

## **Eight Uncles 941**

### [Chapter 941 Graduation Certificate from Taoism University](#)

Miah nestled in her mother's arms, crying desolately.

Miah, sobbing, choked out, "Mom..."

Her mother's heart shattered, "Mom is here, sweetheart. I've always been here..."

Miah's father's eyes welled up, red and unrecognizable, "Honey, don't be afraid... Daddy will protect you..."

Miah burst into loud wails, "Mommy, let me go, please. This man hurt me so much with his nails. It's even worse than taking medicine or getting a shot..."

Miah's parents instantly felt guilty and remorseful, crying and embracing her, "We're sorry, it's our fault, we didn't choose the right person..."

The three of them clung to each other, tears streaming down their faces, turning into tearful figures.

Yash realized that everything he had learned in the past decade was in vain.

No, it wasn't just wasted, it was as if he hadn't learned anything at all, as if he hadn't even entered the beginner's stage...

He had never seen someone so amazing, someone who could conjure spirits with a mere raise of their hand.

Lilly merely glanced at him, a hint of malice in her eyes, "Who said they should leave if lost? Should I send Miah back in? It's your turn then?"

Yash reflexively waved his hand, "No... no, I lost, I lost..."

Deep down, he knew he couldn't do it, he definitely couldn't!

Who was this little girl? What was her background? How could she be so powerful...

Yash was left speechless.

"Oh, adept... Oh, mighty adept!" Yash stared blankly at Lilly.

Blake glanced outside and casually closed the door.

Miah held onto her mother tightly, reluctant to let go, "Mommy, Miah won't be able to be with you

anymore..."

"Miah will miss Mommy," she said obediently, her personality resembling Jannat's but quieter.

This made Miah's mother even more heartbroken and distressed, "Good girl, honey. Honey, you don't have to leave. Mommy and Daddy are finding a solution..."

In a worst-case scenario, Miah could spend her life in this form by their side.

Lilly shook her head, "No, it's not possible. After death, one must depart. If you stay in the mortal world for too long, you'll become a wandering spirit and won't be able to reincarnate anymore."

Many refused to leave the mortal world after death, ultimately missing the opportunity to reincarnate and desperately searching for substitutes.

"Furthermore, living with ghosts will also affect you," Lilly added.

Miah's parents shook their heads, tears streaming down their faces.

They didn't mind, they wished for it...

But what could they do? If Miah couldn't be reincarnated, it would be their fault.

Miah smiled quietly, shaking her head, "Mommy, Daddy, I feel at ease now."

"Sis said I can't linger in the mortal world, so I will go down."

"Mommy, Daddy, let me go..."

She hugged her parents tightly, tears blurring her vision.

Lilly knew it wasn't the right time to say anything, so she just glanced at Blake and left with him.

Josh whispered, "Aren't you taking her in anymore?"

Lilly said, "Let them say their goodbyes properly..."

Yash watched them leave and hurriedly followed.

"Wait..." he called out to Lilly.

After Blake closed the door, he turned around.

"How about it, little doggie? Do you want to bark?" He sneered at Yash.

Josh grinned triumphantly, "Haha, now you know how amazing Lilly is!"

Lilly kindly said, "So now you know, it's not that I don't understand, it's really that you don't understand."

"I have a Master who taught me, I can't be wrong!"

Lilly looked to the side and made a clicking sound.

Pablo, floating in mid-air, paused and slowly raised his head.

He tugged at the corners of his mouth and glanced at Yash, "Huh."

Yash was instantly astonished!

In the next moment, Yash unexpectedly knelt and raised his hands in a vigorous bow:

"Master! Master, please accept me as your disciple!"

"From now on, I will be your disciple. If you tell me to go east, I will never go west. If you tell me to catch fish, I will never kill a chicken!"

"I implore Master to accept me as your disciple!"

Lilly looked puzzled.

After bowing to Lilly, Yash bowed to Pablo, "Master of Master, you must be the Master of Master. Please accept my bow!"

Pablo's mouth twitched.

He already had a grand disciple??

Josh had long been dumbfounded.

Yash didn't stop there, he took out something from his bag:

"Master, this is my birth chart, for you!"

"Master, this is my practitioner certificate, for you!"

"Master, this is my graduation certificate from Taoism University, for you!"

Josh and Blake looked bewildered.

Pablo remained silent, listening.

Yash looked earnestly, "I also obtained the officially certified highest practitioner qualification certificate, stamped by Taoism University!"

"Of course, I'm not boasting about these things. I dare not show off in front of my Master. I just want to prove to my Master that I have talent! A young one can be taught!"

"Master of Master, what do you think? Can you accept me as your disciple?"

Yash eagerly looked at Pablo and Lilly.

Josh expressed, "Wow, this is eye-opening. A practitioner with university and qualification certificate..."

#### [Chapter 942 The Graduation Allocation](#)

Lilly stood there in astonishment, dumbfounded by what she was witnessing.

Before her was a tall, slender man, at least fifteen or sixteen years older than her, who knelt and bowed his head, claiming to be her disciple. He even presented her with a graduation certificate from Taoism University.

Lilly pondered for a moment, her confusion evident as she asked, "Practitioner and university? What are the admission requirements?"

Yash paused, not quite comprehending how this question had come up. Nevertheless, he replied, "Well, first, one must have good character and be in good health... Second, they must have been engaged in relevant education or monastic life for at least a year... Third, they should be proficient in reciting morning and evening scriptures... Fourth... Fifth... Sixth... Seventh... But most importantly, they need to possess the potential for wisdom."

Yash listed a total of seven criteria, leaving Lilly impressed by the level of detail.

Lilly further inquired, "Once you graduate, are there job opportunities?"

Yash's focus shifted, and he continued, "Yes, there are. After graduation, you directly enter the chapel for monastic life."

Lilly and Josh exchanged bewildered glances.

Blake immediately dismissed the idea of pursuing such a path, as he couldn't fathom leaving behind his precious little one.

Lilly asked another question, "Do you receive a salary?"

Yash nodded, saying, "You receive room and board, along with subsidies."

"Wow, that's enlightening. It's been nice getting to know you! Thank you for sharing all this. Goodbye," Lilly said.

Yash nodded in agreement, "Goodbye..."

He turned to leave, carrying his belongings. As he reached the elevator, he suddenly snapped back to reality, realizing something was amiss. Wait, why did he say goodbye?

