Josh chased after Bellflower, a smile on his face.

Bellflower disappeared in a flash.

Josh could only stare blankly, feeling dissatisfied. If given the chance to study the differences in bells, he would surely invent one!

"Bellflower..." Josh ran after the cat.

When they arrived at the Crawford mansion, Bellflower instinctively jumped into Lilly's room.

At that moment, Lilly's room was pitch black. Even the adjacent room through the balcony was quiet, and the noisy parrot was nowhere to be seen.

How boring...

Bellflower crouched on the mat and began grooming its paws.

The soft jingling sound of the bell around Bellflower's neck filled the air.

It had snatched the bell from the black cat, and it only made a sound when there was a ghost trapped inside, otherwise, it would be silent.

Bellflower raised its paw and examined the bell. It did not move, but invisible dark energy converged around it, gathering in its eyes...

"Meow..." Bellflower was taken aback.

After a while...

Bellflower shook the bell, and the dog's head immediately burst out, only to be promptly pressed down by Bellflower's paw.

Entering the bell and then coming out, the ghost was transformed into a round, flattened shape.

Now, the dog's head was only the size of an adult's fist, and it was being toyed with by Bellflower, like a mouse in play.

Josh and Zachary returned shortly, heading straight to Lilly's room and poking their heads through the door. "Bellflower, come out!"

It had a fierce expression, looking at Josh.

Zachary said, "Let's go. There are cameras around here."

Bellflower paid them no mind.

Zachary said, "My sister isn't here. We can't just enter her room directly. Come out... come to my room."

Bellflower remained silent.

Curiosity got the best of both Josh and Zachary when they witnessed a dog transforming into a ghost for the first time.

In the end, they resorted to both gentle and forceful persuasion, managing to trick Bellflower into Zachary's room.

"Quick, ask it what its name is, where it's from, and how it died!" Josh exclaimed, taking out a small notebook, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

Bellflower asked the dog, "Meow meow... meow."

The dog's head growled, "Woof, woof, woof!"

Bellflower swiped its paw over.

The dog replied, "Woof, woof, woof, woof..."

Josh looked at the cat, then at the dog, and found himself unable to understand what they were talking about.

He sighed in frustration.

I miss Lils...

If his sister were here, she would surely be able to understand the dog's barks and whines...

Now he could only witness the interactions between the dog's head and Bellflower, leaving him feeling restless as he could not know what the dog was talking about.

...

Compared to the events in the mortal world, time passed quickly in the underworld.

When Lilly woke up, she felt energized.

With a groan, she rolled over and sat up, staring blankly at the dreamlike room. The scene before her seemed strange yet familiar...

Who was she? Where was she...

Oh, right! She was in the underworld. She was the Little Hades... Her father was Emperor Prosper!

Lilly snapped back to reality, and at that moment, the deep-rooted "hatred" within her surged.

Excitedly, she exclaimed, "Daddy, let's go! Let's go beat up the King of Cities!"

The King of Cities bullied Lilly and Pablo for so long that Pablo almost died because of it.

This time, she would give the King of Cities a taste of his own medicine!

But Blake interjected, "Wait a minute..."

[Chapter 1072 Blake's Upgrade](#)

Lilly looked at Blake expectantly.

His words got stuck in his throat, unable to come out. How could he tell his precious daughter that he couldn't fulfill her wish at the moment?

"Lilly...wait a minute, Daddy is going to get something."

With a pure and bright smile, Lilly nodded. "Okay!"

Blake hurriedly left and made his way to the ice pond.

Lilly also followed, sitting on a smooth stone at the entrance of the cave, resting her chin on her hand, and watching her father from a distance.

The cowardly ghost asked hesitantly, "Lilly... your father..."

Lilly nodded. "Yeah."

Shocked expressions appeared in the eyes of the cowardly ghost and the harem spirit, though they still could not fully believe it.

The unlucky ghost watched from afar and muttered to himself, "Huh? What's going on? Didn't Mr. Blake just go swimming in the ice pond? Why are you all so shocked..."

He could not understand why a mortal like Mr. Blake could descend to the underworld and go to the ice pond. It was certainly extraordinary, but there was no need to be so surprised.

Lilly did not say anything, but muttered, "Do your best. Daddy..."

The cowardly ghost looked at Lilly and could shake off the feeling that she intentionally asked Blake to dive into the ice pond...

Meanwhile, Blake reached the bottom of the ice pond.

In his mind, he could still see the expectant look in Lilly's eyes, and he clenched his teeth, determined to do something.

To be honest, even though his memories had returned and he now knew about cultivation and The Order, he had severed his connection with Emperor Prosper. Now, he had to break through once again with the body of a mortal.

Upon reaching that position, he found himself incapable of advancing any further; his only option was to break through and rise.

Above Emperor Prosper lie three paths and nine heavens. Although he reigned supreme within the three paths, he was insignificant beyond them.

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His words got stuck in his throat, unable to come out. How could he tell his precious daughter that he couldn't fulfill her wish at the moment?

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The once mighty physique has now become a hindrance, preventing him from ascending.

He must become mortal again, taking his beloved daughter with him, and break free from the restraints of the three paths and six heavens...

Despite being Emperor Prosper, he was powerless.

His strength has yet to return, and defeating the King of Cities was far from achievable; in fact, he might be beaten to death just by seeing him.

Thus, he must venture to the depths of the ice pond to retrieve something—

Reclaim the pressure he left behind in his previous life!

The spirit energy and pills Blake consumed were not in vain. As he dived once more, he effortlessly surpassed the human limit.

He felt no pressure and did not suffocate despite holding his breath for so long.

Once again, he touched the word, "Emperor."

An imposing and chilling murderous aura emanated, crushing Blake under the remaining pressure of the emperor.

Gritting his teeth, Blake resisted and managed to move half a step.

But seriously... Could one be killed by their pressure?

Impossible!

Blake's eyes sharpened, and he stepped onto the boulder, extending his hand to press down on the character, "Emperor."

"Bang!"

Blake was immediately sent flying.

"Cough..."

He coughed up several mouthfuls of water, his body feeling as if it were about to burst, blood gushing out instantly.

Struggling to resurface, Blake took a deep breath.

"Daddy!" Lilly's cheerful voice suddenly rang out.

The little girl sat on a rock, waving at him radiantly.

Unaware of his injuries. Blake quickly suppressed the taste of blood in his throat, smiled, and waved back. "Wait, Daddy will catch a fish for you."

