

The Princess to Eight Uncles Chapter 37

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Chapter 37 Malignant Spirit And The Crying Ghost

Hannah had no courage to face what was behind her and remained plastered onto the door as she tried to force it open to no avail.

It felt as though she could hear someone weeping behind her, and yet nothing was there when she turned around.

She was scared silly. What could a child like her understand? She didn't hesitate to dive under the bed to hide.

It was quiet outside.

That was when she noticed a pair of feet pattering about her room before stopping in front of her...

The child stilled her breaths and covered her pinched lips.

The 'person' seemed to hear it. She slowly bent over with one hand propped up on the bed, causing a creak to reverberate around the room.

It noticed her.

That was when the door to her room was thrown open. Lilly's voice rang loud and clear. "%\$^&#!"

Hannah had no idea what she was saying.

All she saw was a ball of fire slamming into the figure!

A shrill scream sounded, and the pair of feet that were so firmly planted to the ground lifted as it tried to make its escape.

Lilly chased after her with a determined expression. The fireball whirred in her hand before being pelted at the ghost.

Pablo narrowed his eyes. "That's a malignant spirit..."

Ghosts were divided into classes.

Wandering spirits were the ones who roamed the world of the living. They don't do anything but wander.

Wandering spirits were typically souls who died of illnesses, car accidents, or old age and failed to reach the gates of heaven.

Souls who died an unnatural death and carry great resentment are aptly named resentful spirits.

They were often aggressive. When time and place aligned, it could manifest and take lives.

Malignant spirits were the most vicious and ranked above resentful spirits. They died tragic and abnormal deaths. They carried a paranoid obsession and were capable of absorbing negative energy to 'upgrade' themselves and attach themselves to the living.

Just like how unlucky ghosts could attach themselves to a human and cause severe bad luck or even accidental death as a result.

Malignant spirits were unable to accept their deaths and wandered in search of hosts to live again.

Lilly failed to suppress the evil and allowed the female spirit to escape.

Before the female spirit ran away, she turned and glared viciously at Lilly before disappearing into the night in a blink of an eye.

Lilly turned to ask, "What's a malignant spirit, Master?"

Pablo took his time to explain the intricacies to her and at the end said, "There are many kinds of malignant spirits. At the end of the day, they're all made up of various negative

emotions that stem from love, hate, greed, anger, and ignorance. Examples can range from crying ghosts, cowardly ghosts, petty ghosts, and perverted ghosts...”

Lilly pointed out the window. “What kind of ghost was that?”

He narrowed his eyes. “A crying ghost.”

Lilly blinked and turned to look at Hannah.

It seemed she had an epiphany!

“Was the crying ghost here because Hannah likes crying?”

Pablo praised her, “That’s right. Extremely gluttonous people tend to attract gluttonous ghosts. Crybabies tend to attract crying ghosts.”

Lilly nodded in understanding.

She did say children shouldn’t cry for no reason.

Hannah was completely out of it.

She couldn’t hear what Lilly was saying even though the younger girl had turned around to speak to her. When calm finally washed over her, she stood up and stumbled toward Lilly.

“Okay. Don’t be scared. I chased the ghost away.”

Hannah suddenly threw herself onto Lilly and burst into a fresh wave of tears.

She was so scared,

Lilly announcing her arrival with a fireball reminded her of the superhero Ultraman.

Ultraman was exactly like that in the animated cartoons her brother watched.

She cried till she was out of breath and refused to let go of Lilly.

Lilly patted her. “Cry it out. You’re a good girl!”

She was a child herself, and yet she was placating another.

That was when she seemed to recall something. "Wait for me, Hannah! I'll get you a cup!"

She hadn't yet forgotten her task to collect tears!

Lilly's feet thumped with every step as she hurried to get a cup. Hannah was choking and hiccuping as she called out, "H-Hurry up!"

Only two drops were left by the time the cup reached her...

The two girls shared a look.

Lilly hesitated, "Why don't you...try to cry harder?"

Hannah pouted and tried again while she was still emotional.

Pablo, who watched from the sidelines, was at a loss for words.

In the end, she got tired from crying. Even Lilly was yawning. Both were clearly exhausted.

"You should lie down and cry instead, Hannah! You won't be so tired then."

"Mnn..."

Both collapsed on the bed. Lilly fell asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow. She still had the cup in hand even in her sleep.

As for Hannah, her exhaustion from endlessly crying also had her asleep in seconds.

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The next day.

Bettany was speaking to Margaret. "You should wake Hannah up in a while. She will only be allowed to sleep till 9 from today on."

Hannah always slept past 11. Oversleeping was a norm for her.

Margaret grew worried. "Hannah has an awful temper in the morning, Mrs. Crawford. Should we call for Mrs. Winona to return?"

Only a few people could coax Hannah whenever she caused a fuss.

Waking her up was a different story...

Bettany placidly replied, "She has a temper? She hasn't seen mine."

Margaret had nothing to say to that.

Bettany left for the elevator in her electric wheelchair and stopped outside Lilly's room. She gently knocked on the door. "Are you awake, Lilly?"

She had figured out a pattern with Lilly after having the girl by her side for the past few days. She always woke up at nine.

She gently opened the door with a smile on her face to greet the child.

That was when her face sank!

"Someone! Come quick!" She panicked. "Lilly is missing!"

Polly, who was dozing off, scrambled into action and shrieked at the top of its lungs. "It's a kidnapping. Someone kidnapped a child!"

Anthony was in his study with Hugh to discuss a few things as it was a Saturday morning.

Both immediately sped out the door when they heard Bettany's calls.

The woman approached them in her wheelchair. Her countenance spelled anxiety. "Lilly is missing! The parrot said there had been a kidnapping!"

Polly cocked its head.

It was as if the parrot was wondering when it had said that.

Anthony went into Lilly's room to find that the girl was indeed nowhere to be found.

He immediately ordered the manor's staff. "Check the surveillance cameras, Jack!"

"As for the rest of you, search the manor!"

"Ask the maids who got up early to see if they heard anything, Margaret!"

Anthony's expression turned cold. He was ready to call 911.

That was when they heard a soft voice. "What are you looking for, Uncle Anthony?"

Lilly was hugging her rabbit toy as she rubbed her eyes and yawned.

Hannah followed close behind with swollen eyes. She barely looked awake.

Everyone was rendered speechless.

Why was Lilly in Hannah's room?

Why was Hannah here too? She wasn't even throwing her morning temper tantrums...

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Winona, meanwhile, was having breakfast with Helen.

She would occasionally check for the time to see how long it was going to take for Hannah to wake up.

She was definitely going to be an unruly child again.

The Crawfords must be exhausted after last night. Were they finally going to call her home?

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