He was supposed to become her disciple!

How could he absentmindedly walk away like that?

Yash's heart skipped a beat as he quickly turned back, gazing at Lilly eagerly, "Master, please accept me!"

Oh, he even knew how to act cute.

Lilly blinked her eyes and responded, "You do seem to have some potential. I couldn't even send you away with a departing talisman."

She regained her senses surprisingly quickly, leaving Lilly somewhat amazed.

She had initially thought he was an incapable fake practitioner, but it turned out he had some talent.

Yash stood there dumbfounded, realizing why he had unconsciously walked away earlier.

So there was a departing talisman after all?

He hadn't seen Lilly draw any talismans!

"Master, did you just draw a talisman?" Yash suddenly became excited. "A departing talisman? Are there other types of talismans like that? How do you draw them? Could you teach me..."

He was just a step away from grabbing onto Lilly's thigh.

Josh muttered, "Is there anything Lilly can't draw... Quite surprising."

Yash's eyes filled with fervor. If Lilly could draw any kind of talisman, did that mean she had reached the realm of an immortal god?

Absolutely amazing!

He wanted to learn!

Lilly looked at Yash, who stared at her with puppy-like eyes, full of anticipation.

Gone was the stern scolding she had given earlier, warning him not to meddle in things he didn't understand.

"Umm..." Lilly looked helplessly at Pablo.

Pablo couldn't help but chuckle silently. His initial image had been:

Yash: Master, please accept me!

Lilly: Sure, sure! Good disciple!

Little did he expect that she would understand the importance of not casually accepting disciples.

Pablo coughed lightly and calmly stated, "Our sect doesn't take disciples. Lilly is the last disciple, and we've closed our doors."

Yash instantly felt a pang of disappointment.

No disciples... They didn't accept disciples!

How could such greatness not be passed down to future generations?

He was willing to devote himself to the Spicechique sect, to dedicate his life without getting married, without having children, and to do everything to carry forward the legacy of the Spicechique sect.

How could this incredible knowledge remain unknown to others? How could this be acceptable?

Yash wanted to say something more, but at that moment, the door to Miah's home opened.

"Sis!" Miah rushed out, throwing herself into Lilly's arms, her voice filled with joy.

Lilly was only slightly taller than Miah and quickly embraced her.

Miah anxiously asked, "Sis, if I start my journey now, can I catch up to Jannat?"

She wanted to be with her.

If possible, she wanted to be best friends even in their next lives.

Miah had only lived for five years, and Jannat was her only friend. For countless nights, the two children encouraged each other and cried together in the special ward.

Lilly pondered for a moment and replied, "You should be able to. After descending, there's still a process to go through. You don't reincarnate immediately."

Miah smiled happily, "Great! Then I'll go find her."

Miah's parents stood by the door, their hearts breaking.

Just moments ago, Miah had explained that she was doing well now. Although she was reluctant to leave her parents, she knew that staying with them as a ghost would only harm them.

Her parents would fall ill, and being sick was very painful. She didn't want her parents to suffer.

So she had to pretend to be cheerful and leave early.

Turning around, Miah smiled, "Mom and Dad, I'm leaving!"

Although she had already told them inside the house.

Seeing Miah's demeanor now, her mother suddenly couldn't accept it.

She broke free from Miah's father and rushed over to tightly embrace Miah.

"Miah, Mommy will go with you, okay?" Her eyes were swollen from crying, and she didn't even know how long she had been crying or how intense her tears were.

She didn't want her precious baby to leave. As a mother, no matter where her daughter went, she would rather go with her.

Her Miah was so afraid of being alone, so afraid of the cold...

She had made a mistake, freezing her in the freezer for so long.

How could she leave her alone, letting her face everything by herself? She was still so young...

Lilly had thought Miah's mother was only speaking out of deep despair.

Little did she expect that she would suddenly release Miah and, with a desperate and forced smile, say, "Miah, wait for Mommy, okay? Mommy... Mommy will come!"

After speaking, she suddenly rushed towards the windowsill at the end of the corridor...

### [Chapter 943 Giving Hope to Miah's Mother](#)

On the 28th floor, where Miah's family resided, the hallway led to two different paths. On one side, there was a secure exit staircase, while on the other side, there was a window that opened to allow ventilation. An adult could easily leap through it and escape.

Blake had sensed the despair and lifelessness in Miah's mother's eyes from the moment she uttered her first words. So, the instant she rushed towards the window, he quickly stepped forward and intercepted her.

Miah's father was shocked and immediately embraced Miah's mother. "Let me go... Let me go!" she cried.

"I want to go with our baby. Let me go. I can't bear the thought of our baby walking that dark and long path alone..."

"What if she gets scared? What if she gets lost? What if she can't find Jannat and is left all alone?"

It was said that ghost spirits had to traverse Golden Ridge and Hellhound Ridge, where chickens would peck at their eyes and dogs would bite off their limbs. The ghost spirits would have to run desperately forward.

When Miah was little, she was pecked by a rooster, and that same day, she was hospitalized with a fever. The incident left a deep psychological impact on her.

The thought of her little child, who had been sheltered in her arms since infancy, having to walk those paths alone, facing chasing chickens and dogs she rarely encountered, was unbearable. It broke her heart.

Miah's mother cried, her tears dried up, and her despair became evident. Her eyes grew increasingly red and swollen as if one could expect blood tears to flow at any moment.

Miah's father held onto Miah's mother tightly, unwilling to let go. At that moment, his mind, once consumed by the fantasy of resurrecting Miah, cleared up considerably. Ever since Miah's passing, he and his wife had plunged into a delusional pursuit of bringing Miah back to life, as if they had lost all purpose in their world with their daughter's absence. The search for a way to revive Miah had become their new motivation to keep living. But in this process, he had inadvertently neglected his wife's emotional well-being. Instead of consoling her, he had blindly followed her into a dead-end.

Now, if his wife were to take her own life as well...

Miah's father held Miah's mother tightly, and even this grown man couldn't hold back his tears. "Let our baby go..." his voice hoarse, he continued, "It's all fate... Forcing her to stay, is it truly for her good?"

"Perhaps in her next life, she will be reborn into a wonderful family, blessed with wealth and

prosperity... a healthy body, a peaceful and happy life..."

Growing up like any other child, going to kindergarten, attending school...

Growing up, getting married, having children...

"Wouldn't we be hindering her then?"