Lilly responded excitedly, "Okay!"

The once mighty physique has now become a hindrance, preventing him from ascending.

Taking a deep breath, Blake submerged himself in the water again, fearful of revealing his secrets at any moment.

However, he remained unaware that as he dove down, the smile on Lilly's face gradually faded, and she clutched her skirt tightly...

Blake looked at her, his blood kept flowing, floating along with the water of the ice pond.

The water in the ice pond differed from that of the mortal world's ponds. If it were to be replaced with pool water, the people above would likely notice the transformation into blood.

Blake forced a wry smile, observing the blood-red surroundings like a cloud, and then retrieved a jade bottle from his pocket.

Luckily, when he took the pill earlier, he had taken some precautions.

Blake swallowed the Elixir.

Lilly remained unaware of the elixir's effects, but as one who had awakened the emperor's soul, he knew precisely what he needed. The Golden Pill of Good Fortune was exactly that.

Upon swallowing the pill, the majestic and potent medicinal power immediately surged. For those with a solid foundation, consuming such a pill could instantly enhance their strength. People sought good fortune throughout their lives. The so-called "seeing your good fortune" entailed uncovering the destiny that shaped one's life. The remarkable aspect of the Golden Pill of Good Fortune lay in its ability to transform the abstract concept of good fortune into tangible reality.

A sea of stars appeared before Blake's eyes, illuminating the path he was about to tread—a path illuminated by a ray of light.

I understand now!

Blake's eyes glimmered, and he once again extended his hand to press upon the word "Emperor"!

This time, the pressure did not kill Blake but instead transferred to his body!

Blake's eyes shimmered with a golden light, swiftly returning to their normal state...

[Chapter 1073 Roasting Fish at Ice Pond](#)

Blake gazed at the word "Emperor" before him, realizing that whether someone had roots or spiritual roots, at their core, they were still human. Breaking through with a mortal body, without any foundation, was an act that defied the heavens even more than others.

And now, he had succeeded.

With his slightly curly black hair floating in front of his forehead, Blake stood quietly at the bottom of the pool, perched on a boulder. He raised his hand and pierced through the water's surface.

Ripples spread like waves of light, creating shadows at the bottom of the water. After a moment, a fish with a white belly emerged from the unfathomable depths of the ice pond, floating lifelessly.

It seemed like it provoked someone. For hundreds of years, it had peacefully resided at the bottom of the pool, but today, it was awakened.

Blake grabbed the fish and swam to the surface.

Lilly, who had been watching the ice pond, suddenly heard a loud crash. A slender and handsome figure appeared before her eyes, holding up a fish and beaming with joy.

"Lilly here's a fish for you!" Blake exclaimed with a wide smile.

Lilly's eyes widened, and she leaped up in astonishment. "Daddy!"

Daddy... Daddy shed his old self... no, he transformed!

He's now a powerful Daddy!

Lilly cheered and rushed over, exclaiming, "Daddy, did you catch the fish? So there's fish in the pond!"

She did not ask any further, and Blake did not explain it to her. He answered confidently, "Of course! Is there anything your Daddy can't do, huh?"

Lilly praised without hesitation, "No! Daddy is the best, Daddy is number one in the world!"

A cascade of smiles radiated from Blake's eyes as he swiftly returned to the shore, his clothes clinging to his body, accentuating the contours of his perfect physique.

The harem spirit was drooling when she saw him.

Meanwhile, the bridal ghost was a little shy.

"Bang! Bang!"

The cowardly ghost pushed the two of them against the wall and made them do a time-out.

With one hand holding Lilly and the other clutching the fish, Blake spoke with a gentle smile, "Daddy will grill the fish for you."

Blaka gazed at the word "Emperor" before him, realizing that whatever someone had roots or spiritual roots, at their core, they were still human. Breaking through with a mortal body, without any foundation, was an act that defied the heavens more than others.

And now, he had succumbed.

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Lilly's eyes shimmered. "Okay!"

In the underworld, beside the ice pond, a bonfire was quickly kindled.

This bonfire would be considered quite remarkable in the entire underworld—after all, who else besides could ignite a flame in this realm?

The fish Blake caught was gigantic, unlike any other fish. The fact that it could survive in the ice pond made it abnormal.

"Lilly, find a pot," Blake instructed while tending to the fish.

Lilly responded eagerly, "Okay!"

She dashed off and returned shortly after, proudly holding a cauldron above her head.

With a seamless swish, it was placed in the ice pond, and half a furnace of water was scooped into it.

The cowardly ghost, the harem spirit, and the unlucky ghost stood dumbfounded.

Wait a minute, if they were right, that "pot" should be a cauldron, and it appeared to be a powerful one...

Nevertheless, Blake acted as if he had not noticed it. He said, "Well... there's too much water, but it's alright. We can just use it to wash the fish."

Lilly tilted the cauldron and poured out some water for him. Blake proceeded to wash the fish, placing the fish in the cauldron to roast them over the fire.

The fish meat was divided into two portions. Blake broke off two branches from the nearby tree, plucked some flowers, and tossed them into the cauldron. The fish was skewered onto the branches and roasted over the fire.

After a while, the fish meat was cooked to perfection, sizzling with oil, and a delightful aroma of fish wafted through the air...

The harem spirit and the cowardly ghost caught a whiff of it.

The unlucky ghost, Tinkerbell, Aunt Ugly... even the dolls, all of them smelled of it.

The ghosts had a gleam of excitement in their eyes!

It was the aroma of fish that made it irresistible. It was different from the offerings they used to consume in the mortal realm. This was the real scent of food!

"Mr. Blake's cooking skills are amazing!" The unlucky ghost could not help but peek, though he did not dare to approach. He could only hug the stone wall and eagerly watch.

Lilly's eyes shimmered. "Okay!"

In the underworld, beside the ice pond, a bonfire was quickly kindled. The harem spirit delicately pressed her two index fingers together and floated over. "Oh, Mr. Blake, you're cooking! Do you need any help?"

The bridal ghost chimed in, "I'm quite skilled in cooking fish. I can help you."

The cowardly ghost gulped. "Alright, you two, don't cause trouble. Let me handle this..."

Lilly could not help but giggle, her eyes fixated on the fish, quietly salivating.

