

Eight Uncles 911

[Chapter 911 Scared to Death](#)

Unable to bear it any longer, Peter put down his cutlery and went to his room. His parents were so busy arguing that they failed to notice anything wrong with him.

Later on, he was in so much pain that he could not even speak. Peter eventually passed out, just to wake out to the sounds of intense argument again.

Through the door, he could hear his parents in a heated exchange.

"Dad...mom...help..."

"Help me...call the ambulance...dad..."

"Mom..."

He mustered all of his strength but he could only whisper those final words.

No one heard him.

In his world, no one could hear him despite his desperate screams

Just like that, he died from the excruciating pain of an internal haemorrhage.

It hurt...It really hurt!!

Peter woke up with tears streaming down his face. He then curled up on the ground and started bawling his eyes out.

The weakling spirit shook his head as he backed away from Peter. He then silently looked on at the figure on the ground.

"Enjoy...little brat." murmured the spirit as he turned around to leave.

Up until that moment, the unlucky ghost had been toying with Mrs. Szell and making her a fool in front of the other parents. She tripped over numerous random things so many times that her face was bruised, and she was covered in chalk dust and water.

When Mrs. Szell heard the commotion, she immediately ran over to look for Peter.

"Peter?! What happened to you?" yelled a shocked Mrs. Szell as she frantically cradled him.

"Are you hurt? What happened? Tell me!"

Peter continued to bawl. His face was pale and drenched in tears.

"Mom... it hurts, mom...help me!" cried Peter. "Call the ambulance...please..."

Peter was still in a daze, not knowing whether he was still Michael or himself.

He was consumed by the fear, outrage, and pain that he experienced earlier that he could not distinguish between illusion and reality. The despair and humiliation felt so real to him.

Seeing her own son in such a state, Mrs. Szell was genuinely terrified. It was a rare sight to see her in such a state as Mrs. Szell had perfected the art of manipulating others with her emotions to get her way.

She rushed out while cradling Peter.

The weakling spirit just stood there watching them quietly as the two figures fade out of view.

He felt heartbroken and envious.

Mrs. Szell may not be a good person, but she still treated her son well...

While his own mother claimed that she did not get a divorce because of him while treating him like...

The unlucky ghost appeared beside him without him noticing and yelped in surprise,

"My gosh, you sure did a number on the kid, Michael! The kid's scared shitless. Tsk tsk tsk..."

Perplexed, the harem spirit asked quietly, "Don't you think you went a little overboard?"

They just wanted to teach Peter a lesson, instead, he was traumatized...

The weakling spirit kept quiet as he drifted away without even looking at the other two spirits.

He just said flatly, "Let's go, we need to catch up to Lilly."

He was gone after he finished speaking.

"Huh? Are we going back already? But I'm not done enjoying myself yet." exclaimed the unlucky ghost.

The harem spirit also rubbed her chin and muttered, "Me too."

Initially, the harem spirit noticed Isabella's mother and Charlotte's father were acting strange, so she decided to shadow them to see what they were up to.

To her surprise, Charlotte's father actually confessed his love for her! He said that he had been thinking of her nonstop ever since they started the class parents' group.

The harem spirit was expecting Isabella's mother to give him an earful, instead, she blushed shyly without turning down his advance.

Their actions caught the harem spirit off guard.

She started to wonder if her own lustfulness had begun affecting others around her.

The harem spirit quickly left without doing anything to them.

She did not expect the two of them to keep exchanging flirtatious glances at each other...

Until they agreed to a date at night over milk tea...

The ghost bride caught up to the harem spirit, asking, "Oh? Wait for me, Harem. Aren't you going to stay on and see what happens next while eating popcorn?"

She overheard the two secretly planning a date.

The harem spirit rolled her eyes and said, "Let's just go, there's nothing to see here. You don't want to be caught in their mess."

The ghost bride replied, "I'm a ghost, what mess can I get into? I want to see what happens next"

The unlucky ghost chimed in, "Tsk, look at you. You changed, ghost bride. You're no longer innocent! Can you even call yourself a bride now?"

.....

Startled by Peter's cry, Isabella's mother and the other parents helped to send him to the hospital.

Robin was so worried that she followed them and gave up on her plans to go home.

After conducting an examination, the doctor shook his head and said, "There's nothing wrong with him. Did he accidentally eat any contaminated food?"

Mrs. Szell, "I don't think so..."

By that time, Peter had already calmed down completely.

He just stared at the ceiling in a daze.

When he noticed Teacher Robin standing at the side, he recalled what she told him a few days ago, that the other students at school went easy on him. She asked what he would do if he stepped into society and was really beaten and abused by others.

It was not that Peter was naive and was never told of such things, but they were just words that he could easily sweep aside.

But this time...

He really did experience what it felt to be beaten and to puke blood.

He also experienced what it felt like to die from excruciating pain.

In the past, he had seen news of children being beaten to death on his mother's phone, and he did not feel anything for them...

This time, he actually experienced the final moments of that boy first-hand.

He was sure of one thing, he had seen a ghost.

He was even possessed by the ghost and relived the ghost's final moments.

That big brother... was beaten to death.

Terrifying... Simply terrifying!

[Chapter 912 Salvation](#)

"Peter?!"

As he was in a daze, Peter could hear his mother's voice.

"What happened to you? Are you hurt anywhere?"

Peter's eyes turned red. He shook his head.

"No. I'm not hurt anywhere."

His voice turned soft and he became even more silent.

Mrs. Szell didn't realize what was happening to him. In a state of rush, she began to berate him. "Are you being a mischief again? Trying to make a prank and whatnot. So you were acting like you were in pain? Well I hope you weren't faking it just now and were really in pain!" she scolded.

"Did you know that Miss Robis was already finished with her work and was all ready to go back home?"

Because of you, she had to stay and was held back for a long time. Do you have any idea how tired Miss Robis is? She even had to come back to school to clean the classrooms. Can't you just be considerate toward your teacher for just a moment? Now look at what you did..." After a long rant, Mrs. Szell finally remembered to kiss up to Robin.

Meanwhile, Robin was rendered speechless as she stood at the side.

She pressed on the temple of her head. When she looked up, she saw Peter pursing his lips tightly. His eyes were all red as tears appeared in his eyes.

Softly, Robin asked, "Are you all right, Peter? Are you feeling uncomfortable anywhere? You can tell me anything. Don't be afraid. We'll tell the doctor where you're hurt and-"

Before she could even finish her sentence, Peter suddenly wailed out loud.

