

Eight Uncles 851

[Chapter 851 Harvesting Bamboo Shoots](#)

The cowardly ghost pondered and said, "Since it's called the Spiritual Spring, there should be springs nearby."

The harem spirit chimed in, poking her head out and adding, "That's right! Where there's a spring, there's always a puddle nearby... I guess the spring water overflows because the puddle is full."

Lilly felt a pang of sadness, thinking about how the overflowing water had gone to waste, falling into the bottomless abyss. It seemed like such a shame.

I'm taking it away!

I can't be a wasteful kid!

Thrifting is a virtue!

Lilly enlarged the jar of souls, but she had to be careful not to make it too large. If it exceeded the crack in the cliff, it would be torn apart by the strange forces of the abyss outside.

So she enlarged it to the size of a small bucket, rapidly filling it with the immeasurable spiritual spring water. Even though it was a swift process, Lilly could not help but feel anxious.

"Michael, do you think Ivan could be here?" Lilly asked, her gaze fixed on the depths of the gap as the jar of souls absorbed the boundless spiritual spring.

The cowardly ghost, sipping water from the spiritual spring, replied, "It's hard to say. The spring water rushes out and forms a waterfall. Normally, it would be impossible for a regular child to enter such a rapid current..."

Lilly nodded and said, "But Ivan is not a regular kid."

The cowardly ghost sighed, feeling a bit unsettled once again. He turned around and punched the rebel ghost, which seemed to alleviate his frustration.

The rebel ghost was dumbfounded.

Meanwhile, the jar of souls had completely absorbed the spiritual spring, leaving the stone cliffs bare. The water that had once flowed up to Lilly's waist now only remained as a thin layer on the rocks.

As they ventured further into the darkness, the tearing force from the abyss outside weakened, allowing the cowardly ghost to move more freely. He urged them to follow the current and search for the source of the spring.

"If Ivan has been here before, he would have found a way to trace the current back to its origin," the cowardly ghost suggested.

Lilly and the others continued walking, but as they went deeper, the stone walls rose higher and the darkness became oppressive. It was so pitch-black that they could not see their own fingers, making it difficult to breathe.

Lilly's unique vision allowed her to see in the dark, but even she could not make out anything in this place.

"Let's light a fire!" the cowardly ghost suggested, pulling Lilly to a stop. It was too dangerous to continue without any visibility.

The harem spirit held up a torch, but to their disappointment, it refused to ignite. "It's no use," he sighed. "I tried, but even the fire of a will-o-wisp won't light up here."

The unlucky ghost chimed in, saying, "Maybe Lilly's Spiritual Fire can..."

But before he could finish his sentence, the rebellious ghost interjected angrily, "Oh, come on! So how could Spiritual Fire be considered a will-o-wisp? If we can't light a will-o-wisp, then how can hers be lit?"

Lilly was about to offer her Spiritual Fire when she realized that it would not ignite either. She let out a sigh, disappointed.

The cowardly ghost tried to comfort her, saying, "Lilly, it's okay, we..."

Suddenly, Lilly pulled out a powerful flashlight and switched it on, instantly illuminating the entire cave.

The ghosts were momentarily stunned by the sudden burst of light.

"Michael, what were you saying?" Lilly asked. "I wasn't paying attention earlier."

The cowardly ghost replied quietly, "It's nothing..."

The unlucky ghost could not help but exclaim, "That's brilliant! Why didn't we think of bringing a flashlight?"

Lilly, scanning the cave with the flashlight, replied in a somewhat paternal tone, "Isn't it common sense?"

"My father always said, when metaphysics fails, try using science."

The flashlight was a product of science, a modern technological invention.

Uhm...

The ghosts were left speechless.

Under the powerful beam of light, the cave was illuminated, revealing its features.

The inside of the cave resembled a karst cave. After the uphill path they had traversed earlier, the terrain flattened out, and the ground became slightly concave, forming numerous puddles.

Stalactites hung from the cave ceiling, with water dripping from their tips and collecting in the puddles below.

"Don't let it go to waste!" Lilly murmured as she walked along, allowing the jar of souls to collect all the spiritual spring water from the puddles.

"Have you found the spring?" the harem spirit inquired.

The rebel ghost, the foolish ghost, the unlucky ghost, the bridal ghost, Jessie, and the others, scattered throughout the cave, responded one after another...

"No."

"Nothing here either!"

"I can't find the source where the spring water came from. This whole area is filled with puddles... It should be here..."

Lilly looked up, fixing her gaze on the row of stalactites hanging from the cave ceiling. "If it's not on the ground, could it be up there?" she wondered aloud.

Without hesitation, she forcefully broke off one of the stalactites.

Wow...

As the stalactite shattered, a small stream of water began to trickle down, and Lilly, promptly tilting her head back and opening her mouth, caught the water as it fell, drinking it all at once.

"Wow... it's delicious!" she exclaimed with delight.

Lilly's eyes sparkled as she realized that the stalactites were filled with even richer spiritual spring water than the ones outside.

"This is amazing! It's like harvesting bamboo shoots!"

She eagerly collected the stalactites, taking one in each hand and feeling increasingly delighted as she gathered more.

The bridal ghost and the harem ghost returned to the jar of souls, retrieved the "bamboo shoot" stalactites that Lilly had broken off, found jade bottles one by one, filled them with the spiritual spring water, and sealed them tightly.

As for the remaining stalactites, they were tossed aside without much thought, piling up beside the large pit of spiritual spring water.

The jade bottles had been accumulated over time within the jar of souls, serving as a pastime for the ghosts. Little did they know they would come in handy now.

As for the jade itself, it had been collected incidentally during their underground ventures. Its quality was not as good as the royal purple jade piece Lilly had picked up, and the Crawford family was not lacking in wealth, so it had been kept in the jar of souls.

In the blink of an eye, Lilly harvested all the stalactites in the cave, her belly becoming rounded and swollen from drinking so much water.

"Is there nothing left?" Lilly looked around, feeling a sense of unfinished business.

If the stalactites could speak, they would be afraid of Lilly harvesting them.

Did Lilly forget about Ivan while she was harvesting the stalactites?

[Chapter 852 Pablo's Return](#)

Inside the cave, Lilly realized that there was no danger present, only good things to be found. The uneasiness she felt outside the waterfall had completely vanished from her mind.

After breaking the stalactites and thoroughly searching the cave, they still could not find Ivan.

"Let's return for now!" the cowardly ghost suggested, surveying the surroundings. "I think the spring must be on the top of the cave."

He pointed towards the ceiling, where numerous stalactites were dripping water. "The spring must come from up there."

Lilly contemplated, "Should we break it open?"

The coward shook his head. "No, we don't have enough strength yet. If we were to break it, the cave could collapse... Where would we hide? If we become trapped here..."

Being trapped here would lead to the same fate as Ivan.

"Besides, we don't know if there are other dangers associated with the spiritual spring once it's released."

In short, until they possessed sufficient strength, it was best not to break the cave open.

"Okay!" Lilly sighed and pouted.

They would have to return for now and hope that the spring remains untouched until their next visit.

The cowardly ghost lovingly pinched Lilly's nose. "Little money-lover!"

