

Eight Uncles 541

[Chapter 541 Gaining Experience](#)

Blake's heart tightened, and he suppressed the urge to rush forward.

Lilly... Daddy can't always be by your side...

Perhaps in five years, ten years, she would reach a place he could never reach, maybe she would be on her own...

Blake clenched his fists tightly, struggling to hold himself back.

Pablo had already departed, unable to bear witnessing the scene any longer.

Lilly's shoulder stung, and she waved her hand, but the evil spirits had already surrounded her.

Layers of malignant spirits engulfed the small figure...

"Lilly!" Josh yelled impatiently.

At that moment, Lilly fought to stand on a chair and leaped up.

Like a dragon soaring into the sky, she broke free from the encircling evil spirits with grace.

Her once cute and tender expression had now been replaced by a cold and unyielding visage.

There was a peculiar gleam in her eyes, like a flicker of lightning, she weaved through the crowd of malignant spirits.

"Hiyah!" She yelled as she ran.

"Come on! Catch me if you can!" Lilly's voice carried a hint of anger, refusing to believe she could not do it!

"Is this all you've got? I haven't even unleashed my ultimate power yet!" Lilly shouted while dodging them.

"It's a shame you're all just malignant spirits!" The young one grew increasingly skillful.

"Pathetic! You're all trash!" Lilly became more and more at ease, moving as swiftly as lightning.

The malignant spirits were speechless.

Never in their wildest dreams did they would be treated like a dog.

What an insult to ghosts!

What about their dignity?

Roar...

The enraged evil spirits yelled and charged forward, piling on top of each other, but they could not lay a finger on Lilly!

"Alright, that's enough!" Blake finally called for a stop.

Lilly quickly waved her hand, a bright light flashed, and the malignant spirits were instantly immobilized, unable to move or utter a sound.

The ghosts shrieked in agony.

They forgot about their dignity.

Lilly felt her legs go weak from exhaustion, almost collapsing to her knees. In the next moment, Blake scooped her up and held her in his arms.

"Are you alright?" He suppressed his concern, his voice deep.

Lilly nodded, "I'm fine... just... I'm hungry..."

Josh hurried over with a cake.

The fifth floor was now empty, with all the guests and waiters gone, but the buffet area was still filled with table after table of food.

Lilly swallowed two cakes in one go and drank two bottles of juice. Then she spotted Zachary approaching her with a plate of lobster.

She could not turn anyone down, so she devoured everything, feeling her strength returning.

"Let's do it again!" Lilly was filled with ambition, clenching her fists and shouting, "There are so many evil spirits, we can't let them go to waste!"

The ghosts were speechless.

So they were just being treated like sandbags for training...

Love will vanish, right?

When Lilly was training on her reflexes, Lilly stood still, and as the evil spirits approached her, she knocked their heads away.

With repeated practice, Lilly's reflexes improved rapidly. Even while eating, she could sense danger intuitively. Before her brain could process the situation and react, she had already dodged it.

Eventually, none of the evil spirits dared to launch sneak attacks anymore. They were all intimidated by her and hesitant.

During the intense training, Lilly defeated 39 ghosts without taking a break. In the end, all the evil spirits were terrified and backed off.

Her power training focused on pushing Lilly to the limits of her punching strength, determining how many evil spirits she could turn to ashes with one punch without using any magical powers.

Initially, Lilly could defeat one evil spirit with a single punch, but gradually she could take down two, then four, then six...

Finally, she reached the limit of ten evil spirits with a single punch.

It was dawn as she got to this part of her training.

The jar of souls let out a belch, not because it was full, but because it could no longer handle any more ghosts.

The harem spirit and the others peeking out of the jar of souls were amazed.

The harem ghost boasted, "Don't you mess with her!"

The cowardly ghost added, "Lilly, you did great!"

The unlucky ghost chimed in, "That poor ghost had it coming."

They peered around the corner.

In the vast hall, only one trembling evil spirit remained.

With fierce eyes fixed on Lilly, the evil spirit knelt down with a thud.

"Mom... Help me..." he cried out loudly, "Please forgive me!"

Lilly relaxed her posture and clenched her fists, feeling energized despite fighting throughout the night.

She struck her palm. The air crackled, and a bottle shattered half a meter away.

The power of Lilly's palm was truly remarkable!

Excitedly, Lilly looked around and spotted a coconut. With a swift slash of her palm, she effortlessly split the coconut in half.

The little girl's eyes sparkled with delight. "Hey! From now on, Grandma won't have to struggle to open durians! I can help split them with my bare hands!"

"Josh, if you ever need to cut fruit, you can come to me!"

Josh turned to Zachary, puzzled.

The two brothers were left dumbfounded.

It was true... Lilly's training had yielded incredible results in such a short amount of time...

Zachary quickly pulled out his notebook and crossed out the original data.

"Name, Lilly."

"Attack Power is at 9999 points, and her full potential is at 10,000 points. Her skill is Giant Talisman Attack, cooldown time is 0.25 seconds..."

"Current occupation is the Ruler of Hell."

"Her vitality is at 999 points whereas her full value is at 1000 points."

"Her speed is at 999 points whereas her full potential is at 1000 points. She has short legs and runs fast, almost like the Flash!"

"The weapons she currently possesses are her purple sledgehammer, containment spirit net, spirit compass, golden bun, talisman, a bow and arrow, a giant talisman, her fists, and possesses five malignant spirits."

"Accuracy is 100 percent."

"Her father and her master are her companions."

"Recovery is at 999 points. She needs 3 small cakes to recover from exhaustion."

"Evasion is at 999 points."

...

Zachary muttered to himself, "Lilly's almost invincible... If you had a character like this in a game, you could annihilate everyone!"

Zachary expressed his gratitude for the gift of nature, which enhanced his sister's strength. He thanked them sincerely.

Observing Lilly's swollen and red hand, Zachary's excitement turned into concern. He looked at her with worry and asked, "Does it hurt?"

Lilly couldn't hold back her tears any longer and replied, "It didn't hurt before, but now it hurts a little."

Josh, feeling sorry for his sister, held her hand gently and asked Blake, "Uncle Blake, does she need to see a doctor?"

Blake shook his head and said, "It's just a minor injury. She'll be fine after some rest."

Josh sighed with relief but could not help and glanced at Blake.

Grandma's gonna hit you with her new weapon — her frying pan.

Meanwhile, Pablo floated in and surveyed the empty hall, noticing the lone trembling ghost in the corner.

He waved his hand and said, "There's still a ghost left. You were the one who bit Lilly's shoulder earlier, right?"

The stingy ghost quivered in fear, realizing he had been singled out.

He wondered what he had done wrong and why he had been brought to this place.

[Chapter 542 Late Night Amusement Park](#)

Pablo gripped the stingy ghost coldly. "Out with it. Where is King Libra?"

The stingy ghost sobbed, "I don't know either..."

Thwack— Pablo took off half the stingy ghost's head.

The stingy ghost: ...

"I really don't know! I was let out by a female ghost wearing a red headscarf. She's a ghost general..."

Pablo smirked, taking off another half of his head.

All at once, the stingy ghost's head resembled a sharpened pencil...

The stingy ghost wanted to cry, suspecting that Pablo was just getting personal revenge for Lilly.

Hadn't he just taken one bite out of Lilly?

The kid was bubbly as a bottle of champagne, clearly nothing happened to her. Was there the need to torture him like this?

The stingy ghost racked his brains, and could only think of one key point. "There were gingko leaves from where we came out! Oh, and there was the sound of a big clock chiming!"

Blake squinted. Gingko leaves, clock chimes.

These two points were enough to narrow things down to a few locations.

He was going to have that traitor King Libra out no matter what!

The stingy ghost was nothing but indignant. "Look, I've told you everything. Can..."

Pablo was expressionless. "Is there anything else you have to say?"

The stingy ghost racked his brains one last time. "Uh... no. I swear, I've got nothing else."

Pablo nodded. "You can leave, then."

