

## **Eight Uncles 841**

### [Chapter 841 Some People Were Born Lucky](#)

Alban remained silent, his gaze fixated on the mineral water bottle in Josh's hand.

He observed as Josh downed half the bottle and carelessly discarded it into his school bag.

Originally, Alban had intended to wait for Drake and Josh to leave so he could retrieve the empty bottles. After all, there would still be a few drops of water left inside.

However, his plan was unexpectedly foiled.

Unconsciously, Alban's fists clenched, torn between the embarrassment of waiting to collect the empty bottle and the fact that he had gone to great lengths to obtain the less pure cold pool water.

Some people spend their entire lives on difficult paths, while others are born into privilege.

Lost in his thoughts, Alban reached into his pocket and pulled out a small flat box, extracting a soul flower from within. He popped it into his mouth like a snack, chewing it a few times before swallowing it.

Alban was silent.

Ah, yes, the soul flowers!

Just yesterday, Lilly had placed a whole petal of a soul flower on Josh's scraped elbow!

Alban believed that only Lilly could possess such items as soul flowers and water from the ice pond. Yet, he never expected that even ordinary individuals like Drake and Josh had them!

"Who's there?"

Drake sensed a presence and swiftly turned around, only to discover Alban standing amidst the woods.

Upon consuming the water and the soul flower, Josh experienced an instantaneous resurgence of physical strength, leaving him feeling refreshed and revitalized. He rose to his feet, his guard up as he questioned, "Why are you here? What do you want?"

Alban maintained an impassive expression and replied, "You don't have to be so wary. I don't intend to steal from you."

With those words, he turned around and left.

Puzzled, Josh wondered, "What was he up to?"

Had he been spying on them? It seemed strange...

Drake picked up Josh's schoolbag and handed it to him before retrieving his own. "Let's go."

Holding his schoolbag, Josh couldn't help but ask, "Drake, what do you think Alban was doing just now?"

Drake responded, "Nothing of interest. I suppose he happened to stumble upon us and felt a bit unsettled upon realizing the significance of the water you were drinking."

Judging by Alban's expression, that seemed to be the case.

Still perplexed, Josh inquired, "Then why did he leave so abruptly? I thought he might try to snatch it from us."

Drake reassured him, "Not at all."

He had some understanding of Alban's temperament.

Alban may have had a somewhat sinister demeanor, but he still adhered to his principles.

No stealing... He had principles, even if they were somewhat lax.

The two brothers had taken a few steps forward when they noticed Alban retracing his steps.

Immediately, Josh frowned, and he exclaimed, "You spoke too soon, Drake!"

Drake, too, had initially believed that Alban had a change of heart, but he soon heard him say, "Do you still have the water you just drank? I will offer you one million dollars to buy it from you."

Pausing briefly, he emphasized, "For one bottle."

Josh was taken aback, his first thought being whether Alban could afford one million dollars.

In a cold tone, Drake responded, "It's not for sale."

Josh added, "Do you think we need money?"

Those words caused Alban to unconsciously clench his fists.

Most of the places he practiced were underground, where he occasionally stumbled upon valuable pieces of jade.

Reliant on such means, Alban had managed to sell some of the jade he found, earning a few million

dollars. The one million dollars he was proposing now was the highest amount he could offer, and he had another one million in his card, which he had reserved for his sister.

Every penny had to be carefully accounted for. However, the Crawford family... they were never short of money. As he compared himself to them, he could not help but feel that the world was even more unfair.

Feeling humiliated, Alban made a decisive choice without any hesitation. He simply turned around and left.

Josh clicked his tongue, expressing his disappointment. "And he just left like that..."

No negotiation whatsoever...

Feeling bored, Josh saw his brother walking away and quickly followed. Suddenly, he remembered something and called out, "Wait, Drake! What about Neo?"

Drake paused and furrowed his brow.

What a hassle!

"Wake her up."

After all, it was impossible for him to carry someone, and dragging her out was out of the question.

Understanding his brother's temperament, Josh had no choice but to go ahead and nudge Selen. "Hey, wake up!"

"If you don't wake up, we're going to leave you here!"

Selen opened her eyes in a daze and froze for a moment.

"Where am I?" She quickly sat up, feeling dizzy and weak.

Seeing that she had woken up, Drake continued walking without looking back. Josh explained, "Let's go quickly! You were sleepwalking."

Selen was left dumbfounded.

Josh kindly waited for her and felt relieved when she saw Selen following along.

Catching ghosts was one thing, but leaving someone behind in the woods was not a kind act.

As they ventured away from the road, Selen was completely bewildered. It seemed like she vaguely

remembered something and had sneaked out on her own. Since she had been at school earlier in the day, her parents were scheduled to pick her up in the afternoon, so no one noticed her absence.

Just as Selen had returned, her teacher came to check on her.

"Selen, where have you been?" the teacher inquired, wearing a stern expression.

Selen replied, "I went to the restroom..."

The teacher seemed slightly suspicious but did not press further, so the matter was left unexposed.

Josh attempted to call Blake, but couldn't get through to him.

After some thought, he decided to call his father and inform him about what the ghost said.

Anthony responded, "Alright, I understand. I'll contact Layton."

Blake was at the Lake of Confusion, where there was no mobile service, making it difficult to reach him. He told Josh that if he needed anything, he could reach out to Layton instead.

Anthony asked, "Are you okay?"

Josh shook his head and exclaimed excitedly, "I'm fine! I can catch ghosts now! I'm really good at it! In the future, when I get even better, I can help Lilly..."

Lilly was growing more powerful, and Josh felt like he was becoming useless in comparison.

Anthony reassured him, "It's good to know that you're safe."

Just before hanging up the phone, Josh hastily added, "Dad, once the investigation of the case is concluded, can you fill me in on the details?"

He wanted to know how the head ended up on the train.

### [Chapter 842 Petting a Cat](#)

Thanks to the clues provided by Josh, the case was swiftly resolved.

Of course, Layton did not explicitly mention that Josh was the source of the clues. If he had, the police might have grown suspicious of Josh. Instead, he attributed the findings to Blake, ensuring there were no issues on their end.

The following day, when Anthony returned home, he shared with Josh the information he had received from Layton.

It turned out that Hex had forcefully assaulted the child, leading to the child's father becoming enraged and physically confronting him. Overwhelmed by anger, the father ended up killing Hex.

Upon returning home, the father's anger continued to brew, and he took a knife and went to Hex's residence, where he committed the act of murder.

"After Hex's death, the child's mother, pretending to be pregnant, took the head onto the train," Anthony explained.

"Pregnant women undergo different security checks than others."

Furthermore, they went to great lengths by driving to a neighboring county town and boarding the train at a small town along its route, where the security checks were not as stringent.

The train journey lasted for three days, covering a long distance.

"The father acted impulsively out of anger. The mother did not want him to face the consequences of the murder, so she spent a significant amount of time disposing of the body."

