

## **Eight Uncles 921**

### [Chapter 921 Pablo The Malignant Spirit](#)

Pablo let out a soft chuckle, closing the book he'd just been reading. "Uriah, are you still trying to find out how to live forever?"

He got to his feet, slowly making his way to Uriah. "But from looking at the other books you've got here, it seems like you want to be a god too!"

Uriah could not stop shaking, but shouted, "Pablo, you're dead! What are you still doing here? You don't belong here, go back!"

Pablo's eyes flashed mockingly, but he remained calm. "I can't believe it... you killed my entire family, and ended up with a big happy family instead of getting your karma."

"You want to be a god, too... ha."

Pablo began to laugh, as if he had just thought of something funny. His laughter grew and grew for a while, until it finally stopped abruptly.

"Oh, my apologies," Pablo said, wiping at the tears in his eyes. "I couldn't help it, it's just so funny."

Uriah felt a wave of humiliation was over him at once. How dare a mere spirit laugh at him!

"Are you blaming me for this, Pablo?" Uriah began to calm himself down, reaching for something in his sleeve.

Pablo pretended not to see the bell in his hand, his expression turning cold. "Shouldn't I blame you?"

Uriah explained himself. "I had no choice! The king wanted you dead, so you had to die! You were asking for it, Pablo!"

Pablo barked out a laugh. "How was I asking for it?"

"Is it in the way I gave the kingdom all I could, trying my very best to find the emperor a magic pill for him to live forever?"

"Is it in the way I helped the emperor ward off evil spirits and prayed for his safety? Did that anger him?"

"Or did he not like that I built an altar to pray for fine weather through the kingdom?"

He had always been loyal and honest, trying nothing but his best.

He did not understand one bit why this had happened to him!

"Uriah, I really, really don't get it. Maybe you could explain it to me." Pablo looked at Uriah, earnestly asking for advice just like he had when he was still alive.

Uriah stared back at the gentle, studious Pablo, and found that he could not find it in himself to attack him.

He pulled a chair up and sat down, so that Uriah was right across from him.

"You were never supposed to do any of that," Uriah said. "You prayed for fine weather for the emperor, yes— and you got everything you wanted everytime. The exact amount of wind, the exact amount of rain. Did you ever consider how His Majesty might feel?"

"He would worry that you might become a god to the kingdom, putting him at your mercy. He never dared to disrespect you because of how powerful you were, for he feared deeply that you might pray on his downfall one day."

Pablo was speechless.

He scoffed mockingly. "Right."

Uriah continued. "You were so good at warding off spirits, you were pretty much a ghost master. Yes, you helped keep the emperor safe from ghosts and evil spirits, but this did not comfort the emperor one bit. What if you got an evil spirit to specifically harm him one day?"

Pablo let out a strange laugh. "Oh, yes, that's also right."

Uriah said, "As for you praying for His Majesty's safety, that's even bigger of a deal. Those people who had always felt like they were forced to obey the emperor were now willingly obeying you... what do you think His Majesty would feel about that?"

This was a man who had man and spirit in the palm of his hand.

A man with skills enough to gain a country's unanimous respect.

He could be bigger than the mortal realm, but was still obedient to one person's orders... how would that person feel?

"So, you can't blame His Majesty for being afraid of you and wanting to kill you!" Uriah said.

Pablo chuckled, beginning to clap. "It really is you, Uriah. You've always explained things so well."

He had finally understood why the emperor could not have him around. This was a rather good explanation, wasn't it?

"What about you, though? What's your explanation?" Pablo was practically beaming from ear to ear. "Is it because I was overshadowing you so?"

Uriah startled. Pablo had heard him say those words; he had been there ten years ago, during the fire.

Seeing as there was nothing more he could hide, Uriah clenched his fists. "Yes... that's exactly why!"

Pablo looked at him, disappointed. "That's it? Uriah, you're always so boring. Can't you come up with something new?"

"If you did, maybe you would have just worked harder to come out of my shadow."

Pablo and Uriah were both brilliant geniuses, and the former found it a shame that his friend did not have enough of a reason to offer him.

No. Pablo refused to accept such a boring reason.

Yet Uriah flew into a rage, banging a fist on the table as he roared, "Do you think I never thought about that?"

"I was my father's oldest son! You, on the other hand, were just a nobody farmer!"

"I was born into a better family than you, I had better connections than you, I was destined for greatness! But you, you appeared and took my glory away from me!"

He had always compared himself to Pablo, working with all his might to overcome him.

But he never succeeded.

"You'll never understand what it's like to be outshined like that, and you'll never understand the humiliation of a genius like me having to live in the shadow of a farmer!"

"Pablo, how was I going to step up if you didn't die? Nothing but the position of head minister would prove I was more successful than you."

"You had to die, you had to! Even the girl I'd been pining for since I was a kid only had eyes for you! How was I supposed to marry her if you didn't die?"

Pablo frowned. "Sylvia?"

He didn't feel a thing for her at all.

Uriah scoffed. "You didn't like her back, but she only wanted you! She was so brokenhearted you didn't want her, but you never even reciprocated her feelings in the slightest! Pablo, you don't deserve her!"

Pablo said, "...So?"

Uriah said, "So after you died, I got to become head minister and marry her. That's how the story's supposed to end! The son of a farmer doesn't deserve to be in a position of such power!"

"You were the one anomaly out of a set of tightly-set rules. I was just putting everything back where it should belong."

Pablo only found this laughable...

"You call yourself a loyal civilian, but you abused your power as a person of authority."

"You said you liked that girl, but married plenty more women after her. What is this, your ninth child?"

"You called me your friend... but killed my entire family over a position in the palace with an evil scheme..."

Pablo got closer and closer, reaching out and gripping Uriah by the neck. "You could've just killed me if you just wanted to be head minister!"

"Why did you have to kill my parents? Nana? Reuben?"

"Why!"

Pablo's nails grew at an alarming speed, piercing into Uriah's throat!

"You're so fake, Uriah. So two-faced. Why don't I rip this face of yours off right now, hm?"

"Hm? Why aren't you saying anything?"

Pablo smirked, flashing a cruel smile..."

"You killed my entire family, so as revenge... why don't I kill yours too?"

"That way... we'll be even, how's that?"

Pablo's razor-sharp nails pierced through Uriah's throat, getting under the first layer of skin before he gave a sharp tug—!

Uriah's pupils narrowed in fear, terror washing over him...