His tears were falling down his cheeks nonstop.

Because of how afraid he was, he started to shiver uncontrollably as he continued to cry.

Without even realizing it, Robin immediately brought Peter into her arms and held him tightly. Slowly, she patted his back. "Don't cry. You can tell me anything that happened to you," she said.

Peter was crying to the point that it was hard for him to breathe. However, he still didn't say anything until the end.

"If I told Mom that I saw an older ghost that was beaten to death, Mom would beat me up again. She'll say that I'm causing trouble to the teacher," he thought.

For the entire time, Peter kept on crying until he was so tired he went to sleep.

Mrs. Szell was standing there, dumbfounded.

When they all left the ward, Robin's expression was looking horrible.

On the other hand, Mrs. Szell just couldn't stop herself from talking. "I'm really sorry for troubling you, Miss Robin. You are already busy with your things, and now you are held back because of this. You can't even have a decent holiday. This is all because of that foolish son of mine-"

"Enough!" Robin exclaimed, stopping Mrs. Szell from saying anything any further. "That's enough, Mrs. Szell. You don't have to say anything anymore."

Robin turned to look at Mrs. Szell with a stern look on her face. "Mrs. Szell, if you really care about Peter, you should pay more attention to him. It was obvious that he was scared to the point of being hysterical. Who knows what he saw when he was down there. Someone might have scared him."

In the quiet school, sometimes even Robin would have an eerie feeling when she was off late from work.

When Peter went down the stairs just now, either he was horrified, or he might have even fallen down the stairs, or bumped into something when he was running away too fast.

However, he wouldn't explain what had happened. He was adamant that he was afraid his mother might scold him.

Without much thought, Mrs. Szell nodded nonstop. "Yes, yes. You're absolutely right, Miss Robin. You are such an attentive teacher, Miss Robin. I-"

"You don't have to suck up on me anymore, Mrs. Szell." Robin stopped the mother before you would go on even further. She said, "I already told you this kind of thing doesn't work on me. If you have so much free time, you should do more research on how to take care of Peter's emotional and mental growth. You should spend more of your time teaching and guiding him! His habit of giving nicknames to other people should be stopped soon. It's okay if it was just a banter between friends when he's in school. He still doesn't know how mean society can be. If he doesn't change how he behaves, sooner or later, someone might hurt him."

After finishing her lecture, Robin immediately turned and walked away, leaving the place.

Mrs. Szell was left speechless as she stood there awkwardly.

There was nothing else she could do. The society was just too cruel and realistic.

She knew how everyone had called her a bootlicker, but all she did was for her child's own good.

Even if she stopped, someone else would have done the same.

By then, the person who would get a better treatment would be someone else. No matter how much effort her child put, no matter how many extra classes she sent her child to, it was still incomparable to formal school education.

Rather than giving away the special treatment to someone else's child, she would rather have her child get it by any means necessary.

Although Mrs. Szell was incredibly upset, she had no other choice but to go back to Peter's room so she could take care of him.

On the other hand, as the weakling spirit headed back to Lily, the Crawford family's plane was about to take off.

Lily was peering around trying to look for the others, when she finally saw the weakling spirit. She called

out, "Michael! You're finally back."

"Huh? Where's Aunt Harem and the others?" she asked when she didn't see anyone else.

However, the weakling spirit kept quiet.

Lily sensed something was off, so she insisted, "What is wrong, Michael? Are you all right?"

"Nothing," the weakling spirit replied as he gently smiled.

He let out a sigh. Slowly, he inched near Lily's embrace.

Although he was big, he acted as if he was a small kitten asking for a cuddle. He snuggled up to her and held out his arms so he could hug Lily's small body.

Without much thought, Lily hugged Michael's head. With a soft voice, she asked, "Did anything happen to you, Michael? You look upset and tired."

Michael's eyes started to turn red. His voice turned nasally as he replied, "Darling, can I hold you for a moment? Just a short while will do."

Without saying anything else, Lily nodded. "Of course you can. It's no big deal."

She caressed Michael's head slowly. His hair was short and soft, you could even call his hair fluffy.

"He's like a big doggie," Lily thought to herself.

Meanwhile, Michael had no idea what was going through Lily's mind.

He only held Lily close in his arms, finally feeling the warmth that he never had even before and after his death.

This thought flashed through his mind. "Lily is the light that saved me from the dark."

[Chapter 913 Hostile](#)

Pablo was glaring at Michael who was still tugged in Lily's embrace. It was starting to get on his nerves.

"That's enough, Michael. Aren't you ashamed of being held by a three-year-old child?" Pablo exclaimed.

Michael lifted his head. The sorrowful look that filled his face just now had all gone. He went back to being the gentle and lively ghost that he was before.

He grinned and stated, "Lily is already six years old. She's not three anymore."

Quickly, Lily nodded. "That's right, Master. I'm already six! How can you forget that even though you have leveled up?"

Pablo was devastated. The only thing he could do was to glare at Lily and Michael.

"That sly weakling spirit. He could have just leaned on Lily for a while. There was no need for them to keep hugging," Pablo thought.

On the other hand, harem spirit and the others finally arrived, missing the moment when Michael was feeling down and requested a hug from Lily.

The only thing they saw was Pablo and Michael having a standoff. The atmosphere between the two spirits was absolutely hostile. It was as if there were sparks of electricity flaring in their eyes.

The unlucky ghost was confused.

"What is happening here?" the ghost bride asked.

Harem spirit added, "We were just gone for a moment and you're already close with Master Belmont, you weakling spirit? Master Belmont is mine!"

Then, the ghost bride softly insisted, "That's not true. Master Belmont also belongs to me."

Pablo was rendered speechless.

"Look at all these spirits. Now they even have the guts to lay their eyes on me," he thought.

"Scram." Pablo was dispirited. He wandered beside Lily and closed his eyes as he floated beside her.

He looked like he was protecting his most treasured possession.

Michael smiled. He then sat at the side and reported, "Peter's mother was handled by the unlucky ghost just now. Although I doubt that there would be any difference, this was all that could be done. Harem spirit also went to look for Charlotte's dad and Isabella's mom. Both of them look like they have a secret."

"What secret?" Lily curiously asked.

Without thinking, the unlucky ghost quickly replied, "Both of them look like they have feelings for one another. They even planned a date tonight."

Lily was surprised to hear that.