To dispose of the remains, they dismembered certain parts, while the larger bones proved more challenging to handle and were discarded.

However, dealing with an intact human head, a complete skull, posed even greater difficulties. The child's mother carried the head on the train for two days before finally discarding it just before reaching their intended destination.

"They believed that if they threw it far enough, it would be fine."

Anthony provided a brief overview of the case to Josh.

Josh let out a sigh and inquired, "So, how many years will the child's father be sentenced to?"

Anthony replied, "I'm not certain about that."

Josh chose not to delve further into the matter and remained silent.

...

In the desolate landscape of Gray Earth...

Beside a massive pit, a black cat stood silently, its eyes fixed on the void before it. How long had it been since the sacred tree was uprooted from this very spot?

The little girl who had taken the sacred tree had not returned it yet.

"Your Majesty, should we send a cat to the human world?" another cat voiced its concerns from beside the black cat.

That sacred tree belonged to them, a source of immense power.

The child must have realized the incredible power of the sacred tree, she refused to return it.

The black cat's response was cold and resolute. "No need. She will return it."

The other cats fell silent, obedient to their leader's decision.

The black cat raised its head, surveying the illusionary trees that surrounded them. Without the sacred tree, the illusions had lost their vitality, appearing dull and lifeless.

This was the first major incident to occur in Gray Earth since the black cat inherited his father's responsibilities as ruler.

The towers, their invaluable treasures, had all been stolen...

The black cat maintained a regal composure, its face displaying an unwavering coldness. None could fathom the thoughts swirling within its mind. Lost in contemplation, the cat was suddenly interrupted by a voice:

"Hello, kitty cats! We meet again!"

Lilly, gripping onto a vine, swung over with a spirited cry.

With a resounding thud, she landed on the rim of the massive pit.

As a result, she struggled to maintain her balance and nearly tumbled into the pit.

Reacting instinctively, the black cat stood up, only to witness the little girl in front of him wobbling and managing to steady herself.

"Phew... That was close!" Lilly wiped the sweat off her brow. "If Lilly had fallen, her butt would've been in four pieces!"

The black cat remained silent.

Lilly turned her head, looking at the black cat with a wide grin.

"Hey there, cute little kitty! Would you like some fish? I brought some!"

Lilly retrieved a bag of dried fish from her pocket.

The black cat did not say anything.

The other cats were also dumbfounded.

Why did they suddenly sense a witch offering an apple to Snow White?

What in the world is going on? Was Snow White their queen?

The black cat turned away, uttering in a cold tone, "I don't eat small dried fish!"

Lilly's eyes widened in amazement. "Wow, you can talk!! Just like Polly!"

Polly also widened her eyes. "Damn, the cat can talk?!"

The last time Polly had an argument with Bellflower, she had made Bellflower seething with anger and taunted her, saying, "Come on, if you're so capable! I can fly and talk! Show me you can talk if you're as capable!"

And now, cats could actually talk!

Lilly was thrilled. It was her first encounter with a talking cat. Tentatively, she extended her hand, intending to pet the black cat's head.

In response, the black cat turned its head and stared at her with a cold gaze.

Lilly held her hand mid-air, hesitating. "Um, can I please pet you?"

The black cat remained unyielding and icy. "No."

No one had ever dared to lay a hand on it, and this little girl standing before it... Even if she were the reincarnation of the Ruler of Hell, it wouldn't matter!

As the black cat entertained such thoughts, it inexplicably recalled being grabbed by the woman by the scruff of its neck, carried to the Palace of the Ruler of Hell, and placed on the table as a good luck charm.

Yes, that woman was the very same little girl in front of it. There was no way she would agree to such a request, even if she had reincarnated into a cute-faced little girl now!

Observing that the black cat was resolute in its decision, Lilly wore a disappointed expression.

However, she still believed that she could negotiate with it.

"Pretty please, may I pet you? It's just for a while" Lilly extended a finger, batted her eyelashes, and gazed at the black cat with a pleading look.

The black cat was speechless.

#### [Chapter 843 Exchanging Dried Fish for the Map of the Underworld](#)

In the vicinity of the tree pit where the sacred tree had been uprooted on Gray Earth...

A black cat found itself being cradled in the arms of a little girl, and Lilly extended her hand to scratch its chin as the cat purred.

The guard cats who had been trailing the black cat stood by in utter astonishment!

Your Highness, why would you allow her to do such a thing?

"Your Highness...!" one of the cats meowed, "What... what kind of sorcery is this?"

Another cat, taken aback, raised its paw to deliver a swift swipe, "Hush! His Highness has his reasons for everything he does. We have no place to question it."

How dare they attempt to question His Highness?

Regardless of what His Highness does, there must be a purpose behind it!

Even allowing himself to be petted!

The black cat lay in Lilly's arms, purring and drowsy. But upon hearing the conversation, it snapped awake and sat upright.

Hold on, how did it end up in Lilly's arms?

Oh, right, it vaguely recalled...

Lilly blinked innocently and asked for just a single scratch.

Seeing her pitiable state, it involuntarily agreed, thinking it would be a mere moment.

But instead of just a scratch, Lilly proceeded to stroke its chin and neck!

Even a cat could not resist the bliss of that sweet spot...

The black cat contemplated leaping out of Lilly's embrace, but just as it tried to make its move, Lilly placed a hand on its belly and held it tightly.



"Ash, you're so heavy! Twice as heavy as Bellflower!"

Indeed, it was twice the size of an ordinary cat, resembling a tiny leopard!

Lilly adored the black cat and pressed her face against its back, rubbing against it with affection.

Wow! so this is what people call "sniffing" cats!

It feels so nice...

Lilly buried her whole face into its back, rubbing...

The black cat was speechless.

It struggled to find the right words to express its thoughts.

After a long pause, it managed to detach itself from the girl's cuteness and spoke in a stern voice, "Let go of me!"

But Lilly pulled out a bag of dried fish, "Ash, would you like some dried fish?"

A hashtag symbol appeared above the black cat's head as it retorted, "My name is not Ash! And I don't eat..."

However, before it could finish its sentence, the aroma of the small dried fish reached its nostrils.

Lilly urged, "Go ahead, eat it!"

Unable to resist the scent, the black cat involuntarily opened its mouth and took a small bite...

Hmm...

It's quite... delicious...

The black cat chewed on it without thinking.

Simultaneously, Lilly exclaimed, "Is it tasty? My grandma made these!"

They were originally meant for Bellflower, made from the finest quality sardines, specifically chosen as a snack for Bellflower. Grandma put a lot of effort into creating this small dried fish treat.

Lilly had secretly tasted it herself, and it was delicious!

Meanwhile, the black cat had already devoured half of a small dried fish.

Observing its delight, Lilly could not help but secretly breathe a sigh of relief.

She needed to win it over. She had been concerned about its indifference earlier, but now it seemed fine. It also enjoyed the dried fish, just like Bellflower.