It wasn't right to forcibly hold her back, to let her stay until she was spirited away, leaving nothing behind. It shouldn't be like this!

Miah's mother collapsed to the ground, finally understanding.

She lay on her back, tears streaming down her face, clutching her chest, hating her helplessness, blaming herself for not protecting her child.

Lilly watched, feeling a pang in her heart.

What if one day she, too, left in the same way?

Would Granny also be devastated, overcome with grief...

Lilly shook herself out of her reverie.

She steadied her emotions and said, "Auntie, if you were to take your own life, even in death, you wouldn't be able to accompany Miah."

"Suicide is considered 'evil' towards oneself. It would be taken by Behemoth and Leviathan and subjected to judgment... You think that by ending your life, you can be with Miah, but in reality, it won't happen."

Miah's mother was truly hopeless this time.

With a heart as lifeless as ashes, she realized there was nothing she could do.

She could only watch helplessly as her child departed from her side...

"I'm sorry, baby..." Miah's mother cried while holding Miah, "It's Mommy's fault for not protecting you. I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

Miah gently touched her mother's head and softly said, "It's okay, Mommy."

"I am happy because Mommy and Daddy have always loved me." Miah showed a sincere smile. "Thank you, Mommy and Daddy. Thank you so much..."

"I love Mommy and Daddy very much too!" she added.

Miah tenderly kissed her mother's face and then her father's.

She nestled in their embrace for the last time, cherishing the warmth of her parents' embrace.

Lilly glanced at the time and said, "Let's go."

Ultimately, they had to part ways. Lingering too long would serve no purpose but to deepen Miah's mother's sorrow.

Miah waved goodbye and, with a smile, walked towards the elevator, like a grown child leaving home for the first time.

Turning back to her parents, she said, "Goodbye, Mommy and Daddy. Take care of yourselves!"

The elevator arrived, and Miah followed the guide of the summoning spirit, returning to the hospital morgue to reclaim her half-face.

Then, she embarked on the Yellow Spring Route alone.

Throughout the entire journey, she would be on her own, showing immense strength...

Miah's parents sat there in a daze for a long time. Lilly spoke softly, "Uncle, Aunt, it's time to go and bring Miah back for the burial. That way, she can reach the Hell Ruler Palace faster and find Jannat successfully."

Miah's mother remained silent, lost in her thoughts. Miah's father stood up and said, barely audible, "Thank you..."

He glanced at his wife and continued, "I'll go now."

He had accepted the reality of his daughter's departure, filled with inconsolable grief, yet he had to support their home...

He had to take care of the arrangements, console his wife, and continue moving forward, carrying this family on his shoulders.

Lilly witnessed the farewells between Jannat and Miah, as well as their respective families.

Two different families, two different types of grief...

Finally, she offered words of comfort, "Uncle, Aunt, you must take care. Miah and Jannat's reincarnation

process takes three years. Who knows, maybe after three years, Miah will return."

These words acted as a beam of light in Miah's mother's dark and despairing world.

Although she remained silent and dazed, a glimmer of hope flickered in her eyes...

If the madness they experienced before stemmed from losing their will to live, they now had a new source of motivation.

After leaving, Josh asked, "Lilly, can Miah be reincarnated?"

He remembered a similar precedent when Lilly had said that Tracy, the girl, would be reincarnated.

[Chapter 944 If There Comes a Day, He Will Accompany Her](#)

Josh thought Lilly had said those words to Miah's mom, believing that Miah would be reincarnated in the next life.

But Lilly shook her head.

Doubt filled Josh's mind, and after a long while, he heard her soft voice saying:

"Things may not always turn out perfectly, but if we hold onto hope, we gain the courage to keep living."

Miah wouldn't be reborn here in the next life, but three years later, Miah's parents would have another baby—a healthy one.

Lilly had just calculated it in her mind; they would channel their love for Miah into their second child. Eventually, the couple would move past the shadows, though some wounds and memories would remain deep within their hearts, keeping Miah alive in their minds.

That's how life is; it may not always be perfect, but there is always new hope.

The only question is whether you choose hope or something else...

Lost in her thoughts, Lilly suddenly felt the weight in her heart dissipate.

Her face tensed, and she exclaimed, "Daddy, quick, let's go home! I can't hold it anymore..."

Josh saw her urgency and her expression... It was as if she needed to use the restroom and couldn't wait, almost ready to start patting her buttocks and running.

He quickly asked, "What's wrong? Do you need to use the restroom?"

Lilly shook her head repeatedly, "No, no!"

What she couldn't hold back was her breakthrough. She felt something rolling inside her "little belly," filled with spirit energy, wanting to surge through her limbs and meridians.

But spirit energy was insufficient!

She needed to hurry back and replenish spirit energy, which meant staying in the Hell Ruler Palace. It could take several days...

So she had to go back quickly.

Behind her, Yash chased after them, calling out, "Wait for me... Master, wait for me!"

Lilly slipped away even faster.

Blake seized the opportunity, saw Lilly get into the car, and stepped on the gas pedal, zooming away.

Pablo, who was still standing in the same spot without "getting in the car," looked utterly bewildered.

Seeing Yash's persistent ghostly pursuit, he blinked in place and instantly disappeared.

Yash arrived at the roadside panting, heartbroken as he watched the distant car.

He had run too fast, not even managing to read the license plate number.

It was heart-wrenching, feeling unwilling to accept it...

Ghosts, they were real! He had seen it with his own eyes and confirmed that with a wave of the little master's hand, the ghost appeared.

And there was the Master of Masters—he saw the "living" Master of Masters! So powerful, capable of teleportation!

He missed out on such an incredible opportunity.

It must be because his aptitude wasn't good enough, and the little master didn't choose him.

Yash decided to do more good deeds. He hadn't handled Miah's soul-summoning matters well, but he still knew how to do virtuous deeds.

So he would help Miah's parents with the aftermath!

(Miah: Don't come near me!!)

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Lilly didn't make it back home; she couldn't hold it any longer in the car.

She instinctively clenched the Hell Ruler Palace on her wrist, and the purified spirit energy within it continuously surged into her body...

Lilly closed her eyes, her mind still filled with newfound hope.

Throughout all this time, she had encountered the ups and downs of life, the joys, and sorrows, the infuriating moments.

But tragedies outweighed the rest. She had gained some understanding of life, yet it left an indelible heaviness in her heart.