At this point, the jar of souls was already filled with an abundant amount of spiritual spring water, surpassing the water in the cold pool.

The value of the water from the ice pond became insignificant.

Lilly took Polly and slowly made their way out of the cave.

Polly, with his head and shoulders tucked in, muttered, "We're finally out, it's so cold."

As a tropical bird, Polly was susceptible to the cold. Despite his unique qualities, he had not undergone any special training or enhancements, rendering him sensitive to the cold within the cave, which was why he remained quiet.

"The next elevator hasn't arrived yet," the coward calculated. "We've been here for forty minutes, and it will take another ten minutes for the next one to arrive."

Lilly cautiously peered out.

Strangely enough, the feeling of weakness and inability to open her eyes that she experienced when she first arrived seemed to have disappeared. It seemed that drinking the spiritual spring water had revitalized her.

Her body felt as strong as it did in the mortal world.

If that were the case, could it be possible for her to use the Palace of the Ruler of Hell as an elevator instead of waiting?

Lilly immediately decided to give it a try and took out the Palace of the Ruler of Hell.

It worked!

Lilly's eyes sparkled with excitement as she couldn't contain her joy. "Michael, Miss Harem! I feel stronger!"

The Palace of the Ruler of Hell had grown larger, just the right size for Lilly to enter, and it was no longer unstable.

"Amazing!" the coward praised. "It means our Lilly has leveled up once again!"

Drinking a few sips of spiritual spring water had unexpectedly brought about such a noticeable change.

"Can you control the palace and move around?" the coward suggested. "Or try to see how far you can go... Within this range, try to find Ivan."

They should do their best without endangering their own lives.

It was not that they didn't care about Ivan, but they cared even more about Lilly's safety.

Lilly nodded and took control of the Palace of the Ruler of Hell, starting to descend slightly.

However, after sinking only 1.6 feet, she felt overwhelming fatigue.

"I don't think so, it's too dangerous here!"

It seemed as though the Palace of the Ruler of Hell was being dragged down, and the tearing force became evident once again.

"Then go up to the height of the waterfall just now and look for Ivan within this height range."

With everyone's agreement, Lilly took control of the Palace of the Ruler of Hell and maneuvered through the abyss.

The wind howled.

Outside the Palace, ghosts wailed and bellowed, their presence seeping into Ghost Abyss.

Lilly and the others circled around the cliff. The pit was immense, and it took them an hour to complete just half a circle.

"Lilly, there are no mountains or paths leading upward, so it's not possible for Ivan to go in that direction."

"Let's go back and search the other side."

The abyss was vast, so they could only explore the surroundings with their point of descent as the

center.

Lilly nodded, feeling a growing strain as the sense of powerlessness washed over her once again.

Just in time, the coward handed her a jade bottle. Lilly drank from it eagerly and quickly regained her strength.

In this manner, repeating the cycle, she consumed no less than five bottles of spiritual spring water, searching every nook and cranny of the abyss within the designated range, but Ivan was nowhere to be found.

"He really fell..." the harem spirit sighed. "Alban's kick must have been quite powerful. We saw that all the debris and bones were scattered far from the edge of the cliff."

If Ivan fell on the "elevator," there was little chance he could have landed on the cliff.

However, Lilly could not descend into the abyss at that moment.

"Let's go up and take a rest, and think of other ways," the cowardly ghost suggested.

Unbeknownst to Lilly and the others, high up on the mountain, the King of Cities had arrived.

From such a distance, he observed the fluctuating movements of the Palace of the Ruler of Hell in the abyss.

"How dare they venture into the Ghost Abyss with such limited strength... They're simply asking for death."

The King of Cities glanced at the multitude of ghosts in front of him. They were laboriously carrying enormous boulders, hunched over with their heads bowed, almost prostrating themselves as they struggled to transport the massive rocks up the mountain.

As the King of Cities observed the ants-like ghosts laboring to transport boulders up the mountain, he sneered at the possibility of accidents occurring due to the strong winds.

With a flick of his sleeves, a fierce gust of wind surged, causing several ghosts to scream and be carried away along with the boulders.

Lilly was breathless and struggling to control the Palace of the Ruler of Hell as she approached the edge of the abyss. She desperately needed rest.

Although she had consumed a significant amount of spiritual spring water to replenish her strength, she felt that the water was becoming less effective, unsure if she had developed immunity to it.

Suddenly, the cowardly ghost's eyes widened, and he cried out in panic, "Lilly!"

Before Lilly could fully process what was happening, a boulder crashed into her and the Palace of the Ruler of Hell, sending them hurtling out of control.

Lilly's heart raced as she tumbled into the abyss.

"Michael!"

She screamed in desperation.

Without hesitation, the cowardly ghost and the other spirits leaped into the abyss after her.

As they plummeted, Lilly's body began to numb, rendering her unable to move. The razor-sharp wind sliced across her petite face, leaving trails of blood that quickly covered her features.

Through her blurred vision, Lilly saw Michael and the others on the verge of being swallowed and torn apart by the eerie mist of the abyss.

"Michael..."

"Lilly clenched her teeth, exerted all her strength, and managed to capture all the ghosts, sealing them within the jar of souls.

Unfortunately, luck was not on Lilly's side. She plummeted rapidly, feeling her limbs being pulled in different directions, as if on the verge of being torn apart.

Without the Palace of the Ruler of Hell to protect her, and the pen of judgment, which Lilly tried her best to summon, but her efforts proved futile.

What should I do...

Am I just going to die here... No way!

Blood coated Lilly's face, obscuring her vision. She blinked vigorously, struggling to see her surroundings clearly.

Suddenly, amidst her dazed state, a brilliant light erupted before her eyes.

Within the radiance, Pablo showed up. He donned a white robe, his once snow-white hair now transformed into black strands, and his eyes emanated a sharp and cold gaze.

"Lilly!"

Pablo reached out his hand, grasping Lilly, and hugged her tight.

Lilly stood dumbfounded, uttering in disbelief, "Master?"

The surrounding winds grew fierce, causing Pablo's robe and hair to billow wildly. His once pristine white robe now bore numerous cracks and tears.

"Master, I can't get up!" Lilly expressed, her head protected within Pablo's embrace.

"Don't be afraid... Stay calm, we're going down!" Pablo reassured her.

In the depths of the abyss, a white figure tightly held onto a smaller figure as they plummeted relentlessly...

[Chapter 853 Hold On to Me](#)

Embracing Lilly, Pablo descended rapidly, the wind whistling in their ears. However, Lilly felt a profound tranquility in her master's arms.

"Master, having you here feels so nice," Lilly expressed, hugging Pablo tightly and resting her cheek against his chest.

With one arm securely wrapped around Lilly, Pablo held her head gently in his embrace, sighing with a hint of helplessness. She had entrusted herself to him completely, and he was determined to protect her at all costs.

In Ghost Abyss, ascending without attaining the level of an emperor was impossible. So, if they could not go up, they would go down instead.

They had to break through the eerie fog beneath the abyss and evade the ominous forces lurking there. They would give it their all to find an opportunity to strike amidst the darkness.