"Ash... I have a question for you. Do you know where the Ghost Abyss is?" Lilly asked, her voice filled with curiosity.

Upon hearing the question, the black cat immediately spat out half of the dried fish from its mouth!

She wants to ask about the Ghost Abyss by offering me a piece of dried fish?

Absolutely not!

However, Lilly was quick to react, swiftly covering its mouth with her hand.

The small dried fish became wedged between the black cat's mouth and teeth...

Lilly whispered, "Eat up. I won't ask anymore."

The black cat, perplexed, found itself in a situation where the small dried fish remained neither swallowed nor spat out.

Is she really not gonna ask?

The black cat could not bring itself to believe her.

As Lilly watched the black cat finish devouring a small dried fish, she seamlessly offered another one.

The black cat grew suspicious.

Is she truly not going to ask?

So... it could freely enjoy another small dried fish?

Meanwhile, the other cats standing guard nearby could not help but swallow their saliva, enticed by the tantalizing scent of the dried fish.

Lilly turned her head left and right, scanning her surroundings. "You guys can have some too!"

With a swift motion, she produced a box of dried fish. "Eat up, eat it all! And if it's not enough, I'll bring more next time!"

The cats exchanged glances, unable to resist the temptation any longer...

The area around the huge pit of the sacred tree had transformed into a grand dining scene. Cats feasted on the dried fish, relishing their flavors.

Feeling a bit thirsty after consuming two small dried fish, Lilly understood what she had to do next.

"Drink this, it's delicious!" she said.

The black cat, not taking it seriously, thought to itself that there were plenty of good drinks available in Gray Earth as it was connected to the ice pond. What difference could this one make?

"Crack!"

Lilly opened the jar of goat's milk.

The black cat was taken aback.

I've never had this before...

The black cat struggled, maintaining a cold expression on its face, but could not help glancing at it.

Lilly brought the goat's milk to its mouth, pouring a little and "serving" it with her own hands, displaying immense effort.

The black cat reluctantly took a few sips at first but then found itself drinking a few more.

Lilly said, "Ash, tell me, how do you get to the Ghost Abyss..."

"Spit!"

The black cat was on the verge of spitting out the goat's milk in its mouth.

Lilly quickly covered its mouth again. "Finish drinking, I won't ask anymore!"

The black cat was skeptical.

Half an hour later...

Lilly bid farewell to the black cat, bowing ninety degrees in gratitude. "Thank you, Ash, for giving me the map! It'll be very helpful to me. You're so kind!"

Lilly held a scroll in her hand, which contained a rough map of the entire underworld. Not only did it

provide directions to Ghost Abyss, but it also marked the exits and entrances that led to the human world.

It was incredibly useful!

Exchanging a box of dried fish and a bottle of goat milk for the map of the underworld...

What an incredible deal!

Lilly expressed her gratitude to the black cat once again and skipped away with joy.

The black cat remained silent, and confusion filled the air among the other cats.

In a bewildered state, the cat, who struggled with idioms, stammered, "Your Highness... Your Highness..."

It intended to question why he handed over the map to her so easily, but instead, it blurted out, "Is the goat's milk tasty?"

The black cat was stunned.

#### [Chapter 844 Polly's Keen Eye](#)

The cats who had not tasted the goat milk stared at the empty cans left behind by His Highness.

Their minds were blank, and they were genuinely curious about the taste of the goat milk.

Unexpectedly, the black cat responded coldly, "Are you mocking me?"

The uneducated cat furrowed its brows and quickly straightened up, saying, "Your Highness, I would never dare!"

The black cat gazed at Lilly's retreating figure. After a while, it picked up the empty goat milk can, shook it, and the can vanished.

In a short while, it disappeared completely.

The uneducated cat pursed its lips and mumbled, "His Highness is so stingy!"

It could not believe that the black cat took the can away and stored it for himself.

Another cat nearby gave it a blank look and retorted, "What, do you want to lick the empty can?"

Look at how worthless you are!

The cat involuntarily licked the corner of its mouth, then quickly caught up with His Highness.

...

Lilly took the map and immediately summoned the ghosts once again.

This time, Lisa did not come along. Lilly had decided to leave Lisa in the human world so that she could assist her brother in capturing the head ghost.

Little did she know, her Aunt Lisa had been called away by Anthony, leaving her two brothers to catch ghosts on their own.

Regardless, they both had amulets and bracelets on them. Anthony believed there was no danger, so he allowed them to handle it themselves as a form of exercise.

So, this time it was only Lilly and her companions, including Polly, not to mention the other conversations happening within the soul gourd...

They gathered by the ice pond, forming a circle with the map spread out in the center.

The cowardly ghost stared at the map and whispered, "Ghost Abyss..."

The map was incredibly vast, resembling a map of the entire Earth. It was divided into various regions, with Ghost Town and hell, marked as tiny dots.

The density of the markings was overwhelming, almost intimidating to look at. If it weren't for the black cat's guidance on the location of the Ghost Abyss earlier, they would have had to search for a long time.

"Hey, we need to zoom in on this map," the harem spirit said, approaching with astonishment.

"Absolutely, at first glance, this map appears ordinary, but take a closer look..."

Lilly immediately pressed her face against it.

As she examined it closely, she realized that the map was intricately detailed, with the smallest font thinner than an ant's leg hair. Although she could not see clearly, she could vaguely make out some landmarks around the Ghost Abyss.

Lilly shifted her gaze and focused on the point that marked the underworld.

"Hell" was written in unknown characters. From a distance, it seemed like a single font, but upon closer inspection, she discovered that these two characters spanned across the entire thirteen stations of the underworld—

In other words, these characters were "written" by the Thirteen Stations of the Underworld, showcasing

incredible ingenuity.

Yellow Spring Route, Outlook Tower, Hellhound Ridge, Golden Ridge... Prosper City... Ghost Palace...

Lilly leaned in closer and could discern that Prosper City had ten halls of the Ruler of Hell. The Palace of the Ruler of Hell stood at the center, occupying the largest area, while the other nine halls were scattered around it.

Beyond Prosper City lay the Ghost Palace, where ordinary ghosts who had died and not yet been reincarnated resided. It was akin to prefecture-level cities beneath the municipalities, a vast expanse divided into hundreds of areas.

Lilly felt a strain on her eyes and tears welled up involuntarily.

"It would be great if we could zoom in on it like a picture on a mobile phone..." Lilly sat up straight and rubbed her eyes.

The entire scroll was only about the size of a 40-inch desk. Trying to examine a minuscule area was like staring at an ant, requiring close scrutiny to discern the detailed map of a provincial capital.

"It's useless," the cowardly ghost sighed, rubbing its eyes. "Not only are our eyes strained, but our souls are also exhausted."

Huaxin Gui chimed in, "This map shouldn't be viewed with our naked eyes. The person who created this map must not have used a regular brush."

Lilly sighed, "I wish I had a magnifying glass right now!"