In the past, she would starve when she ventured into the underworld, and bringing food from the mortal world would entail uncertain risks. Moreover, she rarely felt hungry in the underworld. Although she would feel hungry upon leaving the realm of the dead, the food in the Hell Ruler Palace lacked flavor...

What taste could there be in things that had crossed into the underworld?

So usually, she would return home on her own. Besides, it only took about an hour each time she returned.

But now things were different.

Her dad could actually catch fish in the ice pond. The aroma of this fish was unique, and just the scent alone filled her with boundless strength...

What if she ate it? Would it make her even more powerful?

"What kind of fish is this..." Lilly drooled, noticing that she was actually drooling, so she quickly wiped it away. "It smells so divine!"

The fish soup in the cauldron was steaming, and its fresh fragrance became even more enticing.

While flipping the fish, Blake rummaged through Lilly's satchel, extracting a jade bottle, pouring out an elixir, and crushing it into powder.

"We can't find salt here, but this pill has a salty taste. Let's use it as a substitute!"

The harem spirit, cowardly ghost, unlucky ghost, Tinker Bell, Jessie, and other ghosts remained silent in response.

When Pablo hurried back, he was greeted with the following scene.

Little Hades and her father were hunched beside the ice pond, grilling fish over a bonfire...

A pot of soup continued to boil on the fire, and to Pablo's surprise, it turned out to be a cauldron!

Oh well, he thought, but they used the luminous pill as salt!

Pablo's mouth twitched.

[Chapter 1074 The Icemount Fish](#)

The smell of fish floated along the ice pond, directly to Gray Earth, and after a while, pairs of green cat's eyes lit up in the darkness.

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Pablo's temples throbbed.

This father and daughter...how dare they!

Not to mention, they dared to catch the fish in the ice pond.

Let's just talk about this cauldron, Pablo recognized it with just one glance. This is the same cauldron the Ruler of Hell used thousands of years ago.

There were no waste products when using this cauldron to make elixirs. Even if the elixir was incredibly powerful.

Yet they used it to cook fish!

Let's talk about the luminous pill...

Pablo remembered that three thousand years ago, he followed the Ruler of Hell for the first time, and she was studying the luminous pill at that time.

The luminous pill was the most difficult pill to refine, and the Ruler of Hell finally succeeded in refining it for ten years.

If King Libra, who was about to die were to be released from the Hell Ruler Palace, he would not dare to slap Lilly.

However, if you gave him a luminous pill, he could recover immediately, and his strength would be even stronger than all the other Rulers of Hell!

Blake used such a god-defying pill as salt...

"How dare you!" Pablo couldn't hold back and said through gritted teeth.

If King Libra in the Hell Ruler Palace saw it, he would probably be out of his wits with rage.

Hearing Pablo's voice, Lilly turned her head and waved fiercely, "Master, hurry up and have some fish!"

Pablo replied, "I don't..."

"Huh? It's delicious..."

How did the fish get into his mouth?

Blake shared half of the grilled fish with Lilly, who then divided it into two portions—one for Pablo and the other for themselves.

Initially, he was not hungry, but for some reason, the aroma triggered an instant switch in his stomach and he found himself hungry. Without much thought, he devoured the food hurriedly.

The harem spirit and the others received fish soup, while Jessie and Tinkerbelle, being children, were given fish by Blake.

On the other hand, Blake leisurely sipped on the fish soup and even gave the fish head to the cowardly ghost.

Upon seeing that Lilly finished eating, Blake promptly refilled her bowl with fish soup.

Just as Lilly was about to lick her fingers, she suddenly realized that she had finished eating the fish...

Oh no, Daddy hasn't eaten yet!

Instantly, she regretted eating too quickly. She hadn't shared any with her father or the other ghosts...

Blake ruffled her head and said, "Don't worry, can I split one fish into 70, 80, or 90 portions? Daddy will catch a few more the next time."

Lilly could only nod. "Okay..."

Then she raised her head obediently and drank the fish soup.

After satisfying their hunger and thirst, a surge of energy coursed through their bodies. No, it wasn't just energy—they felt as if they could conquer the underworld.

Lilly stood up energetically, rolled up her sleeves to reveal her small arms, and declared, "We're full! Let's go! Let's defeat the King of Cities!"

From now on, the plan was clear. It was to catch fish, eat it, and then take on the King of Cities!

The bridal ghost could not help but wonder aloud, "What kind of fish is this? I've never tasted anything so delicious!"

Pablo replied silently, "This is a fish caught by Emperor Prosper in the Nether, known as the Icemount Fish."

Lilly's eyes widened in surprise.

"What? We ate Daddy's pet??" Lilly exclaimed in shock.

Pablo coughed and clarified, "It's not a pet, just a species of fish."

Curious, Lilly asked, "Is this fish very powerful?"

Blake thought to himself...

Excellent, this is going well. But it doesn't matter, it seems like I caught quite a lot of them before. After such a long time, there should be hundreds, if not thousands, at the bottom of the cold pond.

Pablo took the opportunity to educate Lilly about the fish, saying, "It's very powerful, but this fish is incredibly rare. They're found in the Nether, and catching them is extremely difficult..."

"Three thousand years ago, the King of Cities went to the Nether and risked his life to catch only one."

"Eating one fish can double one's skills. And whether it spits out waste or excretes fish feces...it has this effect upon ingesting it."

Lilly exclaimed, "Wow, that's amazing!"

The harem spirit chimed in and asked, "So did the King of Cities eat the fish in the end?"

Pablo shook his head and replied, "No, it's still in his bedroom."

The harem spirit instantly understood something.

The unlucky ghost blurted out, "So he eats fish poop?"

Pablo shrugged and said, "Well, I'm not sure about that."

Lilly was left in shock.

The two, along with the group of ghosts, chatted and left...

Lilly's voice could faintly be heard, "By the way, Dad, why did you come to the Underworld out of a sudden?"

...

At the ice pond, everything was cleared away, and the bonfire was extinguished, leaving only a fishbone lying silently on the ground.

A group of cats drooled, watching the humans walk away.

Little Heartless was among them and glared at Blake's departing figure.

Meow-meow, the two-legged creature ate all the fish, forgetting about us cats when he has a child!

The Ice-mount fish thought to itself...

Why isn't anyone speaking up for me?

[Chapter 1075 Let's Find Your Mother](#)

The realm of the underworld remained forever hazy, where one could not tell whether the sky above their heads was another expanse of sky or the earth beneath the feet of humans.