### [Chapter 922 You'll Wish You Were Dead, Uriah Phillips](#)

"Argh—"

Uriah let out a scream of agony!

Pablo had somehow made an opening in his neck, and was ripping the skin slowly off his face!

Uriah hurled the bell in his hand at Pablo, pressing it firmly against Pablo's body!

Yet the next second, Pablo gripped the bell in his hand!

Pablo took the bell away without breaking a sweat, studying it carefully.

"You killed me, but you're trying to ward me off with my own creation." Pablo smirked. "Uriah, didn't you want to outshine me? What, you couldn't even make your own bell, still using the one I gave to you?"

"You really... you really do disgust me."

Pablo's gaze darkened, and the bell in his hands turned to dust at once!

Uriah was trembling from head to toe. This bell was a national treasure, and the only people in the kingdom who had one were him and the emperor... but now Pablo had just crushed it so easily!

What... what had he turned into...!

Before Uriah could have a second thought, he was flung into the air!

Thump—

A shelf was knocked to the floor, the vase on it shattering as well.

The sage powder in the vase was emptied all over the floor.

Sage was useful in warding off evil spirits. Uriah grabbed a handful of it, throwing it in front of him!

Uriah seemed to have lost his mind, flailing about as he hurled handful after handful of sage powder into the air as he shrieked his head off.

"Die... you're going to die!"

"I'll kill you, I'll kill you!"

The sage powder turned red as it hit the air, like the bloody fog that had come out of Nana's head when it was chopped off.

The house fell silent, and the pale figure disappeared all of a sudden.

Uriah's chest heaved heavily. His eyes were wide as he looked in front of him. Sure enough, Pablo was nowhere to be seen.

He let out a sigh of relief, before the burning pain from his face got to him. He got to his feet trembling, taking a look at his face in the mirror...

All that could be seen was that half his face had been torn off, dripping with blood. The other half was not much better off at all, covered in terrifying gashes.

"Argh..."

Uriah's fingers trembled, but he did not dare to touch himself. The pain was so overwhelming that he nearly fainted.

"Does it really hurt that bad?" Pablo's voice rang next to Uriah's ear.

Uriah's chest lurched as he widened his eyes.

In the mirror, Pablo leaned forward right next to him. "Nana was in a lot more pain when you chopped her head off. Reuben was in a lot more pain when you drove that sword through his chest..."

"Pablo... you, you..." Uriah found that he could not speak.

Pablo chuckled. "You want to know why I'm not dead, don't you?"

"Bit of a stupid question, no?"

"How was I going to enter your house if I'd just died so easily?"

There were twelve spirit beasts guarding the various doors of the Phillips household. There was a guard amulet on every door as well, as well as one buried by every flight of stairs...

Despite all of that, he had made it here. Would it make sense for Pablo to be afraid of a little sage powder?

Pablo raised his hands slowly, this time pressing them on Uriah's skull!

"Uriah Phillips. Do you know what the past ten years have been like for me? I spend every waking hour thinking of wringing your head from your shoulders!"

He stared at Uriah in the mirror. "But now I think I don't want to do that anymore..."

Uriah was trembling from head to toe. "Yes, yes, Pablo. We're brothers, you can't do that to me..."

Pablo barked out a laugh. "You've gotten it wrong. I meant, I'd be going easy on you if I just did that in one go."

"So I guess I'll just go a little at a time!"

Just as the words rang through the air, Uriah felt a coolness on his head. In the mirror, Pablo had opened the top of his head!

Uriah was scared out of his wits, letting out an agonized cry.

He could even see his brain moving in the mirror!

Pablo's hands were covered in blood, but he made a shushing gesture. "Don't panic, don't panic. I'm here to promise you... you won't die."

Uriah's cries woke some people up. A white-haired man who could barely stand up straight hobbled his way over.

Only for such a tragic sight to greet him!

It was bad enough that Uriah's face was covered in blood, but the top of his head was missing! Pablo was next to him, holding a pale-looking thing with sticky black hair on top of it...

That was the top of Uriah's skull!

Everyone was scared out of their wits, stumbling backwards. Old Mr. Phillips nearly stopped breathing at the sight, only returning to his senses after a while.

"P... Pablo Belmont!" Master Phillips' expression was one of pure shock. "How did you..."

Pablo raised the top of Uriah's head in his hands, beaming at it. "How did I come back, right?"

"What do you think, my dear mentor? How'd you think I'd come back!"

Pablo stared the elder in front of him down.

Master Phillips paused for a while, before saying sharply, "Pablo, you've already died. You have no place here, you're causing trouble in humankind! Leave, right now!"

"As your master, I don't want to make a big deal out of this!"

His expression was ashen, thinking that he would be able to threaten Pablo as his master just like before...

### [Chapter 923 Poor Master Phillips](#)

Peblo could not help but grip the skull in his hands. It crushed to pieces under the impact.

"You don't want to make this a big deal, is that right! Killing my entire family, setting my house on fire! All one hundred and sixty-nine bodies in the Belmont household, burned to nothing!"

"You've made a big enough deal yourself, and now you don't want me to make a big deal out of this?"

Mester Phillips' chest pounded with fear, all his thoughts flooding his mind at once. He was thoroughly disturbed, unsure what Peblo really was— a human? A ghost? If he were human, whose dead body had that? If he were a ghost, how was he able to touch Uriah and even crush his skull?

Mester Phillips racked his brains, trying to think of a way to hold Peblo down. What could he do so Peblo could leave?

He was also thinking of ways to destroy Peblo, so he could never come back...

His fear and anger took over him slowly. It had been ten years, and Mester Phillips had never spent a single night sleeping in peace. Now that he had finally seen Peblo's spirit... he was viewing him as a bed pupil, torturing them for so long instead of just going to be reborn.

Peblo seemed to know what Mester Phillips was thinking.

He smiled, staring at Mester Phillips. "Why did you take me in as your pupil in the first place?"

He was not supposed to have a master at all...

"You said that it was a scheme. A scheme that my talent was hidden in my poor town."

Peblo was no fool. He could tell that both his master and friend had been sincere to him at the start.

But why did they change after that, and when?

He had treated them earnestly, trusting them with all of his heart.

But they had started scheming against him at some point.



Mester Phillips was an old, experienced man. Having faced Pablo for so long, he was starting to feel less of the fear he had felt in the beginning.