Polly hopped off Lilly's shoulder, tilting its head and approaching with one eye.

"I have a magnifying glass, I have a magnifying glass!" it exclaimed, holding something in its beak. "This, this, this! Here it is!"

Its eyes acted as magnifying glasses!

Bird eyes were different from human eyes!

The harem spirit sneered, "You silly bird, can you even read?"

Polly straightened up and glared, "You're the silly one, and your entire family is silly birds!"

With that, it confidently extended a claw and stepped on the words that said Ghost Abyss.

The harem spirit was left speechless.

Polly proudly raised its head and declared, "When your grandfather was learning to read, you were still playing with mud in the soul gourd!"

The harem spirit's forehead wrinkled, and she raised her hand with a sinister smile, ready to catch Polly. "Polly, if you keep acting up, don't be surprised if I pluck your feathers and roast you for dinner!"

Polly frowned and turned to complain to Lilly, "Lilly! She's bullying me!"

Lilly gently touched its little head with her finger, reassuring it, "Miss Harem was just teasing you. Don't worry, she won't really harm you. She knows you get frightened easily."

Polly, feeling wronged, insisted, "I can really see it, I can really see it!"

It pointed its sharp talons at the words "Ghost Abyss" and continued, "There is a very tall mountain located ten miles away from Ghost Abyss."

Lilly leaned in closer, but she couldn't see any mountains, only a tiny dot on the map.

Polly's claws continued to move, "And there's a lake here, a very, very deep lake!"

Lilly looked again, but she still could not spot a lake, just a small black shadow resembling a comma.

"Really?" Lilly exclaimed, surprised by Polly's ability.

Could Polly's eyes be even more powerful than a magnifying glass?

The cowardly ghost suddenly had a realization and said, "It must be true. Polly's eyes have an extraordinary ability to see what we can't."

#### [Chapter 845 Captain Polly, Reporting for Duty!](#)

The cowardly ghost chimed in, "Typically, the vision of birds is two to three times that of humans. And if we're talking about eagles or other birds with exceptional eyesight, their vision can be over ten times that of humans."

"Parrots have unique eyes, regardless of their small size... But not only do they have excellent eyesight, but they can also distinguish colors, shapes, and even ultraviolet rays... Of course, this ability is closely related to the parrot's brain."

In this aspect, Polly was much more powerful than an average bird.

With training, ordinary parrots could learn to speak, ride bicycles, shoot basketballs, and even perform tricks...

So it was not surprising that Polly could see the tiny markings on the map that were thinner than the hair on an ant's leg. Plus, Polly was not just an ordinary parrot.

Proudly, Polly declared, "Yes, I am that powerful."

Using its claws, it drew a straight line from Spirit Cliff, where the ice pond was located, all the way to Ghost Abyss.

"And here, there are many skeletons!"

The cowardly ghost squinted and faintly saw words that read "Skeleton Valley."

He quickly grabbed a pen, added more details to the map, and said, "What's next?"

Polly and the cowardly ghost worked together, with one describing the locations and the other memorizing them, swiftly plotting their route.

Without satellite positioning, they could only rely on identifying distinctive landmarks to determine if they were going in the right direction.

Lilly squatted beside them, her hands wrapped around her knees, attentively studying Michael's planned route.

After he finished drawing, Lilly felt a sense of accomplishment. She had acquired practical knowledge and learned something new!

"Let's go!" the harem spirit declared. "We're setting off now!"

Polly shouted, "Captain Polly, reporting for duty! Please remain seated, fasten your seatbelt, and prepare for takeoff!"

The cowardly ghost pointed in a direction and said, "This way, it's about 600 to 1200 miles..."

He calculated that it was roughly the same distance as traveling from Alforrada to Panda Province.

There's a tale of a ghost who could ride the wind and cover a hundred and eight thousand miles in a single night.

The cowardly ghost couldn't fathom how Ivan managed to travel such a vast distance by himself!

As they journeyed, the wind blew and Polly made a ruckus.

"There's a red light 0.6 miles ahead, prepare for a speed track, slow down!" Polly squawked.



The cowardly ghost was left speechless.

With a whoosh, they flew over Skeleton Valley, where a bone was lifted by the wind and rolled for half a mile.

Polly was astounded, exclaiming, "There are tens of thousands of roads, and safety comes first! Drive safely, or your loved ones will be in tears!"

The cowardly ghost scoffed, "Psh!"

As they drew closer to Ghost Abyss, they encountered more and more wandering ghosts on the road.

There was an elderly man slowly walking with a cane, but suddenly, he spun around on the spot thirty times.

"Everyone was confused.

Polly exclaimed, "It's better to stop for one second than to rush for three minutes—"

"Whoosh!"

Lilly called out in the wind, "Polly, you've got it wrong. It's better to stop for three minutes than to rush for one second."

Along their journey, they encountered ghosts with messy hair, falling leaves, and surprised expressions as they witnessed a group of flying ghosts passing by in the sky.

"What's going on? Why are there so many ghost generals!" they wondered in amazement.

"Isn't that Ghost Abyss over there? Why did we end up here... What's going on?"

"Haven't you heard? It's the talk of the underworld! The ancient anomaly that had been dormant for thousands of years beneath Ghost Abyss has awakened!"

Ghosts nearby gathered in groups, discussing the strange resurgence of Ghost Valley.

"What's so strange about it?" one ghost asked, wearing a puzzled expression. "I just recently died, so I'm not aware of anything."

Another ghost chimed in, "I'm not entirely sure either. I've only been dead for two years. All I know is that something is horrifying beneath the abyss."

"I've been dead for over a decade, lived here for quite some time, so I know a bit! Not long ago, someone ventured into the abyss and awakened the monsters below..."

Ghost Abyss was a place even ghosts dared not approach.

No one knew who had descended or what lay beneath.

All they knew was that during this period, occasional growls were emanating from the depths of the abyss, akin to the agonizing screams of those being torn apart.

"Those ghost generals must have been sent to investigate... It seems that the ten Rulers of Hell have gone to investigate as well."

Lilly and her companions were oblivious to the conversations among the ghosts.

The cowardly ghost moved at such a high speed that Polly's feathers were ruffled, and it could not even keep its eyes open.

Closing its eyes, Polly shouted with its beak wide open, "Smooth travels all the way, reaching the ends of the underworld! We couldn't have made it without your excellent driving!"

The cowardly ghost ran tirelessly for about two hours, carrying Lilly on its back, until they finally reached the vicinity of Ghost Valley.

Polly's feathers were in disarray, and its once-neat feathers were now completely unraveled.

"It's a distance of 1200 miles, and we reached here in just two hours. You're flying through the sky, matching the speed of a plane!"

Lilly extended her hand, allowing Polly to perch on her palm, and gently smoothed out its disheveled feathers.

She asked, "Michael, are we there yet?"

The cowardly ghost examined the map he had drawn and replied, "We should be heading in the right direction..."