He waved a hand, and the stingy ghost disintegrated at once as it was absorbed by the spirit jar.

There was no way Pablo was going to keep ghosts under King Libra around.

You could never be too careful. He had a little pupil to lose!

(The stingy ghost: ...?)

Just then, Lilly was lying on Blake's shoulder. She was so sleepy she could hardly open her eyes.

She really was tired. She hadn't felt it amidst her excitement then, but let go for a while and instantly felt like she was going to fall apart.

"Take the fruits... chop 'em up..." The sleepy little kid mumbled.

Bettany had waited for an entire night until she was dragged to rest by Anthony around midnight. She woke up in the morning, and began waiting again.

At last, the door of the restaurant on the fifth floor opened to reveal Blake with a sleeping Lilly.

"Is everything alright?" She was nothing but worried. "What was she up to all night? Birthdays don't always come by, she couldn't even enjoy hers in peace..."

Blake smiled. "Don't worry..."

He paused, before glancing at Anthony. "Uncle Anthony's rich, anyways. We can have another party tonight."

Anthony: ...

Bettany was about to say something, when her gaze sharpened at Lilly's swollen hand.

It was not any normal swelling, but her hand had swelled up like a pig's trotter!

"Blake...!" Bettany's gaze glinted murderously.

Blake held Lilly, taking a big step back and disappearing into the elevator door.

"I'm bringing Lilly back home!"

"She's really tired! She hasn't slept all night, she shouldn't be disturbed..."

Upon saying the words, he disappeared.

Bettany wanted to follow after them, but was afraid she would wake Lilly up and could only stare threateningly as Blake carried Lilly away.

She turned around and glared at Anthony. "What are you staring at? Come on, get planning for tonight! Yesterday's party didn't count!"

Anthony rubbed his nose.

She then glanced sideways at Edward. "Are you going to make yourself useful or what?"

Edward: ...

Sure enough, all mothers were the same when they were in a bad mood...

Everyone scrambled to get out of there.

Even Lisa turned around, leaving with Anthony.

At last, Bettany sighed as she looked at the mess of a restaurant on the fifth floor.

For some reason, some of the tables and chairs had been flipped over.

It seemed like they ate quite a bit as well? Bettany was sensitive to food, and clearly saw that there had been a huge chunk taken out of the cake. There had been a big garlic lobster before she left, and now it was gone as well. Aside from that, there was the most loss in the juice and beverage department.

"Lilly must have had a hard time last night," Bettany mumbled to herself. "Cake's not going to be healthy enough..."

The food must've gotten cold, which was why she ate most of the cakes. Bettany's heart ached.

Since they were on Saffron Island, there was going to have to be an abundance of seafood! Be it jellyfish, scallops, lobsters, king crabs, sea urchins or sea cucumbers... there was going to be some of everything here!"

Josh and Zachary, having stayed up all night, went to bed as well.

The entire day passed by peacefully, aside from a painfully-bored Hannah. Drake didn't want to play with her, and so she could only take on the duty of walking the cats, dogs, birds and tortoises.

Lilly slept all the way until six in the evening. The sun was setting by the time she opened her eyes.

The sun was sinking into the water like a glowing egg yolk, its golden rays cast over the beach. The sky seemed to be a canvas of a beautiful, vibrant painting, making the entire beach look nothing but dreamy.

The night breeze was pleasant, and the waves lapped against the shore gently. Children ran on the beach playing, their parents following behind them with cameras.

"It's so pretty!" Lilly leaned against the floor-to-ceiling windows, not wanting to look away for a second.

Hannah burst through the door excitedly. "Lilly, are you awake? Let's go swimming!"

Lilly threw on her swimsuit at top speed, hurrying out of the door with Hannah like little mermaids.

Blake followed behind them. It was a rare evening of peace, and he strolled along the beach with his hands in his pockets as he watched Hannah and Lilly play.

They splashed around in the ocean, being tossed around by the waves lazily. It was considered a cold night then, and it was around fifteen degrees on Saffron Island.

Lilly was fine, as she had been trained before. Hannah, on the other hand, came running back in shivers not long after.

"I'm going to freeze!" She gasped.

Bettany came forward with thick towels, hurrying to wrap one around Hannah as she nagged, "You would deserve it, going into the water on a night this cold! Did you think you were Lilly..."

In the distance, Lilly was still splashing about in the water. General and Bailey watched over her, dragging her back whenever she got too far into the ocean.

Hannah was indignant. "If Lilly can do it, so can I."

Bettany glanced at her. "No, you really can't."

Right on cue, Hannah sneezed.

"Fine... I'll go on the roller coasters, the pirate ships and the—"

Bettany turned her down without thinking twice. "No!"

Hannah: Why?

Bettany sighed. "You might toss your brains out."

Hannah: ...

After those annoying intruders had been kicked out, tonight's party was a huge success. Lilly had never had a birthday by the beach before.

Her father was by her side, as were her grandparents and uncles.

So were her brothers and sisters, as well as her pets.

There were many, many other children who happily wished her a happy birthday, envious of her being able to have her birthday twice.

Everyone sang and danced on the beach. Some of them were strumming on ukuleles, the cold evening breeze doing little to cut down their warmth.

Lilly was overjoyed, only going to bed at night.

She fell asleep with a smile still on her face.

Blake stroked her smooth, fine hair as he whispered, "Lilly, happy fifth birthday."

He put a small present by her pillow.

Looking at the rest of her room, it was filled with presents.

The ones in boxes were from her grandparents, uncles and brothers. There were some without a box, like flowers or brightly-colored seashells or beautiful hair clips.

They were all gifts from the little children who had come to the birthday party.

Anthony stood by the door, looking at Lilly as she slept.

Everyone said that she was so blessed.

It was true that she was...

But what others couldn't see, was the responsibility and stress that she had to carry on...

Blake closed the door. They had booked a suite, with three bedrooms.

Lilly was in one of them, so Blake had to be in the other. The other one had been taken up like Hannah.

They had been here for two days, but all they had done was just the birthday parties. They had not even been to the Neon Amusement Park yet.

The theme park was quiet as it was deep in the night.

All of a sudden, a seesaw began to move by itself. Creak... creak...

In the dead of the night, the sudden sound was quite spooky.

"Hehehe..."

There was a faint, playful laughter followed by singing:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,

Dolly lies on by the road of tar.

Dolly, Dolly, won't you go home?

Are you, are you, all alone?

Dolly Dolly, neither grieve nor fear,

I've got a mommy for you right here..."

Under the streetlight, a scary-looking cloth doll appeared.

It leaned against the streetlight, tilting its head as its humanlike eyes stared dead ahead...

[Chapter 543 Doll In The Streetlights](#)

A fast-asleep Lilly opened her eyes all of a sudden.

Pablo was floating by the bed, staring in the direction of the amusement park.

"You're awake?" He pointed outside. "Who would've thought that there would be ghosts on this island."

Lilly nodded, getting out of bed and padding over to Blake's room on bare feet.

"Daddy..."

Blake's eyes flew open, and he sat up at once.

"Lilly?"

Lilly shushed him. "Daddy, can you hear anyone singing?"

Blake frowned, and was about to say something.

Suddenly, his gaze sharpened.

He could not hear singing, but could faintly hear music in the ocean breeze...

It was coming from the amusement park!

It was the music from the carousel.

"The amusement park?" Blake could feel his toes freezing in the middle of the night.

Lilly nodded. "Yep. Let's go, Daddy!"

Blake: ...

What was it like to be dragged out for ghost-hunting by your five year old daughter in the middle of the night?

Blake stood in front of the amusement park clad in the coat he had thrown on, his expression slightly pained.

"Aren't there any guards on duty here at night?" Blake looked around him, confused.

The door of the theme park was closed. The guards should be asleep.

He shook the gates, but no one came out still.

Well, his skills sure were going to come in handy, weren't they?

Blake, with Lilly in tow, flipped right over the gate.

Lilly's face was creased with worry. "Dad, will Grandma find out?"

Blake said, "Don't worry! ..."