His expression was stern, his tone cold. "I took you in as a pupil so you could help Uriah and be his advisor, not to step on him to gain power!"

He was just a pupil, a disciple, a guest of the Phillips household!

Just because Mester Phillips treated Pablo like a son, how could he surpass Mester Phillips' own son and take all the glory from him?

Pablo could not help but grip the skull in his hands. It crushed to pieces under the impact.

"You don't want to make this a big deal, is that right! Killing my entire family, setting my house on fire! All one hundred and sixty nine bodies in the Belmont household, burned to nothing!"

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He was just a pupil, a disciple, a guest of the Phillips household!

Just because Master Phillips treated Pablo like a son, how could he surpass Master Phillips' own son and take all the glory from him?

He wasn't even from the Phillips family! He was just a disciple!

Pablo let out a chuckle of fury, before returning to his previous calmness. The ten-year fire had long burned all his rage away, turning it into deep hatred.

"Am I to blame for his incompetence?" Pablo laughed mockingly, his tone careless.

"Master, let me ask you this. Have I ever used the Phillips name even once on my way to becoming head minister?"

Master Phillips wanted to say yes. Of course he did! How could he, a mere farmer, gain such power if not for the Phillips family giving him a helping hand?

Yet his mouth moved several times, and not a word came out.

No one knew who Pablo was after he rose to fame overnight.

He prayed for the civilians' wellbeing, warded off evil spirits and called upon fair weather, all under a different name.

He used a different identity whenever he did something good. He had never dragged the Phillips household into anything, nor had he even used them.

It was only after one of his good deeds when the emperor had summoned the hero behind all of this, that everyone realized Pablo had been the famous 'Mr. Bell' all along.

They had thought that the Phillips household had been watching over Pablo, only for them to realize that it had been Pablo watching over the Phillips household all along...

"Well, you shouldn't have lied to us..." Master Phillips finally spoke up. "You hid everything from us, intending to thrive on your own. You were wary of us from the start, and never saw us as family..."

"Besides, why would you even have needed to become my pupil if you really had been that great all along?"

Pablo chuckled. "Yes, you're right. You're completely right."

He shouldn't have, he really shouldn't have.

He saw Master Phillips as a good minister who only wanted the best for the kingdom, and a kind man who empathized with the world... he had chosen to call him his master out of nothing but respect!

He shouldn't have trusted people blindly, he shouldn't have given them the best judgment!

Pablo had never offended anyone to his knowledge, but the first time that happened it had killed his entire family.

Seeing Pablo agree, Master Phillips said at once, "So you should know that you owe us! I took care of you for over a decade. You mustn't bite the hand that fed you. Give your brother's skull back..."

Pablo let out a maniacal laugh. "You took care of me?"

He continued to laugh, appearing in front of Master Phillips in the next second!

"When did you ever take care of me?"

He lifted Master Phillips into the air, slamming him against one of the pillars in the hallway.

"It was my parents who took care of me! I never took a single penny from you in the thirteen years I was your pupil!"

"How dare you expect gratitude of me, just because you were my mentor?"

Pablo was thoroughly enraged, his ice-cold aura holding Master Phillips by the throat before he tossed him into the soil in the garden outside!

Pablo stared at the old man writhing in pain on the ground, his gaze cold.

He had seen this man as a father before...

It was Master Phillips who had taught him about what the real world was like when he was just a teenager, imparting on him the wisdom and values a good man should have.

But from the looks of things, it was unclear to tell how much he taught Pablo had been from experience, and how much had been made up.

Master Phillips' white hair was tousled and messy, his hazy eyes flashing with terror.

Thinking of his children and grandchildren, he began to look pitiful.

As pitiful as he could possibly look!

Yet there was a shred of poison in his gaze. Master Phillips reached into the flowerbed for the wooden sword he had hidden there, charging towards Pablo with all his might!

Pablo only found this amusing. How afraid of death this family was.

Their entire house was filled with things to take him down hidden in every corner. There was even one in the garden, for crying out loud.

Pablo watched the old man expressionlessly just as the wooden sword was about to pierce his chest. He lifted his hand at the very last second, and the sword made a sharp turn. It flew into Master Phillips, pinning him to a tall pillar!

#### [Chapter 924 I Am The Ruler Of Hell... On Earth](#)

Urieh, on his last breath, gasped. "Peblo... he... he's your mester!" You..."

How could he take down his own mester?

Urieh was at a loss for words from the shock— but it wasn't like he had any strength to speak either way.

He felt a sense of dread!

He had thought that Peblo might at the very least let them go out of old times' sake, but everything that had just happened had proven completely otherwise.

Peblo's expression was cold as he smirked. "Mester?"

"You shouldn't have killed my family, then! Now I've turned into a malignant spirit, and I'm not going to let you go. You deserve this."

As he spoke, a young man came running over shouting. This was Urieh's oldest son.

"Dad! Grendpe!"

Peblo turned around slowly...

Urieh end Mester Phillips widened their eyes. "No... Don't—"

The boy, who could not have been more than eight or nine years old, stered et his chest in e deze.

Urieh could speak no longer, his eyes filled with rege end feer.

Mester Phillips' sobs hed turned into howls. "Peblo... Peblo! How could you be so cruel! He's just e child..."

How could he be so evil?

How could he have hed the heert to do such e thing to e kid?

Peblo's eyes grew bloodshot es his melignant energy flowed out of his body et once.

His grin glinted with murderous intent, end he seid in e low voice, "Cruel?"

Urieh struggled es he opened his eyes. For some reeson, Peblo hed found e wey to meke it impossible for him to die even if he wanted to.

All he could do wes wetch es his beloved oldest son die before his eyes.

He roered with ell his might, but his voice ceme out feeble end week. "He's just... child!"

"You're... e monster... Peblo Belmont!"

A monster?

"Did you feel like e monster killing Nene end Reuben, huh?"

Peblo reised his hends. The thickest brenches of cherry tree in the beckyerd flew out of the ground, chegrin towerds Urieh end Mester Phillips before stebbing them squere in the stomech!

The splintered brenches drove into their flesh, sweying slightly in the wind.

Urieh end Mester Phillips let out cries of egony, wenting nothing more then to be killed on the spot.

"Peblo, just... just kill me!" Urieh wes trembling with pein. "Kill me if you cen!"

He knew that he wes going to be e deed men for sure today.

Yet Peblo refused to let that heppen just yet. "Whet's the rush? I've got more, you know?"