Lilly pointed towards the distance and asked, "Polly mentioned a very tall mountain, could that be it?"

As far as their eyes could see, there was a mountain with a vague shadow.

#### [Chapter 846 A Bloody Pelvic Bone](#)

As they approached the mountain, the harem spirit exclaimed, "There truly is a towering mountain!"

The mountain stood tall and grand, reaching high into the sky. Even at first glance, one could sense its

imposing presence. This must be the mountain that Polly had mentioned.

"It's so massive, soaring into the heavens... No wonder it's depicted as just a small dot on the map."

The group continued on their journey and soon arrived at the large and deep lake that Polly had described.

Upon seeing it, the lake appeared light blue on the surrounding edges, but its center was pitch black. It gave off an impression of great depth.

"That's it, Polly was right." The harem spirit marveled, clicking his tongue. "It's incredible how exceptional the parrot's eyesight is!"

Polly swayed his tail proudly, raising his head and puffing out his chest. "Captain Polly, at your service!"

Lilly could not help but smile and then expressed her concern, "I wonder what happened to Ivan."

The cowardly ghost chimed in, "Regardless of the situation... Lilly, remember what your father said. Do your best, but don't push yourself beyond your capabilities."

Lilly nodded, "Alright."

After passing through the lake and traversing the mountain's edge, a massive abyss came into view.

This abyss was the other side of the towering mountain. It seemed as if the mountain had been cleaved in half by a powerful force. The abyss was steep and exuded an icy coldness, with gusts of chilling air rising from its depths.

The abyss stretched vast and seemingly endless.

Standing on the edge of the deep pit, a mournful sound emanated from below, reminiscent of wind whistling through stone walls and the wailing of countless ghosts beneath.

Lilly had visited the underworld twice before, searching for the locust forest, the ten-headed bird, and soul flowers.

Aside from the King of Cities, the most awe-inspiring sight she had encountered was the Hidden Valley.

As they stood in front of the colossal abyss, the harem spirit muttered in a daze, "Compared to this abyss, the Hidden Valley that would be shredded by the wind as soon as Lilly entered is like child's play. Nothing can compare to it!"

The unlucky ghost joined in, "I don't dare to venture into this massive pit of the abyss!"

Jessie, who was nearby, echoed, "I don't dare to do so!"

The cowardly ghost gazed at the abyss with a troubled expression. "Alban mentioned that Ivan fell to the bottom of this abyss. Given its immense size, we don't know exactly where he fell."

"Moreover, even if we did know his precise location... we can't go down."

This abyss spelled certain death for anyone attempting to descend into it.

Merely looking at the abyss made one feel as though they would be torn to shreds. Throughout their journey, they encountered numerous wandering ghosts, but not a single one ventured near this abyss. It demonstrated the taboo and fear it instilled in the spirits.

The harem spirit furrowed his brow. "How did Ivan manage to go down?"

They could not avoid considering that Alban's account described their descent from the bottom of the abyss, and there was only one chance of survival, which Alban utilized by kicking Ivan down.

This indicated that they truly descended into the abyss, and Alban managed to come back up.

"The things Alban said sounded plausible before we arrived here, but now that we've seen the abyss, nothing seems normal about what he told you," analyzed the cowardly ghost and the harem spirit in hushed tones.

Lilly, eager to learn, inquired, "What's strange about it?"

Her only thought was that they were able to descend and ascend this abyss, which was anything but normal.

The cowardly ghost proceeded to provide an analysis, saying, "First of all, this abyss is smooth, lacking any footholds. It's impossible for someone to simply dive straight into it."

The harem spirit nodded in agreement and added, "Ghost generals like us can't descend, so he can't be carried down by ghosts."

Lilly nodded in understanding and asked, "I see! And then?"

The cowardly ghost continued, "Alban also mentioned that when they came up, the creature in the abyss awakened, and there was only one chance to escape... But why only one?"

Ordinarily, if there was a way out, anyone could run for it. It was just a matter of timing.

Lilly suddenly had a realization, exclaiming, "So, there must be something that could only accommodate one person at a time!"

The cowardly ghost nodded, "You're on the right track."

There must be a way to descend and ascend the abyss, and it could only accommodate one person at a time.

This object was the key to the abyss.

"What could it be..." pondered the harem spirit and the cowardly ghost.

The foolish ghost continued to wander, unable to figure out anything. It was better for him to wait until the others had a solution, and then he could go along with whatever plan they came up with.

The unlucky ghost, aspiring to imitate the cowardly ghost and become a military-grade ghost, but lacking the brains to do so, suggested, "Could there be a cable car here? One person at a time?"

That was nonsense. It was not the right answer.

Lilly lifted her gaze, staring into the distance and observing the abyss.

The vast crater was shrouded in darkness, concealed by the cold bad aura.

Polly sighed, "Ah, Abyss, you're such a colossal pit!"

Suddenly, Lilly pointed to the distance and exclaimed, "There's no cable car... but there's a bone..."

In the frigid and dark abyss, a white bone floated slowly toward them.

It appeared to be a pelvic bone, with traces of blood on it, reflecting the cold, eerie light against the bleak backdrop, as if it had just been torn off...

At that moment, Lilly understood what Alban meant.

"There's only one chance to survive..."

"It must be because only one person can stand on this pelvic bone," the cowardly ghost remarked, his gaze fixed upon the bone.

Considering the vastness of the abyss, the presence of a solitary human bone floating there was strange.

How had it managed to remain unscathed by the bad aura?

If it meant that Lilly had to stand on this pelvis to descend into the abyss...

Should she descend into the abyss?

### [Chapter 847 The Bridge Built by the Ruler of Hell](#)

Lilly's gaze remained fixated on the floating bone.

Polly, in a state of disbelief, exclaimed, "What the squawk, what kind of elevator is this..."

Indeed, it was an elevator unlike anything they had ever seen, constructed entirely of bones.

Lilly found herself torn, contemplating whether she should descend or not.

Daddy said not to go to unknown and dangerous places...

But Ivan's down there, he helped me before and even gave me a piece of candy. If I don't go down, I would be abandoning him...

It's dangerous down there...

Witnessing Lilly's inner struggle, the cowardly ghost reassured her, "Don't worry, let's first understand what this bone is and how frequently it appears..."

Suddenly, the harem spirit's expression turned grave, and she interjected, "I'm more concerned about when this bone was formed... The blood on the pelvic bone looks fresh."

The passionate spirit coughed, finding the description unsettling, especially with the child present.

The unlucky ghost chimed in, saying, "She means that if it's a fresh bone, it must have been recently extracted after someone's death..."

In the underworld, there were no living beings, and even the bones present were aged and weathered. They lacked any traces of blood and were often fragile and decayed.

So how did this blood-stained pelvic bone come to be?

The foolish ghost was surprised, saying, "I think this bone belonged to someone who died recently, but this is the underworld and such a colossal abyss... How could there be anyone..."

At that moment, the foolish ghost's realization struck him, and he abruptly fell silent.