Then he raised his head, and saw the security cameras not far away.

Uhh.

It was suddenly better not to talk.

"We'll just have to get back before Grandma gets out. She won't ask anything if she doesn't know we went out. No questions means no digging, no digging means no taking a look at the cameras..."

Blake took Lilly by the hand. "Come on!"

Father and daughter walked off deep into the theme park, with Pablo following behind them quietly.

Pablo was starting to feel more and more useless these days... his duties as a master had all been taken on by Blake.

The only sound that could be heard in the silent amusement park was the sound of Blake and Lilly's footsteps.

They walked over to the carousel, only to see that it was completely silent and still, not moving at all.

"Strange, we definitely heard music from the carousel just now!"

Lilly frowned.

She had to catch this ghost. This was Uncle Anthony's amusement park, and if anything messed with or harmed its guests.

Uncle Anthony's reputation would take a hit if the news went out.

A bad reputation meant no money.

No money was going to be a problem.

Whoosh...

In the distance, the giant hammer lifted into the air, before quickly returning to normal.

Blake's gaze sharpened. "The giant hammer moved. Lilly, how powerful of a ghost is this one?"

Lilly was serious too. "I dunno, but probably more powerful than Michael and the rest."

Which meant that they were more powerful than malignant spirits.

Blake grew solemn, scooping up Lilly and sneaking over to the giant hammer.

All of a sudden, he felt something off.

Blake whipped his head around, and saw a doll under the streetlight behind him that had seemingly appeared out of nowhere.

The doll was clad in a thick, ruffled princess gown complete with stockings, with two little braids on her head.

Her jet-black hair did not look like it was made of linen, but of real human hair...

She looked on at them, her head tilted.

Blake felt a stream of cold sweat trickle down his spine, and could not help but be on edge.

He was sure when he was walking by just now that there had been nothing under that streetlight.

"Lilly." Blake tightened his grip on Lilly, holding her in front of him like a safety amulet. "Don't be afraid, I'll go and take a look!"

Lilly: ...

She wasn't afraid!

Could he let her go first...

Lilly did not know what to say, and thus merely patted her dad's back. "Don't be nervous, Dad."

Blake: ...

Was he that obvious?

Despite having braved countless powerful ghosts, Blake somehow felt a little fearful of this doll.

For some reason, the doll felt extremely dangerous to him...

The next second, Lilly shouted, "Spiritual Fire!"

Whoosh...

A green fireball leapt out towards the doll. A shriek rang through the air, and before long the fire was put out. The doll was nowhere to be seen.

Blake: ...

That was it?

Lilly blinked innocently. "You said it, Dad. It's best to get rid of dangerous things first!"

Blake silently gave her a thumbs up.

Yet just as he turned around, he saw a doll under the streetlight ahead of him again!

This time the doll was staring at them, her jet-black eyes radiating with venom!

Lilly: Whoa... that can't be!

Her Spiritual Fire hadn't taken the doll down?

"Master, what level of ghost is this?" All questions could be answered by her Master!

Lilly turned around to face Pablo at once.

Pablo stared at the doll intently. "That's a Ghost Martial."

[Chapter 544 Training Results And Combat](#)

Ghosts were divided into several levels: wispy ghosts, little ghosts, woeful ghosts, resentful ghosts, malignant spirits, ghosts generals, and ghost lords.

"In theory, ghost generals and ghost lords should only exist in the underworld. For example, the harem

spirits and the rest followed you around, and leveled up from a malignant spirit to a beginner ghost general."

"Ghosts that can level up to ghost generals or ghost lords by themselves are extremely evil."

Lilly finally understood. "So is this one already a ghost lord?"

Pablo said, "Not quite yet. That's why it's called a rookie ghost lord."

Lilly nodded her head. So this was not a ghost lord yet.

That's why it was still a rookie.

"It's a pleasure to meet you!" Lilly said.

Blake closed his eyes, pained. Where was the pleasure in this?

"How are we going to take care of it, then?" Blake stared at the doll under the streetlight.

A ghost lord could take on a hundred malignant spirits.

Lilly had had to use all her might to take down over a hundred malignant spirits last night. A ghost lord was going to be quite the pain to deal with.

Unexpectedly, Lilly charged forward with a roar. "Let's get it!"

How else was she going to do this?

She chose to meet it head on!"

Lilly moved at the speed of lightning, and reached the doll in the blink of an eye before throwing a punch!

The results of yesterday's training were even more present now. The doll could not dodge in time, and a crack appeared at once.

Lilly was strong enough to crack a durian open without even touching it, but she had landed a full-forced punch and had only made a crack on the doll, cotton spilling out of it.

"Whoa, it's so strong!" Lilly thought to herself.

The doll then vanished, trying to play the disappearing act once again. Lilly landed a blow on the ground.

"Who's your daddy!" She growled lowly.

A giant golden symbol lit up the night sky like a lightning bolt, rolling out in all directions.

The doll was nailed down, appearing above Lilly's head.

Pablo did not know what to say.

This was such a powerful move, but its chant was... that.

He shouldn't have messed around, this was the King of Hell he was dealing with...

He was going to have to change that name for sure when he went back this time...

Lilly stared at the doll above her, harrumphing coldly. "Trying to sneak attack me?"

The doll's gaze was positively poisonous, staring daggers at Lilly.

Lilly was just about to hold it down, when a strange chill ran through her body out of nowhere that made all the hairs on her body stand up.

Before she could understand what was going on, her hand had flown out.

"Eighty!"

This had come from the instinct training she had undergone last night!

The purple sledgehammer flung over to another side with a loud rumble.

A scream rang through the air, and a little girl appeared out of nowhere, writhing under the streetlight!

The doll took the chance to wriggle free, rushing into the little girl's arms.

The girl climbed to her feet. She held the doll tightly in her arms, staring at Lilly without making a sound.

Lilly stopped short. "There's two of them?"

Pablo slipped behind Lilly, protecting her in secret as he whispered, "That's the real ghost lord."

"She looks around three or four, but she's a ghost lord! Even the doll in her arms is a rookie ghost lord..."
Pablo's expression grew solemn.

Lilly nodded. "I know what you're trying to say, you mean they're both really powerful, right?"

Pablo nodded, but what he was thinking was... he had finally come in handy as a master.

Blake was useless in a situation like this.

Blake: ?

Lilly flexed her fingers, gripping the purple sledgehammer in her hands. "Don't worry, I've got this!"

She leapt into the air, bringing the hammer down on the little girl with all her might!

"Eighty!"

One was bound to make some sort of loud sound when they were using a lot of strength. As Lilly roared the word, the purple sledgehammer landed on the girl.

The little girl was quicker, though. She vanished, and appeared under another streetlight with a smile.

"Hehe, come play with me..."

The streetlights flickered all of a sudden, one turning off as another turned on.

The little girl appeared in front of Lilly in the next second!

Lilly's gaze narrowed.

Whoa, this dude was even faster than lightning!

Under these circumstances, Lilly could hardly access her powers in time.

The little girl let out a bone-chilling smile, opening her mouth and pouncing on Lilly to bite her.

Lilly swung out a punch at once!

Thump!

With sheer brute strength, Lilly made a dent in the little girl's face.

The girl let out a cry, vanishing altogether.

Lilly exhaled hard, rubbing her fist as she hissed. "Master, she's even harder to hit than Aunt Lisa!"

Pablo: ...

Last night during training, Pablo had been thinking that there was no need for combat training.

Lilly had an arsenal of powers. Was there even any need for her to learn how to fight?

Well, it had turned out to be useful.

Or rather, everything Blake had taught Lilly the night before had come in handy!

A wave of shame washed over Pablo. He was a judge of the underworld, but his real-life combat experience was nowhere near Blake's.

Blake saw the little girl escape, and finally calmed down slightly. He walked over to Lilly. "Are you alright?"

Lilly shook her head. "I'm fine. My hand just hurts a little."

Blake lifted her hand to glance at it. Her knuckles were all red.

This really was a powerful force they were dealing with...