He held Uriah and his father by the bench pierced through them, walking through the Phillips household just like that.

The birthday lanterns were still brightly shining, the walls covered with birthday decorations.

Yet there were men clad in white robes roaming the hallways, holding the Phillips father and son by the bench through their stomachs and leaving a trail of blood in his wake! Uriah, on his last breath, gasped. "Pablo... he... he's your master!" You..."

How could he take down his own master?

Uriah was at a loss for words from the shock— but it wasn't like he had any strength to speak either way.

He felt a sense of dread!

He had thought that Pablo might at the very least let them go out of old times' sake, but everything that had just happened had proven completely otherwise.

Pablo's expression was cold as he smirked. "Master?"

"You shouldn't have killed my family, then! Now I've turned into a malignant spirit, and I'm not going to let you go. You deserve this."

As he spoke, a young man came running over shouting. This was Uriah's oldest son.

"Dad! Grandpa!"

Pablo turned around slowly...

Uriah and Master Phillips widened their eyes. "No... Don't—"

The boy, who could not have been more than eight or nine years old, stared at his chest in a daze.

Uriah could speak no longer, his eyes filled with rage and fear.

Master Phillips' sobs had turned into howls. "Pablo... Pablo! How could you be so cruel! He's just a child..."

How could he be so evil?

How could he have had the heart to do such a thing to a kid?

Pablo's eyes grew bloodshot as his malignant energy flowed out of his body at once.

His grin glinted with murderous intent, and he said in a low voice, "Cruel?"

Uriah struggled as he opened his eyes. For some reason, Pablo had found a way to make it impossible for him to die even if he wanted to.

All he could do was watch as his beloved oldest son die before his eyes.

He roared with all his might, but his voice came out feeble and weak. "He's just... child!"

"You're... a monster... Pablo Belmont!"

A monster?

"Did you feel like a monster killing Nana and Reuben, huh?"

Pablo raised his hands. The thickest branches of cherry tree in the backyard flew out of the ground, chagrined towards Uriah and Master Phillips before stabbing them square in the stomach!

The splintered branches drove into their flesh, swaying slightly in the wind.

Uriah and Master Phillips let out cries of agony, wanting nothing more than to be killed on the spot.

"Pablo, just... just kill me!" Uriah was trembling with pain. "Kill me if you can!"

He knew that he was going to be a dead man for sure today.

Yet Pablo refused to let that happen just yet. "What's the rush? I've got more, you know?"

He held Uriah and his father by the branch pierced through them, walking through the Phillips household just like that.

The birthday lanterns were still brightly shining, the walls covered with birthday decorations.

Yet there was a man clad in white robes roaming the hallways, holding the Phillips father and son by a branch through their stomachs and leaving a trail of blood in his wake!

The malignant spirit had come for revenge!

Everyone was going to suffer, regardless of age!

In no time, the Phillips household turned into hell on earth.

"Help... help!"

"Please, let me go, let me go..."

"Don't kill my son, please, no, no no—"

Uriah's wives were terrified, running for their lives with their children in tow— but not a single one of them was able to escape.

"Pablo... Pablo! Please stop, don't..." Uriah sobbed. "Let my son go! He's only three years old..."

"Pablo, please, please, Bertie was just born yesterday! He doesn't know anything, he's innocent! Please let him go, Pablo—!"

"No—!"

The baby's brightly-colored quilt was lifted over his face, and he quickly stopped crying.

Master Phillips burst into sobs. "Pablo, how could you do this? Are you even human?"

"Pablo, you won't live this down!"

Pablo himself, was expressionless.

At the last backyard.

Where Uriah's first wife, Sylvia lived!

Pablo's white robes were completely untouched in the bloodbath, but he looked terrifying.

Only one lady was not afraid in the slightest. She sat by her bed, dressed neatly with her hair done up.

"Pablo, you came back!" Sylvia smiled at him. "It's been ten years, but you're still as handsome as ever."

She stared at Pablo dreamily, as if she could not see the hand he had raised and the arrow coming her way.

"I just want you to know, I never let you down."

"I put poison in Uriah's wine the first time I married him. He can't have procreate."

Pablo was expressionless, the arrow slowly going into Sylvia's chest.



She, however, was smiling brighter than ever. "Uriah couldn't procreate, but had a whole family of kids. I did a good job, didn't I?"

"His wives had to give birth to keep their position in the family. I'd given birth myself, what was their excuse?"

"To keep from being kicked out by me, they did whatever they could to give birth... and so, not a single one of Uriah's children is his own."

Sylvia collapsed slowly, a satisfied smile on her face. "I can't believe I was able to see you one last time. I'm happy."

Uriah could hardly believe what he was hearing.

Not his children?

He had loved these children for so many years, giving them his all...

Only for them to not turn out to be his?

Uriah felt his world crumbling, his mind shaking even more.

The most painful part of all this was not even that these children weren't his, but that his most beloved woman had betrayed him for a whole decade!

Terror, hopelessness, betrayal, fury... Uriah was feeling everything Pablo had felt back then.

This made him thoroughly lose it!

He stared at Pablo with bloodshot eyes as he howled, "You... it's all your fault! You did this to me, you ruined everything! You took my happiness away from me!"

Pablo opened his eyes, finally sparing Uriah and snapping his neck.

Crack!

Without a second to hesitate, Uriah was killed when he was at his very angriest.

Master Phillips' gaze widened in shock and grief. "Uriah...!"

Pablo raised his hand. The spear on the wall, a gift from the emperor, lifted up and pierced through Master Phillips' chest—

The Phillips household fell silent at last.

There was not a single sound that could be heard throughout the house. The people at Pablo's feet had terrified expressions on their faces, their eyes widened...

All at once, a sense of hollowness washed over Pablo.

Revenge... he had gotten revenge at last.

But what was he going to do after that?

There truly was nowhere for him to go in this world.

He missed his parents and siblings with all his heart. If they had been reborn after dying, he might still be able to use all his energy to find them...

But there was no chance of that happening.

As he thought about this, an even greater pain overtook him!

"Have you finished your revenge?" A woman dressed in black and red robes appeared out of nowhere, floating in front of Pablo.

Her face was fair, but not pale— just different from that of a human being.

She sighed, looking around her.

There were, after all, some survivors.

The baby in the cradle had not died, leaving behind a chance at survival.

The remaining children had had an arrow through them, but there was still hope for them to survive.