As they descended, Pablo battled against the violent winds, but there was more than just wind tearing at him. Strange mist twisted and coiled in the gusts, enveloping him and Lilly layer by layer.

Despite their plunge, it felt as though they were being ensnared by these layers, desperately attempting to drain their spiritual energy.

Pablo's expression turned cold, and he uttered in a low voice, "Break!"

A brilliant light erupted, causing the strange mist surrounding them to dissipate with a soft sound. However, as they ventured deeper into the abyss, the fog grew denser, constantly shrouding them again after each breakthrough.

"Break!"

"Break!"

...

The mist presented a minimal threat to Pablo and could be easily penetrated.

However, their relentless, layered nature proved relentless.

During their descent, Pablo persistently shattered through the enigmatic fog, plunging at an alarming speed, yet they never seemed to reach the bottom, leaving him thoroughly exhausted.

Taking a deep breath, Pablo sensed that the small figure in his arms had stopped moving, causing his heart to tighten.

He whispered, "Lilly?"

Lilly emitted a soft hum, her heavy eyelids struggling to stay open.

"Don't sleep, Lilly," urged Pablo. "Hurry, open your eyes."

"Ghost Abyss is one of the deepest realms in the underworld. The spirits who sink here are those who have languished for thousands of years, devoid of self-awareness."

"These mists are all formed by these lost souls. They have the power to corrode one's consciousness and absorb their soul. Once you find yourself here, you must remain vigilant and resist their influence..."

Lilly continued to emit a faint hum, fighting against her drowsiness.

Master said to open my eyes, Master said to fight...

We must fight!

Exerting all her efforts, Lilly fought to stay awake, recollecting what happened earlier.

What happened to everyone?

During their descent, she recalled seeing Michael and the others fearlessly following her without hesitation...

Just before they were torn apart, she managed to gather them all into the jar of souls. Michael, the harem spirit, the unfortunate ghost, Aunt Ugly, the rebellious ghost... They were all safely stored within the jar.

But it seemed like someone was missing...

Lilly's eyes suddenly flew open.

Yes, someone had fallen!

Polly.

An intense wave of consciousness surged through Lilly as if struck by lightning. "Master... Polly... I forgot about Polly!"

She remembered that when they were struck by a boulder, Polly, who was perched on her shoulder, was also knocked away.

With its wings, Polly fluttered in panic, darting aimlessly beneath the abyss...

Pablo's heart sank, realizing that if Polly descended further into the abyss, having wings would only complicate matters.

He could only offer her solace, saying, "It's alright, Polly holds a special position. If he died so easily, it proves that he isn't a qualified soul collector."

Lilly gazed upward, her view obstructed by the vastness of the abyss. She could not discern the colossal mouth that marked its entrance anymore. How long had they been falling? The abyss was so immense that the sky remained hidden from her sight.

She wondered how Ivan must have felt when he plunged into this abyss.

Lilly's heart weighed heavily, and with great effort, she lifted her heavy eyelids and pinched her fingers to tell Polly's fortune and to piece together what happened to Ivan.

However, at that moment, a resounding roar emanated from the depths of the abyss, and an enormous mouth lunged toward Pablo and Lilly.

Lilly's pupils constricted, and she exclaimed in surprise, "Master!"

What is this thing? Its teeth are larger than pillars!

Pablo reassured her, saying, "Don't be afraid!"

With one hand tightly embracing Lilly, he executed a sharp maneuver.

He spotted the teeth of the bizarre creature, and he stepped on them, propelling himself upward!

As this unknown creature beneath them woke up, and as it appeared, the surrounding air instantaneously grew bone-chillingly cold.

Lilly, already numb, felt her movements slow even more.

So cold...

Pablo grew anxious, knowing that Lilly had not yet cultivated spiritual energy within her body.

During their time together, she had made some progress on her own and had even consumed a portion of the water from the spiritual spring, enhancing her strength.

However, in the face of the abyss, it still fell short!

"Hang on, Lilly," Pablo urged, moving with increased speed.

He moved like a flash of lightning, his white robe billowing as he deftly evaded the monster's snapping jaws, almost appearing to dance within its maw.

Using the creature's mouth and teeth to his advantage, Pablo swiftly leaped to the top of the cliff.

"We're almost there," Pablo murmured, stealing a glance at Lilly amidst his hurried actions. "Hold on."

The abyss was vast, surely there was a place to evade this monster.

Frost clung to Lilly's eyelashes as she shivered. "Master, it's so cold!"

Pablo held her even tighter, instructing, "Stay calm, focus, and imagine a fire burning within your body."

He noticed that Lilly had grown distant, her response faltering.

[Chapter 854 Lilly's Hidden Talent](#)

"Lilly?" Pablo's anxiety grew evident as he watched Lilly struggle. With no training and her independent practice, it was understandable that she could not do so at the moment.

However, if she failed to ignite the spirit energy within her body, she would be consumed by the abyss.

"Lilly!"

Pablo thought of sharing some of his own spirit energy with her, yet she remained unresponsive. If she could not accept the transfer, her chances of survival seemed bleak.

Lilly... Lilly...

Lost in her thoughts, Lilly kept hearing her name being called.

A voice reached her ears, advising her intermittently, "Stay calm... Focus... Ignite the fire within your body..."

Lilly's teeth chattered, and she repeated softly to herself, "Stay calm..."

She followed her master's faint voice, persistently attempting to ignite the fire, but she continuously fell short.

Lilly grew increasingly anxious; there was no fire within her.

What do I do?

Perhaps master wouldn't mind if I borrowed a small portion from him...

Lilly pressed her face against Pablo's arms, seeking solace in the warmth she felt from her master.

Oh... but she forgot, her master was a ghost—he had no temperature.

Lilly sighed, on the verge of abandoning this approach when suddenly, she let out another sniffle.

Wait, master has warmth!

Lilly was taken aback. Something was amiss. How could her master possess warmth?

Could he regain a physical form after breaking free from the shell?

However, she was certain it was her master. Apart from the transformation of white hair into black, everything else remained the same—he was still a ghost!

Lilly's mind was overwhelmed, so she decided to borrow his warmth first.

Desperately clinging to her master, Lilly soon felt waves of warmth enveloping her.

It was as if a beam of light had permeated her limbs and bones. As she allowed the warmth to flow into her body, she sensed the "fire" within her being ignited in an instant.

I've got it!

Lilly grew elated. So this was the fire that her master mentioned, the same power as the spiritual spring she had encountered earlier—the spirit energy.

Spirit energy was the fire within her body!

Lilly grasped the concept intuitively and allowed the energy to circulate within her body.

Back at the waterfall, she drank a significant amount of the spiritual spring water, filling her stomach to the brim.

Now, all those spiritual spring water within her stomach transformed into spirit energy, and Lilly absorbed it all.

The spirit energy coursed through her twelve meridians, flowing through her limbs and permeating every pore, every inch of skin and hair.

Lilly started to feel the numbness in her body gradually subside, but the spirit energy was still insufficient. Although she could barely maintain her consciousness, she remained unresponsive.

The spiritual spring water she drank was not enough!

Lilly felt regretful. This small amount was far from enough.