Blake's gaze darkened. "That little girl was a ghost lord?"

Lilly nodded. "Bingo~ You got it right, Dad!"

Blake asked again, "Can your Master... take down a ghost lord like that?"

Lilly turned to look at Pablo.

Pablo widened his eyes indignantly, showing himself at once. "What do you mean if I can take it down. Of course I can, why even ask?"

How dare he question his abilities!

Blake nodded. "Alright, good! Let's go, Lilly. There's a new sandbag at home, you can train while your master gets to the bottom of this!"

With Pablo around, they could focus on combat training for good!

Pablo would never let anything happen to Lilly.

Lilly nodded, clenching her little fists. "Let's go, let's go!"

Blake: Let's go!

And so, both father and daughter charged in the direction of where the ghost had disappeared.

Pablo: ...

Alright, it seemed like he was only useful like this.

Pablo's mouth twitched, not knowing what to say.

Of course he was going to stand guard, though...

Deep in the amusement park, sounds of the rides turning and moving would ring every now and then.

The rollercoaster zoomed around in the middle of the night, without a single person on it.

Blake and Lilly could clearly hear the little girl's giggles.

In the middle of the night, the giggles sounded nothing but pitiful.

"Come on, let's get up there." Blake jumped around the ticketing booth at the roller coaster, and was about to hoist Lilly over when she had already hopped over herself.

It was almost as if the week of sandbag training had been for her to climb walls.

Blake stared at the roller coaster, and could not help but frown. "That's not right. The roller coaster's making so much noise, but no one's coming over to check it out at all..."

[Chapter 545 Adorable Shaky Scream](#)

The amusement park was a bit of a distance from the hotel, but they were still not too far away from each other on the island.

Aside from the guards who were supposed to watch over the amusement park, even the hotel staff should have noticed something off.

Pablo said, "This is ghost ambience."

It was Blake and Lilly's first time hearing of the word, and both of them turned to look at Pablo as if he was an encyclopedia.

That was what Masters were for, apparently.

"What's ghost ambience?" The both of them asked.

Pablo-padia said, "Well, human beings have an aura, and ghosts have an ambience. An ambience would be like a ghost's aura."

Blake: I kind of get it, but not completely.

Lilly didn't get at all, blinking at her master.

Master: ...

"For example. I'm sure you've seen your brother's physics books. The chapter on magnetic field, where if you hover a magnet on top of a flat layer of magnetic powder, a part of the powder forms a pattern.

"A small magnet would have a small magnetic field, and a large magnet would have a bigger magnetic field. It's like the field formed by the north and south poles of the planet— they cover the whole of it."

"This ghost lord might be young, but her 'magnetic field' is enough to cover the entire amusement park. Thus, no one outside of her field will be able to know what happened in here."

"If someone fell within this ambience and died screaming for help, no one would know or even hear."

Realization dawned upon Lilly. "Isn't that ghost blocking?"

It seemed like ghost blocking!

Pablo: ...

"I guess you're not wrong to understand it like that... but normal ghost blocking can only happen when the time is right. A ghost lord's ambience appears wherever it goes."

Lilly: Got it. So it's like a more powerful ghost blocking! You made it sound so complicated, Master.

Blake nodded as well. "I understand. So it's like an army's attack range, where you won't even know how you die once you enter it. That's what ambience is."

Pablo-pedia: ...

Arghhh, someone take these two know-it-alls out for a beating!

As he spoke, the roller coaster zoomed past once again.

This time, the figure of a little girl appeared on the previously empty ride.

She was holding the doll, her head turning a full 360 degrees to stare at Lilly and Blake.

Blake said in a low voice, "If her ambience covers the entire amusement park, what happened to the amusement park staff?"

They had passed by the security room when they were coming in, and it had been empty.

There were four entrances of the security guard with a security room by each one, with two guards on duty at each room.

Which was to say that there should be eight guards on duty at the park at night.

Lilly raised her hand all of a sudden, pointing somewhere. "Over there."

Blake looked over.

There were two ropes hanging from the roller coaster's tracks.

On the ropes, were two people hanging there.

In the faint light, the two figures swayed in the wind. Their arms limp, their heads bowed...

"Let's go!" Lilly rushed to them. "They're not dead yet!"

Uncle Anthony had just built this theme park. There was no way someone was going to die!

Blake headed towards the control room at once. "I'm going to control the other roller coaster to stop at the top. You go and let them down!"

Lilly ran forward, before turning to look at her father. "Dad, are you sure?"

She glanced at the pitch-black control room.

Blake: ...

He had been sure at first.

But after Lilly's question...

The image of him controlling the roller coaster, and a doll appearing behind him out of nowhere floated into his head.

"Lilly... get me an amulet or two." Blake said the words calmly, devoid of embarrassment.

Lilly got out her Hell Ruler Palace at once.

"A normal amulet isn't going to be enough. I think you should just go into the Hell Ruler Palace, Dad!"

Upon speaking, she tossed the Hell Ruler Palace over... to land on his head.

Blake: ...

He had never thought that he would find himself in the Hell Ruler Palace before he died.

It was on his head, too!

He was about to get Lilly to make the palace bigger, so that it could at least go over him completely.

Yet she had already run off.

Blake rushed to the control room silently.

The people on the tracks could not wait. The Hell Ruler Palace was just going to have to wait instead.

Lilly ran over to one side of the roller coaster, and climbed up.

It was enough that the Hell Ruler Palace was over her father's head. It had an 'ambience' of its own, too.

Any bigger, and her father wouldn't be able to carry it.

The Hell Ruler Palace couldn't just be taken away like that.

Just as Lilly had fastened the safety belt, the roller coaster started moving. It began to speed up, rushing towards the top.

The guards hanging on the tracks were getting closer and closer.

Lilly went into deep focus. She was going to wait for the roller coaster to stop, and then think of a way to get these two guys down.

All of a sudden, a giggle rang next to her ear. Lilly turned, and saw the little girl sitting next to her.

Her torso was facing the front, but her head was turned to face Lilly at a full 90 degrees.

"Oh sh*t!" Lilly said on instinct, copying Polly.

She then threw a punch.

The little girl's head spun in a perfect circle, before stopping face-to-face with Lilly again.

"Hehehe... come play with me!" She smiled, baring her shiny white teeth.

The roller coaster that had been about to stop lost control at once, speeding up with a creak as it reached the top and whooshed down at top speed.

Lilly screamed. "Waaaaaah!"

Her hair was flying up, the wind whipping in her face. Lilly opened her mouth, her chubby cheeks rippling from the effect.

"Ah-h-h-h—"

Lilly's voice trembled as she yelled.

Blake was panicking in the control room. The roller coaster refused to listen to him no matter how he mashed the buttons.

Blake stuck his neck out, the Hell Ruler Palace on his head. "Hang in there, Lilly!"

"Just pretend it's weightless training!"

Lilly: Alri-i-i-i-ight—

An adorable, shaky scream rang back.

Blake: ...

Pablo: ...

Unable to control the roller coaster, there was no point in staying in the control room. Blake ran out, towards the two guards hanging on the tracks.

He stood underneath the tracks, whipping out two blades and slinging them into the air. The ropes broke, and the two guards came falling down.

Pablo raised his hands hurriedly, hovering the guards in mid-air to prevent them from falling to their death.

"Couldn't you have given me a heads-up?" Pablo glared. "They would've fallen to death if hanging them didn't kill them."

Blake said, "I knew you would get them."

Pablo: ...

Just then, another string of shaking screams whipped over.

Lilly: Master-er-er-er-er—

Blake and Pablo: ...

[Chapter 546 Come Play With Me](#)

Lilly screamed as she zoomed past. "Master-er-er-er— Hel-el-el-elp..."

Pablo said, "Hang in there, I'll be right with you!"

Blake reached out with a shout, "Hang in there, Lilly!"

"It's important to keep a clear head when you're weightless and gaining speed!"

The roller coaster whipped past the two of them, Lilly's voice shaking over as well.

"I know-ow-ow-ow-ow..."