"Shouldn't Charlotte's dad be with his mom? And Isabella's mom will be with her dad?" she thought to

herself. The situation was absolutely confusing for her.

However, Pablo simply replied, "You don't have to think too much about this, You're still young. What happens between them doesn't concern you that much."

To be frank, something like this was not an uncommon thing to occur.

He had been in the human realm for a very long time. It was the norm for him to see things similar to this.

Although they said it was a mere group chat between students and their parents, often enough, some of them would directly message each other, and even ended up meeting each other secretly.

It was nothing to be surprised about.

When Lily heard what Pablo said, she nodded and chirped, "Okay."

Then she asked, "What about Peter?"

"The spirits all went out to teach Peter a lesson. I want to know if it worked or not." This thought flashed through Lily's mind.

Unlucky ghost clicked his tongue and said, "We should all thank Michael. He was so menacing. Who would have thought he would have that side to him when he looks so kind and gentle normally..."

"Ahem!" The Harem spirit glared at the unlucky ghost.

Immediately, he stopped speaking.

He thought, "Did I say something wrong again?"

"What's wrong?" Lily asked, feeling confused.

Michael was contemplating whether he should say something or not. In the end, he decided to just simply explain what happened. "It was nothing. I showed him what would happen in the future when he would be beaten up because he couldn't keep his mouth shut."

Harem spirit quickly continued, "That's absolutely right. That brat was scared senseless that he even soiled his pants. I'm sure he has learned his lesson."

On the other hand, the ghost bride also agreed and played along. "That's true. I think he had learned his lesson. He won't be giving other people unpleasant nicknames ever again."

"Is that so?" Lily nodded. Although she felt like they were all keeping something from her.

However, it seemed like the problem wasn't that big. She read the aura and found out that there was nothing wrong with Peter.

Regardless, she was still adamant that Michael was keeping something from her. According to what he said, it could be that Michael had shown Peter the moment of his death for sure.

"Did that make him remember the bad things that happened to him? No wonder he wanted to cuddle when he came back to me. Even after all this time, he still can't let those feelings go." These thoughts came into Lily's mind.

She felt sorry for her poor spirit, so she held him and patted Michael on his back. "It's all right now, Michael. You don't have to feel sad anymore."

The weakling spirit's eyes softened. "Okay," he whispered.

Michael had decided to let bygones be bygones. From that moment onward, he had decided to always stay by Lily's side. As long as she would never leave him, he would give his all to better himself so he could catch up on her.

He promised to never be a burden to her.

Michael spread out his arms and hugged her back.

On the other hand, Pablo was absolutely furious at the scene.

He felt like the spirits and Lily were all disrespecting him. It was obvious what Michael did was to provoke him.

Just as he was getting upset by himself, Lily suddenly lifted her head and asked, "By the way, Master. What happened to you that made you pass away?"

She remembered the moment she met with Pablo. He said he was a well known man when he was still alive.

Who was Pablo before he passed away, and how did he possibly die?

The moment Lily voiced her question, all of the other spirits quickly turned around to face Pablo.

To be honest, all of them were quite curious about this.

They were all wondering how exactly Pablo lost his life.

All this time, they absolutely had no idea about this.

[Chapter 914 Back at the Crawford Mansion](#)

Everybody there had their eyes locked on Pablo.

Even Blake, who was busy taking care of the car, stopped what he was doing. He leaned on the car and stared back at Pablo.

Josh was already eavesdropping on their conversation. He immediately dashed over and sat down.

Seeing how eager everybody was to find out about his past, Pablo was dumbfounded.

"Master?" Lily continued to ask.

After being silent for a few moments, finally, he nonchalantly replied, "Do you all have nothing else better to do?"

His expression was cold. When he lifted his eyes, a gust of icy cold wind pierced them.

Harem spirit was the first one to move. "Oh! I just remembered that I haven't watered the flowers today."

"I'll help carry the water with you, Harem," the ghost bride insisted.

On the other hand, the unlucky ghost stated, "I haven't turned the soil over in the spirit gourd. I'll get to it now."

The weakling spirit turned around and continued to stay near Lily. "How's your study been doing lately, darling? Do you need any of my help?"

Instantly, Lily picked up a book. "Oh yes please. There is something I haven't memorized yet."

Pablo continued being silent.

He questioned if she even needed any tutoring since she could memorize everything with just one glance.

Moreover...

"Lily, you're holding your book upside-down." This made Pablo exasperated.

Lily replied, "It's all right. I already memorized it right-side up. Now I want to memorize it upside-down."

Suddenly, Hannah felt as if she was attacked. She started to question what had happened to herself for her to not be as smart as Lily.

Two hours had passed since they flew from Hallow County when they finally arrived at Alfordnada.

After they boarded the plane, they immediately boarded a car. The Crawford family's luxurious yet discreet troupe of cars arrived at the mansion in just an instant.

Lily jumped down from her father's high tractor. "I'm finally home!" she exclaimed.

General and Bailey quickly dashed toward Lily as they barked and wagged their tails. Their eyes looked as if they were absolutely upset with Lily.

"Bark bark!" Both of the dogs were expressing their anger.

Feeling bashful, Lily replied, "I'm sorry, it was already packed for me to bring any of you."

General turned toward Bellflower who quickly climbed up a tree the moment they arrived.

"Then why was she allowed to go?" General barked.

Lily did not know how to reply.

"You're just a big meanie, Lily!" General whimpered.

Feigning ignorance, Lily asked, "Are you hungry, General? Granny is back now. You look thinner. We'll have to make sure you eat properly later."

At that moment, Bettany was coming out of the car. "Hm? Looks like you really got thinner, General. Did you not eat properly when you were at home?"

"Oh no! I better run!" General thought to himself.

Bailey was originally snuggling beside Lily. The moment he saw Bettany, he immediately sprang up and ran away with General.

On the other hand, Polly flew out from the car and cawed, "Yours truly is back, everyone! Call me Polly or I will give you a pecky! Caw caw!"

Now that Polly knew how to use spells, he was shooting beams around the house. Even Rookie was no longer his rival.

"Where's Mr. Tortoise? Where are you, comrade?" Polly called out as he flew across the room looking for Tortoise.

On the other hand, Tortoise slowly slid out from the fake mountain and dived into the waters.

After Blake parked the car, he lifted Lily and placed her on his shoulder. "Come on. Let's go home."

The quiet Crawford mansion had once again regained its liveliness.