If only I drank more earlier!

Lilly immediately thought of using the spiritual springs from the jar of souls. However, to protect Michael and the others, the jar of souls had been sealed by her.

Now, whether due to her weakened state or limitations within the abyss, she could not sense the jar of souls.

It's alright... let's try again!

spirit energy equals to wealth.

Daddy always said to never give up when I'm facing difficulties.

When wealth was scarce, one could still squeeze out a little bit by persisting.

Unable to open the jar of souls and hesitant to borrow more spirit energy from her master, Lilly found the process of "ignition" terrifying. Each time she absorbed spirit energy from the spiritual spring, it seemed to deplete instantaneously. She feared exhausting her master.

Since she could not obtain spirit energy from the jar of souls or her master, she resolved to search for spirit energy within the underworld.

Michael had mentioned that the underworld possessed spirit energy. When the ghosts descended for the first time, they felt a potent influx of spirit energy. The harem spirit also said that one could sit in

meditation and absorb the surrounding aura, transforming it into spirit energy.

There must be aura present in the air here!

Lilly exerted her utmost effort in finding spirit energy, showcasing her remarkable talent.

It was a mere idea, as no one had even taught her how to convert aura into spirit energy.

Yet, she sensed an abundance of spirit energy permeating the frigid abyss.

Lilly's excitement surged, and she immediately sought out this "wealth."

She felt an immense surge of aura rolling in, and she skillfully extracted the cocoons of spirit energy from the aura, allowing it to flow into her limbs and bones...

Meanwhile, Pablo had reached the abyss's depths.

It's finally over!

He could not help but pant heavily. The monster he encountered was peculiar, distinct from the eerie fog within the abyss.

He effortlessly broke through the strange fog but struggled to evade the monsters.

Pablo's recollection of the Ruler of Hell's words in the underworld resurfaced in his mind.

"The Ghost Abyss houses an anomaly—a manifestation of the accumulated grievances of the souls unable to be reincarnated. It takes the form of the wronged souls' collective consciousness."

"These transformed monsters cannot be precisely categorized as creatures; they become anomalies."

"When the anomaly regains its strength, it signifies the need to reshuffle the rules of the underworld."

Now, Pablo vividly recalled the Ruler of Hell's words, and a deep sense of despair engulfed him.

The anomaly was not meant to possess a physical form!

Yet, this anomaly had an entity, indicating the multitude of wronged souls that had succumbed to the depths of this abyss and the intensity of their obsessions.

When the anomaly regained its power, it would be time to restructure the underworld.

However, Lilly had not returned yet. She was merely a five-year-old child, unable to withstand the chilling resentment that permeated the abyss.

If they were to restructure the underworld right now...

[Chapter 855 Polly Started Singing Tears Behind Bars](#)

Holding Lilly tightly in his arms, Pablo ventured deeper into the dark abyss.

Countless bones lay beneath his feet, and even the slightest touch would reduce them to powder. Even newly fallen bones rapidly decayed upon reaching the abyss's depths, emitting a brittle cracking sound akin to stepping on dead leaves, easily crumbling underfoot.

At that moment, Pablo felt the aura around him surging and converging around him.

Startled, he realized that the aura was not drawn to him, but to Lilly!

Subconsciously, he flicked his sleeves to disperse the gathered aura.

Lilly, still in slumber, thought to herself.

Huh? How did my aura break? Let's try again!

As Pablo dispersed the aura, he noticed even more of it rolling in.

His heart sank, and he lowered his gaze to Lilly in his arms. Her eyelids remained tightly shut, her small hands clinging to his clothes.

Pablo suddenly paused.

Wait, this aura... it's attracted to her?

Soon, his mouth fell open involuntarily, confirming his suspicions. Whenever the aura came into contact with Lilly, it seemed to cocoon around her before being completely absorbed into her body!

Externally, there was no visible movement, but upon careful observation, one could discern the majestic flow of spirit energy coursing through her meridians.

The frost on her eyelashes had long since melted, and her once icy-cold body now exuded a comforting warmth.

She had transformed into a warm, tender little bundle.

Pablo breathed a sigh of relief, but he could not help but be astounded. At this moment, this little girl had shown her extraordinary abilities.

She was self-taught, she swiftly found the right path after being given the right hints.

In the underworld, most ghosts were woeful ghosts, consisting mainly of malignant spirits and ghost generals. They were no match for the ghost lords enlisted by the Ruler of Hell in terms of power.

However, there was another type of ghost known as a novice ghost.

Novice ghosts were considered to be ghosts in training.

In the underworld, the majority of ghosts were ordinary ghosts. The reason for the scarcity of novice ghosts was that very few ghosts could endure the rigorous training required.

Even the initial step of transforming aura into spirit energy was something that ordinary ghosts could not accomplish. They could not even sense the presence of spirit energy.

In the ghost world, the aura was akin to the ambient air in the human world. In the human world, around 99.9% of people could not perceive the aura in the air. This was primarily due to the dissipation of aura and the lack of practitioners. Even those who practiced meditation regularly were rarely true practitioners, often focusing only on health preservation rather than cultivating their spiritual abilities.

Returning to Lilly, she had just successfully transferred the aura from her body to Pablo, absorbing only a small amount. Pablo had initially been concerned that she might drain all of his auras, but now he realized that she had learned to draw on the surrounding aura instead.

Pablo's heart softened, and he gazed at her tenderly.

"Now that you've learned a new skill," Pablo said, a slight curve forming on his lips, "I'm still as useless as ever, right?"

He raised his hand, his elegant fingers slender and beautiful, and gently brushed the tip of Lilly's nose.

Lilly, still nestled in his arms, kept her eyes tightly closed. If there were any sounds during her practice, it would likely be her soft murmurs.

Pablo wrapped Lilly tightly in his outer robe, pressing her against his chest, and then he surveyed their surroundings.

"Do your thing, Master will take you to find a place suitable for cultivation."

He just dodged the anomaly.

But the anomaly was a collection of obsessions of wronged souls, as long as he and Lilly were still in this abyss, it would still find them quickly.

Pablo's figure was like the wind, flying past under the dark abyss...

At the same time...

Polly stood foolishly on a large rock in the gap of the waterfall.

When Lilly and the Palace of the Ruler of Hell were sent flying by the boulder, Polly was also caught up in the chaos. It lost contact with Lilly during the wild ride and when it regained its senses, it found itself standing in the gap of the waterfall.

Polly had accompanied Lilly on the journey, witnessing her collect numerous immeasurable spiritual springs and break off stalactites along the way.

Now, Polly gazed up at the sky above...

A peculiar mist lingered at the mouth of the gray abyss. When it rushed towards this spot, it was enshrouded in a thick layer of the strange mist. Now, Polly trembled from the bitter cold as it clung to its body.

"Spiritual spring, spiritual spring!"

Jumping off the boulder, Polly discovered that there used to be a waterfall there, but the stone wall was still damp before they departed. Now, it had completely dried up, and Polly did not even have a chance to take a sip.

With no other option, Polly braved the cold and ventured deeper into the crevice.