"Hel-el-el-elp..."

"Uncle A-a-a-anthony-y-y needs to ma-a-a-ake mo-o-o-ney-ey-ey-ey-ey..."

Despite the shakiness, uh... she spoke clearly enough, with a definite amount of emphasis on the word 'money'.

Blake and Pablo's mouths twitched. She was telling them to save the guards first.

If she could think of money at a time like this, she was probably doing alright...

Pablo said, "You go. You have the Hell Ruler Palace on. I'll watch over Lilly."

Blake had thought of saying that he would stay and watch over Lilly, but then remembered that he would not be able to help much if the ghost lord was to try and harm Lilly.

He could only reluctantly turn away.

Blake searched around the amusement park, feeling the weight on his next grow heavier and heavier. The Hell Ruler Palace seemed to grow heavier the further he got away from Lilly.

He could hardly walk at some point.

Just then, he was in the 4D cinema hall. The hall looked stylish and modern, with floor-to-ceiling glass walls.

Blake could see what an idiot he looked like from the reflection of the glass.

There was a little house on his head.

His neck was strained and bowed from the weight of it...

Just then, he felt something move behind him. Blake shivered, and saw the doll appear behind him in the reflection of the glass.

The doll's eyes were especially terrifying reflected!

Even someone like Blake got a fright from the sight.

It was also then that he saw another two guards hung beneath the banyan tree not far behind the doll.

Blake turned around at once. The Hell Ruler Palace was in his head, and he was not afraid of anything.

As he turned, the doll pounced with a scream as well!

Blake smirked. "I've got to say I respect you for daring to attack me with this on my head."

Blake took the opportunity to attack as well, swinging with his lancet.

The lancet slashed through the doll, but merely made a cut around half a finger long with a tuft of cotton peeking out.

The lancet had not done much damage to the doll, but the Hell Ruler Palace sent it flying.

The doll landed on the ground, staring daggers at Blake.

Blake did not have time to pay it any mind. He swung his lancet again, cutting the string and catching the two guards before sticking a few amulets on him.

When he turned around again, the doll was sitting up slowly and staring at him.

"Come on," Blake beckoned with a finger. "I'd like to see if I can take a rookie ghost lord down myself!"

He wanted to see what his limit was, and how much he could take.

This was the perfect opportunity!

Thus, a fierce battle broke out between a Hell-Ruler-Palace-wearing Blake and the rookie ghost lord...

Blake watched out for any other guards as he fought.

As the battle went on, he was worried if the other guards would be hung back up. Yet to his surprise, the

doll kept following him.

Blake could not help but grow confused.

What did this doll, or the little girl want from him?

Over on the roller coaster.

Lilly had zoomed past ten times.

The kid seemed to have calmed down, even considering brushing her teeth in mid-air.

The little girl next to her did not bite or strangle her either, going ten times on the roller coaster with Lilly. The girl seemed pleased, and the roller coaster slowed to a stop.

Lilly wobbled dizzily, not used to the sudden halt. Her hair was sticking out in countless directions. "That was so fun! Why'd you stop? How about another go?"

The little girl did not say anything.

She stared at Lilly unblinkingly.

Pablo had not expected for the roller coaster to stop just like that. This ghost lord was only around three or four years old, but was silent and not making a single sound.

He frowned, lowering his voice. "Lilly..."

Just as he spoke, the little girl vanished. She appeared in front of Pablo, looking at him with her head tilted to the side.

Pablo: ...

My god, this was the first time he had been scared by a ghost.

"Hehehe... come play with me!" She said.

Lilly wobbled off the roller coaster, shouting, "Me me me! I'll play with you!"

She seemed to understand the little girl now!

She must be lonely.

Looking for someone to play with.

Hanging up those guards must be a game of hers too, right?

But that was wrong.

Lilly said patiently, "If you want to play, I can get you lots of friends. You can't hang these guys up like this, though. Got it?"

The little girl frowned, turning to look at Lilly again.

The lights around her flickered before plunging into darkness— the roller coaster was 'closed for the night'.

In the distance, the turbo drop lit up.

Lilly ran towards it, Pablo following behind her.

"Lilly, wait!"

Playing with a ghost lord?

Pablo remembered that the kid had played with her brothers, her uncles, and even with Bettany.

He had never thought that she would play with a ghost lord!

Lilly seemed to make her mind up nevertheless. She ran to the turbo drop as it stopped silently in front of her, as if waiting for her.

Lilly got on the ride, snapping the safety belt shut.

She even did up the little girl's safety belt.

The little girl looked down, frowning at the belt on her waist. She reached out, and tugged it off her in one move.

She looked down at Pablo below, smiling and baring her teeth. "Come play with me..."

Pablo: ...

Wasn't one companion enough?

Lilly waved a hand. "Come on, Master! It'll be fun!"

Pablo was about to say that he couldn't play as a spirit, and these rides hardly did much to him.

The turbo drop was fun because humans had weight, and felt adrenaline from the drop.

He was a spirit!

He didn't even have a pulse. How was it fun for him!

"I'll pass." Pabo crossed his arms.

He was a judge, he wasn't going to play something so childish.

Five minutes later.

The turbo drop reached the top.

Pablo looked at himself on one of the seats, and glanced beside him. Next to him wearing similarly pained expressions were the unlucky ghost, weakling spirit, harem spirit, foolish ghost, the ghost bride, crying spirit, Ms. Ugly, Tinkerbell...

[Chapter 547 The Tables Turn, The Ghosts Get Scared](#)

The turbo drop ride in the Neon Amusement Park was about a hundred meters tall.

Which was around twenty five storeys.

The safety belts that Lilly had put on the spirits were ones that they could not get out of. Pablo, the weakling spirit and the rest were 'bound' to their seats on the turbo drop.

The ghost bride looked nervous. "I've never experienced jumping off a building before and after life! Ah— I'm so nervous!"

The foolish ghost looked bored out of his mind. "What are you panicking over? We're all ghosts here. For all you know, we might still be floating in the air when this thing drops."

The weakling spirit: ...

The mere image of it...

A bunch of ghosts sitting in mid-air above the turbo drop?

The harem spirit's expression was teasing. "That might not be the case. Look, the King of Hell put these on us herself. You might want to be a little scared."

The foolish ghost yawned. "And how could that be? We're all ghosts, anyways. We'll just take the ride

together."

He had been a ghost for so many years. What was there to fear of a turbo drop?

He'd never even seen an amusement park for ghosts.

The closest thing was the haunted house.

The crying spirit was already in tears. "I'm so scared, sob sob sob..."

Pablo could feel a headache coming on.

How had he agreed to this?

Just then, Lilly said happily, "Sit tight, everyone! Ready, go... Whoo—"

Before she could finish, the turbo drop had sunk downwards!

The wind whipped over her face. The weightless feeling sent a thrill through her, and Lilly let out another string of adorable shaky screams.

Amidst her screams were also the giggles of the little girl!

Aside from the little her, the ghosts were all howling!

They had never thought that they would end up here after getting strapped down!

The lower half of their bodies fell, and the upper half fell after it!

"Awooo— m-m-my f-f-fa-a-a-a-ace...." This was the ghost bride.

"F-f-f-f*-*-*-cking he-el-el-el-el-ell—" This was the unlucky ghost.

"M-m-m-mommmmm! My h-h-hea-a-ad's-s-s-s mi-i-i-iss-s-s-si-i-i-ing-g-g-g!" This was Tinkerbell.

Pablo did his best to hold down his own spirit to prevent himself from stretching out.

What the f*ck...

Was he dreaming?

How could this be!

Just as the turbo drop was about to hit the ground, it stopped all of a sudden!

The ghosts' stretched out bodies snapped back in place with resounding bounces, their heads sinking into their bellies like an overweight hamster.

There were a few shreds of their spirits in the air.

The ghosts: ...

A barely-hanging-on Pablo: ...

Lilly, with her hair completely messed up. "Ha... ha ha!"

The little girl seemed to be pleased by this, activating the turbo drop once again and letting out a peal of giggles.