Many times, her family would heal her, with Bettany preparing a sumptuous feast upon her return and her family showering her with love...

She would gather her emotions, and continue living happily, doing what she could to live a normal life like any other child.

But invisibly, the burden weighing on her young heart was more than she could bear.

Miah and Jannat's departure from their family, the sorrow mingled with enduring love and hope, suddenly sparked a realization within Lilly.

In this world, there were parents worse than beasts, but there were also more parents who loved their children.

With so many stars in the sky, why should she fixate on the darkness?

Blake's car sped ahead.

Pablo's soul chased from behind.

After finally catching up, Blake glanced over and asked, "Huh? Where did you go again?"

Pablo felt speechless.

He didn't want to bother with this deadhead. Turning his head to look at Lilly, he felt even more speechless.

Lilly leaned against the back seat as if she were asleep, but she was experiencing enlightenment.

Damn it, this made no sense.

He wanted to go back and hang on the sacred tree too!

Pablo left a remark, "Lilly has another enlightenment. We shouldn't disturb her... I'll go ahead."

After speaking, he returned to the jar of souls.

Blake glanced at Lilly through the rearview mirror.

Josh carefully supported Lilly's head, his arm growing sore, but he was reluctant to let go, afraid of waking Lilly and disrupting her breakthrough.

He understood enlightenment! That's how it was written in novels—geniuses experienced breakthroughs all the time.

Now seeing it with his own eyes, he couldn't help but feel envious...

Blake focused on driving, though the car's speed had considerably slowed down. It steadily moved along a road adorned with flowers.

Miah's parents had no choice.

But if there came a day when he had to part with Lilly...

Even if he had to tear open a rift in hell, he would follow Lilly and be by her side forever.

No one would stop him, not a god, nor a Jesus...!

#### [Chapter 945 She Escapes, She Pursues](#)

Lilly found herself immersed in her world, experiencing a sense of wonder. She could vividly see her blood coursing through her veins, and her bones and flesh seemed to sprout like budding trees in spring, stretching and growing...

A purple haze filled her vision, and her stomach gurgled with an unknown sensation. Curiosity sparked within Lilly, and before she knew it, her consciousness seemed to float out, allowing her to observe the situation inside her belly from a third-person perspective.

"It's not just my stomach..." Lilly exclaimed in astonishment. "What is this?"

As soon as the question arose, her subconscious provided an answer, and two words popped into Lilly's mind: Elixir Field.

Incredible! This was the Elixir Field!

The novels her mother read were not deceiving; humans indeed possessed an Elixir Field. Within her Elixir Field, a vast expanse of purple surged and roared, gradually condensing into a fist-sized purple sphere.

Lilly was puzzled. What could this large sphere possibly be?

She couldn't comprehend it, but the sphere incessantly absorbed spirit energy, never seeming to be satisfied.

Strangely enough, despite its continuous "feeding," the sphere kept shrinking...

While the purple sphere solidified, Lilly instinctively absorbed the spirit energy.

Huffing and puffing, the spirit energy within the Hell Ruler Palace surged outward, forming a fierce gale. King Libra, compressed almost to the point of being a biscuit, finally sensed some movement within the Hell Ruler Palace. The space allotted to him expanded slightly, allowing him to shift and sit up.

King Libra felt like crying.

Who had ever witnessed a Ruler of Hell so pathetic?

He failed at rebellion, was captured, and thrown into the Hell Ruler Palace, only to be spared from death. Being used as a punching bag was one thing, but the treatment was abysmal. No food and the only place to live was a crack in the wall.

This was beyond outrageous!

Just then, the spirit energy within the Hell Ruler Palace was completely absorbed.

Despite gathering a significant amount of spirit energy from the Abyss of Ghosts, it wasn't enough for Lilly to level up in one go.

With closed eyes, Lilly instantly felt a pang of sadness. She sensed that she was so close, just a little bit more, and she needed a bit more spirit energy...

Spirit energy... spirit energy. She craved spirit energy!

Restlessly searching, Lilly's eyes suddenly lit up.

At this moment, she didn't truly "see" anything; it was all a matter of sensation.

She felt that there was still some lingering spirit energy hidden in a corner of the Hell Ruler Palace, just enough to fulfill that final, elusive requirement!

Swirling and twirling~

King Libra was taken aback.

This damned creature!

She was siphoning spirit energy from him!

King Libra already had scarce spirit energy, and now it was quickly depleted. His once plump soul shriveled into a wrinkled mass, his eyes and face creasing...

Lilly's purple sphere also ceased its rotation at this moment and fell silent.

She couldn't help but let out a sigh, a jubilant emotion rising within her.

Lilly had an illusion that she could now slap away ten King Libras with a single strike!

As she entertained this thought, her soul also emerged from her body, floating away in the distance...

Meanwhile, Blake had arrived at the Crawford family's residence and discovered that Lilly was already "asleep" in the car.

He dared not disturb her, as Pablo had mentioned that she was in enlightenment and should not be disturbed.

In a hushed voice, Josh asked, "Uncle Blake, should we carry Lilly inside?"

Blake shook his head.

Seeing that they had been in the car for so long without getting out, Bettany approached and grumbled, "What's going on? We've arrived home, why aren't you getting out? Is Lilly hungry? I've prepared the food..."

Josh quickly made a shushing gesture.

Bettany paused.

Blake spoke, "You two go inside. I'll stay with her."

Bettany understood immediately. If Lilly was truly asleep, Blake would carry her inside and put her on the bed to sleep.

Now, with both the adult and child looking nervous and hesitant, they didn't dare to move.

Her darling little girl must be up to something remarkable...

Muttering and grumbling, Bettany went inside.

Blake rested one hand on the steering wheel and the other on the car window, absentmindedly tapping his fingertips on the vehicle's surface.

The car remained quiet, and Blake silently observed Lilly through the rearview mirror.

Suddenly, his gaze froze, and he swiftly turned around!

What was happening to Lilly?

Why was her soul leaving her body?

Blake's heart raced, and he immediately wanted to get out of the car and chase after her.

Pablo appeared suddenly, narrowing his eyes.

"She's astral projecting. Guard her, while I follow her soul," Pablo said.

Blake nodded.

He had a lingering doubt. What did astral projecting mean?

In the underworld, darkness enveloped everything.

Miah looked around fearfully.

Howl~~~

From somewhere, an indistinct dog's bark could be heard, causing Miah to clutch her arms tightly.