Inside, the chill intensified, and without Lilly's warmth, Polly felt as if it would freeze. The strange mist wrapped around it, further hindering its strength.

"Spiritual spring, spiritual spring..."

Polly's plight was pitiful. It finally struggled up the uphill path and arrived at the cave adorned with stalactites.

The puddles in front of it held no spiritual springs, and Polly didn't dare venture further into the depths.

Polly meticulously inspected each puddle, despite feeling like a frozen nugget. It lamented, even as its bit, "Lilly, you took everything!"

"My trouser pocket is cleaner than my face..."

Finally, it halted in front of a particular puddle, where it spotted a small trace of spiritual spring.

Polly leaned down and licked a few mouthfuls—it was a mere lick, perhaps only a drop or two.

"What a pity." Polly's spirits sank, but it had no choice but to continue searching for other puddles.

After replenishing its strength by drinking from the two spiritual springs, Polly felt its energy returning. It should now be able to withstand the cold of the cave's depths.

Polly struggled to move forward, guided by the sound of dripping water. Although the stalactites had been broken off by Lilly, it did not stop the continuous flow of water from the springs above, and small puddles had formed below, collecting a new supply of spiritual spring water.

This time, Polly drank to its heart's content and felt revitalized. It quickly made its way out of the cave, finding the temperature inside unbearable.

However, as Polly stood on the boulder in front of the gap, it was at a loss. It felt like it could not fly up!

Even if it managed to fly up, it knew that a strong enemy, the King of Cities awaited above, possibly intending to turn it into a roasted bird and have it for a meal.

Polly remained on the boulder, wearing a sorrowful expression, and sang a mournful tune,

"Iron doors, iron windows, iron chains..."

"Clutching onto the iron in my hand... Ah, gazing out of the window..."

[Chapter 856 Running in Circles](#)

Polly stared at the grim opening of the abyss above and the dark bottomless hole below. Going up meant certain death, and going down was equally perilous.

What could he do?

All it could do was remain here, singing its sorrowful song, "Tears Behind Bars", occasionally venturing into the abyss to drink from the spiritual springs to sustain itself.

Polly was going back and forth. Unknowingly, it absorbed the aura and transformed it into spiritual energy.

The melancholic melody of "Tears behind bars" grew louder and more impassioned with each rendition.

At the edge of the abyss, high above the pit's opening, the King of Cities stood, listening intently to the faint singing emanating from below, "Iron windows, iron doors, iron chains..."

He remembered that Lilly had a parrot, one of the soul collectors that served the Ruler of Hell, responsible for capturing the souls of birds and beasts in the sky. It seemed that this bird was the one singing.

However, he had no intention of descending into the abyss for a mere bird. Going down the abyss was no easy feat, even for him, as he was one of the Rulers of Hell. He dared not venture down lightly.

Even if one could survive down there, the inability to return to the surface was a terrifying prospect. Who would willingly subject themselves to eternal confinement?

Trapped for countless millennia, hunted and corrupted by the malevolence lurking beneath the abyss until becoming a part of that very anomaly.

A cruel smile spread across the King of Cities' face.

There's no escape for Lilly and that damned Pablo.

"With their current level of strength... it's like looking for death."

...

Holding Lilly securely in his arms, Pablo soared through the abyss, desperately searching for a temporary hiding place. However, they soon realized that the bottom of the abyss was vast and seemingly boundless.

There was no longer the distinct sound of bones crunching beneath Pablo's feet, causing him to come to a halt. The absence of bones seemed unlikely in Ghost Abyss, where countless bones had sunk over millions of years. Everywhere one went, the bones of the departed should be present.

Taking a moment to collect himself, Pablo peered through the dense barrier of fog and caught sight of powdered remains scattered on the ground. It became clear that the absence of bones was not due to their absence but rather because they had been mercilessly crushed into pieces.

Amidst the thick bones and ashes, there were a series of footprints, back and forth several times... and they belonged to Pablo.

Pablo's lips twitched in disbelief.

He never imagined that a ghost of his size would one day find himself trapped within the Ghost Abyss.

"The Ghost Abyss should never be taken lightly..." Pablo muttered to himself, his gaze shifting to Lilly in his arms.

She remained in that position with her eyes closed, completely immersed in a state of profound contemplation, reaching a state of selflessness.

Pablo observed her, recognizing the signs of enlightenment.

He was genuinely taken aback. Some individuals spend their entire lives in poverty, their hair turning gray, yet they never come close to the threshold of enlightenment.

And here she was, only five years old, experiencing a profound revelation.

What triggered her enlightenment?

If Lilly could respond, she would simply say, "Nothing!"

There was no specific cause for her enlightenment; it was a natural and effortless realization, as simple as eating and drinking.

With the spirit energy coursing through her body, Lilly traversed her meridians with ease, playing along the pathways. She traced them around the tendons, through the limbs, and then washed over her skin and hair. Finally, all the spirit energy gathered in her abdomen.

To Lilly, it was a wondrous experience!

The energy flowed into Lilly's abdomen, and despite not physically consuming anything, she experienced a remarkable sense of satisfaction akin to eating a hearty meal. She felt as though she had finished a substantial amount, even though only a small portion of spirit energy had gathered in her abdomen.

What a small portion, who are you fooling?

Feeling dissatisfied with the meager ration, Lilly pushed herself to "eat" even more. She moved the spirit energy around her body, guiding it into her abdomen. She repeated this process, absorbing new spirit energy, letting it flow and accumulate in her abdomen again and again.

Unbeknownst to her, her abdomen gradually filled with spirit energy—the essence of her strength. Previously, without awakening her abdomen, she would easily grow tired during battles. Especially after evading the King of Cities and enduring various escape attempts, she felt overdrawn and on the verge of collapse.

But now, with her awakened abdomen, everything was different. The spirit energy stored within her abdomen served as her electric charge. It was like having a reserve of power. Previously, she could only run a certain distance without that extra charge, but now, with the energy stored in her abdomen, she could potentially run for hundreds of miles. The extent of her newfound endurance remained unknown.

Lilly did not understand the reason behind how the energy could be stored in her abdomen. She simply knew that eating—or rather, absorbing spirit energy—was the key. Immersed in the state of mysterious epiphany, she focused on replenishing her energy reserves.

Meanwhile, Pablo surveyed the floor covered in ashes, a troubled expression on his face. During his

practice, he would typically sit cross-legged, but now, with no elevated surface or even a raised stone in sight, he stood there foolishly holding Lilly in his arms.

Realizing that they were trapped within the Ghost Abyss for the time being, he knew he needed to assess the situation. Thus, he began to look around, searching for any signs or clues that might guide their next course of action.

At the bottom of the abyss, a peculiar silence replaced the screams and cries that were present in the upper layers. Instead, faint rustling sounds permeated the air, resembling whispers of unseen entities.

Pablo could not shake the feeling that countless pairs of eyes were fixed upon him and Lilly, observing them while whispering in hushed tones. However, there was nothing visible in their surroundings except for the swirling aura.

In an attempt to make sense of the situation, Pablo closed his eyes. While he continued to protect Lilly in his embrace, he let go of all other thoughts and focused on sensing his surroundings.