Those who were supposed to die were all gone with no survivors, having died in a terrifying state as well...

The woman shook her head. "Come underground with me."

Pablo blinked, his expression numb. "Who are you..."

"I'm the Ruler of Hell."

"The Ruler of Hell? Well, why... what did I do wrong for this to happen to me?" Pablo looked at the Ruler of Hell, his eyes reddened.

She looked back at him, her gaze sympathetic. "Tragedy does not strike, just because of one person."

Pablo was silent.

He followed behind the Ruler of Hell, watching her take care of everyone's souls. Then, she said:

"I'll give you a chance to judge them yourself."

"There isn't a judge in the mortal realm, but there is in the underworld. I'll give you three thousand years, and maybe you'll understand why..."

### [Chapter 925 Judge Assigned by the Ruler of Hell](#)

Lilly listened to Peblo's story. He talked about how furious and hopeless he once was. He was once obsessed with vengeance, but when she looked at his face, he seemed calm. He was talking about it as if this were another person's life story. "Master, what happened to the king after that?" Lilly was not her original self, so she felt angry knowing that the king had not gotten his karma yet.

Peblo touched her head and said, "Remember what I said before? There was a drought before Ralph Phillips' youngest child was born; eighteen states around the palace suffered the pain." Lilly nodded. He then continued to say, "After the drought, floods happened. Many people were starved to death from the drought, and the flood soaked those corpses and led to the outbreak of a plague." The Phillips family was being wiped out; they all suffered tragic deaths. And the king was enraged about the plague; he thought that the Phillips family had angered God. And hence, all these disasters happened as punishment. So, the king ordered his servants to burn the entire Phillips residence down! Lilly was amused by it.

The eavesdropping, unlucky spirit exclaimed, "Karma is indeed fair... Ralph was experiencing what Master Belmont had experienced!" The herem spirit agreed with him. Ralph was betrayed just like Peblo was. The Belmont residence was burned along with the corpses, and the same thing happened to the Phillips residence. Lilly continued to ask, "What about the kids that had survived?" Peblo answered, "They're being brought back by their fathers." The herem spirit broke into laughter. They're brought back by their fathers. He, he! They'd become fathers despite being infertile! Sylvie had seriously done a great job! Yet the herem spirit was confused. "Master Belmont, Sylvie did not do something to you, and she even avenged you on Ralph... Why did you kill her in the end?"

Lilly listened to Pablo's story. He talked about how furious and hopeless he once was. He was once obsessed with vengeance, but when she looked at his face, he seemed calm. He was talking about it as if this were another person's life story. "Master, what happened to the king after that?" Lilly was not her original self, so she felt angry knowing that the king had not gotten his karma yet.

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Pablo answered, "She would still be dead even if I didn't kill her."

Lilly asked, "Why?"

He then replied, "She had already eaten the poison when I found her." So she would be dead nonetheless. Maybe she was holding on just to see me, but she had to endure great pain in doing so. She didn't have to. It's okay if she's dead; I was already a malignant spirit back then, so taking one more life didn't make a difference for me.

Lilly and the rest of the spirits felt sorry for him. Yet the unlucky spirit did not think much; he asked eagerly, "How did the king die? What about Ralph's sister? The one that was supposed to get married to you." Family has to always be together, right? How could she be left out when everyone's dead? I'll be angry if that's the case. Pablo answered, "She's dead too." Jill and the king died in the plague. And this was not the main point; he had already become the judge by then. "I judged them after their deaths." It's rare that he smirked, and he said, "I threw them into the boiling pot and fried them crispy."

Lilly and the harem spirit were stunned. He coughed and continued to say, "The king sinned more; as the leader of a country, he didn't care about his people's lives; countless people were dead." He looked at Lilly and said, "So... I let him go to all levels of hell." He might not kill the two of them by himself, but the facial expressions they made seeing him were golden.

\*\*

The underworld was spooky; Jill and the king died nearly at the same time; they suffered the plague, so they both looked disgusting. Jill did not look as pretty as she once did when she arrived at the Hell Ruler Palace; her spirit was full of abscesses. She trembled and knelt down in front of the palace. "Who are you? When are your birthdate and birthplace? And how did you die?" The Ruler of Hell spoke coldly, and

none could ignore her strong aura.

"I'm Jill... I was..." She cried and described her death; she made her life sound pitiful, saying that her husband was abusive. And she accused her husband of only pampering his second wife, not her. And she blamed the second wife for her infection with the plague; her husband did not care about her. "The Ruler of Hell, my life was miserable; please let me have a good one in the next lifetime." She slowly looked up as she spoke pitifully. And she suddenly realized that someone familiar sat near the Ruler of Hell! He was in his judge suit, and he looked cold as he wrote notes in his notebook. "Pa. Pablo Belmont!" She gasped.

The Ruler of Hell asked, "Jill, are you related to the death of the Belmont family?"

She hurriedly answered, "No, I have nothing to do with it!"

### [Chapter 926 They're Enjoying the Show](#)

The Ruler's Hell Pelece would never tolerate Jill's lies. Everything she had done when she was alive was being annouced; she was merely a tool used by her family to stabilize Pablo. She promised her family to be cooperative in exchange for a good marriage in the future. "You're sinful; but not to the extent of the deepest hell level. You shall be deep fried!" The Ruler of Hell swung her hand, and the pen automatically wrote the punishment down. "You shall not have a good life after reincarnation; you shall be a servant with great suffering." With this, Jill's next life was set. Jill begged, "No... Ruler of Hell Don't..." The Ruler of Hell was expressionless, and she looked at her with a cold smile.

She then begged for Pablo's help. "Peb, save me. Help me, please." He seemed to not hear it. And Jill was dragged to the boiling pot. She regretted it; she deeply regretted her choice! If she knew that Pablo could become a judge in the underworld, she would never give him up. She would love him with all she had; she would save him and accompany him for his entire life!

After she was pushed into the pot, the king was brought in too. "Let me go!" He yelled, "I'm the chosen one! I shouldn't be in the underworld! I'm God's son! I'm..." A sudden flow of energy pushed him to the ground; his knees were broken! The Ruler of Hell stared at him and said, "Judge, you'll be handling him." She then started writing with her pen of judgment.

Pablo finally looked at the kneeling king. The king only realized that the judge was Pablo! Pablo smirked and asked, "Who are you? When are your birthdate and birthplace? And how did you die?" He said the exact same words as the Ruler of Hell, so she glanced at him.