The unlucky ghost shouted, "Are you kidding me? Again?"

The ghost bride said, "Mister Unlucky, can you see my face?"

Tinkerbell, "Girl, I'm still looking for my head. Let me know if you see it."

Ms. Ugly clutch her cheeks. "Hey, it's like I got a facelift. I kind of look better."

The foolish ghost retched.

The harem spirit said, "Honestly, I think you should just— Ahhh!"

The weakling spirit's gentle voice trembled. "Darling, please take these safety belts off, won't you?"

Lilly shook her head, shouting in the wind, "Safety belts on, no accidents happening!"

The turbo drop had not even reached the top, and the ghosts were already wailing in complaint.

They were all dead! What accidents could they possibly run into!

The safety belt was the accident!

Before they could think any more.

The turbo drop fell once again from the top.

The ghost bride, having just found her face, went whooshing down the next second.

It was a mess.

In the middle of the night, the turbo drop moved up and down as the ghosts scrambled to find their eyes and noses and mouths.

The ride went on eight times until the little girl finally had enough, the turbo drop slowing to a stop.

Pablo was the only ghost intact, desperate to hang on to his image

The other ghosts were scrabbling in the air to find the rest of their faces...

Lilly's eyes gleamed with excitement, her hair mess. She was having so much fun.

"What's next?" She asked impatiently.

There was no way she could have so much fun like this during the day.

Her Grandma would stop her.

The little girl did not expect for Lilly to read her mind.

She had tried getting many people to play with her, but they were all scared.

So she got mad, and hung them all.

There was a man pretending not to be scared, but he didn't want to play with her at all. He stared at her with eyes full of fear, but pretended to be happy.

The little girl stared at Lilly, frowning deeper and deeper before she disappeared again.

Not too far away, the ranger lit up.

Lilly was the first to come running. "Wait for me!"

"Master, guys! Come on!"

The ghosts: ...again?

The weakling spirit forced himself to calm down and return to normal, before saying, "Let's go."

They had a long way to go ahead of them, and no one knew how many more chances they had to play with the kid like this.

They shouldn't miss them.

The weakling spirit was the first to drift over.

The other ghosts had no choice but to follow suit, floating along as they observed the ranger.

"That doesn't look very tall, or fast. I think it'll be fine."

"Yeah. It's a ranger, right? I've heard that you just swing about like a pendulum..."

The ghost bride stretched out her arms for a quick measure. "From the way it looks, I think the ranger will swing less hard than the turbo jump. We'll be fine!"

The ghosts heaved a sigh of relief.

Only for them to get on and realize.

This was the ranger?

It should be called the pendulum of death!

Under the ghost lord's control, the ranger flung about wildly. The eyes and noses and mouths that the ghosts had spent so long trying to reassemble went flying once again.

Their stretched out bodies could practically form a circle.

Getting down from the ride, all the ghosts did not know what to say.

Lilly wobbled about as if she was drunk, landing on the ground on her bottom.

"I can still go!" She raised a hand. "I'm not drunk!"

Her dad had said that she had to be trained!

She was just going to have to hold it together!

Not puking or getting dizzy was a win!

She was the best!

"Again!" Lilly hollered, her hair looking like she had just been electrocuted at this point.

The ghosts: ...

The little girl giggled and giggled. She was starting to like Lilly. She did not disappear this time around, pulling Lilly's hand and heading for the next ride.

The ghosts seemed to be her new pals. If they did not want to play, the little girl would beg them over and over again with the same line:

"Come and play with me."

The ghosts did not know how they got through the night.

Pablo himself did not know how he had agreed to all his pupil's shenanigans.

They were supposed to be catching the ghosts.

When had the tables turned like this?

[Chapter 548 Where's My Dad?](#)

It was the middle of the night, and the amusement park was in full swing. Things only started quieting down much later.

Lilly was sitting on the grass, feeling the sea breeze.

The little girl sat next to her, not making a sound.

The other ghosts, however, stared at a newcomer in confusion. "Who's this?"

A round of rides later, there was now another ghost?

It looked such a mess, too!

The ghost remained silent, not saying a word.

The ghost bride frowned. "Why does that face look so familiar..."

The unlucky ghost rubbed his nose. "That nose is like mine."

The harem spirit said, "Hey, that chest! That's my chest..."

It turned out that that wasn't a new ghost, but it was just formed out of the spare parts of the other ghosts...

And so the ghosts scrambled to collect their parts.

"Harem, these are your eyebrows..."

"Oh my... I've finally got my face back."

"Whose pupils are these? They're stuck on my head!"

The scene was in chaos.

Lilly lay down on the grass, satisfied. "That was so fun!"

Something seemed to be missing, though.

Lilly made a sound of confusion. "Where's my Dad?"

Pablo: ...

Ha. At least you still remembered your father.

Just then, a figure appeared in the distance.

His shadow dragged on long and thin under the streetlights.

He was bent at the waist, his chest heaving as he panted heavily.

Blake was leaning on the streetlights as he stumbled along, a doll in his hands.

The Hell Ruler Palace was on his head like a safety hat, the front door swinging open to reveal his face.

Blake wanted to say something, but found he could not get a sound out.

That had been so intense.

He had fought the doll, all while hearing Lilly's shaking screams through the entire amusement park.

Yet he could not lose focus. At last, he defeated the rookie ghost king after battling for a whole night.

The rookie ghost king in question was currently limp in Blake's grasp. It had been beaten to a literal pulp, cotton flying out of it in various gashes.

However, Blake could feel the Hell Ruler Palace on his head getting heavier and heavier...

And to his disbelief, his little darling had not come looking for him at all!

"Hi~ Daddy..." Lilly waved guiltily.

The little girl seemed to just remember her doll as well, turning over with guilt in her eyes as well.

Blake looked at Lilly, mildly annoyed.

The doll looked at the little girl, mildly annoyed.

Blake: I spent the whole night fighting.

The doll: I spent the whole night getting beaten up.

And these two had been playing the whole time!

Lilly took the Hell Ruler Palace back, and the little ghost lord girl took her doll back as well.

"What's your name?" Lilly asked curiously. "Why are you here?"

Just when everyone thought that the little girl couldn't speak, she opened her mouth. "I'm Jessie. This is my older sister, Mindy."

The little girl pointed at the doll.

Everyone got a shock. The doll was her sister?

"We've lived on this island for a really long time," Jessie said. "Mindy and I have been here since before the amusement park was built."

"We escaped here from over there, from the islands far, far away."

The little girl Jessie said a few short sentences, but revealed a lot...

How her sister had turned into a doll.

Why they had to run away?

How they had become a ghost lord and a rookie ghost lord...

Jessie said lightly, "My sister and I were all we had. We had Ma, but no Pa."

Lilly did not quite get it. They had a mother, so why were they saying they only had each other...

Had she not learned her pronouns?

Blake sat to the side as well. He found the ground a little cold, and hoisted Lilly into his arms.

The sky was still dark before dawn, and the weather was still cold.

The ghosts sat in a row, quietly listening to the ghost lord's story.

"Ma never liked us. She never spoke to us. I fed on Mindy's milk when I was a baby."

That was why she had clung to her sister from a young age. Her sister was beautiful, and had gorgeous eyes. She was like the night sky, brilliant and sparkling.

Jessie loved leaning on her sister, gazing at her dazzling eyes.

Unfortunately, Mindy was mute. But she was kind, and would always have a gift for Jessie everytime she came home from working at the farm.

"Sometimes it was a piece of candy, sometimes a pretty flower."

As if reminiscing on those good times, a smile appeared on Jessie's face.

"But when Mindy was eighteen, Ma brought a few men to the house one day."

Jessie remembered that day. Mindy's smile disappeared from her face, and her eyes lost their light altogether.

"They said they wanted to play with me, and told me to hide. Ma told Mindy to go to them."

"I didn't want to play with them, I just wanted Mindy. But Ma didn't let me."

Ma had never told her what to do. Sometimes Jessie would be so hungry her stomach growled, but Ma would hardly even glance at her.