At that moment, she heard footsteps behind her. Someone was following her...?

Tap, tap, tap...

Miah anxiously glanced back, and a small shadow appeared by the roadside not far away, drifting silently...

Seeing her, the shadow suddenly paused and immediately floated toward her.

A ghost!

Miah's face contorted with terror, and she turned and ran.

The shadow chased after her, and as Miah ran faster, it matched her pace.

"Help...!" Miah cried in fear. "Ghost!"

Jannat watched the figure in the distance growing faster and faster, bewildered.

She had waited here for Miah for a long time and was almost losing patience.

Finally seeing Miah, why didn't she wait for her and just started running?

"Miah... Miah!"

Running too fast, the sound of the wind whooshed in her ears. Jannat called out to Miah several times, but she couldn't hear anything...

[Chapter 946 King of Cities Gets Slapped Again...](#)

On the Yellow Spring Route, two tiny figures staged a scene: she fled, and she pursued...

Behemoth and Leviathan stood still, rendered speechless.

Jannat chased after Miah, running past the Outlook Tower, Hellhound Ridge, Golden Ridge, Ghost Village, and Drowsy Hall...

Ghost Village housed the ghost spirits who failed to pass through Hellhound Ridge and Golden Ridge. They would bewilder complete souls, enticing them to stay in Ghost Village as substitutes.

Upon seeing two complete ghost children running towards them, the ghost spirits rejoiced, thinking they had a chance.

But the two children swiftly dashed away.

Silence fell upon the crowd of ghost spirits in Ghost Village.

Jannat chased after Miah, finally stepping into the realm of Ghost Town.

Before reaching Ghost Town, there was still a chance for revival. However, once they arrived, it meant they truly were deceased souls.

Startled, Miah stepped back as she noticed the increasing number of ghosts around her. Just then, a hand landed on her shoulder.

About to scream in fright, Miah heard Jannat's breathless voice say, "Miah, why are you running? I can hardly keep up with you!"

Miah was taken aback when she saw Jannat behind her, feeling a surge of grievance welling up inside her. She pouted.

"Jannat, I finally found you, Jannat," Miah clung to Jannat, filled with sorrow. "I was chased by a ghost all the way."

Jannat felt at a loss for words.

Could it be possible that the ghost chasing her was Jannat herself?

Jannat chuckled and said, "Miah, you silly girl, we're both ghosts now!"

They looked ahead and saw Ghost Town, where ghosts constantly came and went.

It was like being in the mortal world, where people came and went. Among the ghosts were many they feared, their loved ones from the mortal world whom they could no longer see.

And now, they were ghosts too...

Thinking this way, what was there to be afraid of?

Miah wiped her teary eyes, feeling a bit embarrassed, and said, "You're right..."

Jannat asked, "Do you still miss your mom and dad?"

Miah nodded gently.

Jannat said, "I do too, but Lilly told me not to be afraid. We just need to keep moving forward, and if it's meant to be, we'll see our mom and dad again in the future."

Miah whispered, "Hmm..."

Lilly had whispered the same to her, treating this journey as a trip, and that one day they would reunite.

The two little girls exchanged a smile and walked hand in hand.

With each other's company, they were no longer afraid.

Just then, a figure stood in their way.

"Are you new ghosts?" King of Cities, wearing a stern expression, said, "Follow me."

Jannat asked, "Who are you?"

King of Cities sneered, "I am the Ruler of Hell!"

King of Cities was currently extremely displeased.

Last time, he had been outwitted by Lilly and ended up spending half a day lying in the Abyss of Ghosts like an idiot.

Later, someone deliberately spread the incident, turning him into the biggest joke among the Ten Hell Palace Rulers!

Without a doubt, the King of Transformation must have been behind it.

King of Transformation always stood by Lilly's side, a sycophant who thought he would gain some benefits by doing so.

But the King of Cities couldn't do anything; his mouth belonged to the King of Transformation. Was he not even allowed to speak?

As a result, King of Cities had been depressed for quite some time.

Now, upon seeing Jannat and Miah, two ghosts who inexplicably reminded him of Lilly, he couldn't help but want to crush them mercilessly.

King of Cities felt a surge of disdain, especially when faced with two young girls who reminded him of Lilly. He spoke coldly, his voice laced with hostility, "How did the two of you die? What are your names? Where are you from? Speak the truth!"

Jannat and Miah were terrified, overwhelmed by the King of Cities' gloomy presence, intensified by the unrelenting aura of the Ruler of Hell.

Now, these two little girls were nothing more than ordinary ghost spirits. Jannat, previously a resentful spirit, had shed her hostility and become an ordinary ghost.

Under the oppressive weight of the King of Cities' dominance, they felt their souls ache, as if about to burst from the pressure. Fear consumed them entirely, rendering them unable to utter a word.

Around them, other ghosts passing by trembled in fear. To their eyes, it seemed as though these two young spirits had committed some misdeed, hence why the Ruler of Hell personally apprehended them, forcing them to kneel and confess before the King of Cities.

A smirk of derision curled upon the King of Cities' lips, finally finding some gratification deep within his

heart. His pent-up rage had found an outlet, and upon seeing these two innocent girls who evoked memories of Lilly, he couldn't resist the urge to crush them mercilessly.

Smack!

Miah was the first to succumb to the pressure. Her knees buckled, and she collapsed on the ground, unable to move!

Fear filled her eyes. As a mere child, her immediate thoughts went to her mother. Tearfully, she struggled and whispered, "Mommy..."

Jannat was also affected, but she clung tightly to Miah, kneeling beside her.

King of Cities, with disgust in his eyes, couldn't comprehend why these two ghosts were displaying such intense emotions at the brink of death. It made him sick to witness their genuine bond.

He was the Ruler of Hell. With so many ghost spirits in Ghost Town, even if he eliminated one or two, no one could do anything to him.

If he took out his frustration on them, so what?

Who let these two little ghosts challenge him and remind him of unpleasant things?

It was their honor to "relieve his worries and difficulties" as the Ruler of Hell, making him feel slightly better.

King of Cities felt a sense of relief, and just as he was about to extend a finger and crush Jannat and Miah like ants...

A hand suddenly appeared from the sky and landed a resounding slap on his face!

#### [Chapter 947 King of Transformation Feels Like He's Been Played](#)

With a booming sound, the King of Cities was sent flying, crashing into the city wall. If it weren't for the reinforced repairs personally done by the King of Hell himself, the wall would have likely collapsed under the impact.