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People often assume that the underworld exists underground, leading to the belief that it has no sky or that the underworld's sky is the same as the world's earth.

But that was not the case.

As Lilly and her father walked through the Underworld, they noticed slight differences from Gray Earth. The plants had colors, and there were mountains, rivers, and clear waters. However, regardless of their hues, everything appeared lifeless.

"Daddy, did you come to the underworld alone for training?" Lilly asked with a hint of suspicion.

Blake was not a reckless person, and he would not come down here without preparation.

Blake did not say much and simply replied, "There is guidance in the dark."

Lilly responded, "Oh... I don't understand. Shoes are not useless; they just seem incredibly powerful."

Blake could not help but feel amused and bemused.

Who did she pick up these phrases from?

Lilly continued, "So where are we going now?"

Blake's gaze darkened, and he replied, "Let's go find your mother."

Lilly suddenly stopped in her tracks. "Huh?!"

Even Pablo looked at Blake in surprise, furrowing his brow as he said, "Jean has already gone through reincarnation."

Blake remained silent but wore an inscrutable expression, "Are you sure she drank Madame Maya's soup?"

Pablo pondered for a moment. "Well, she did drink it, but we're not sure if it had any effect."

Pablo recalled Madame Maya's distressed complaint from long ago when she had lamented that Jean drank her soup like plain water and had the audacity to criticize her recipe, "Your soup's recipe needs improvement..."

Madame Maya remained angry and ignored Pablo for a long time.

Lilly wondered, "Why is Madame Maya angry with Master?"

Pablo scratched the tip of his nose and explained, "It's because I sent Jean there."

The harem spirit was confused, "But doesn't that mean she's already gone through reincarnation? It's impossible for her to be here if she had already drunk the soup."

The bridal ghost chimed in, "But Madame Maya already knows that her soup is ineffective. It's unlikely that she would allow Jean to reincarnate if the soup doesn't work."

The unlucky ghost mumbled, "How could she stay at Madame Maya's for so long? Who would allow that? Even the Ruler of Hell wouldn't allow it."

The process of fate and reincarnation had a fixed cycle. No matter how powerful Jean was, she was just Little Hades' mother in her life, while the mighty Emperor Prosper in the underworld was still her father...

However, Blake casually remarked, "I'd allow that."

The unlucky ghost was perplexed.

But suddenly, Pablo came to a halt and floated in the air, staring blankly at the group of people and ghosts continuing their journey.

Blake's figure suddenly merged with the figure of Emperor Prosper from three thousand years ago!

Emperor Prosper rarely made appearances. Even during the Ruler of Hell's struggle for supremacy in the Ten Palaces, no one had seen his true face. The only thing that could make people recognize him was his majestic and menacing aura and a glimpse of his back...

It emanated the aura of a powerful being, the law to which the underworld had to submit.

Pablo was filled with doubts—not because he lacked intelligence, but because it was difficult to believe.

As it turned out, apart from Blake and Lilly, no one knew that they were father and daughter...

Standing in the gray mountains outside Ghost Town, a group of ghost generals and Lilly gazed at the magnificent Ghost Town in the distance.

"If we want to find Mommy, we have to enter the city," Lilly rubbed her chin and analyzed, "But can't just go through the city's gate!"

With Blake's current diminished strength, he did not dare to push himself too much. Despite his temporarily awakening the emperor's soul and his attempt to force an upgrade by clinging to the teachings of Buddha, his power was only a fraction of what it used to be.

"We'll enter from another direction!" Blake lifted Lilly with one hand and held her close to his chest, a gesture he was familiar with.

Confidently, he headed towards the other side of Ghost Town.

Pablo followed closely behind and remarked, "Ghost Town was constructed by Emperor Prosper, so there are no loopholes."

Finding a gap to enter from the other side was absolutely impossible.

For thousands of years, Ghost Town had never made a mistake.

Blake raised an eyebrow and countered, "As long as something exists in this world, there must be loopholes."

Pablo couldn't help but remain silent.

The promiscuous ghost and the cowardly ghost trailed behind without saying a word.

Deep down, they wondered if these ghost generals should put on a bit of an act. After all, while there were ordinary ghosts in Ghost Town, all spirits and specters either resided in hell or served under the Ten Hell Palace Ruler...

The unlucky ghost wore a peculiar expression. "What's going on with Mr. Blake? Why does he seem so familiar with this place... Is he just bragging?... He's showing off in front of his kid..."

The harem spirit and the cowardly ghost remained speechless.

The other ghosts chimed in, "Yes, yes, that's right."

But the passionate spirit disagreed, "It might not be the case."

After a while, the ghosts found themselves standing in Ghost Town, bewildered and confused.

Who am I? Where am I? And how did I end up here?!

The streets of Ghost Town were strangely "lively," bustling with countless ghosts moving to and fro, resembling the city center in the mortal world. However, everyone wore blank expressions on their faces, and there was an eerie silence, except for the occasional cries from the stalls along the street.

Lilly's head spun with confusion. "Daddy, where are we going now?"

Blake smiled and replied, "We're heading to the thirteenth station in the underworld—Spirit Cliff."

Oh, so this is Ghost Town, the underworld... Lilly realized.

I've been here a few times, but I never expected to enter directly like this.

This is awesome! I can't believe I have someone to rely on now!

Blake affectionately tousled her head and nodded, "We're heading to the thirteenth station in the underworld—Spirit Cliff."

[Chapter 1076 Jean Making Soup](#)

In the thirteenth station of hell, the Cliff of Reincarnation, there stood a thatched house beside a bridge. At first glance, the house appeared small, but upon closer inspection, it revealed one or two floors, with a modest yard and attic windows.

In the thirteenth station of hell, the Cliff of Reincarnation, there stood a thatched house beside a bridge. At first glance, the house appeared small, but upon closer inspection, it revealed one or two floors, with a modest yard and attic windows.

Feeling bored, Jean gathered a jumble of random items and carelessly threw them into the pot in front of her. She then picked up a large spoon and stirred the mixture a few times until it began to bubble. Satisfied, she stopped stirring.

Jean grabbed a bowl, filled it halfway, and downed the contents in a single gulp. Ghosts could not feel the heat, so the bubbling soup did not bother her.

Smacking her lips, Jean commented, "Madame Maya, this is definitely water mixed with some raw ingredients. I wonder how much the middleman messed it up."

Madame Maya, who had entered the house, felt a pang in her heart when she saw Jean.