In that moment of heightened perception, he realized that there were people all around him. They formed a densely packed crowd, preventing even the wind from passing through. It was no wonder he had not felt the usual gusts when descending to the bottom of the abyss.

Having grasped the situation, Pablo could not help but break out into a cold sweat, feeling a mixture of unease and trepidation.

[Chapter 857 He Could Never Forget Lilly](#)

Pablo's cold sweat was not a result of finding the densely packed "people" scary, but rather due to a realization about the Ghosts Abyss. During his time serving as the judge under the Ruler of Hell, he learned that the abyss could erode a person's will, leading to a gradual loss of self. He had not even realized he was affected and had lost his way in the process.

"We're gonna have to break out!" Pablo exclaimed as he gritted his teeth.

He could not afford to lose himself, especially with Lilly relying on him.

How could he get lost?

The thought of what might happen to Lilly if he failed sent a shiver down his spine.

Ensuring Lilly was secure, Pablo tightened his grip on her.

He whispered to Lilly, "Lilly, hang on tight! We're gonna break out!"

In an instant, a dark light flashed, and Pablo found himself holding a long axe in his hand, ready to cut

through the layers of strange fog.

The long axe, resembling an ancient weapon, possessed a robust and vigorous form, more akin to a large knife. With a decisive slash, he cleaved a path through the thick "human wall." His eyes exuded a cold determination as he forcefully created an opening.

As the violent wind roared in his ears once more, Pablo knew he had successfully broken through. He swiftly rushed out, carrying Lilly in his arms. However, as he emerged from the abyss, a haze suddenly clouded his vision, causing him to come to a stop.

The formless mist pervading the entire abyss is composed entirely of ghosts and woeful ghosts, yet lacks any discernible features such as a nose, eyes, or a complete face.

In front of him, the shadowy figure appears to have a face, possibly Ivan's.

Pablo's grip on the long axe abruptly halted as he saw Ivan's face appear and his mouth opening to lunge towards him and Lilly. Pablo could not bring himself to kill Ivan outright.

He could only bend down and swiftly fly past, stirring up a cloud of ashes...

The fourth stage of "Smoke and Dust" unfolded.

Pablo's silhouette burst through the ghostly barrier and vanished before the smoke and dust settled.

Within the mist, Ivan's face remained silent, staring blankly at the distant figure...

At this moment, Ivan lacked self-awareness.

Much like Pablo, upon landing, he made every effort to stay conscious, refusing to lose himself in the mist.

Even after enduring several impacts upon reaching the abyss floor, he maintained his vigilance, reminding himself to find a way back up.

But eventually, his body continued to wander into the abyss, searching for an escape route.

Unbeknownst to him, his soul departed from his body at some point, without his awareness.

Ivan's soul, now detached and merged with the mist, was gradually consumed and swallowed, leaving behind only a solitary face.

He vaguely recalled having a crucial thought, but it eluded his memory.

Thus, he continued to roam in the abyss until he caught sight of Lilly, almost perceiving a faint glimmer.

That light triggered something within him, yet he struggled to remember.

He hastened toward it, only to find that the light had vanished.

Ivan continued his aimless wanderings, gradually forgetting his thoughts, until he encountered Lilly once again at the abyss's depths.

This time, something whisked her away...

Lacking self-awareness, Ivan remained oblivious to Pablo's presence.

To Ivan, Pablo appeared as a ghostly figure, a mere cloud of mist.

What he perceived was that his guiding light had been snatched away.

For a moment, Ivan felt numb, and amidst his struggle, he remembered that light, albeit unable to fully recollect it.

He chased after it, only to find himself endlessly searching without direction...

Pablo flitted and ran for a considerable time.

The surroundings remained unchanged, devoid of any distinguishing landmarks or notable features.

Initially, the haze appeared as a cohesive entity, but after prolonged exposure, it became indistinguishable from air.

The sound of bones being trampled entered Pablo's ears once again. He glanced down, peering through the dense smog, and noticed a few sets of footprints on the ground—

He realized he was going in circles again.

"Lilly..." Pablo's voice lowered as he called out, his eyes cast downward.

Having caught a glimpse of Ivan, he likely knew what happened to him.

Worry gripped him as he pondered whether Lilly would suffer a similar fate, with her soul separated from her body... would she be reduced to a mere empty vessel, running without purpose?

Fortunately, upon careful examination, Pablo noticed Lilly's soul remained intact.

He could not help but let out a wry smile and spoke helplessly, "Master here is half-exhausted, while you're at ease... you slept soundly."

Perhaps it's for the best.

Even if she were awake, what could she help him with?

Pablo summoned his axe again, shattered the ghost barrier, and charged forward...

After a while, the same encounter repeated itself, unbeknownst to him.

Being trapped in a recurring predicament could lead even the strongest individuals to the brink of collapse.

Pablo possessed formidable willpower. After breaking through nine hundred ninety layers of ghostly barriers, he lost count of how many times he encountered them.

Fatigue started to set in, gradually pulling him into a state of incessant combat. Though his soul remained intact with his body, he succumbed to a different kind of disorientation.

Numbly, Pablo flew and ran, slashing his way with his long axe, and ran on, oblivious to his surroundings...

He had long forgotten that he cradled Lilly in his arms; the only thing he remembered was to never release his grip on his left hand—

He gripped Lilly tightly with his left arm.

[Chapter 858 Swaying His Sword Aimlessly](#)

Lilly found herself focused on filling her abdomen with spirit energy, deriving immense pleasure from it.

Despite her obsession with eating, Lilly did not know where her abdomen was or how the energy flowed through it.

Driven by her efforts and determination, she felt compelled to constantly fill her stomach, striving tirelessly until a sense of contentment finally washed over her. Subconsciously, Lilly let out a relieved exhale.

In an instant, the state of enlightenment vanished, and Lilly instinctively opened her eyes.

Perplexed, Lilly cautiously surveyed her surroundings, questioning, "Where are we?" The darkness enveloped everything in silence, yet she could distinctly see a multitude of people fused, forming a solid mass rather than separate entities.

These figures created a formidable barrier, as Pablo cleaved through them with his axe.

The axe broke through the barrier, and Pablo emerged step by step, wearing an expressionless face.

Feeling exhausted, Pablo had transitioned from a rapid and agile movement to a numb, laborious progression—one painstaking step at a time.

He did not know how long he had been in that state.

"Master?" Lilly inquired suspiciously, her voice laden with doubt. "Where are we going?"

Pablo did not reply to her.

Puzzled, Lilly gazed at him intently.

"Master?" She reached out her hand and waved it before him.

He still did not react!

The ghost barrier that he had just breached seemed akin to a strange quagmire, swiftly engulfing him.

Pablo repeated his actions, slashing through the barrier with his axe...

No matter how stupid Lilly was, she could sense that something was wrong with her master.

"Master!" Lilly anxiously tried to stop him.

She saw that Pablo was overdrawn, and now she was holding on only by willpower, repeating his movement of swinging the axe!

However, after making such a move, Lilly realized that he could not break free.

Pablo's hand that held the axe was exhausted, but his left arm still hugged her tightly, showing no sign of letting go.