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The king snorted, "How dare you! Don't you know..." A sharp and strong energy attacked his soul, and he felt that he was almost torn apart. The Ruler of Hell said, "You're in my palace now; you're the prisoner! Be respectful to my judge." The king was shocked. He was terrified by the Ruler of Hell's strength, and he finally behaved himself. His body was shaking instinctively, accepting the fact that he was no different from anyone who was dead.

"Who are you? When are your birthdate and birthplace? And how did you die?" Pablo repeated the same questions again. The king felt the irony: Pablo used to kneel down to him as his servant, but now... He was going crazy for kneeling down to this servant that had betrayed him before.

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Lilly saw that Pablo was in a daze; he was silently staring into nothing. She shook his arm and said, "Master?" He muttered, "Huh?" She then hugged his arm and comforted him. "It's okay now; everything will be fine. I'll be protecting you once I've become the Ruler of hell!" She continued to say, "Everything is in the past now!" She patted him on his head, and he did not know how to react. "I'm fine," he stated. Everything will be gone as time changes... And indeed, I've got nothing left in the human world, not even my bones. Everything has passed. I'm content with whatever I have now. She saves me from my darkest moment, and I protect her in her ascension.

The unlucky spirit was happy to know the end of the king and Jill; he felt great for them to run into Pablo in the underworld. "Ah, Master Belmont's story is nice." He exclaimed. And he was being beaten by the harem spirit and the ghost bride. "Watch your words!" The harem spirit punched his eye. The ghost bride punched his other eye and exclaimed, "That's right! I feel so sorry for him, and you dare to say it's a nice story to hear?" The harem spirit pinned him down and said, "How dare you enjoy my husband's story? No, Master Pablo's story! You're asking for a beating!" The ghost bride stepped at him all of a sudden! Why am I the only one getting hurt? Aren't the two of you enjoying the story too? I'm so upset! Why am I so unlucky? Waa!

When they were fighting, the tree at the side shook. Blake was holding a hoe, and he was biting a lollipop. "Ha... I'm going to get the work done. I accidentally rested for too long." Josh dusted the grass on his pants and said anxiously, "Please continue; I just happened to pass by."

Lilly gasped in disbelief: "Daddy, you're eavesdropping!" Daddy is always open to whatever he does; why did he eavesdrop today? And Josh—why was he hiding with Daddy? Blake gave Lilly a lollipop and said with a smile, "How can you accuse me of that?" Blake just happened to pass by, and he heard Pablo's family was being butchered. He caught Josh, who was about to make his escape, and he restrained him. "Josh, why are you here too?"

He awkwardly touched his nose, and he saw Blake giving him a threatening look. "I... I... Would you believe me if I told you I'm taking a dump here?" Lilly snorted, "You can't simply do this!"

They thought that only Blake and Josh were hiding behind the tree, yet suddenly someone popped up behind them. Josh jumped when he saw that someone!

### [Chapter 927 Do You Want Me to Pray to You?](#)

Someone tiny popped out and waved to them. "Hello everyone." She looked at Josh and said, "Hey, you stepped on my skirt just now." She complained, "You didn't even know I was behind you." Josh was terrified to find out that the spirit was standing right behind him. "You... Why are you following us?" Josh stared at the little girl. She was the daughter of the couple that was holding the ashes; she was Jennet. She came closer to Lilly and said, "I'm bored after my parents buried me, so I'm here to play with you."

Josh muttered, "Why me?" He wondered why he was always the one who ended up being hurt! Why do I feel like all these spirits always stare at me? This is not the first time I've experienced this!

Jennet answered, "Because you're beautiful." She continued to say, "This little girl is also beautiful, but I feel like I'm being disrespectful looking at her." She mumbled, not knowing that this was her inborn fear of the spirit of the Ruler of Hell. So she did not dare stare at her. But it was different with Josh. "You can see me, and we're of the same species, yet you're human. So you got me interested!" Since when are we the same species as her? Humans and spirits are completely different.

Lilly could not hold back her laughter, and she explained, "The spirits can see humans, but usually humans can't see them. The spirits are lonely; naturally, they'll be happy realizing humans can see them." Since she's overjoyed, she mistook Josh for being of the same species as her.

Josh was speechless. Is it my fault to be able to see the spirits?" But humans are different from spirits! You're dead, so you shouldn't be lingering in the human world. Aren't you afraid of me catching you?" He threatened her. Jennet asked curiously, "How are you going to catch me?" He then took out a lot of strange tools from his bag, and he answered her fiercely, "I can still catch you if I want!" Someone tiny popped out and waved to them. "Hello everyone." She looked at Josh and said, "Hey, you stepped on my skirt just now." She complained, "You didn't even know I was behind you." Josh was

terrified to find out that a spirit was standing right behind him. "You... Why are you following us?" Josh stared at the little girl. She was the daughter of the couple that was holding the ashes jar; she was Jannat. She came closer to Lilly and said, "I'm bored after my parents buried me, so I'm here to play with you."

Josh muttered, "Why me?" He wondered why he was always the one who ended up being hurt! Why do I feel like all these spirits always stare at me? This is not the first time I've experienced this!

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She looked at him warily and thought to herself, I can't go yet; I still have something important to do. I'm not afraid of him, but the other two... She carefully glanced at Pablo and Lilly and realized that they were both staring at her. She ran away in panic! She was a child with a resentful spirit; although she could periodically come out into the sunlight, she usually hid in the dark. She was hiding underneath the tree.

Josh chased after her with his so-called tools! But Lilly stopped him. "Josh, do you know why there are pine trees in the cemetery?" she asked him. Josh felt weird for her to ask such a question, and he asked, "Why?" What does this have to do with me chasing that little resentful spirit? Lilly replied, "Because pine trees are full of positive energy, it could cancel off the bad aura of the cemetery." But the pine tree would be planted some distance away from the grave to avoid affecting the dead.

Josh instantly understood her words and asked, "So, you're implying that spirits shouldn't be able to get near the pine tree? But this little resentful spirit dares to run toward it." And she was hiding inside it the entire time to listen to the story. Lilly nodded and said, "Yes, she's got something on her, and you might not be able to handle her." Lilly must be correct. Ugh! Why can't I do it?