"Quickly bring the soup out..." she pleaded, clutching her chest. Speaking to Jean caused her physical pain.

Jean responded nonchalantly, "Oh, here they are!"

Having spent so much time here, Jean had unknowingly developed a skill. She effortlessly grabbed the pot's handle, raised her hand, and moved a large pot of soup outside.

Madame Maya took the bowl and glanced at the countless ghosts lined up in front of her, their queue winding into the distance.

"A bowl of soup will make you forget the memories of your past life," Madame Maya offered the bowl to the ghost before her eyes.

The ghost struggled, resisting, "I don't want to! I don't want to forget! I can't forget him, and I will be with him in my next life!"

Madame Maya gently replied, "But he already has someone else."

The ghost grew angrier. "No! He must be suffering! Even though he has someone else, I still love him, I..."

Before she could finish speaking, Jean grabbed a bowl of soup, pinched her nose, and drank it down while muttering, "Go harvest vegetables!"

Madame Maya remained speechless.

In business, one should focus on what the customer likes, not force them into something they did not want.

Madame Maya shed a tear as she was accustomed to, ready to let the ghost go.

Unexpectedly, the ghost suddenly clutched her chest, a bewildered expression on her face. She cried out, "Ah... Harris, where are you? Why can't I see anything!"

Then she fiercely grabbed Madame Maya's hand, her expression filled with determination. "Harris, don't be sad! Seeing you sad like this makes me even more heartbroken!"

Madame Maya was shocked.

Jean's hand holding the spoon trembled, causing the soup in the spoon to spill out more than the meat shaken off by the cafeteria lady.

The kind-hearted Madame Maya, who had cultivated her compassion for hundreds of years, furrowed her brow and roared, "Jean Crawford! What did you add to my soup!"

The ghosts were taken aback!

Jean coughed and replied, "Oh, nothing. I just happened to see eye drops on the shelf, so I added a little..."

Madame Maya trembled with anger. "Those are for my presbyopia!"

Jean exclaimed, "Oh! So they're really eye drops!"

But wait, isn't Madame Maya's soup made from the hundreds of tears in the world, condensed into eight tears...

"You were the one who told me you can add any tear to the soup," Jean innocently stated.

Madame Maya collapsed backward.

Fortunately, although Kate was lost in her madness and had blind eyes, she had forgotten about her past and smoothly crossed Spirit Bridge.

She then jumped off the Cliff of Reincarnation.

Jean touched her nose. "Well... look, isn't this pretty good?"

Madame Maya's hand was trembling.

Jean, being considerate, said, "Alright, Madame Maya, you've worked hard. Take a seat, and I'll take over."

"The soup has been brewed, so let's not waste it. Regardless of the circumstances, the results will be the same."

Madame Maya's lips trembled as she tried to say something, but Jean smiled and waved skillfully, saying, "Next, please."

A burly man approached with red eyes, declaring, "He killed me, he killed me over fifty cents! I won't drink it! I want to remember that scoundrel's face and hack him to death in my next life!"

Jean nodded and replied, "Oh? There's a story involved? Come, sit down, have a drink, and share the story with me."

She smiled, poured herself a bowl of soup, and took a sip.

The burly man sat down instinctively, picked up the bowl of Madame Maya's soup, drained it in one go, slammed the empty bowl onto the table, and angrily demanded, "Fifty cents! This bowl of soup is worth fifty cents! Why? Do you look down on me? Give me a soup worth five dollars!"

He rummaged through his pockets, found a 100 million underworld bank note and forcefully placed it in Jean's hand.

As he left, he looked up to the sky and laughed loudly. "Hahaha! Five... huh?"

Confusion crossed his face as Jean swiftly kicked him onto the Spirit Bridge, witnessing his passage in a daze.

Meanwhile, Madame Maya, resting on her side, was filled with heartache.

Jean's stall attracted a long queue of ghosts, each with their own cries. After consuming the soup, their mental states became strange. Jean even began to feel like she was sitting in a mental hospital.

Soon, the pot of soup was empty. Jean smiled and took the pot away, preparing to replace it with a fresh one.

But then, she heard a familiar voice say, "Granny Maya, I'm not here to drink the soup. I want to find my mother."

Jean's expression changed abruptly as she turned around.

[Chapter 1077 You're Eating Poop](#)

With a loud clatter, the pot slipped from Jean's hand as she saw Lilly and her expression changed drastically.

With a loud clatter, the pot slipped from Jean's hand as she saw Lilly and her expression changed drastically.

Lilly...

How did Lilly end up here?

She... she died?!

Jean's already pale face turned ghostly white, and her legs went weak, nearly causing her to collapse.

The carefree smile and boredom that adorned her face moments ago vanished, replaced by a gaze filled with anxiety.

No, no, it could not be possible for Lilly to have died...

Her beloved daughter had endured so much suffering, and she was finally discovered by the Crawford family. How could she have died...

Lilly was supposed to grow up in peace and good health, marry happily, have a prosperous marriage, and be surrounded by children and grandchildren in her later years, enjoying a lifetime of happiness.

How could she die now?

Jean covered her mouth, tears fell into the pot with a clattering sound.

She wanted to call out to Lilly, but her throat felt constricted, rendering her unable to utter a sound.

"Lil..." she managed to say one word, but then she noticed a tall figure standing behind Lilly.

"Old lady, we're not drinking the soup," he stated firmly.

Madame Maya warmly smiled and shook her head. "Regardless of how much you miss the mortal world, you must drink the soup when you arrive here..."

Lilly tilted her head, gazing at a bowl of soup on the table.

Ah, this must be the same Madame Maya's soup that her mother had drunk. No matter how it was consumed, it did not work, did it?

Curiosity piqued, and she wanted to give it a try too.

Lilly impulsively picked up the bowl and drank the soup in one gulp, surprising everyone present. Her movements were too quick for anyone to intervene.

Pablo exclaimed.

The unlucky ghost cursed under his breath, "Hey!" and quickly retreated to a safe distance.

The cowardly ghost's eyes widened in fear.

Jean, pale with shock, instinctively rushed forward and cried out in surprise, "Lilly!"

Blake glanced over.

Lilly clutched the empty bowl, staring at Jean in astonishment.

Wait, this is Mommy? Right?

Why were her eyes so bright that she can't even see her mother clearly?

Setting the bowl down, Lilly rubbed her eyes and saw her mother's face right in front of her.