The maids were all busy cleaning the mansion for another round, while Bettany and Margaret were busy preparing food in the kitchen.

The children were playing with the animals in the huge yard in front of the mansion.

On the other hand, Pablo was silently standing on the veranda of Lily's room.

It was the Reminisce Festival again.

After a while, the other Crawford family came back. Since it was the Reminisce Festival, even Gilbert was there.

"Uncle Gilbert!" Lily came out to greet him, giving him a big hug.

Gilbert had a huge smile on his face. "Our busy Lily is finally back home."

He lifted her up and twirled with her. Just as expected, Bettany quickly stopped him from continuing.

That night, the Crawfords had a big reunion dinner while Cloud could only make a video call. He glanced pitifully at the large meal while he ate his simple meal.

"Where are you right now, Uncle Cloud?" Lily asked.

Cloud replied, "There is a special mission recently. I'm currently at the Country of Sands."

"You're so thin now, Uncle Cloud. And you're all tanned. When you come back, Granny is going to feed you well," Lily chirped.

Cloud could only sigh. He stared at the others who were eating their dinner. This was the first time he had missed a home cooked meal.

The next day, it was the Reminisce Festival.

The Crawford household prepared incense candles and ritual papers as they headed to the family mausoleum.

Deep inside the Simple Cemetery, it was easy to tell that the place was a good place for a person's last resting place.

Many different kinds of tombstones could be seen there.

Because of the head start from the Crawford family, other people had started to erect different eccentric tombstones.

The styles were different. Some were oriental, modern, and one of them even had a punk-rock style.

Inside the cemetery, a couple was there to visit the deceased. It was quite obvious that it was their first time being there.

"Uh... This cemetery really is up with the recent trend," one of them said. The man continued, "It felt as if I was in a trance for a couple of seconds. I could see that this place is indeed a cemetery, but I suddenly had a different feeling about this."

"I think it's nice. Jannat would love it here," the woman, who had been silent at the side this entire time, finally said something.

The man beside her held her in his embrace. With a low voice, he stated, "Yes. I've ordered a custom made tombstone for Jannat. It has a cartoon character on it. I'm sure she will love it.

The woman suddenly felt grief. Her eyes were red instantly as she nodded.

In her arms, she was holding a very small urn.

Inside the urn was the ashes of her young daughter.

[Chapter 915 How Did Pablo Die?](#)

As the sky began to brighten, more and more people entered the graveyard.

The graveyard used to never see quite this many people, at least not compared to Greenhill Cemetery.

But there were not only more people around here now. After the Crawfords moved their ancestral grave here, many rich households in Alforrada began following suit and moving their family graves over here without much thought to it.

The one high-and-mighty Greenhill Cemetery was now bare and empty.

Mr. Zeke heard that the Crawfords were coming, and had come out early beforehand to wait for them.

He hurried forwards at the sight of the familiar black SUV. "Mr. Crawford, you're here... we've prepared

everything for you."

"Let me know if there's anything else you need!"

Mr. Zeke was the person who had made the gravestone for the Crawfords in the first place.

Everyone else had found it hard to accept that the gravestone should be in a different shape, and it was Mr. Zeke who insisted on going against all odds to make one as Lilly had asked for.

"Thank you, Mr. Zeke!" Lilly got out of the car, beaming at him. "May you be blessed with abundant wealth and prosperity!"

This positively made Mr. Zeke light up. He was all smiles as he said, "Thank you, little Ms. Crawford! I sure hope what you say comes true!"

Lilly skipped along happily. She entered the cemetery, and subconsciously slowed down slightly.

There were a lot of people visiting the graves in the cemetery, but everyone spoke softly in mumbles and murmurs. Hardly anyone was making much noise.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Lilly bumped into someone, lifting her head. She saw a woman protecting the jar of ashes in her arms.

She stopped short at the sight of Lilly.

"It's alright..." She shook her head, seeming to be grieving deeply.

If her little Jannat was still alive, she would be about the same age as this little girl.

Lilly looked at the jar of ashes. She lifted her hand subtly in a wave. "My condolences, Sir and Madam..."

There was a little child sitting on the jar. He looked around five years old.

She was hugging she mother just like he would if she was still alive, curled up in her arms.

"Who are you?" Jannat stared at Lilly curiously. "Why can you see me?"

Lilly made a shushing gesture. She stepped out of the way, letting Jannat's family pass.

There were a few people behind Jannat's parents that were probably relatives. They glanced strangely at Lilly.

They didn't know why she had made that shushing gesture, but she seemed around the same age as their little niece. They flashed a friendly smile, nodding slightly at her.

Josh got closer to Lilly. "Lilly, is that kid a malignant spirit as well? She can appear in the daytime..."

Any spirit lower than a malignant spirit would never appear under the sun, even if they were right next to their ashes.

The weather today was rather cloudy. It had rained earlier, and a little sun was peeking out now.

Lilly shook her head. "No, she died not too long ago."

A person could not become a malignant spirit if they had just died.

They could only become a resentful spirit.

Josh grunted. "So she's a resentful spirit?"

He silently went through the spirit levels in terms of power: wandering spirit, woeful spirit, resentful spirit, malignant spirit, ghost general, ghost king...

This little girl turned out to be a resentful spirit.

"That's weird, she doesn't have that much hostility on her. How could she be a resentful spirit..."

Lilly said, "Maybe she has an unfinished wish."

She would know after asking.

Just as the two children were talking, the little resentful spirit lying in her mother's arms stuck out her head, peeking out from her mother's shoulder.

A pair of huge, watery eyes stared right at Josh.

A chill ran down Josh's spine at once. He straightened up, hurrying after Lilly as he trembled.

Drake saw this, and rolled his eyes at Josh.

"I would've gotten used to it way long ago if I were you."

Josh was speechless.

He was just saying this because he couldn't see them!

Drake probably wouldn't be half this calm if he was able to see spirits... right?

Lilly followed after the grown-ups, and quickly arrived at the Crawfords' ancestral grave.

"We're here, o' ancestors!" Lilly whispered lowly, running over joyously.

There was an old man standing in front of the huge Crawford family grave, looking over as he gripped his walking stick.

He had finally seen the Crawfords' little offspring.

"You're finally here, young Lilly! Why didn't you come the past two years?" The Crawford Ancestor mumbled. "I waited for you all this time."

Lilly said, "Crawford Ancestor, you might not believe me if I say this... but I didn't come because I went to the underworld before this."