But that day, Ma made her a good meal. There was beef and even hot goat's milk.

Distracted by the food, Jessie forgot to go looking for her sister.

"That day, Mindy went missing." Jessie's gaze grew murderous as she spoke, but Lilly could see the gleam of pain and regret behind them.

Lilly seemed to get it a little now. Jessie must have regretted letting her sister go missing because she was distracted by food.

Jessie continued. "I searched for a long time until it was dark, but I couldn't find Mindy. So I cried and cried. Ma got impatient with me and gave me a little cloth. She said that Mindy left it for me."

"She even said that Mindy had gone to a place far away, and that she was having fun. She said Mindy was never coming back to this poor, miserable place."

Tears streamed down Jessie's face, her lip quivering. "I didn't believe that, of course!"

Mindy would never leave her behind.

From that day onwards, she began looking through the entire farm. She searched and searched, from the grassy fields to the cliffs over the shore.

She held onto the little doll, searching high and low with a worrisome heart.

If she got hungry, she would make a meal of some hay.

If she got thirsty, she would lie by the nearest puddle and drink some water.

The doll stayed by her side, going from pristine to dirty.

"How'd you know that Mindy gave you the doll?" Lilly could not help but ask.

Jessie shook her head. "I don't know for sure, but Ma told me Mindy left it behind for me so I believed her."

She stroked the doll in her hands. "Because Mindy said she was going to give me a doll on my birthday."

Mindy had said that she was going to sew one for Jessie herself and that she was going to stuff it with the remaining cotton she had gathered from after picking season.

"So did you find Mindy in the end?" The harem spirit glanced at the doll in Mindy's hands, and could not help but ask the question.

[Chapter 549 The Spirit Drum](#)

Jessie stroked the doll in her arms, her voice light and airy. "I found her."

"I went all the way to the beach, but couldn't find Mindy. I had a feeling Mindy was home, and she might even be waiting for me there."

And so Jessie rushed back home. She could feel Mindy calling for her.

It was a long and grueling journey. She almost got lost. But just then...

"I heard the sound of a drum. It was a very nice sound," Jessie said. "It was like the drum could talk, and it sounded like Mindy talking."

Despite the fact that Mindy was mute, and had never spoken before.

Jessie just had a feeling that that was Mindy.

"Mindy was telling me to come home. She was looking for me."

Following the sound of the drum, Jessie kept walking. Blisters began to grow on her feet, and she even lost a toenail.

At last, she saw a large crowd. They were all surrounding a drum, kneeling as they hit it.

"I could tell at once. That drum was Mindy..." Jessie said. "It was a drum, made out of Mindy's skin."

The sentence made Lilly and the rest tremble, a chill running down their spines!

A drum made out of human skin?!

Jessie continued. "Where I'm from, everyone's skin is tan as wheat. Mindy was the only one with fair skin, soft and smooth..."

The harem spirit could not help but ask, "How are you so sure that it was a drum made out of... human skin? Could it have been, uh, other skin? Like goatskin, or something."

Jessie shook her head firmly. "I'm certain! Because the drum sounded like Mindy's voice!"

The ghosts fell silent.

Her sister was mute, but she was insisting that the drum sounded like her sister's voice. Did this mean that the sisters' hearts were as one?

Jessie's eyes filled with tears once again. "I saw the men that came to my house in the crowd."

They hugged the drum, caressing it adoringly after the crowd had left.

"I heard their secrets. They said that the spirit drum was 'top notch', made by a 'virgin girl who had never been in love before'. That kind of drum was the purest, and it was even better that the girl was mute. A mute person could never tell a lie, and their spirit would never be tainted."

"They said that the girl this skin belonged to checked all the boxes. She was so beautiful too, with such fine skin. The drum made would be able to be heard from miles away.

Jessie's tears fell as she spoke. "They were talking about my Mindy."

Mindy was beautiful. She was pure. She was also mute.

Jessie screamed for Mindy as she ran towards her, but was chased away with a beating.

Those people seemed to be afraid that she would spread the word, and wanted to kill her.

Jessie seemed to hear her sister calling out for her to run in the dark. Mindy seemed to lead the way, hiding in a cave.

Jessie had escaped the abuse of those people— but they had left with Mindy.

"So I found them again, but this time I followed them in secret."

It was through that that Jessie finally realized why it was called the spirit drum.

The spirit drum, or also, the Mindy drum.

Those people said that the drum could connect with the afterlife, and overcome death and reincarnation. It was mainly used to pray to gods, to pray for the gods' protection.

It had to be made out of the skin of a girl who had never been in love before, and it was best if she had never spoken.

The best drum was yielded from skin that was cut off the girl while she was still alive.

Lilly could not help but grip her father tightly, goosebumps appearing on her skin as her hair stood up.

"Do people really do that? Making a drum out of skin? Why would the gods protect them after that?"

Wouldn't doing something so cruel to Mindy like that enrage the gods instead?

Jessie let out a chuckle. "They said otherwise. They took my Mindy away, but told everyone who came to pray to it that nothing of the sort happened."

"They said that those were just rumors spread by people intending to cause harm. Rumors that were made up just because they saw a bone or two."

"They said that nothing like that existed, but Mindy's drum was right in front of them."

Those people made a trip around the island, and finally returned to where they had started— where they lived.

Jessie was small and agile. Through hiding in alleys and bushes, she had come across Mindy's hair and eyes.

"I put Mindy's hair and eyes in the doll."

Jessie clutched the doll tightly, her eyes flashing with yearning.

"I wanted to get Mindy back, but they had their sticks and weapons. So I set a lot of their houses on fire."

"They caught me. But there were other people around, so they said they would take pity on me as I was a little kid who could still turn over a new leaf."

"So they sent me back to my Ma."

Ma had been furious, locking Jessie up. Jessie sobbed and screamed, asking Ma if she had known all along and if it was her who handed Mindy over to those guys in the first place.

Ma told her to shut her mouth.

Ma would never admit to the truth. She threatened to stitch Jessie's mouth shut if she said another word.

Jessie lowered her head. "I hugged the doll, and asked her if she wanted a Ma. I could give half of Ma to her."

Lilly was stunned. "Why would your Ma be in half..."

Jessie giggled. "Because Ma was not a good Ma."

One stormy night, Jessie crept up on Ma while she was asleep, and bashed her to death with a big rock.

The mirror in her house lit up as a bolt of lightning struck, and Jessie saw her reflection in the mirror. Her face was covered in blood. She looked terrifying.

She even saw the doll sit up behind her, as if it was cheering her on.

So she split her mother in half.

Then she went to where the people who took Mindy away lived, and set a huge fire. She even burned herself to death.

There were a lot of people there.

Hundreds of them.

"....."

The ghosts fell silent.

The ghost lord sure earned her name. She was quite ruthless.

She killed Ma, she killed the monsters who took her Mindy away from her, and set herself on fire.

No wonder she became a ghost lord. She definitely earned it.

Jessie giggled. "I'm done telling my story. Don't you think I did the right thing? Wasn't I so brave?"

"I found Mindy in the end. I put Mindy's eyes in here, and Mindy's hair too."

"But I couldn't get Mindy's skin back."

That place seemed to glow golden, as if it was really protected by gods.

Jessie's eyes flashed with confusion. "But why? They're all bad, all of them. Why would the gods want to protect them?"

That was why she ran away with the doll, all the way here.

This had started out as an abandoned island.

There was nothing, and not a single person.

She seemed to be trapped upon entering, unable to leave.

As time passed, she began to feel lonely and bored...

Up until a handsome uncle came to the island and built an amusement park on it. She suddenly realized that she could move, and she could play.

She wanted to play with that uncle, but found that she could not get close to him no matter what. As long as he was around, she would be repelled away.

Until she had summoned all the strength in her body, until she had broken free of everything holding her down...

Jessie did not continue telling her story anymore. All she did was stare at Lilly stubbornly. "Tell me. Did I do the right thing?"

"Are they the bad guys?"