There were no living beings in the underworld, and the only people who were alive in the Ghost Abyss were Alban and Ivan.

Alban seemed unharmed, so could that bone belong to Ivan...

If so, it meant he was dead.

Lilly vehemently denied the possibility of Ivan's death, shaking her head in denial. "No, Ivan can't be dead!"

The cowardly ghost examined the size of the pelvic bone and said, "Judging by its size, it seems to be an adult pelvis..."

The harem spirit added, "What we're certain is that this strange pelvis resurfaces periodically; otherwise, Alban wouldn't have been able to ascend."

The cowardly ghost nodded, "The location where the pelvis emerges shouldn't be the bottom of the abyss, as Alban mentioned that the creatures beneath the abyss were closing in."

Lilly forced herself to think and proposed, "Is there something in the middle of the abyss where we can stand? If we can reach that point, we can return immediately if anything goes wrong."

The cowardly ghost let out a sigh. "The main issue is that we don't know much about this abyss. If only we knew more about it, we could devise a safer plan."

Lilly recalled her father's advice—knowing the enemy and knowing oneself could ensure victory in a hundred battles.

Understanding the abyss became her primary goal. But how could she achieve that?

"I wish Master were here..." Lilly expressed her disappointment. Ever since Pablo was not by her side, she found it difficult to face challenges alone.

The cowardly ghost frantically searched through the book, "The Utmost Secrets of the Spirit Realm," but there was no mention of the Ghost Abyss.

As they hesitated, the bloodstained pelvic bone descended back into the abyss and gradually vanished from sight.

Lilly suggested, "Let's ask a ghost! If there's something we don't understand, we can seek guidance from someone who knows more."

They retraced their steps, crossing the high mountain. Just beyond the mountain lay an area filled with a bad aura, populated by numerous lost and wandering spirits.

In the human world, there were lonely and wild ghosts, and similarly, the underworld had its inhabitants.

"Excuse me, sir, do you know anything about Ghost Abyss?" Lilly approached a ghost and asked.

The ghost turned slowly, revealing empty, dark eye sockets that sent shivers down their spines.

Polly could not help but be frightened and blurted out, "Sir, please put your eyeballs back in!"

With a groan, the ghost fumbled for a while until he found his eyeball and placed it back into its socket.

"Hmm..." The ghost stared at Lilly, his eyeballs moving stiffly. "A living person? Ha... there's a living person!"

In the underworld, there were no living people, but occasionally, lost souls who had not reached their destined time of death would wander near the gates of Hell.

The ghost believed that Lilly was such a lost soul and grew ecstatic, instinctively reaching out his hand to grab her.

However, before he could touch Lilly, he was knocked to the ground.

The cowardly ghost looked stern and spoke in a cold voice, "She asked a question, so answer it. How dare you lay a hand on her?!"

The male ghost's eyeballs were knocked out again and went missing this time.

"Oh, my eyeballs... I put them in my pants pocket to prevent them from falling out... and now they're gone!"

The male ghost crawled on the ground, groping in the darkness, looking strangely pitiful.

Lilly picked up his eyeballs and said, "I'll return them to you, but you must answer my question. What do you know about Ghost Abyss?"

The male ghost's eyeballs shifted in Lilly's hand, but he did not dare to cause trouble and answered honestly, "I've been living nearby for fifteen years."

"After a person dies, those who haven't been reincarnated reside in Ghost Town and Ghost Palace. Some ghosts accumulate virtue to redeem the wrongs they committed in their lifetime, hoping to accumulate virtue for their descendants or secure a better birth in their next life. They venture out from Ghost Town, wandering and striving to accumulate virtue..."

"Near the Ghost Abyss is a prime location for accumulating virtue. Many ghosts choose to stay here," the male ghost explained.

He pointed towards the mountain and continued, "There's a broken bridge up there. The ghosts who



come here can choose to build the bridge and move the boulder from the bottom of the mountain to the top."

Building bridges as an act of virtue was a common practice in the underworld.

Lilly inquired, "Does this bridge have any connection to the Ghost Abyss?"

The male ghost nodded, saying, "This bridge was built by the Ruler of Hell..."

Upon hearing that the bridge had ties to the Ruler of Hell, the spirits of Lilly and her companions were immediately piqued with interest.

### [Chapter 848 Ivan's Face](#)

The male ghost continued to provide information:

"This bridge was originally built by the Ruler of Hell to connect the Eastin Area with the Northin Land. However, it was smashed a hundred years ago by a powerful entity to suppress the creature in the Ghost Abyss..."

Ghosts would choose to come here and engage in activities to atone for their sins, and the rulers of the Ten Hell Palaces would grant them virtues as a form of redemption.

Lilly understood and asked, "So that's how it is... But what lies within the Ghost Abyss? Why is there a bloody pelvis?"

The male ghost adjusted himself, his eyeballs shifting, and replied, "I don't know what lies beneath the abyss... According to the bone, it seems there is a pathway that leads to the underworld. It's a tunnel... Someone would accidentally stumble upon it."

In other words, those who passed through that pathway met with a fatal accident, and their souls and bodies were drawn into the Ghost Abyss.

"When I was still alive, I often heard stories about accidents where people vanished, but their bodies couldn't be found... They must have been dragged into the abyss like this!"

"Not just pelvises, but also femurs, ribs, and skulls..."

Various bones could be found within the abyss.

The cowardly ghost asked the crucial question, "How frequently do these bones go up and down?"

He was referring to the pelvis that had recently emerged from the abyss and then descended once again.

However, the male ghost shook his head and replied, "I'm not sure. It depends on how frequently people die in the bordering area between the human world and the underworld."

Lilly contemplated the situation. This "elevator" was operated by the deceased, and the frequency of its ascension depended on the occurrence of deaths...

"No wonder Alban mentioned that there is only one chance to survive," the cowardly ghost sighed. "It's hard to determine when a person will pass away."

Only the Ruler of Hell knows who's going to die...

The realization struck the cowardly ghost, and he turned his head abruptly, exclaiming, "Yes, only the King of Hades knows!"

Lilly immediately grasped the significance and eyes were filled with excitement. "Yes, that's right, I know!"

The solution was right in front of them.

With Lilly riding on the backs of the cowardly ghost and the others, they hurriedly returned to the edge of the abyss.

Lilly took out her pen and began to murmur, "Heavenly spirits, earthly spirits, innocent souls, and departed souls, heed my call! Ah..."

All the ghosts watched in confusion, wondering what kind of incantation she was reciting. But sure enough, they saw the Pen of Judgment emanate a golden light, illuminating their surroundings. Within that golden light, countless names scrolled rapidly.

"The names passing by are those of people who have already died!" Lilly explained. "We can see when new names appear!"

Everyone fixed their gaze on the golden light, feeling as if they were watching subtitles whizzing by. Lilly continued to read aloud the names of all the departed souls.