Jean anxiously grabbed Lilly's shoulders, turned her upside down, and vigorously rubbed her stomach.

"Hey! Spit it out!"

"Hurry up..."

Jean was consumed by worry.

Blake tried to interject, "Actually, you don't..."

Jean raised her head, anger flashing in her eyes. "Shut up! How could you? How could you stand there and let her drink it!"

Blake immediately fell silent, touched his nose, and gazed at Jean with a mixture of complicated emotions.

As Lilly heard her parents arguing, she felt as if the world had turned upside down.

Her mind began to spin and her thoughts grew dizzy.

"Mommy... Mommy..." Lilly stuck out her tongue, trying to utter a word.

Jean swiftly turned Lilly around and asked loudly, "Sweetie, how do you feel? Do you remember Mommy?"

Lilly stumbled forward, moving in circles. "Mmm... dizzy..."

It seemed like she was drunk...

Jean and Madame Maya were confused.

With a sweeping motion, Blake scooped up Lilly and held her tightly in his strong arms.

Lilly was so small that she curled up in Blake's embrace. Her little face, flushed with pink and red, looked even more drunk compared to the other ghosts.

At that moment, by the Spirit Bridge, Jean's head buzzed and she stared at Lilly blankly. Then she raised her head...

As her eyes lifted, they met a pair of bottomless eyes.

"Jean... It's been a while," Blake said, holding Lilly in one arm while the other reached out to rest on Jean's head. "It's been a while..."

Jean was confused as she felt a sudden warmth on the top of her head, Jean was stunned.

...

Meanwhile, the King of Cities sat leisurely in his bedroom, leaning over to feed the fish.

The fishpond was spacious and luxurious, filled with cold water and a gentle breeze. A piece of purple jade was placed in the pond, and shimmering agates and pearls were scattered at the bottom.

Among them, a fish with snow-white scales leisurely. Its entire body was black, creating a stunning contrast.

The King of the Underworld carefully crushed the fish food, watching the fish eat slowly. He then grabbed a gauze colander-like tool and carefully scooped something out of the pond.

After a while, he held a few small balls of paste in his hand, a satisfied expression on his face.

On the classic and elegant tabletop, a tea set was placed. The King of Cities poured the mush from the colander into the teapot. Sitting down, he calmly brewed and drank his tea.

If Lilly were present, she would definitely say...

"No matter how elegant you are, it doesn't change the fact that you're eating poop."

The King of the Cities took a few sips of the hot tea, savoring the flavor with a look of endless satisfaction on his face...

Just then, one of his trusted aides rushed in from outside, stopping outside the bedroom. Speaking in a hushed voice, he said, "My Lord!"

While sipping his tea, the King of the Underworld asked softly, "What's the matter?"

The aide replied, "There's been an incident at Spirit Bridge! That little one somehow sneaked in and is causing a commotion, insisting on taking her mother..."

The King of Cities abruptly stood up, paused for a moment, and then laughed. "Very well... If someone can save her this time, I'll cut off my stomach. It seems I truly cannot escape my fate."

With that, he disappeared in an instant.

[Chapter 1078 Roasting Sweet Potatoes in Madame Maya's Yard](#)

Blake's palm gently caressed the top of Jean's head, emanating warmth that enveloped her.
Blake's palm gently caressed the top of Jean's head, emanating warmth that enveloped her.

It felt like body temperature...

Jean was stunned, and instinctively asked, "You... you're not dead?"

Blake raised an eyebrow and smiled. "Can we really die so easily?"

Jean mumbled, "It might not be easy for Lilly to die, but it's not for you..."

Blake was speechless.

As a stranger approached the Spirit Bridge, Madame Maya's kind expression suddenly changed. Her eyes turned vigilant and serious, while the ghost armies guarding the bridge took on a menacing stance.

Jean's complexion shifted, and she glanced at the bewildered Lilly. She hurriedly said, "Go! I can only stall them for a moment!"

Witnessing the ghost armies charging toward them, the cowardly ghost stepped forward without hesitation to intercept them.

Ghost Generals vs. Ghost armies.

The ghost armies, wielding their tridents, were at a loss.

Weren't they bullying? But they could not shirk their responsibilities!

Just as the two sides were about to clash, Blake stepped forward, raising his hand to rest on the shoulder of the lead ghost army.

Emperor Blake smiled faintly. "To be a ghost, one must know how to be adaptable. What do you think?"

As he spoke, the Emperor's commanding presence subtly emanated, causing the eyes of the ghost armies to widen in an instant.

"Empe... Emperor..."

Blake nodded. "Yes, they called me 'Emperor.' Let them pass."

The ghost armies dared not say another word. Ghosts did not sweat, but they were now drenched in cold sweat from fear.

Blake held Lilly in one hand, walked back calmly, and placed his arm around Jean's shoulder as if calling

him a brother.

"Let's go, what are you doing here?"

Jean and Lilly's ghost generals were perplexed.

Only Pablo, the harem spirit, and the cowardly ghost floated aside silently, not uttering a word.

Besides the Spirit Bridge, two young ghosts temporarily took over Madame Maya's job and served Madame Maya soup to the arriving ghosts.

Madame Maya retreated to the backyard.

It was the first time that so many people gathered in Madame Maya's small yard.

Although only Blake and Lilly were truly alive, this was... truly the first time someone had... There was no denying this fact.

Jean busily brought water for Lilly and said, "I mixed some wine in the Madame Maya soup earlier, give her some water..."

Blake took the glass of water and asked, "What can I eat?"

Jean turned around and went back inside. "Ah, there are some sweet potatoes that Madame Maya secretly planted in the back mountain... Let's roast them, they'll be delicious when they're done."

Madame Maya was speechless.

Sweet potatoes?! That was her Snow Lotus. Although Jean usually took care of it, but...

Taking a bite of the Snow Lotus could allow a soul to temporarily return to the human world for seven days, fulfilling their final wish... How could it be used as sweet potatoes for roasting?

But seeing that tall and shameless man actually starting to roast the sweet potatoes...

As Blake looked down at Lilly sleeping soundly in his arms, he was supposed to be overjoyed at reuniting with his mother. However, he could not help but notice that Jean's bowl of soup had more than just a little wine mixed in it.

While Madame Maya's soup is typically made with water from the underworld and eight tears, Jean's soup was likely based on wine...

While pondering, Blake started a bonfire and began roasting sweet potatoes after grilling fish.