The surrounding ghost spirits were left stunned, witnessing something unimaginable. What did they see? They saw the Ruler of Hell being slapped away!

Not every ghost spirit could comprehend the existence of the Ten Hell Palace Rulers in the underworld, let alone understand that there were different ranks among them. In their perception, the Ruler of Hell was simply the King of Hell.

So, the one who had just been sent flying must be the highest-ranking official in the underworld, the

King of Hell, right?

Who could possess such incredible power?

The ghost spirits were a mix of shock, awe, and curiosity as they looked up into the air, but they saw nothing.

King of Cities looked up in shock, his anger surging: "Who did this?"

Lilly slapped King of Cities and immediately fled!

Even she was shocked deep down. It was just a passing thought that made her believe she could slap away ten Kings of Cities with all her might once her purple sphere had solidified.

She didn't expect that it was merely a thought, and she unintentionally left her physical body, finding herself in Ghost Town.

And she did slap King of Cities in the face!

Just when she witnessed King of Cities bullying Miah and Jannat, her anger surged, and she put all her strength into that slap, distorting King of Cities' face...

But it also depleted the spirit energy within her purple sphere.

As the spirit energy within the purple sphere dissipated, Lilly suddenly felt a wave of weakness, almost losing her balance and revealing her true form...

If she revealed her true form, she would undoubtedly become the target of the King of Cities' pursuit.

She was alarmed and hastily ran away in panic.

After delivering a slap, she didn't even turn back, just like her father had always said: strike and retreat, never linger in battle!

As a result, the King of Cities had no idea that Lilly had been there.

He thought back to the first time he had tried to ambush Lilly, the slap that came from the void. The owner of that slap seemed to be called Speedboat Rider.

Damn it, it's that Speedboat Rider again?!

King of Cities was filled with dread. At this moment, he had an inexplicable feeling that every word and action of his was being scrutinized.

Gritting his teeth, he looked at Jannat and Miah lying on the ground. He had originally vented his frustration, but he couldn't even kill them, making him extremely unwilling.

He appeared completely ineffective!

King of Cities struggled to his feet, trying to maintain a dignified appearance, desperately holding onto what little remained of his image.

Fine, if he couldn't do it outside, then he would do it within his Eighth Hell Ruler Palace!

He didn't believe that anyone could lay a hand on him within his territory!

"Bring these two little ghosts to my palace, I will personally pass judgment!" King of Cities exclaimed, his eyes filled with malice.

However, the King of Transformation appeared.

He was dressed in a dark robe, his expression cold and stern, with one hand behind his back.

Seeing the King of Transformation again, the King of Cities became even more displeased.

"What do you want, King of Transformation?" King of Cities asked coldly.

King of Transformation asked indifferently, "Are these two little ghosts under your jurisdiction?"

With a mocking smile, the King of Cities replied, "Of course. If they're not under my rule, who else would they be under? Could it be that they're under yours?"

King of Transformation's lips curled slightly as he raised his hand, and the jade-white Book of Life floated in mid-air.

"Well, what a coincidence, they are indeed under my rule," King of Transformation said. "King of Cities, when did it become your turn to pass judgment on my ghosts?"

He looked at King of Cities mockingly, using the two little ghosts to vent his frustrations. How 'impressive' of him.

King of Cities was instantly speechless. He hadn't expected to be slapped in the face so quickly, without any buffer between the incidents.

With a wave of his hand, Jannat and Miah returned to the King of Transformation's side. He took the two children without looking back and headed towards the Sixth Hell Ruler Palace.

No words were spoken, but his disdainful attitude spoke volumes. King of Cities felt the strange gazes

around him and was on the verge of spitting blood.

Why was nothing going his way lately?!!!

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King of Transformation sighed as he looked at the two little ghosts by his side.

Suppressed by the King of Cities, they were unable to utter a word, weakened to the extreme.

He gently touched them, and Jannat and Miah finally regained their original forms. Miah's broken knee also returned to normal.

The two children looked at the King of Transformation in fear. Perhaps children have a better sense of intuition, as they could feel that the Ruler of Hell before them was not a bad person.

Suddenly, they burst into loud sobs.

King of Transformation fell silent.

Looking at the two sobbing children, he suddenly developed a headache.

"Don't... don't cry," he pressed his brow. "Tell me how you died..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Miah and Jannat cried even louder.

King of Transformation fell silent again.

He flipped through his records, feeling quite overwhelmed.

"Miah... Jannat," he murmured. "Died of an illness...?" Perhaps some interaction with the King of Hell...  
Hmm...

"Stop crying. I won't ask anymore. Just come with me to the Court of Justice," he said.

Jannat and Miah continued to cry incessantly.

King of Transformation fell silent, attempting to console them. "I will send both of you to be reincarnated together. You'll go together."

Jannat and Miah continued their nonstop sobbing.

"Letting you be born as twins, I can't make any more concessions," King of Transformation said, suppressing his brow.

Jannat and Miah whimpered softly.

King of Transformation continued, "You'll be born into a wealthy and prosperous family. You won't have to worry about food and clothing."

Jannat and Miah looked up with hopeful eyes.

This time, it was the King of Transformation who fell silent.

A lifetime of good health and peace, isn't that enough?

There's nothing more to offer!

What kind of mess had he gotten himself into...

Thinking of Lilly, who had slapped King of Cities and then ran away... He couldn't help but feel like he had been duped.

#### [Chapter 948 Lilly, Don't Fear Master](#)

Lilly dashed away, feeling her legs turn to jelly. The slap had drained her spirit energy, leaving her feeling worse than starving for a year. Regret surged within her, realizing her impulsive actions. Pablo would surely be angry if he found out...

As she ran, Lilly's legs gave way, and she tumbled through the air, descending toward the ground. Uncertain of the pain she might experience as a spirit crashing down, she remembered Pablo's words about the equal force of the underworld ground on spirits and the mortal world ground on humans.

This was her first time experiencing such an out-of-body phenomenon, and without the support of spirit energy, she had lost all momentum. Fearing the impact, Lilly tightly shut her eyes.

Just then, a white figure swooped in, catching her and cradling her in their arms.

"Master?!" Lilly's eyes widened in disbelief. "How did you... Master, how did you get here?"