"Then, what can I do?" He looked at her and asked, "How can I catch her?" It was common for the spirits at the cemetery to linger around, especially for the ancestors to appear during festivals. But Jannat did



not seem like a normal ghost, and something bad might happen if she continued to do things her way. Lilly answered, "Let's go after her and ask why she isn't leaving yet." The two of them ran together.

Pablo looked at Lilly with a smile. Blake suddenly asked, "Is this where you die?" The Simple Cemetery used to be an abandoned field, and history once recorded that a betrayer of the country was killed here. He did not expect the story to be real. It was rumored that once the betrayer was killed, the king built an octagonal tower here with guards patrolling. The tower did not have a name, so the residents here named it the Simple Tower. This tower was slowly forgotten by the people as time passed, and it became a stop for passersby to rest for a while. And three thousand years had passed; the tower was in ruin; it was only left with a foundation. Now, it has been developed into a cemetery known as the Simple Cemetery.

Pablo turned around and answered, "It's slightly further; it's around there." He pointed at what he was staring at just now. Blake replied, "Oh, that's the parking lot." There was supposed to be a slope, and it was being flattened into a parking lot. Flowers were being planted around it to beautify it. Pablo nodded. And Blake asked, "Well, do you want me to pray to you?" Pablo was totally speechless.

#### [Chapter 928 Show Yourself, If You Dare To](#)

Pablo glared at him. "F\*ck off!" Blake smirked and went away with his hoe. From a distance, Betty asked, "Blake! Aren't you getting the hoe? Where are you now?"

Pablo sighed and floated in Lilly's direction. He was scared three thousand years ago, but eventually it would go away. He might not be able to kill those people and make them disappear by himself, but Relph could not handle it, and his soul was torn into fragments on the eighth floor of the underworld. The hell was not as easy as people thought; on each floor, it was broken down into eighteen more levels. The spirits that could withstand the punishments would only be sent to reincarnate. Everyone he knew could not make it through those floors.

He thought that he would be lonely for another thousand years, but now he knew people and spirits that were dear to his heart. Lilly, Blake, the people from the Crewford family, even the spirits in Lilly's jar, they were all his family now. He was not alone anymore.

.....

Lilly and Josh were searching around for Jennet in the cemetery. Betty and Lilly's uncles were slowly cleaning the grave of the Crewford family while waiting for Lilly and Josh. Josh ran around and muttered, "Where did she go?" He was tired, so he sat on a rock to rest for a while. Suddenly, an old lady popped out from behind and asked, "Little boy, why are you sitting on my roof?" Josh jumped and apologized, "I'm so... sorry... sorry..." The lady waved and replied, "It's alright, but please don't wear red underwear next time; it can't be used to ward off evil spirits... You're drawing attention to yourself instead." Lilly was stunned when she approached them. She did not know that Josh wore red underwear. Josh was extremely embarrassed. Would Lilly believe me if I told her I didn't put it on on purpose?

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Lilly comforted him by saying, "It's okay, I'm here with you; none of the spirits dare to stare." Josh felt more secure than ever, and he held her arm. "There are a lot of ancestors seeing their offspring today, so my spirit compass is completely useless now." Josh said. In a normal situation, he could have easily pinpointed the whereabouts of the spirit. "Let's go to her parents!" Lilly suggested. Josh shook his head and said, "I went there just now; she wasn't there." The old lady spirit suddenly said, "Are the two of you looking for that little spirit? She's headed to the parking lot."

Lilly was surprised, and she dragged Josh in that direction. The harem spirits were having fun with the others inside the jar. The ghost bride asked, "Are we really not helping Josh look for her?" The weakling spirit answered, "We shouldn't interfere with his training." The harem spirit said, "Eh? Lilly is asking us to help her search." The weakling spirit instantly stood up and asked, "Seriously?" Why didn't I hear it? All the spirits rolled their eyes at him. The passionate spirit commented, "You're having double standards!"

Lilly and Josh had already arrived at the parking lot; Pablo was following behind them. All the other children did not follow them because Bettany stopped them because she heard Lilly mutter that the ancestors loved the youngest generations. Hence, Hannah and Zachary were showing off their academic skills to the ancestors back there.

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Jannat hid in a black car in the corner of the parking lot. She saw two people staring at her, and the man in a suit was floating not far away when she looked up. She was frightened to see them. Lilly said, "Hello!" Josh said, "We finally found you!" Jannat was grabbing something hard in her hand. Lilly stared at her hand and asked, "What are you doing?" This car belonged to Jannat's parents; they could not enter as it was locked. Josh demanded that she come out. Jannat said, "Get me if you can!" Josh tried to taunt her by saying, "You're the resentful spirit; you should come out!" Jannat was making faces at him.

Suddenly, the car door opened. Pablo asked Lilly, "Who taught you this?" She was holding the door handle and replied innocently, "My Daddy teaches me how to open the lock door with only my bare hands!" She continued to say, "Look! There isn't any sign of intrusion; no one will know what has happened!"

Has Blake been teaching my apprentice stuff like this? Pablo thought.

Uncle Blake taught Lilly these kinds of skills! Why didn't he teach me? Unforgivable! Josh thought.

### [Chapter 929 Digging Out The Organs](#)

Jennet did not expect the car door to be opened! She wanted to fly out of the car, but she bounced back the moment she reached the car door. Josh said triumphantly, "He, he! You didn't expect it, did you? You're being surrounded!" The car was surrounded by a fishing net with holes, but it worked just fine. It totally entrapped her! The cute Jennet suddenly had twisted expressions on her face, and she shouted, "Let me go! F\*ck off!"

Josh was terrified by her sudden transformation. "What the..." He took a few steps back and stumbled. Jennet instantly dashed toward him and bit him without hesitation! Is she a dog? He put a talisman on her head, and she groaned. The talisman was burned to ashes. He was frightened, and he instantly yelled, "Lilly, save me!" Jennet laughed at him. He was upset, and he thought to himself, Lilly is indeed correct. Jennet has something on her that can protect her. Lilly's talismans couldn't work! And I... I really can't handle her! Lilly will save me, right?

He helplessly looked at Lilly retreating, and she was playing with a stick at the roadside; it seemed like she was poking the ant nest. And Pablo was looking at her playing. No one wanted to help him out. Okay, okay. I'll do it! I can do it! He gritted his teeth and took out his ritual blade to stab into Jennet's waist. She asked, "What are you trying to dig? Is there any organ you need from me?" She dug her heart out and asked, "Do you need my heart? Josh was terrified! Looking at his face, she dug her lung out and asked, "What about my lung?" She... She's opening herself up to me! Eh? Opening up?