The Crawford Ancestor was speechless.

Lilly thought that he was going to lecture her, thinking she was saying nonsense and telling her not to say such unlucky things.

Yet the Crawford Ancestor frowned. "You went to the underworld? Why didn't you pay me a visit, then?"

Lilly said, "Uhh... I was there to do some work."

The Crawford Ancestor said, "Yeah, but what about after you finished your work? All our older ancestors have been reborn! I'm the only one protecting the future generations, and you couldn't even come and pay me a visit?"

Lilly was speechless.

"Crawford Ancestor, let me give you a little massage!" Lilly trotted up, a placating smile on her face. "I'll sing you a song too~"

The Crawford Ancestor was unimpressed. "What are you going to sing?"

Lilly pondered briefly, before singing,

"I've come to see my ancestor tonight, hoping he'll be free to hang! I have some questions to bring to light, on why life feels like a prank..."

The Crawford Ancestor hardly budged. "I've heard that before. You're lacking sincerity, I don't want to

listen to you!"

Lilly was speechless.

All of a sudden, she saw her master standing nearby.

He was looking down at the cemetery silently...

Lilly comforted the Crawford Ancestor a little longer until he was finally less sulky, and ran over at once.

"What's the matter, Master?"

Lilly raised her hand, putting her little palm over Pablo's big hands.

Pablo returned to his senses, shaking his head. "It's nothing."

Lilly asked, "Master, is this where you were from?"

Pablo stared at her, surprised.

Lilly's gaze was earnest, but it seemed like she knew what was going on.

"Master, how'd you die in the past..."

[Chapter 916 Three Thousand Years A Master](#)

Pablo looked at the cemetery before him, lowering his voice. "How'd I die, huh..."

He laughed mockingly, his tone sad. "Evil, scheming ministers and bards. Heads rolled everywhere."

Lilly stopped short.

"No way! How could you have been evil and scheming, Master? There's no way."

Pablo chuckled, stroking Lilly's head.

"Thank you for your trust!" He said.

Lilly said, "You're most welcome."

Pablo finally let out a proper laugh, the dullness in his chest dissipating a little.

"It's been three thousand years since your Master died, Lilly." Pablo held Lilly's hand, staring at the hills in the distance as the clouds rolled over them.

Lilly let out a noise of surprise. "Whoa, three thousand years! That's so cool."

"...What."

That didn't sound right to him at all!

He continued to say, "That dynasty lasted over seven hundred years. Dudroinia's only passed a hundred years."

It was clear how powerful that dynasty was.

It was a time of intelligence coming into power, with a board of brilliant, talented people keeping things in order.

Lilly sat down on the steps. "Were you really powerful, Master?"

Pablo smiled. "I guess you could say that. I came from a poor farmer's family, and became a head minister. It was pretty cool."

Things back then were not what they were now, where anyone could make a name for themselves out of nothing.

There was a strict hierarchy back then. Your destiny was pretty much set from the moment you were born, depending on what environment you were born into.

The most powerful person in a palace was the emperor. Then you had your duke and duchess.

Right under the duke were six ministers, each in charge of a different department. Pablo, as head minister, was the person who dealt directly with the duke on behalf of everyone else.

Lilly said, "Whoa..."

She didn't really get it, but he sounded really cool.

"Does that mean you were in charge of all the country's events and speeches?"

Pablo looked at her. Seeing the confused look on her face, he stroked his chin. "I guess you could say that!"

Lilly said, "Alright, I've got it then. You're the most powerful person aside from the emperor!"

Pablo burst out laughing, nodding his head. "I guess you can see it that way."

"Things were extremely strict during those times. The oldest son of the emperor was destined for the crown, and no one else."

"That applied to the duke, and the ministers, and everyone else in the palace as well."

Lilly said, "So what you're saying is even the second son of a minister wouldn't be able to take on that position, but you managed to do that as a farmer."

Her Master was just saying he was awesome and cool, right? She could give him that.

"So you're the best! The absolute coolest!" Lilly said, doing her best to pander.

Pablo let out an amused sigh. "Yes, yes."

Lilly said, "So the emperor killed you because you were too great?"

"Yes."

It was simply a power imbalance, and an abuse of authority.

He had been nothing but resentful and furious when he had first died, but that was all laughable now.

He was already head minister. Unless the emperor wanted him dead, anyone else who wanted to replace him would just have to wait until he was dead.

It was a shame he was so young, talented and powerful. The emperor was wary of him, and believed the rumors he was fed.

Lilly frowned. "Wow, this emperor's an idiot. Master's a great person, how could he just believe anyone else like that?"

"Because the person feeding the emperor rumors was my close friend and mentor."

This was what hurt Pablo the most.

Three thousand years ago.

A man clad in white rode a black horse past a field of flowers at top speed.

"Is that Minister Belmont?" A woman gazed in the distance dreamily, her fan covering her face.

"Minister Belmont is young and talented, one of the rare prodigies of our time."

"I thought that the head minister would be an old, whiskery man. I didn't expect..."

The girls stared after where man and horse had just been, their cheeks flushed.

They would be the luckiest woman in the world if they could marry a man like that.

"Say, Jill, you're arranged to marry him, aren't you?" The girls turned to look at a lady in a yellow dress, who had been quiet the entire time.

Jill lowered her head, seeming slightly uncomfortable. "Yes..."

**

"Your Majesty." Pablo crossed the long royal carpet, kneeling before the emperor respectfully.

The emperor was perched on his throne, saying, "Pablo, I've told you to come all this way because I've got an important task for you to do."

.....

Pablo left the palace feeling slightly strange.

It was not his duty to weed out moles in the army. He was a civil servant, the army had nothing to do with him.

But a civil servant would need to be there to acquire proof of the mole being a traitor...

"Pablo," an elder called out behind him.

[Chapter 917 Evil, Scheming Minister](#)

Pablo stopped in his tracks, turning to bow respectfully. "Master."

The elder was looking at him with an unreadable expression, his tone warm. "The emperor is trusting you, and no one else this time. You must not let him down."

Pablo nodded. "Yes."

The elder put a hand on his shoulder kindly. "Remember to come back the second you're done, the sooner the better. It's time you followed through with that marriage of yours to Jill."

Pablo stopped short, flashing a tight smile. "Master. I've not thought about marriage quite yet."

This elder was someone dear to Pablo, and he called him Master when it was just the two of them.