Madame Maya appeared confused and asked, "So you came to my house for a picnic?"

Blake looked up and responded with a smile, "I hope you don't mind me using your yard."

Madame Maya was taken aback.

This situation could not last much longer.

Why hadn't the new Madame Maya arrived to replace her yet?

Just as she contemplated this, she noticed Jean knocking out melon seeds, and the three of them gathered around the campfire. Oh... there was a judge floating beside them.

"Master Belmont, aren't you gonna do something about them?" Madame Maya felt downcast.

Pablo raised his head and, with a wave of his hand, took out a bottle of elixir from the bag on Blake's thigh, saying, "Since we are occupying your precious land, please accept this as a token of appreciation. I hope you'll like it."

Blake was speechless.

Madame Maya instinctively took the jade bottle and silently complained to herself.

Her realm could not have living beings, and the father and daughter were undoubtedly alive. No amount of elixir could bribe her, could it?

As she opened the jade bottle, Madame Maya's eyes widened in surprise.

It's the Golden Pill of Good Fortune!

Ah, yes, this would do.

Madame Maya discreetly put away the jade bottle, nodded, and said, "Since it's Master Belmont who gave me this, I'll allow it."

Before Pablo could respond, a cold voice resounded, "The esteemed judge of the fifth Hell Ruler Palace knows the law but violates the rules of the underworld. How should he be dealt with?!"

The King of Cities stood at the courtyard gate, hands behind his back, wearing a cold expression.

He cast a cold glance, satisfied that this time all the people and ghosts were present, sparing him the need to search for them one by one.

As the Ruler of Hell, he turned a blind eye to his subordinates bribing others, making his job easier...

Even if Lilly was not the Ruler of Hell yet, it was still unacceptable!

Pablo frowned and calmly advised, "King of Cities, I suggest you act more sensibly and leave."

The King of Cities was speechless, sneering, "Master Belmont, you speak so boldly. Who gave you the audacity to address me in that manner?"

He then shifted his gaze to Blake and Lilly, his face filled with murderous intent. "For a living person to trespass into the underworld is a violation of its rules. Even if I kill these two today, Emperor Prosper won't say anything to me!"

He prided himself on being impartial. So what if Emperor Prosper had a close relationship with this insignificant figure?

Was he supposed to change the rules of the underworld just for the sake of Lilly?

[Chapter 1079 Counting Chickens Before They Hatch](#)

The King of Cities sneered with contempt, he pretended not to know that Lilly was the little Hades. The King of Cities sneered with contempt, he pretended not to know that Lilly was the little Hades.

Pablo's expression darkened. "King of Cities, what are you up to this time?"

The King of Cities exuded hostility and without uttering a word, he struck out with a palm towards Pablo!

How dare Pablo, the lowly judge, speak to him like that! The King of Cities had grown tired of his insolence!

The King of Cities radiated a murderous aura. Ever since the King of Transformation had prevented him from killing Pablo the last time, he had been brooding over it for a long time.

Today, he intended to render Pablo speechless once and for all!

With malicious intent, the King of Cities aimed his palm directly at Pablo's forehead.

However, Pablo did not get immobilized by the King's palm.

Instead, Pablo's white robe billowed as he effortlessly avoided the attack, leaping up to avoid the palm!

"Boom!"

The fence and wall of Madame Maya's backyard disintegrated into dust.

Madame Maya was stunned.

My heart aches...

She silently turned around, slipped away, and returned to her post, trembling as she resumed her work.

Even if the ground trembled within, she convinced herself to be deaf.

The King of Cities was momentarily taken aback.

"Heh... So that's why you've become so formidable. It seems you've become stronger," the King of Cities jeered mockingly.

He could not possibly believe that a mere increase in strength would enable Pablo to compete with him, could he?!

Naïve!

The King of Cities' gaze grew dark, and he became even more concerned that Lilly would attempt to escape.

As Blake, a mortal, continued to stare fixedly at the bonfire without turning around.

He's likely frozen with fear.

The King of Cities directed a murderous glare at Lilly, who was in his arms.

Without uttering a word, he resolutely summoned his colossal sword and swung it towards Lilly!

This little being should have perished long ago!

In that moment, Lilly immediately awakened.

She sat up abruptly and raised her hands... And in an instant, she caught the sword with both hands!

"Clang!"

Lilly successfully grabbed the King of Cities' blade, but her feet sank into the mud, her face turned pale, and she broke out in a cold sweat!

Blake was taken aback. "Lilly!"

Gritting her teeth, Lilly managed to speak through clenched jaws, "Daddy... don't worry... I can handle this!"

Blake furrowed his brow.

Lilly spoke again, "Daddy, step aside... give me... room!"

Blake understood that she intended to use the King of Cities as a punching bag, as if he had trained her countless times before.

However, the King of Cities was no ordinary punching bag; he possessed true power.

In the end, Blake took two steps back and pulled Jean aside in the process.

Jean was yelling in terror, "Lilly!"

Observing that Blake refused to assist and was even pulling her away, Jean became infuriated and landed two punches on Blake's face out of anger!

Blake instantly felt aggrieved, even more so than Ophelia. "She said herself she wanted to..."

Jean angrily interrupted, "I heard it! She said she wanted to practice, and you allowed her to. You're such an irresponsible father! Do you even know who he is? The King of Cities, a sinister, cunning, and shameless person!"

Blake rubbed his nose.

The King of Cities' expression turned ugly as he coldly spoke, "Jean, out of pity, I turned a blind eye to your delayed reincarnation, but now you're becoming more insolent!"

Once he killed the little one, he would make Jean his first target.

Oh no... he should not let the little one die so easily. He would make her watch as he tortured and killed her mother first.

With that thought in mind, the King of Cities retracted his long sword and once again swung it towards Lilly!

"Ha!"

Lilly was still a bit dizzy, but she caught the sword barehanded once again, intercepting the second strike!

The King of Cities was taken aback. The little one had only been gone for a few days, yet she had become so powerful?

If he allowed her to live, there would be no place for him!

Filled with murderous intent, the King of Cities swiftly rushed towards Lilly, no longer holding back with his long sword.

"Breaking Slash!"

The killing intent emanating from the long sword surged into the sky, as if it aimed to cleave through the gray heavens above, all directed at Lilly's forehead.

Lilly suddenly felt herself immobilized, struggling to break free but unable to move!

A bloodthirsty smile curled upon the King of Cities' lips. "Heh... Die!"