"Master...let go of me first. Can you hear me?" Lilly raised his hand and pinched Master's cheek.

She then stretched it sideways.

Pablo's expressionless face was pinched into a round shape.

Lilly was dumbfounded.

How hasn't he woken up yet?

Subconsciously, she wanted to summon Michael and the others to ask them what she should do, but in

a blink of an eye, she thought that Pablo was so powerful, and he had become like this here.

If she summoned Michael and the others, wouldn't it be harming them?

Lilly racked her brains and was pleasantly surprised to find that she could sense the jar of souls.

When she just fell, she could not sense the jar of souls, and she could not retrieve the spiritual spring water from it.

She immediately took out a bottle of spiritual spring water and brought it to Pablo's mouth.

Her consciousness was connected to the jar of souls, and she could hear Michael asking anxiously, "Lilly? Are you okay!"

The harem ghost's voice could also be heard, "I was scared to death, it felt like days in the jar of souls... We've finally waited for you!"

Lilly hurriedly brought the spiritual spring water to his master's lips, but her master did not respond, so naturally he could not drink it.

Filled with anxiety, Lilly paid little attention to what the ghosts said.

"Master, please... open your mouth!" she pleaded.

Pablo's face remained expressionless, his lips tightly sealed, and his gaze unfocused.

"I don't know what's wrong with Master. He's unresponsive and refuses to drink the spiritual spring water... What should I do?" Lilly asked, her worry evident.

Temporarily setting aside their anxieties, the cowardly ghost cautiously asked, "What happened to Master Belmont?"

Lilly kept them in the jar of souls. So, they did not know what was happening to Pablo.

After hearing Lilly's description, the cowardly ghost's heart sank. "He must have lost himself," they concluded.

The amount of time Pablo spent within the jar of souls had been excessively long. All the ghosts wanted to help, but they were unable to do so. The cowardly ghost had diligently read "The Utmost Secrets of the Spirit Realm," absorbing every detail within its pages.

Although there was no specific mention of the Ghost Abyss in the book, it briefly appeared in two other passages.

Drawing from those two lines and their collective experiences in the Ghost Abyss, the cowardly ghost and harem spirit assumed that the mist possessed the ability to devour a person's will or soul.

Pablo's current state seemed to align with their guesses.

"You must pour the spiritual spring water into his mouth," the cowardly ghost advised. "Don't worry, darling, let me think of a solution..."

The cowardly ghost surveyed the surroundings, his mind racing.

Suddenly, the harem spirit spoke up. "Allow me to handle this. I have a solution!"

Lilly's face lit up with joy. "Miss Harem, please tell me!"

The harem spirit hesitated before replying, "I... I can't explain it with words. I can only act directly..."

The bridal ghost interjected with a cry, "Miss Harem, what are you... Oh, never mind. Why don't you let me handle it instead?"

The rebel ghost remained silent, growing frustrated. "Both of you, just be quiet!"

Finally, the cowardly ghost found a solution.

Upon the sacred trees of the phantom cat, remnants of the amphibious soil still lingered.

After Pablo had "cracked the shell," the once vibrant red amphibious soil had faded, losing its luster. It appeared to be useless now, resembling ordinary mud.

"Darling, take this!" the timid ghost pointed at the amphibious soil. "The spiritual spring water is a liquid, so you can't directly feed it into Master Belmont's mouth. However, you can moisten the amphibious soil with the spiritual spring water and then place it in Master Belmont's mouth..."

The bridal ghost exclaimed, "Oh my goodness, are you making Master Belmont eat dirt?"

Lilly paid no attention to their comments from outside the jar of souls. She had her plan.

Letting out a determined sound, she swiftly maneuvered within Master's embrace, causing Pablo to tumble over.

Placing him on the ground, she pressed him into a thick layer of ashes...

"Ahem, I'm sorry, Master..." Lilly muttered to herself.

Her intention was simply to bring Master down.

Feeding him while standing seemed impractical.

It would be easier to feed him as he lay down.

After all, Master was a ghost, so there was no need to worry about choking to death.

However, the layer of ashes surrounding them proved to be too thick. Once Pablo was brought down, he became buried beneath the ashes.

Without delay, Lilly retrieved a frying pan and began digging vigorously!

The pan had never anticipated being used as a tool for digging.

Lilly managed to unearth the ashes that covered Pablo's face. Taking a deep breath, she puffed out her cheeks and blew forcefully, removing the thin layer of ashes.

Then, with one hand gripping Pablo's chin, she aimed the jade bottle at his mouth and poured the water...

[Chapter 859 It's Been Three Months?!](#)

Lilly held the jade bottle and began pouring the spiritual spring water into Pablo's mouth.

With his eyes still open, Pablo remained in a state of numbness, devoid of self-awareness.

Eventually, half of the spiritual spring water splashed onto his face, streaming into his eyes and nostrils.

Subconsciously, Pablo raised his axe and swung it through the empty air.

Lilly hurriedly patted his chest, trying to calm him down. "Oh, it's alright, it's alright. Stay calm... It's Lilly who washed your face! Master, ghosts can't choke!"

Pablo was silent.

Washing Master's face with the spiritual spring water feels like such a waste...

Feeling a tinge of heartache, Lilly hesitated to pour more, afraid of wasting the water as she was anxious just now.

"Master, open your mouth, please..." Lilly carefully fed Pablo the spiritual spring water, bit by bit.

This time, it finally worked.

The liquid smoothly entered Pablo's mouth, gliding down his throat and coursing through his limbs.

The spiritual spring water acted as a beacon of light amidst the darkness, gradually awakening Pablo's consciousness.

Relieved to see a glimmer of light in his eyes, Lilly let out a sigh.

"Come on, Master, drink some more," she urged. Lilly fetched another bottle of spiritual spring water and handed the empty jade bottle back to the harem spirit.

In this manner, Pablo consumed another bottle of the spiritual spring water, and his numb face gradually regained some expression.

Suddenly, he sat up, causing Lilly to worry he might lose his balance. However, to her surprise, Master continued to hold her tightly...

Overwhelmed with emotion, Lilly wrapped her arms around Pablo's neck, pressing her face against his shoulder, and whispered, "Master, you're the greatest master in the world. Wake up soon... Master!"

Pablo found himself in a state of disarray as if he had been immersed in a deep dream from which he could not wake up.

However, at that moment, he heard someone calling out to him.

Something soft and warm brushed against his neck and cheek.

Could it be... Lilly?

Yes... it's Lilly!

In Pablo's world, it felt like a lightning bolt striking through the chaos, jolting him awake!

Pablo was taken aback as he regained consciousness, realizing he had no recollection of when he had become lost.

"Lilly!" Pablo's voice carried a hint of panic as he immediately looked at Lilly, who was in his arms.

Seeing Lilly still there, clutching onto his clothes, he exclaimed with surprise, "Master, you're awake!"

"Michael, Miss Harem, Mr. Unlucky... Master has awakened!"

Lilly's elation overflowed, finally finding solace from the worries that had burdened her.

Pablo let out a sigh of relief and replied, "It's alright... everything is alright!"