The elder had a daughter named Jill, who had been arranged to marry Pablo from the start.

"It's what the matchmaker deems best, and I'm sure it's what your parents would want as well. Let your parents know when you get home. Jill's not getting any younger either; don't keep her waiting."

Pablo was about to say something, but ended up nodding. "Alright, Master."

Just as he had left the palace, a man came closer to Pablo and punched him in the shoulder.

"Hey, I heard Father's marrying Jill to you?" The man seemed displeased.

Pablo smiled. "I can't go against his word."

The man scoffed. "I don't care whether you can or not. You'd better be good to my sister once she marries you. I'll have your head if you give her a hard time in the slightest."

Pablo sighed to himself, but merely smiled. "Yes, I hear you. Nothing's even happened yet. I don't even know when I'll be back from work this time."

The man stopped short. "Take care, Pablo."

He seemed a little solemn, his expression dark.

Pablo thought that he was just worried for him, and even comforted the man instead. "Don't worry. I'll be back in no time. I'm sure it's just a little internal scuffle..."

The man cut him off before he could finish. "I know, it's just dangerous out there. You'd... you'd better be careful."

Pablo said, "Alright. Oh, please get some medicine for my mom."

He took out a piece of paper with a prescription scrawled on it. "My mom's got bad legs in the winter. I just got this prescription for her."

He had to leave so soon this time and could not get his mother medicine in time.

"When you bring her your medicine, get my sister the little sweet tarts she likes too," Pablo added. "My brother's teeth haven't grown out, so he can have softer candy."

His friend nodded. "Don't worry. I'll get it done."

Pablo did not think much more, leaving the border with a few officials and soldiers.

Only for him to be alleged to be that evil, scheming minister the second he left!

Just as he was about to approach the army base, there was a shout from the soldiers nearby. In the blink of an eye, he was surrounded with a sea of spears and swords pointed at him!

"How dare you betray us, Pablo Belmont! Showing up armed to rob the army as well! Get him—"

Pablo's gaze narrowed. All at once, everything— the emperor's unreadable glance, his master's hesitance, his friend's vague words— flashed through his head.

Everything made sense at once. This was a scheme plotted against him.

Blood painted Simple Hill red. Pablo could hardly believe that he'd just died like that.

To be betrayed by his beloved emperor, master and brother altogether, and end up slain right outside an army base.

Blood staining his white robes red, Pablo's spirit stood under the rolling clouds unable to return to his senses!

All of his loyal servants had been killed in the crossfire, too!

The 'proof' of his betrayal was quickly located on his carriage, sent towards the royal palace at top speed.

"Mother... my sister!" Pablo panicked, floating back to the palace at once.

But when he had arrived, the Belmont family had lost all hope at being alive!

The 'proof' had just been found, but the Belmont household had been completely wiped out.

There were over a hundred people in the household, from his parents to his siblings to his servants...

"Uriah... Uriah!" Pablo's three-year-old sister was sprawled on the ground of the bloody garden, bawling her head off.

"Uriah, please save me..." Pablo's sister spread her tiny, chubby arms, sobbing as she asked for a hug.

Uriah had his face turned to the side. Next to him, the general raised his sword.

"No, Uriah... no, no!" Pablo, having turned into a spirit, pounced frantically. Yet he passed right through his sister.

The sword swung through the air, and all he could see was his sister's bloody head rolling on the ground.

There were still tears in her eyes, her gaze terrified.

Clang...

There was a Spirit Ending bell tied to the sword that slayed his sister. Her spirit had just drifted out of her body, and was disintegrated immediately by the bell.

She was alive no more... and her spirit was gone too!

Pablo's eyes grew bloodshot, roaring as he pounced on his friend. "Uriah! You killed my sister, you killed my sister..."

Yet the next second, he was sent flying by the Spirit Ending Bell.

The Spirit Ending Bell was going to wipe him out. Pablo turned and looked at the bell, his gaze bloodshot!

He reached out, grabbing the ray of dark energy coming from the bell.

The bell rang loudly and frantically. Uriah frowned slightly, looking around him.

"Hurry up."

He then rushed to the backyard with everyone.

Pablo spat out a mouthful of blood. He felt as if a knife had stabbed him in the chest, twisting itself viciously!

He could have believed before this that there had been a misunderstanding. He could have believed that Uriah was innocent, and didn't have time to react before he could save Pablo's sister...

But after hearing those words, Pablo was certain.

Uriah was the one who had planned this!

"Mother... my brother!"

Pablo stumbled towards the backyard.

[Chapter 918 I've Seen Betrayal](#)

Some people had lost their spirits from how viciously they were killed, some of them not reacting at all.

Even more of them had their spirits wiped out.

Everyone close to Pablo's mother had been taken out by the time he had made it to the backyard. He found her curled up in a ball, behind one of the porch pillars.

Pablo's mother was covered in terrifying knife wounds all over her body, staining her clothes completely red.

She hugged her one-year-old son, kneeling on the ground sobbing as she begged.

"Uriah... You can kill me, it's fine... I won't blame you."

"But... could you please let Reuben go? Please... please!"

Tears streamed down the woman's face as she sobbed. "Reuben's only one year old. He doesn't know anything, please let him go."

"I beg you, please forgive him, please leave him out of this. He won't remember anything, he can work in your family as a servant... Please spare his life..."

Reuben was sobbing in his mother's arms. It was indeed true, that he didn't know anything.

But seeing his father killed before his eyes and his mother covered in blood, the piercing odor of metal filled him with fear.

"Daddy... Pablo..."

"Pablo... Pablo!"

The child screamed and sobbed, crying for his brother.

Pablo felt as if his chest was being wretched at. He fell to his knees, tears blurring his vision.

"Be good, Reuben. Please don't cry, I'm right here."

"Don't be afraid... it'll be over in no time, it'll be over so soon..."

Pablo hated the fact that he was a ghost, and there was nothing he could do.

Aside from stand and watch, there was nothing he could do!

"Uriah... Uriah!" He fell to his knees before his friend, trying to get him to hear him. "Uriah, I'm begging

you, please..."

Pablo begged a million times, but his friend's gaze remained cold.

The friend who had, not long ago, slapped Pablo's back like a brother and made him promise to treat his sister right, felt like a stranger now.

"Kill!" He spat the word out coldly.

"No—"

The sword swung through the air, taking out both Pablo's mother and brother in one move.