After the initial surprise, Lilly began to feel a sense of guilt. Pablo remained silent, swiftly carrying her forward without a word. He wasn't sure if the King of Cities had noticed, but leaving first was the safest choice.

Feeling Pablo's silence, Lilly grew more afraid. She clutched his robe, her tear-filled eyes looking up at him.

"Master, I didn't mean to run away. I was... I was..." Lilly's words escaped her in her desperation. "When I realized, I was already here. It wasn't..."

"It was my disobedient spirit that ran away on its own!" Lilly truthfully explained the situation, though it sounded like a feeble excuse.

Listening to herself, it did indeed sound like a mischievous excuse, and Pablo would surely be even angrier now.

At that moment, Lilly saw Pablo cast a sidelong glance at her, a smile playing on his lips.

"Master?" Lilly was perplexed.

Pablo reached out, lightly brushing her small nose. "Master understands."

Seeing her anxiousness, Pablo found it both amusing and heartwarming.

"Lilly, you don't have to be so afraid of Master," Pablo spoke gently. "Master's strictness stems from the fear of you losing control and doing things that could harm yourself."

"There are things Master can help you with, but your personal trials, Master cannot assist you with."

Her understanding of the various facets of life, her inner world, those were beyond his control. But she had grown mature now...

It was bittersweet to see her growing up.

Pablo's arm tightened, embracing Lilly a little more, as he softly admonished, "Hold on tight, we're going up."

Lilly hurriedly clung to Pablo, lifting her gaze to take a look. To her surprise, they were on the Yellow Spring Route. Pablo had brought her back the same way they came. A blinding light flashed, and Lilly suddenly opened her eyes.

She swiftly turned over but forgot she was still in the car, nearly falling under the seat.

Blake raised his hand, steadying her in his arms. "Back already?" Relief flooded Blake's previously tense heart.

Lilly was momentarily confused.

Wait, wasn't she in Master's embrace just now? How did she end up in Daddy's arms?

"Where's Master?" She turned her head to search.

Pablo appeared out of thin air, saying, "I'm here."

Lilly asked, "Master, where did you go?"

Pablo replied nonchalantly, "Nowhere. After I lifted you up, Master was a step behind."

Actually, that wasn't true. Flying through the Yellow Spring Route, even if it was fast, would still be noticed by someone. He had gone to chat with Behemoth and Leviathan, and those two took the opportunity to extort billions from him.

Satisfied, he pretended to be clueless, saying, "What child? We didn't see any child coming up."

Pablo had only returned after that.

Luckily, Lilly had burned money for him. Money was plentiful!

Lilly didn't understand, thinking that what Pablo said was true, that he was a step behind because he wanted to lift her up. She asked, "Master, what's happening?"

Pablo said, "You were astral projecting."

Seeing Lilly's confusion, he continued to explain, "Your soul detached from your body, and as per your will, it went to train."

Lilly grasped the concept. "So, the soul and body train separately, right?"

Pablo fell silent.

In a way... that was correct.

This was a spiritual upgrade, a process of becoming stronger.

Lilly solemnly said, "I understand now."

"This time, I gave the King of Cities a slap. Next time, I'll aim for two slaps, and the time after that, I'll make him spin in a circle right where he stands."

Pablo's mouth twitched.

Only Blake, without any principles, praised, "Lilly, you slapped the King of Cities? Impressive! Truly the remarkable daughter of mine!"

Like father, like daughter. My daughter was the rarity among rarities, a true prodigy among spirits and a hero among ghosts!

[Chapter 949 Mr Lambert](#)

Lilly's journey seemed like a fleeting dream, and when she woke up, it was the next morning. Despite her spirit energy being completely depleted, she didn't feel tired after a good night's sleep.

As usual, she was caught by Bettany and given a lecture.

Around noon, Anthony returned home while Lilly was packing with Bettany. When she saw Anthony, she exclaimed, "Uncle Anthony, why are you back?"

Anthony sat down and said, "Lilly, don't go back to Malie City. Transfer back to your previous school."

Lilly was puzzled. "What happened?"

Anthony replied, "Do you remember Mr. Lambert?"

Lilly hesitated for a moment. She did remember, but it hadn't crossed her mind until now.

Anthony lovingly ruffled her hair and said, "It's not your fault, Lilly. You've been busy."

Feeling a bit embarrassed, Lilly asked, "What happened to Master Lambert?"

Anthony nodded. "He has been studying abroad for the past few years, and I thought it was for career development or other reasons."

"Just today, I found out that he's returning to the country. He went abroad to seek treatment."

Lilly sat up straight and asked, "Is Master Lambert sick?"

Anthony sighed, "Yes, he couldn't be cured, so he came back."

Lilly asked, "What illness does he have?"

She started to feel worried, and more than that, she felt guilty. In a strict sense, Lawrence was also her teacher, her painting teacher during her time in the mortal world. Although she hadn't painted in a long time and only doodled in textbooks.

She suddenly felt sorry for Master Lambert...

Anthony explained, "He has a rare condition called Syringomyelia. He accidentally discovered it when he cut his hand while sharpening a pencil."

This disease is mostly congenital, and acquired cases are even rarer. It usually presents with reduced or loss of pain and temperature sensation in one or both upper limbs. In severe cases, the hand can be burned or cut without being aware, accompanied by numbness, stiffness, and atrophy.

Lawrence's condition is affecting one side, and he can no longer hold a paintbrush. He went back and forth between domestic and abroad but couldn't find a cure.

Lilly nodded and said, "When Master Lambert comes back, I'll go see him."

Because of Lawrence, Lilly decided not to return to Malie City.

Bettany didn't mention moving either, although some daily necessities could be bought new. Some valuable and meaningful items could be retrieved by Margaret.

As for the house?

The Crawford family didn't lack money, so there was no need to sell the house. It could be left vacant, serving as a temporary residence if Lilly ever needed to go there.

That decision was finalized.

Lawrence returned to the country the next day, and Lilly went to the airport with Gilbert early in the morning to pick him up.

Gilbert had a day off and took the opportunity to come with Lilly, claiming that he could help with medical advice as a doctor.

"Uncle Gilbert, can't Syringomyelia be treated?" Lilly worriedly asked.

Gilbert replied, "It's difficult to treat, and the course of the disease is long."

Lilly thought to herself that she would see what she could do to help when she met Lawrence.