He was terrified just a moment ago, not knowing when he had become lost and how long he remained in that state. He was fearful of losing Lilly unknowingly and causing harm to her while lost.

"This abyss is truly formidable..." Pablo sheathed his long axe and rubbed his temples.

"The most terrifying aspect is its ability to silently erode one's heart."

It was like boiling a frog alive. If it did not notice the changes in the temperature, it would die.

Lilly smoothed the hair on his forehead and reassured him. "It's okay! Now that Master is awake, everything will be fine. Master is the strongest!"

Her unwavering trust warmed Pablo's heart.

"Yeah..." Just as Pablo was about to say more, he suddenly realized that his hair was damp. "Huh? Why is my hair wet, Lilly?"

Lilly suddenly felt guilty and glanced around before responding, "I just noticed that Master's face was dirty, so I washed it..."

Admitting to pouring water into his eyes and nose was out of the question.

To her surprise, Pablo raised an eyebrow and asked skeptically, "Really?"

He could not help but wonder why his eyes felt cool and refreshed, and slightly damp. Was Lilly certain that she had not poured water on his face?

Unbeknownst to Pablo, his thoughts drifted to a scene from a drama where an unconscious prisoner was awakened by a jailer pouring a bucket of water over them.

Lilly anxiously replied, "No, really! I just accidentally... poured a tiny bit into your nose, I promise!"

She gestured with her index finger and thumb to demonstrate the small amount.

Pablo found it both amusing as he shook his head and said, "I was only teasing you."

Looking around, he continued, "We have no idea how long we've been in this spot. We need to know what direction we're in..."

Now that Lilly was awake, she was still just a child. Pablo feared that she too might lose herself unknowingly. He dreaded the thought of both of them wandering numbly in the abyss, eventually becoming part of the strange fog.

Lilly pointed in a direction and exclaimed, "It's easy to know the way! Let's go this way!"

Pablo sighed and replied, "You don't understand the power of the abyss. The anomaly we encountered when we fell hasn't reappeared. Instead, we've been standing here for quite some time..."

Inside the jar of souls, the cowardly ghost silently added, "We've been here for three months."

Lilly repeated what the cowardly ghost said, "Master, we've been here for three months..."

Wait, three months?!

Lilly was astonished. She felt like she had just fallen asleep, yet three months had passed.

Pablo's heart sank. He had been lost for three months!

He could not help but think of Ivan's face in the mist and wondered if Ivan was alright now...

Lilly urgently pleaded, "Master, please let me down. We need to find the exit quickly..."

Three months was far too long!

They had no idea how much time had passed in the mortal world. Lilly's thoughts turned to her grandmother, and she grew increasingly anxious.

It's been so long. Grandma must be worried sick. Please, let her be safe...

[Chapter 860 Searching for Ivan](#)

Pablo did not put Lilly down and explained, "There are ashes underneath, and it's dirty."

As a ghost in the underworld, Pablo's feet still needed to touch the ground, but the layer of ashes was so thick that it took a considerable amount of energy for him to lightly step on it while maintaining his consciousness.

He chose not to float to conserve energy, even if it was just a little bit.

"If I put you down, the ashes will bury you up to your waist." Pablo hugged Lilly tightly, shifted her to his right arm, and added, "Lilly, you must stay focused and not be consumed by any obsessions."

It was his obsession with getting Lilly out of the abyss that caused him to fall into that state earlier.

In the abyss, any obsession would be magnified.

Lilly nodded, understanding the importance of her master's words.

"Master, do you think that if Ivan fell, would he have to walk through the ashes too?"

Pablo was taken aback but nodded, saying, "Yes, that's a possibility. Why do you ask?"

Lilly's face lit up with excitement. "Then can we find him by following the traces Ivan left behind?"

Pablo pondered for a moment. "In theory, it's possible. However, when I saw him three months ago, he had already lost his soul."

Given the amount of time that has passed, it's uncertain if Ivan is still in the vicinity.

"Furthermore, the area is shrouded in an eerie fog, making it difficult to see our surroundings."

The eerie fog acted like smog, limiting visibility to just three hundred feet. It would be challenging to find Ivan through his tracks alone.

But Lilly declared confidently, "Leave it to me!"

To her, these eerie fogs were a treasure!

She could not let them go to waste!

Lilly's first thought was to capture the mist in the jar of souls, but after trying, she found that the gourd did not seem to have an appetite for it.

Then she immediately thought of the Palace of the Ruler of Hell...

What about the Palace of the Ruler of Hell?

She descended from the King of Hades' Palace initially. Where was she headed now?

The palace was sad...

Lilly finally remembered me!

When Lilly thought about it, she instinctively knew where the Palace of the Ruler of Hell was.

This time, it was unlike her first descent.

Now she could feel where the palace was.

"Master, it's this way! Not that!"

Lilly pointed in a different direction. "I sensed the Palace of the Ruler of Hell! My palace is over there!"

Pablo promptly carried Lilly and soared above the layer of ashes.

Following Lilly's guidance towards the Palace of the Ruler of Hell, they swiftly traversed the dense ghost barriers and discovered the palace!

The Palace of the Ruler of Hell was less than a mile away from them. In less than five minutes, Pablo flew down and located it.

Lilly hastily retrieved the shattered palace from the thick ashes. It retained its original size when it was struck by the boulder. No one had restored it to its former pendant shape, and it remained as it was.

"I'm sorry!" Lilly minimized the Palace of the Ruler of Hell while patting it gently. "I didn't mean to forget about you!"

The Palace of the Ruler of Hell trembled on the bracelet. If it could speak, it would express its grievances.

After Lilly tidied up the palace, she created an additional layer to separate the inner space of the hall.

Within the confines of the Palace of the Ruler of Hell...

King Libra lay weakly on his stomach when he suddenly heard a rumbling noise...

The space that had previously been palace-sized was abruptly compressed to a mere 30 square feet!

King Libra immediately cursed, wondering if they were now being stingy even with food. How could they be so ruthless?

Lilly had no time to hear King Libra's complaints.

She lifted the palace with a serious expression and spoke in a hushed tone.

"We're picking up treasure!"

The surrounding mist swiftly swirled like a tornado, being sucked into the Palace of the Ruler of Hell!

The Palace of the Ruler of Hell could expand or contract, which meant that the space within it was also vast.

The strange mist within a five-mile radius was instantly drawn out. While the mist lingered at higher altitudes, the lower layers were completely sucked away.

Initially, visibility was limited to 300 feet, but it suddenly became remarkably clear.

Pablo's mouth twitched.

Could it really be used like this?

Had the Palace of the Ruler of Hell transformed into a vacuum cleaner?

The scenery of the abyss had never been so vivid! The anomalies concealed within the depths of the mist fell into silence.

This was the first time he had witnessed a child scraping away the walls of someone else's abode.

Indeed, the mist served as their barrier...

Without the hindrance of the mist, the thick layer of ash on the ground became distinctly visible. Lilly could clearly see the faint imprints of her Master's footprints on the ash layer, as well as another deep mark!

"It's Ivan!" Lilly exclaimed with joy.

Ivan's trail extended from the front into the distance, disappearing into the distant mist until it was no longer visible...