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He suddenly recalled that Jannat was searching for something, and Lilly also commented that she had not let go of something yet. He blurted, "Do you have any unfinished last wishes?" I can help you!" Jannat was stunned, and she exclaimed, "Really? Are you serious about it?" Suddenly, he was not sure anymore. But how can she willingly submit to me if I don't help her out? "Yes," He said, "I'll help you!"

Jannat happily put all her organs back into her body and hugged him. "Thank you so much!" She thought that they would catch her; she did not expect them to help her! She intended to ask for help the moment she realized Josh could see her. But she ended up running away. "Then, please meet me at X hospital mortuary at 12 o'clock tonight!" Help... Can I retreat at this moment? Lilly was done playing with the ants, and she replied, "Okay, let's meet tonight!" Josh answered, "Yes..." He kept his fishing net away numbly. So, why are we suddenly meeting in the mortuary? Why can't we meet in the morning? Ah!

Jannat happily went away. Suddenly, the security guard of the parking lot approached them. "Hey, kids! Why are the two of you alone here? Where are your parents? Is this your car?" Pablo muttered, "Time to go!" Lilly hurriedly slammed the car door closed and answered, "Yes, our parents asked us to get something." The guard asked, "What was it?" Josh immediately pointed to the fishing net and said, "This!" And he wanted to drag Lilly away. The guard asked, "Wait, why aren't you locking the door?" He stared at them suspiciously. Is this their car? Why doesn't it look like theirs? But these kids can't be thieves, right? Are they being naughty and simply opening people's car doors?

They were dumbstruck to hear this question. Josh and Lilly exchanged looks, and Lilly gave him an assurance look as she had already locked the car. At that moment, the car door suddenly locked with a sound. And the security guard pulled the door handle; it was indeed locked. Josh and Lilly were shocked, but they could not care much and started to run away.

Josh asked when they had run far, "Who locked the car just now?" Pablo looked at the side, and a green figure came out underneath a car. Polly said, "It's me!" Lilly exclaimed, "Polly, how did you come out? Didn't Granny lock you up?" Bettany was worried that Polly would be noisy, so it was locked in a cage inside the car. Polly snorted: "A bird cage means nothing to me."

It turned out that the Crawford family car was nearby; Polly was boringly lingering inside the car, and it suddenly heard Lilly's voice. It sneaked out and imitated the digital voice of the car's locking sound. And it totally fooled the security guard. Lilly said, "Polly, you're amazing!" Polly was so proud to hear her praise.

### [Chapter 930 The Richest Spirit In the Underworld](#)

Polly leaned into Lilly and said, "Lilly, I promise to behave! Please let me follow you out." It continued to say, "I won't sing any song." Lilly asked, "Are you serious?" Polly replied, "Realer than the gold!" In the end, she let Polly tag along. It stood on her shoulder happily. Polly would literally sing to celebrate, but it was not suitable in the cemetery.

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The last time Lilly and her family visited the cemetery, they ran into a foolish ghost's family. It was pretty hasty. This time, they managed to slowly take their time to pray to the ancestors and even talk to them. They went home in the afternoon.

In the parking lot, Lilly saw Pablo flopping to the side, and she hurriedly took a stack of yellow papers. Blake turned around to take some incense. Bettany asked, "Where are you going?" He answered, "To poke the ants' nest." Bettany stared at his hands in silence.

Lilly came to the corner of the parking lot, bent down, and drew a circle on the ground. She took the yellow paper and drew a lot of things on it, and she wrote Pablo's details on it too. She had to use an actual lighter to burn the paper money; but she did not have one on her. Blake squatted down and lit them for her. "Are you burning money for your Master?" He muttered, "He's pretty rich already." Lilly said, "No one would complain about having too much money!" Wow, she's actually right, Blake thought. "Daddy, why are you here?" He inserted the incense into the ground and replied, "To pay some respect to him." Although he's been dead for three thousand years, it feels good for someone to remember him, right? They smiled at each other while waiting for the stuff to burn.

Pablo was waiting by the side, and he was waiting for Jannat's parents to come out. Josh wanted to make Jannat follow her; they had to collect more information before this. Suddenly, a soft noise sounded in his ears. Dozens of bank notes appeared in his hands, and each of them was worth a trillion dollars. His status suddenly increased dramatically, and he became one of the richest spirits in the underworld. He looked at the letter coming with that money. "Master, have a happy day!" It was written by Lilly; she was in primary school now, and her handwriting was getting neater. She was growing up to be fine.

Pablo broke into laughter. There were different ways of burning paper money, but the majority of them

would have the money sent to the underworld to be processed. And the dead had to queue up to get their money. But the Ruler of Hell was the one who burned the money, so they went straight to him. He felt warm.

Suddenly the security guard said at the other end of the parking lot, "Hey! You two! You can't burn papers here!" Lilly hurriedly blew on the paper money to accelerate the burning; her saliva was everywhere. And a huge amount of money was appearing at Pablo's side. Blake looked at the burning incense and thought, I guess it can't be helped. Seeing the paper money completely burned into ashes, he said expressionlessly to the guard, "Sorry, I'm playing with my kid; we're poking the ants' nest." Lilly chuckled as she said, "He, he!" The guard thought to himself, Playing with the kid? You're f\*cking toying with me...

Once they were back at the Crawford Residence, Lilly and Josh went to sleep early. Hannah hurriedly requested to go to sleep too. Hmph, the two of them must be going out to play tonight! I'm going to pretend to sleep and follow them out later! Two hours later, there was a snoring sound coming out of Hannah's room.

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At 12 o'clock in the middle of the night, the mortuary of the hospital looked eerie. Although the lightning was the same as the day before, it somehow seemed spookier. Josh followed Lilly, Lilly followed Blake, and Pablo was on the other side. Blake naturally had his ways of bringing them here. It was extremely quiet in the mortuary, and there were a lot of cabinets in it. Each cabinet had 24 spaces, and some of them contained bodies that had not been taken away yet. Josh felt scared; he felt like there were countless things staring at him from the dark. "Lilly... Ja... Jannat was already cremated, wasn't she? Why did she still ask us to come here?" Josh stuttered.

Lilly was about to talk, but a huge noise got her attention. A cabinet beside Josh was suddenly opened.