It seemed that she was reading the names of accidental deaths that had occurred over hundreds of years.

Finally, as the scrolling names gradually slowed down, a few new names began to emerge in the golden light.

The names moved at a slower pace, and one name appeared at the very top of the golden light, followed by another name.

"Nate Perkins..." Lilly read aloud. "This name has just died, could it be the pelvis we saw earlier?"

The cowardly ghost questioned, "Do you think so?"

Lilly hesitated for a moment and then instinctively responded, "Yes, I believe so..."

The harem spirit nodded in agreement. "That seems likely. If you look below, you can see four new names that have surfaced one after another."

The first name was Kaiden, and as the name scrolled forward, a human head floated up from the abyss.

Startled, Polly squawked, "Hey! Kaiden! It's me! Look over here!"

The head jerked towards them, his eyes locking onto Polly.

With a distorted and piercing voice, he responded, "Who's... calling... me..."

All the ghosts were taken aback, but it was confirmed that the name floating in the golden light belonged to the person who had been pulled into the abyss and died accidentally.

After the brief interaction, the head quickly descended once again.

The cowardly ghost fixed his gaze on the remaining names. "We have three more chances. Based on my calculations, after Kaiden goes down, Cory Carr should come up in about half an hour."

Beyond the golden light lay the time when these souls would vanish or sink.

"So these people have come to the underworld to fulfill their destiny..." Lilly marveled, "Their names are recorded in the Book of Life, but they haven't reported to the Palace of Hades..."

at least not in a conventional way.

It was truly peculiar.

Everyone kept their eyes on the timeline. True to the prediction, after half an hour, a leg emerged from the abyss. It appeared to be a man's leg, likely belonging to Cory.

The cowardly ghost's calculations were accurate!

"Darling, let's go!"

Seizing the opportune moment, the cowardly ghost and Lilly leaped onto Cory's leg.

"I've estimated the timing and speed correctly. After this leg sinks, another dead person should come up

and pass us by in about five minutes."

"That means we will sink for five minutes and search for Ivan. If we can't find him, we must transfer to the next dead person who emerges immediately. Do you get it?"

There was no imminent danger in the abyss, but what ascended were only dismembered limbs, as if something lurking beneath was devouring them.

Lilly knew the importance of understanding the situation and the need to observe the surroundings, search for clues, reassess the situation, and then proceed accordingly.

Lilly nodded, "Got it!"

However, at that very moment, an unexpected occurrence emerged from the depths of the abyss. This entity possessed a profound impact on departed souls, causing Aunt Ugly to be sucked in.

"Ah! Help, save me!" Aunt Ugly pleaded desperately.

The ghosts also sensed that their souls were on the verge of being torn apart. Suddenly, a distorted face appeared within the mist of the abyss, bearing a resemblance to a human, and it aggressively attacked them.

This face belonged to...

"Ivan?!" Lilly exclaimed in astonishment.

### [Chapter 849 Is Ivan Dead?](#)

Ivan's dead?

Lilly's eyes widened in disbelief as she stared at the face before her. It was undoubtedly Ivan's face, but it appeared distorted as if consumed by a desire to devour Aunt Ugly and the cowardly ghost.

Finally, everyone saw the true nature of the eerie fog in the abyss—it was comprised of countless fragments of deceased souls. These shattered souls were fused, creating the unsettling "fog."

"No way! Ivan was so handsome. How could he die just like that?" exclaimed the harem ghost.

If Ivan was not dead, how could his face dissolve into this peculiar mist of departed souls?

"Ivan!" Lilly desperately clasped her hands together, attempting to rouse him from his state.

However, Ivan's face remained unresponsive, fixated on dragging Aunt Ugly into the abyss.

In a state of desperation, Lilly had no choice but to gather all the ghosts in her jar of souls.

Now, only Polly and Lilly remained in the abyss.

"Don't come any closer!" Polly shouted in terror.

Ivan opened his enormous, blood-stained mouth and lunged forward, narrowly missing Polly's tail by a hair's breadth.

"Ah... my butt!" Polly recoiled abruptly and sought refuge in Lilly's hair.

"Ivan" showed no interest in devouring the fragmented souls; he seemed aimless, floating for a while before suddenly fixating on Lilly once more.

"Hey..." He circled Lilly, his gaze fixed upon her as if contemplating whether she could be consumed.

"Ivan!" Lilly lay on the stump, which continued to sink, and Ivan's face followed suit, maintaining his unwavering stare.

No response came from him despite her desperate calls.

At that moment, a dark silhouette emerged from beneath the abyss. It was a scalp, bloodied strands of hair clinging to it, a mere palm-sized fragment.

The cowardly ghost within the jar of souls had been observing the situation and urgently spoke up, "Lilly, it's time to go up!"

Perched upon the femur, Lilly gazed down into the abyss.

The darkness was impenetrable, concealing whatever lay below. Faint sounds of whimpering, crying, and laughter echoed from beneath, filling the air with a chilling and cacophonous atmosphere.

Lilly surveyed her surroundings and detected the sound of rushing water emanating from the nearby cliff. A waterfall materialized before her eyes.

"Ivan!" Lilly called out once more, but her plea yielded no response.

Instead, her shout seemed to draw Ivan's face closer...

Uncertain of his intentions, Lilly found herself confronted by the scalp right before her.

Anxiety gripped her, leaving her unsure of what course of action to take.

Finally, Lilly clenched her teeth and extended her hand, striking Ivan's face with force.

"Puff!"

Ivan's face disintegrated instantly.

Lilly was dumbfounded.

Would he believe her if she claimed it was unintentional?

The cowardly ghost interjected, "Lilly, jump onto that skull!"

Gritting her teeth, Lilly leaped onto the scalp, balancing herself firmly on its surface.

She hesitated, contemplating whether she should descend a bit further and follow the leg downwards...

The cowardly ghost's voice broke through, "Ascend first, we still have two chances!"

Helplessly, Lilly watched as the leg sank into the mist, vanishing from sight.

Ivan's face had been consumed by the peculiar fog, rendering her unable to distinguish which fragment was his.

An unsettling coldness enveloped her limbs, and an even more disconcerting question lingered...

Is Ivan still alive?

Finally, they reached the top of the abyss, and the cowardly ghost swiftly guided Lilly to a safe spot.

"If he's dead, there's no point in descending to retrieve his corpse. Taking such a huge risk without any knowledge would be futile," the cowardly ghost explained.

"If he's still alive, he must be facing formidable challenges in his current state. Venturing onward without understanding the situation might lead us to share his fate," the cowardly ghost continued, embracing Lilly. "I understand your urgency, but patience is key."

Lilly could only try to calm herself down.

She could not help but feel like a failure. She had believed herself to be strong, but in the face of the abyss, she realized her weakness.

She desired strength, an immense strength, to overcome any obstacle.

What Lilly did not realize was that if she had arrived here a month ago, she wouldn't have even been able to approach the abyss, let alone continue onwards. She had indeed grown stronger, but she was unaware of it.