"Why would the gods want to protect the bad guys?"

Lilly opened and closed her mouth, unable to say a word.

How many of the people who had prayed to the spirit drum had known what it was made of?

Had every single person Jessie set on fire deserved to die?

So, who was right and who was wrong?

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At last, Lilly shook her head honestly. "I don't know if you were right or wrong, and I don't know why those people did so many bad things but still had the protection of the gods."

"I'll tell you if I get an answer."

Jessie stared at Lilly for a long time, nodding at last. "Alright. I'll wait for you, then. Tell me when you've found an answer!"

Lilly nodded, her hands clasped together. Yet one hand was chubby and pink, the other was thin and pale...

The sun was about to rise.

Blake looked at the ocean. "We should head back."

Lilly put all the ghosts back into the spirit jar, along with Jessie and her doll.

On the way home, Lilly cracked a yawn as she lay on Blake's shoulder.

She wasn't tired, however, staring blankly into space.

Blake asked, "What are you thinking about?"

Lilly asked, "Dad, did Jessie do the right thing?"

Blake fell silent for a while. "Jessie's tragedy was rooted in the culture and traditions of her people. It was rooted in her mother, and those people whose hearts were not in the right place."

"Stopping evil with evil... who's to say if that's right or not. Dad doesn't have an answer to that for you, either."

Judgment was not as simple as just right or wrong.

That was why the Ruler of Hell existed— to see if one had lived a life of good deeds or evil ones.

He was not the Ruler of Hell, and could not say if this was right or wrong.

Lilly lay on his shoulder, cracking another yawn.

Pablo floated next to them. "If you were to judge these acts separately, Jessie's mother, and those people were wrong. Jessie was wrong too, though."

"Those people were wrong to be foolish, overly-superstitious."

"Jessie was wrong to kill blindly. Out of the hundreds of people she set fire to, the real culprits could only have been just a few of them— but she killed everyone."

Being able to kill hundreds of people as a child was probably a feat that few were capable of.

"But if you put them all together, everything happened for a reason, and karma took its course. Jessie and Mindy had been living a simple, peaceful life, but the drum-makers wreaked tragedy upon them and caused Jessie's violence. Jessie might have killed those hundreds of people, but it would be more appropriate to say that it was her and those few people behind the drum that killed everyone."

"After all, Jessie's killing spree would never have happened if they had not committed an evil deed to begin with."

Of course, there was also the debate over the fact that Jessie would not have been able to kill all those people had she not had an aggressive nature.

It all depended on who was saying these things. Everyone had their own take on things. Those innocent people who died had their own Ma and Mindy, as well as their own fathers and brothers.

Who were they supposed to resent, then? Jessie, of course.

Lilly had not been tired at first, but found herself getting sleepy listening to her Master ramble on.

Her eyelids were barely holding themselves open as she mumbled, "Master always talks so much... always nagging all the time..."

Pablo: ...

Was he getting complaints for being all-knowing now?

Asking him for answers when she didn't know something.

Then saying that he nagged and talked too much when she didn't need him!

Ha! Women!

Pablo's figure slowly faded, before disappearing— but of course, it was just Blake who couldn't see him. He was still watching over Lilly.

Blake rushed back to the hotel before Bettany came searching the rooms, tucking Lilly into bed.

The guards who had been rescued woke up in a daze when the sun rose, unclear what happened.

As the sun rose higher and higher, the amusement park resumed its usual hustle and bustle as people started milling in.

Bettany came by with breakfast, only to see Lilly still asleep. She called out for her to wake up, only for her to turn over without even opening her eyes.

The old lady smiled. "Blake, did Lilly not sleep well last night?"

Blake didn't flinch. "She slept like a baby."

Bettany pointed at a soundly sleeping Lilly. "Why is this happening, then? Did you bring her out hunting for spirits last night again?"

Blake looked right at her. "No way!"

Bettany stared right back. "Hmm?"

Blake lied out through his teeth. "It's all because the birthday party ended so late. You have Anthony to blame for that."

Anthony, getting attacked for no reason: ...

It was Blake who had gotten Anthony to throw Lilly a birthday party, and it was Blake again who was throwing Anthony under the bus!

Anthony was annoyed, but still said, "Let the kid sleep for a little while longer. She couldn't sleep the first night she got here, she's probably lacking rest."

Which meant: At least blame Blake for training Lilly all night!

Blake rubbed his nose. Anthony the rich bigshot, always so sarcastic.

Bettany did not have time to see these two grown men argue while covering for each other in the same breath.

She was not one of those old ladies who refused to leave things as they were!

She was just worried, and had to put up somewhat of an act so these two would know how to behave... Lilly was only five, and could not take their military-grade training.

"That's enough! Don't wake Lilly up!" Bettany put the breakfast down. "Get out, all of you!"

Blake took the old lady's bait happily, slipping out at once.

He was going to check on the amusement park's cameras to make sure that nothing out of the ordinary appeared.

If the cameras didn't get the ghost, they'd get Lilly playing in there all night on her own.

That wouldn't look good if it went out.

The room fell quiet at last. Lilly flipped over, her limbs starfished on the bed as her belly rose and fell.

She slept all the way until it was nighttime, and was starving by the time she got up. Thankfully her grandma was around to feed her at the drop of a hat, making sure her belly was filled once again.

Things were then peaceful and quiet, and Lilly had an evening of fun with Hannah around Saffron Island.

They reached the amusement park, and Hannah wanted to go on the roller coaster.

Bettany said, "No way!"

Hannah wanted to go on the ranger.

Bettany said, "Don't even think about it!"

Lilly thought to herself: Thank goodness she had her fun. Her Grandma would never let them.

Hm, how satisfying~

Still, Lilly asked curiously, "Grandma, why can't children play on these rides?"

Hannah said, annoyed, "Grandma says they'll toss your brains out!"

She didn't believe it!

A brain was firmly in place the way it was. How could it be tossed out?

Bettany said, "Little kids shouldn't be on these rides because they haven't matured properly yet. Their brains aren't like those of adults', they're still mostly 'mush'. Shaking them hard will cause the frontal lobe to slosh around, possibly breaking smaller blood vessels and causing learning disorders. You've heard of those, right? Blah blah blah blah..."

Bettany talked and talked, but Hannah didn't understand a thing.

What was all that!

She could just say that it would cause brain damage, right?

Adults were always so worried over nothing, and for what!

Hannah dragged Lilly away.

Since they couldn't play on the more exciting rides, they were stuck with the milder ones like the carousel and the slide.

Two days later, they had played everything on Saffron Island. Lilly finally had no regrets on her fifth birthday.

Having taken such a rare trip, the Crawfords had originally planned to only return a day later. But Lilly suddenly insisted on going home, and so everyone could only go back to Alfordada.

Just then,

A thief, who had his eyes on the geode in the garden, was getting ready to pounce.

"My sources have told me that the Crawfords only reach Alfordada at six in the evening tomorrow! We're going to move tonight!"

A fellow thief asked, "Why?"

The head thief glared at him. "Why else? First of all, the Crawfords are getting ready to come home, so all their maids and guards are going to be a lot less wary. We'll be able to slip in!"

The fellow thief asked, "What about second of all?"

The head thief said, "Second of all, you idiots still haven't found where the stone is exactly!"

The head thief was nothing but annoyed.

It hadn't even been that hard to find the most valuable treasure in the national museum!

This was really something else. The Crawford household was not even that big, but they had not been able to even find one miserable geode.

That geode was bloody huge!"

Just then, the idiot of a fellow thief paused. "Boss, could that geode you're talking about... be the one at the front door?"

The head thief smacked him over the head at once. "Are you stupid? Could that be possible? I've never seen a geode that big in my decades of experience robbing. Impossible, there's no way!"

"Besides, have you seen anyone dry sunflower seeds on a geode? Yesterday they were even drying fish on there!"

The fellow thieves: ...

Yes... their boss made sense!

Their boss was the smartest out of all of them.

If he said that it wasn't, then it couldn't be!