The baby's eyes were wide open, shouting for his brother until his last second alive.

Pablo was in pain... he was in so much pain he could positively feel his spirit breaking into pieces.

He collapsed to the ground, his ears ringing. All at once, he was deaf to the cries of terror and fear from the Belmont household.

All he could see was his parents and siblings, who had died with their eyes open.

All these lives gone, just like that.

It was unclear how long had passed, but the Belmont household finally quietened down.

Pablo's spirit floated aimlessly in his one-familiar home, looking for a familiar face.

There was not a single spirit left in the entire house, aside from his.

His sister was slain in the garden, her head detached from her body.

His mother was hugging his brother, staying in the same protective positive even after they had died.

His father was lying face-down not too far from the front door. It seemed like he had tried to stop them and even argued with them, but to no avail.

**

"They're gone, they're all gone." Pablo returned to his senses in present day, lowering his gaze.

"Evil, scheming ministers. Head rolled everywhere."

His reputation went to tatters after his death.

Jill, who was supposed to be sworn to marry him, ended up marrying the son of a powerful official in no time.

His master left his position, but had made enough to live the rest of his life out in comfort.

His friend replaced him as head minister...

Aside from being cursed at for being a traitor by civilians for centuries to come, there was nothing left of him.

Lilly was in shock. She had never thought that this was how her Master had died.

"I'm so sorry!" Lilly hugged Pablo tightly, a lump forming in her throat. "It's all my fault, I shouldn't have asked...!"

She'd made her master reminisce on a painful memory.

She'd thought that her master would be just like the malignant ghosts, with some regular story that wasn't too tragic.

Only for this horrifying tale to be his past...

Pablo blinked slowly, putting a hand on Lilly's head.

"It's alright. It's not your fault."

"I wandered in the mortal realm for a while after I died, and saw everything humanity was capable of."

He'd been vengeful, angry. He'd turned into a resentful spirit, then a malignant spirit, endlessly growing his dark aura until he became a ghost general, then a ghost king...

He refused to give up even after turning into a ghost, all so he could avenge himself and his family.

Of course, I ended up succeeding... and then the Ruler of Hell brought me back to the underworld."

"I spent the next seven hundred years seeing the dynasty reach its peak, then its fall. I saw those people of high power, ending up as no more than a mere frail soul after they died."

"I owe a lot to you... I mean, the Ruler of Hell. She pulled me out of a really dark place."

Pablo stopped talking after that. He turned to look at Lilly, smiling warmly. "That's the end of my story,

my friend."

But Lilly was teary-eyed, hugging her master as her chest ached.

Pablo teased, "What's this? I didn't cry at all, what are you crying for?"

But those words only made Lilly even sadder...

[Chapter 919 Burn The Belmont Household Down](#)

Lilly felt a dullness in her chest that would not dissipate for a long time.

"Master, why don't you just cry a little too."

Lilly felt a little... 'emo'. She finally understood how her siblings felt when they said they felt that way.

At last, tears fell from her eyes.

Pablo smiled, reaching out and holding Lilly's face. He brushed a finger over her cheek, wiping her tears away.

"Why are you crying even harder?" He asked. "Are you sad? I'm really alright now."

He gave it some thought, and said, "Why don't I tell you how I got my revenge, hm?"

Lilly looked at her master uncertainly.

She did not want to see her master upset. She'd gotten around to understanding that love and trust could end up hurting someone, the same way hate and revenge could.

Revenge, at its core, stemmed from the endless reminder of hatred.

Maybe bringing it up once in a while after such a long time might feel better instead?

"Go on, Master." Lilly picked herself up, crawling over to lie in Pablo's arms.

She looked at him, her gaze earnest.

Pablo looked down. The breeze rippled through his hair, making him look even more ethereal.

**

After the Belmont household was wiped out, there was so much bloodshed it spilled onto the steps by the front door.

Pablo hovered in front of it hopelessly, his gaze hollow.

Yet the clang of the bell rang through the air, as well as a familiar voice, "Surround the area!"

"Put down Spirithold Pillars within ten miles of the Belmont household, so that Pablo Belmont's spirit shall not be able to turn into a malignant ghost!"

Uriah was dressed in beige robes, a minister's crown alike to Pablo's perched on his head. His gaze was sharp, staring at the doorframe of the household entrance.

"Uriah Phillips... what are you trying to do!" Pablo was furious at the betrayal of his friend, pouncing on him as he roared!

The bell at Uriah's belt rang at once!

Three thousand years ago, humans were highly superstitious and believed in all forms of spirits and ghosts and gods.

Praying ceremonies, altars, and spiritual affairs were treated with utmost importance.

Pablo had gotten the position of head minister relying on his own talent and skills, and had been highly regarded.

In fact, he had made the bell tied to Uriah's belt himself. It was to warn one of any spirits or ghosts nearby, to make it easier to beware of them...

All the hairs on Uriah's body stood up, and he whispered, "Pablo Belmont. I can't believe you're still here."

Pablo paid no mind to the bell's threats, reaching out to strangle Uriah.

But his hands passed right through Uriah's body. The bell rang even louder, sending Uriah flying a good distance.

Uriah looked around him, before speaking in a low voice, "Pablo, I had no choice! Just get out of here, and stop staying in the mortal realm! There is no place for you here!"

Pablo let out a bark of laughter, staring at him resentfully. "No place for me? Would it be a place for you, then?"

Uriah knew Pablo extremely well. They had been friends for over a decade, and had grown closer than brothers.

Uriah knew Pablo was around, and could guess what he would say.

"Shouldn't it be mine?" Uriah clenched his fists. "The best of the best. Why shouldn't it be me?"

"You've overshadowed me for too long! We're brothers, so you should let me have this and just go."

"Or don't fault me for not showing you mercy..."

Pablo froze. He let out a chuckle, growing into a manic laugh as tears flowed down his face.

What a laughable, painful excuse.

"You and your family lied to me, just so you could take my place as head minister?"

"Master was like a father to me. I was killed by my own father!"

"You were like a brother to me. My brother was jealous of me!"

"Nana was only three... Reuben... Reuben had just learned my name." Pablo's eyes were bloodshot, his tears turning bloody as he howled at Uriah, "And you! You didn't let a single of them go!"

Uriah had played a huge part in raising Nana too, buying her toys and sweets.

Once Nana had run into the emperor's chambers by accident, and Uriah had knelt before the emperor asking for forgiveness on Nana's behalf as well.