In this moment, excitement and ecstasy surged within him. This time, the little one was doomed, there was no escaping it, he declared!

With the thought of eliminating the little one, the King of Cities would triumph over this calamity...

From this point forward, he would become the new Ruler of Hell, the one leading the Ten Hell Palace Rulers!

Hahaha!

[Chapter 1080 The King of Cities Is a Sandbag](#)

Lilly remained trapped, feeling the oppressive aura enveloping her body, sticking to her like being submerged in a suffocating lake. She struggled relentlessly, yet still could not break free. Her chest tightened, and it felt as if it would burst.

Lilly remained trapped, feeling the oppressive aura enveloping her body, sticking to her like being submerged in a suffocating lake. She struggled relentlessly, yet still could not break free. Her chest tightened, and it felt as if it would burst.

Disappointment surged within her heart—ah, she still was not strong enough.

She was not powerful enough...

"Lilly!"

"Lilly!"

In that moment, Pablo and the cowardly one rushed over in desperation.

Pablo regretted his previous belief that he could protect Lilly well. Now, the King of Cities' sword was perilously close to Lilly's hair, and Blake remained motionless.

It seemed as though he was held in place by the King of Cities' pressure.

Pressure was the aura that an emperor or a king like the King of Cities possessed. While pressure was not the same as strength, if the gap in power was too vast, pressure could immobilize an opponent and, in severe cases, even crush them with its force.

If he knew that Blake was Emperor Prosper, he shouldn't have been so confident, let alone trust him!

Lilly... Lilly!

Pablo could not reach her in time, his eyes turned red.

But in the next instant, a sudden change occurred.

Lilly abruptly seized the blade of the King of Cities' sword with her hand, following its trajectory!

Her gaze turned cold and resolute as she instantaneously closed the distance between herself and the King of Cities. She raised her small, fair hand and delivered three resounding slaps to the King of Cities.

"Take that!" The voice of the young child resounded.

"Slap! Slap! Slap!"

The King of Cities stood there in a state of disbelief.

Pablo and the others were equally stunned.

The coward couldn't help but recall the King of Cities' previous move...

Breaking Slash...

Take that...

It inexplicably echoed in his mind...

Lilly landed back on the ground, gasping for breath, a mix of excitement and pride on her face. "How did I do?"

Without hesitation, Blake gave her a thumbs up. "Incredible!"

Lilly beamed with joy, placing her hands on her hips and exclaiming, "I'm super awesome!"

Having Daddy here is amazing!

A hint of blood stained the corner of Lilly's mouth, but she casually wiped it away, eagerly fixing her gaze on the King of Cities.

Very good, very good, this punching bag is quite something.

King of Cities: "?"

He stared at the sword in his hand in disbelief, then at Lilly.

He heard Lilly ask, "King of Cities, is this a real sword?"

The King of Cities instinctively responded, "Of course... It's definitely a real sword!"

He had spent over a hundred years meticulously searching for treasures made of rare materials from the depths of the underworld...

In the next moment, a snickering sound could be heard from the side.

The harem spirit could not help but burst into laughter.

The bridal ghost looked surprised and uncertain. "Did I hear correctly? Did the King of Cities just call himself cheap?"

The promiscuous ghost leaned his elbow on the ghost bride's shoulder, laughing so hard that he couldn't stand up straight. "That's right, that's right! You heard it right, he's really cheap!"

The King of Cities was instantly consumed by anger!

"How dare you!"

This little brat, how dare they laugh at their superior?!

The King of Cities was extremely petty, particularly when it came to bearing disrespect from the ghosts beneath him. Thus, he swiftly turned his long sword and slashed at the harem spirit and the bridal ghost!

"Die!"

The pupils of the harem spirit and the bridal ghost shrank in fear.

But then, a resounding voice echoed through the air!

"Eighty!"

A towering sledgehammer, imbued with a purple-golden hue, descended with overwhelming force, crashing down heavily on the King of Cities' long sword.

In an instant, the King of Cities' sword was sent flying out of his grasp, landing with a loud thud some distance away.

Startled, the King of Cities anticipated that the next strike of the sledgehammer would undoubtedly hit him. With a swift retreat, he managed to avoid it.

Lilly, gripping the purple sledgehammer, couldn't help but pant heavily. She questioned, "King of Cities... why are you running away..."

Exhausting almost all her strength to swing the hammer, the spirit energy that had been "accumulating" in her elixir field was also depleted.

Lilly no longer possessed the ability to wield the purple sledgehammer.

The King of Cities also comprehended the situation and was immediately overwhelmed by shame.

He had been played by this little being once again!

The King of Cities' anger reached its zenith as the long sword returned to his hand with a swift motion.

Gripping his long sword tightly, he growled viciously, "You're in trouble, little punk! I've lost all my patience!"

Leaning on the purple sledgehammer, Lilly exhaled deeply, shaking her head with a contemptuous expression on her face. "I didn't build up enough momentum, it's almost comical!"

The King of Cities involuntarily lowered his head, following Lilly's gaze, only to discover that his majestic long sword had a dent in it... It looked quite amusing.

The King of Cities was silent.

He sneered, tempted to discard the sword gracefully, but eventually decided to sheath it instead. In a cold tone, he proclaimed, "I don't even need a sword to kill you. I can crush you to death with my bare hands!"

Lilly shook her head. "That's not true..."

After speaking, they feigned confidence and picked up the purple sledgehammer, shouting, "Eighty!"

The King of Cities was startled and quickly backed away!

As it turned out... Lilly had not moved at all; she was still clutching onto the sledgehammer, panting heavily.

Turning their head, they acted like a pampered child once again, addressing Blake, "Daddy, I have no strength. I can't move..."

Blake replied, "Alright, wait here. Daddy will peel the sweet potatoes for you."

It was at that moment that the King of Cities noticed Blake still tending to the roasting sweet potatoes, seemingly not taking him seriously.

The King of Cities felt increasingly humiliated. Lilly had merely startled him, yet he had backed away in fear.

The more he dwelled on it, the angrier he became. His eyes turned bloodshot with rage as he cast a vicious glare at Blake.

He changed his plan.

He now wanted to kill Blake first, followed by Jean. He wanted Lilly to witness the deaths of their parents before her eyes and make her feel helpless.

The King of Cities suddenly launched an attack, extending a bone-white claw-like finger, aiming to seize Blake.