"There's a waterfall at the bottom," Lilly pondered for a moment and suggested, "I saw a stone platform jutting out. We can descend there."

The cowardly ghost began to draw on a piece of paper, calculating the time intervals between the next two opportunities.

"After the first one ascends, it takes... and the time it takes for the second one to ascend is... Let's calculate the time when the two meet, roughly..." he murmured, sketching and scribbling. Eventually, he concluded, "It should take about an hour, and it will take us around ten minutes to descend to the waterfall. Once we reach the waterfall, we can check if Ivan is there. We'll have approximately fifty minutes to find him..."

Lilly hugged the cowardly ghost tightly. "Thank you, Michael!"

Without his assistance, she would not have been able to calculate such details. This was a problem that only Josh could handle.

With their preparations complete, Lilly embarked on her descent once again!

This time, a pair of floating ribs emerged, and the harem spirit carried Lilly on them. Before descending to the bottom, she entered the jar of souls.

They drew nearer to the waterfall.

Yet, the mist no longer showed Ivan's face.

Polly nestled against Lilly's neck and whispered, "Lilly! It's so cold! There's no warmth!"

Lilly's unease grew with each passing moment. Somehow, she sensed that something ominous was on the horizon...

#### [Chapter 850 The Spiritual Spring Water](#)

Squatting on the sinking ribs, Lilly drew closer to the waterfall.

Soon, she had a clear view of the source of the waterfall. It stemmed from a fissure in the abyss, a wide gap that was only about 5 feet in height—slightly shorter than a door frame.

However, there was a problem. The ribs were still about a meter away from the cliff of the abyss, and the cowardly ghost and the others had already entered the jar of souls, so they could not fly her across.

"How can I leap over?" Lilly pondered as the sinking ribs drew nearer. If she missed the opportunity, she would have no choice but to descend further with the sinking ribs to the bottom of the abyss.

Moreover, the dense fog pervading the abyss was taking its toll. Spending too much time there made Lilly feel drowsy, her eyelids heavy and difficult to keep open.

Her body felt burdened, her limbs weighed down, and even summoning the Palace of the Ruler of Hell felt beyond her current capabilities.

I can't go on like this!

Determined, Lilly clenched her teeth, summoned the Palace of the Ruler of Hell, and controlled it to hover in the abyss. With a leap, she propelled herself towards it.

The palace's path swayed unsteadily, bridging the gap between the sinking ribs and the cliff. It was a precarious and unstable journey.

Controlling the Palace of the Ruler of Hell proved to be immensely challenging. Just as it seemed on the verge of falling, Lilly managed to jump into the fissure in the abyss's cliff.

A resounding crash echoed as she hit the cliff, prompting Lilly to swiftly retrieve the Palace of the Ruler of Hell and store it back in her bracelet.

"That was close!" Lilly leaned against the stone wall, attempting to calm her racing heart.

Now standing on a raised stone in the middle of the gap, surrounded by the sound of rushing water, Lilly sensed spirit energy present.

While cultivators in the immortal realm focused on cultivating spiritual energy, here in the underworld, the cultivation revolved around harnessing bad energy.

In a mere instant, Lilly felt her pores open wide. Unlike her master, she did not need to sit cross-legged to practice. Her body seemed to be enlightened on its own!

The spiritual energy was so abundant that it even permeated the jar of souls. The gap in the jar of souls began to heal gradually.

"What is this place?" Lilly peered into the gap, unable to see its bottom. She considered walking along the gap, but the water rushed too swiftly.

She stood on a rock, and descending would mean the water reaching up to her waist. With the rapid current, it would be easy for her to be swept away.

However, the water had an unexpected milky-white hue.

"Lilly!"



At that moment, Michael's urgent voice resonated from the jar of souls.

Lilly focused her attention and asked, "What's wrong?"

The cowardly ghost's voice quivered with excitement, "Hurry, scoop some water and take a look..."

Lilly nodded, retrieved a pot, filled it with water, and handed it over.

Inside the jar of souls, all the ghosts gathered around the pot of water, their expressions filled with intoxication.

"It's the spiritual spring!" The cowardly ghost clutched a book, his face brimming with excitement. The spring water is milky white, warm, and moist. It's not just water, but more like delicate threads, exuding a subtle fragrance. It's usually found deep within mountains or hidden beneath the earth's depths... Yes, it's water from the spiritual spring!"

The cowardly ghost took a cautious sip, and instantly, potent spiritual energy surged through his entire body!

His aura skyrocketed. He had only recently been promoted to a junior ghost general, but in that instant, he ascended to the level of a high-ranking ghost general. It was a truly astonishing transformation!

"Isn't this thousands of times more powerful than the evil energy vein?" the cowardly ghost asked in shock.

The harem spirit rejoiced, exclaiming, "Where is this spring? It's incredibly precious!"

A whole waterfall of that pleasant water, they were in luck!

The unlucky ghost cupped his hands, bringing the water to his lips and exclaiming, "Drink up and you'll ascend to heaven in a single gulp! This is the ultimate nutrition express!"

After taking two sips, the unfortunate ghost's misfortune intensified!

The rebellious ghost nearby was about to approach for a drink but was inexplicably struck by bad luck, stumbling and losing his head.

The harem spirit commented, "Instant nutrition... It's certainly fast enough."

"Lilly, can we have another pot?" they requested.

Lilly, who had been standing on the boulder, thinking about how to find Ivan, found herself taken aback as the ghosts in the jar of souls began indulging in the water.

How unreliable!

She wanted a drink too!

Lilly stretched out on the stone, facing the turbulent flow, and opened her mouth. "Ah... Gulp... gulp..."

Delicious!

It also carried a nice aroma!

The heaviness that had weighed down her body moments ago dissipated entirely.

"This stuff is amazing!" Lilly's eyes lit up. "I'm taking some with me."

This must be a random waterfall, right?

Or did it belong to someone else?

The cowardly ghost cautiously poked his head out. Though he still felt the sensation of being torn, he managed to cling on.

"It shouldn't be owned by anyone I assume," the cowardly ghost replied. "Lilly, bring some back!"

At that moment, all of them agreed to store the waterfall in the jar of souls.

They did not fret over the abyss or wonder why Ivan's face appeared in the mist.

Thus far, Ivan had not been found upon arrival, and descending any further seemed impossible. So, why not seize the opportunity to enjoy the good fortune at hand?

What if the waterfall disappears next time?

With a quick decision, she opened the jar of souls and submerged it in the water!

The jar of souls eagerly consumed the water with a series of gulping sounds...

In an instant, the space inside the jar of souls doubled in size.

Adjacent to the pit that had previously contained the water from the ice pond, a massive cavity opened up, automatically filling with the spiritual spring water!

"It's not bathwater this time!" Lilly exclaimed joyfully as she gazed upon the spring water that had been gulped down by the jar of souls.

Authentic, pure, and sweet water!