The airport became more crowded as the passengers from the incoming flight started coming out. Lilly stretched her neck and caught sight of an old man sitting in a wheelchair, being pushed out by someone.

He looked different from the Lawrence in her memory, much worse. He had lost a lot of weight, and most importantly, there was a lingering sense of despair about him.

"Master Lambert!" Lilly called out and ran over.

Lawrence hesitated for a moment before exclaiming, "Oh, it's Lilly!"

Since falling ill, he had almost forgotten about his disciple... A closed-door disciple, forgotten so completely. It was the fault of the author.

Lilly felt guilty and said, "I'm sorry, Master Lambert. It's all Lilly's fault for forgetting about you."

Lawrence smiled gently and said, "It's okay, I... also forgot about Lilly!"

### [Chapter 950 The Flying Wheelchair](#)

Lawrence, who had been ill for so long, smiled for the first time.

"Why is Lilly here?" he asked.

Although they hadn't seen each other in years, there was a strange power emanating from Lilly that made Lawrence feel closer to her.

If Lilly knew what he was thinking, she would probably say, "We shouldn't get closer, I am the Ruler of Hell!"

Who dares to get close to the Ruler of Hell?

Lilly carefully examined Lawrence.

Whether it was because he had been sick for a long time or due to the surrounding illness, there was a lingering gloominess and low pressure around him.

Lilly quietly reached out and removed the strands of illness that surrounded him, tossing them into the Hell Ruler Palace to feed King Libra.

(King Libra: ???)

"Don't worry, Master Lambert, you'll get better," Lilly said earnestly. "Give me some time, and I will cure you, Master Lambert!"

She had ice pond water, a spiritual spring, a soul flower, and even a bit of amphibious soil left!

She would try using each one, and surely one of them would be effective.

But she had to do it secretly, pretending to administer some medicine... Hmm.

Lawrence smiled and nodded in agreement, taking Lilly's words as a form of comfort.

Behind Lawrence, his son is pushing the wheelchair, but he paid no attention to what was being said.

When he took his father abroad, he had no idea that Lilly had cured Bettany. The Crawford family hadn't publicized it either.

David smiled gratefully at Gilbert and said, "Dr. Gilbert, thank you for coming to pick up my dad."

Gilbert shook his head and replied, "No problem at all. We, the Crawford family, overlooked the fact that Lilly's teacher was ill."

The two of them engaged in polite conversation, mostly revolving around Lawrence's treatment over the past few years.

Lilly took over Lawrence's position and pushed him forward.

"Master Lambert, are you hungry? It's been a long flight," she asked.

Lawrence looked at the familiar scenery of his homeland and smiled, saying, "Actually, I am a bit hungry. It's been more than ten hours on the plane!"

Lilly secretly pulled out a small cake and said, "Here you go! Granny made it for you!"

Lawrence instinctively took it, feeling warmed by the gesture.

He should have been the one bringing her gifts, but here she was, giving him a small cake instead.

Lilly urged, "Eat quickly. Uncle Anthony made a hotel reservation, but it will take a while for them to serve the food."

When you're hungry, you should eat. Otherwise, it feels terrible to be hungry.

Lawrence opened the small cake and took a bite, not remembering how long it had been since he last tasted something sweet.

Whether it was an illusion or not, at that moment, the heaviness that weighed on him seemed to dissipate, and he felt a sense of relief and clarity.

David breathed a sigh of relief. When they returned home, his father had been in a low mood, and he worried that he would remain in that state.

But seeing how lively Lilly made him feel, he was reassured.

This young lady from the Crawford family truly was a lucky charm...

The group arrived at the hotel Anthony had booked, and Anthony himself joined them after finishing his meeting.

Upon reaching the hotel, Lilly acted like a little adult, bustling around and helping Lawrence out of the car.

David quickly said, "Let me help, let me help. It's difficult for a little girl to do this... Oh!"

Before he finished speaking, Lilly smoothly released the wheelchair's safety latch with a soft click.

Lilly stepped on the crossbar behind the wheelchair and swooshed down.

"Here comes the little flying stick!"

The wheelchair glided off the car as if in a speed race, and the hotel's entrance automatically opened as Lilly and Lawrence approached.

Lawrence's heart skipped a beat, but quickly he felt the same excitement as if his blood were boiling.

"So much fun, let's do it again!" he exclaimed.

Lilly chuckled and took out the remote control for the electric wheelchair, pressing a button.

"Full speed ahead!"

With Lilly pushing, the wheelchair flew forward with a swoosh, traversing the long hotel corridor.

The people behind were terrified and gave chase.

Pablo, who was floating outside, twitched his mouth.

The harem spirit poked its head out and asked, "Master Belmont, aren't you cultivating?"

Pablo snorted. "What's the use of isolating oneself every day? Besides cultivating, one should also come out more often to improve their state of mind."

The harem spirit smiled mischievously. "I understand, I understand!"

David chased after Lilly and Lawrence.

"Hey, slow down, little rascal!"

"Oh my, Dad, take it easy!"

David was in a panic, never expecting that the wheelchair he ordered could go so fast.

This is like flying!

Lawrence's mischievous side revealed itself as he said, "Come on, kiddo, go faster!"

"Alright!" Lilly replied with enthusiasm.

Lawrence hadn't engaged in physical activity for a long time, and those who didn't exercise for too long would gradually feel down, both physically and mentally.

Although Lawrence couldn't move on his own yet, it didn't matter. Lilly had a way to make his blood boil—so to speak.

Lilly raised her hand, and the working ghost, unlucky ghost, and rebel ghost came out.

With a wave of her hand, she exclaimed, "Charge!"

The unlucky ghost and rebel ghost looked puzzled.

Although they didn't understand why, they were still somewhat connected—after all, they were ghosts under the Ruler of Hell!

The unlucky ghost and the grumbling rebel ghost lifted the wheelchair, and it barely hovered half a millimeter off the ground. It truly started flying...

The wheelchair soared through the hotel corridor, flew across the small garden outside the hotel, and landed in the newly designed garden at the back.

Lawrence felt the wind whizzing by his ears, and in his excitement, Lilly placed a reassuring talisman on him. He didn't even bother to question how the wheelchair could go so fast.

Meanwhile, his son was left bewildered, sprinting all the way.

David couldn't even fathom that the wheelchair could reach such speeds. His legs were practically emitting smoke, yet he still couldn't catch up?

Malfunction, the wheelchair must have malfunctioned for sure!