How could he... how could they!

"Uriah... Uriah Phillips!" Pablo howled, passing through Uriah again and again as he pounced on him.

Uriah stepped backwards slowly. All of a sudden, the Belmont household broke out in flames.

Pablo's gaze sharpened. "No, no, dont!"

His family was already dead, their souls disintegrated.

Pablo would have still liked for their bodies to be buried.

Burning a dead body back then, was how they dealt with people who deserved to disappear forever.

Pablo rushed into the fire, but was forced out from the heat. The fire grew, and the entire Belmont house began to burn.

The civilians watched from afar as they murmured, "Good riddance! Evil ministers like him deserve to die!"

"Good, good riddance! I hope they never know peace in hell!"

"I honestly wouldn't have been able to tell, you know. He pretended to be all kind and for the people, gentle and tender— but turned out to have such an evil heart... to think that we called him a prodigy too. Like hell he is!"

"He really went too far... a civil servant, trying to cause an uprising! Good riddance!"

Uriah stood in front of the crowd. He heard everything, but did not stand up for Pablo at all.

"Sir, the Spirithold Pillars have been put down!"

Uriah said coldly, "Alright... you may leave."

[Chapter 920 Pablo's Here](#)

Pablo's spirit was torched over, and over again. He wanted to return to his household again and again, even if he knew he would never be able to see his family again or bury them.

But what else could he do, aside from that?

He turned and saw Uriah leaving. Pablo howled, "Uriah Phillips... come back, come back!"

Come back and at least bury his parents' bodies... come back and give his siblings a place to rest...

He was begging Uriah now, he was really begging...

Pablo collapsed to the ground, the tears drying on his face.

The man once young, handsome and powerful, was lying on the ground like a lost mutt screaming and crying as he begged.

Uriah had long since left, leaving the Belmont household to burn with the Spirithold Pillars firmly in the ground.

The pillars were placed within ten miles of the Belmont household, making sure to keep all spirits down. The fire raged on for three days and three nights straight, only dying down slowly when everything had been burned to ash.

Another fire, however, burned for ten years under the pressure of the Spirithold Pillar.

Pablo burned in this fire for ten years. He repeated the torturous memory over and over again, from the moment he saw his sister's head roll to the end of the Belmont household fire ended. Before he could recover from the fire, he would repeat the memory of his family being killed again.

This went on day after day, until he finally became a malignant spirit. The Belmont household was nothing like it used to be when everything finally quietened down. It was streaked with burnt marks, weeds growing in abundance. His family's ashes had long since become nutrients for the soil.

He was finally going to be able to leave... and this time, the Spirithold Pillar wasn't going to stop him.

The Phillips quarters were brightly-lit, celebrating the birth of Uriah's ninth child. Everyone was all smiles.

Uriah himself was no longer the young man he used to be ten years ago. He sat at the head of the table, while his father— Pablo's mentor, sat beside him, beaming at his big family.

Just then, a guard rushed in and said lowly to Uriah, "Bad news, Sir..."

Uriah's smile faded slightly. He exited the living room, frowning. "What happened?"

The guard said, "Sir, the Spirithold Pillars cracked..."

Uriah's expression shifted at once.

He hurried over to check on the place with the guard, and saw that the pillars had really cracked open.

Eighty-one pillars cracked into pieces, not one of them intact!

The pillars themselves had no support whatsoever when they were dug out of the ground, thoroughly broken.

"Sir... I think the pillars cracked open from the weather in the past decade. There was that drought that might have dried them out, then the rain might have done something as well..."

There had been a drought that overtook the kingdom not long ago, resulting in all the cities suffering for a good while.

Uriah, being head minister, had taken over Pablo's minister quarters. He even set up an altar of his own, to pray for rain.

The minister quarters were not too far from the palace. They were not quite considered royal property, but were extremely important.

Uriah felt like he could do everything Pablo used to be able to do. So when the rain finally came after that, the civilians' cheers got to his head and boosted his confidence to an all-time high.

But the rain he had prayed for lasted two weeks straight, resulting in a pretty bad flood in the kingdom. Thankfully, the sun slowly started coming out along with the birth of his son.

The bright sky calmed everyone. The emperor was overjoyed and said that Uriah's son was a prosperous omen, rewarding the Phillips family handsomely.

"Yes, that's probably it!" Uriah's anxiousness faded away, feeling a little more safe at the sight of the sun above him.

It had been ten years, after all. He should be dead by now. Even if Pablo's spirit had been lucky enough to escape, there was no way he was going to be able to come out with the sun out right now.

Besides, there had been major changes made to the Phillips household in the past ten years. He'd put up all kinds of altars and amulets around the house, even hiring witches...

Pablo wouldn't be able to enter the household, even if he were to show up.

"Let's go back!" Uriah shook his sleeves out, returning to wine and dine the night away.

The party only ended late into the night. Uriah drank a little, but was still very much clear-headed. He had always maintained such a habit, never getting too drunk.

He put up a light to begin reading, trying to analyze a book... that Pablo had left behind, *What Makes A God*.

He had spent the past decade researching how to communicate to or become a god the most, as well as how to live forever and outrun mortality...

"Uriah Phillips!" A shout sounded from outside the door.

Uriah frowned. Who around these parts dared to call him by his full name?

He got up, displeased as he opened the door.

He was hit in the face with a gust of wind. There was nothing outside the door, only the brightly lit birthday lanterns in the hallway. A cat sat next to some bushes, licking its paws as it let out a meow.

In his daze, the cat's meow... sounded a little like it was calling out to him.

Yes, it was just the cat.

Uriah frowned, but heaved a sigh of relief internally.

"Come here, kitty." Uriah beckoned towards the cat.

The cat fixed its big, round eyes on Uriah, staring right back at him for a second before darting away like a bolt of lightning.

Uriah shook his head. "These animals!"

He turned to go back into the room. Yet upon lifting his head, he saw a person sitting at his table flipping through the book that he had been looking at.

The person was clad in white robes, inky hair falling around his shoulders. His eyes shone like stars in the night sky, but his face was pale and devoid of color aside from his piercing-red lips.

Uriah would recognize his face even on his deathbed. It had been buried in his memories for quite some time, but now came to the surface all at once.

"P... Pablo Belmont!"

Uriah's gaze narrowed, and he stumbled backwards, falling against the door with a thud.

Shouldn't... shouldn't his spirit have disintegrated by now... why was he still here!