

Revival 1081

Chapter 1081 - Event

The golden statue, sealing away Old Qin, stands as a monumental presence at headquarters.

It serves both as a memorial and a deterrent.

It tells some people that although Old Qin is in a dire state and has fallen into slumber, he is still here, not entirely gone; he might awaken at a crucial moment.

This open display is much better than making Old Qin disappear in secrecy.

After all, if Old Qin were to vanish for too long, some ghost controllers might think he's already dead, and only by doing this can it serve as a deterrent.

"The supernatural power can keep a person from dying, yet Old Qin seems to have aged to death; it seems somewhat improper." Yang Jian frowned, looking at Shen Liang.

Shen Liang hesitated for a moment before speaking in a low voice: "He's deeply entangled with the supernatural, the common supernatural powers can't affect him. If he tries to forcibly control new vengeful ghosts, then Old Qin will become even more at risk."

"I see." Yang Jian understood.

In Old Qin's situation, he can use the powers of vengeful ghosts without fear of revival, but once he controls a new ghost, attempting to extend his life, the balance would be broken, possibly leading to quicker death.

He's been constrained by his own birth circumstances.

In other words, it's as if Old Qin was already destined from the womb.

"Old Qin's method of controlling vengeful ghosts is very similar to those old fellows from the Republic of China period. Although it solves the problem of ghost revival, it's limited by human lifespan, just like that old lady from Block 301 of Dachuan City, the old man in the ancient house reached by the supernatural bus, and the old ghost at the Ghost Post Office."

"These individuals from the Republic of China period are all old, but from another perspective, it may not have been an incorrect path to follow at that time."

Yang Jian had a vague realization now.

Why didn't the Republic of China period pass down information on controlling vengeful ghosts?

Because their path was incomplete, and many were unique, thus lacking value in imitation.

With vengeful ghost revival now, the supernatural circle is trying to figure out a new path for ghost control.

From Yang Jian's current exposure, it can roughly be divided into four types: balance, crash, anomalies, and curses.

Feng Quan, Huang Ziya, Li Yang belong to balance, where the vengeful ghosts balance each other, extending the time before a vengeful ghost revives.

This method is the most common and the easiest to implement.

Then there's Tong Qian who belongs to crash — using crying faces and smiling faces to counter each other, causing a crash.

This method is difficult, requiring specific vengeful ghosts and special methods; Yang Jian also succeeded by luck with the scheme on the human skin paper.

The third type: Anomalies.

This is the hardest, uncontrollable, with no experience to draw from, and impossible to replicate.

Yang Jian himself is very unique, first balancing ghost eyes and ghost shadow, then achieving a ghost shadow crash by hanging himself in front of the ghost mirror, then splicing the ghost shadow figure, using the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box to crash it again, incidentally using the awakening from the spirit of the calling ghost to regain his memory, replacing the ghost shadow.

Only then did he become a conscious vengeful ghost, turning into an anomaly.

Anomalies don't worry about ghost revival and can use supernatural powers within certain limits without cost.

It's considered the more perfect existence among the four ghost control options.

Similarly achieving this are Wei Jing, Li Leping.

All are captain-level figures, extraordinary.

The last type, curses.

This one is very special, representatives being Wang Chaling, Zhao Xiaoya.

They seem like ordinary people but can harness the power of vengeful ghosts, yet must bear certain costs.

"Considered carefully, Old Qin's method of controlling vengeful ghosts should be similar to Tong Qian's, causing the vengeful ghosts to crash completely. Although he's controlled the ghosts, he hasn't escaped the essence of humanity. This might be related to the ideology of that era, emphasizing humanity, fearing being eroded and losing self to the ghosts."

Yang Jian pondered: "So even when they get old, they still die naturally, and once deceased, the crashed ghosts will revive."

"Moreover, this method is highly limiting, unable to easily control new vengeful ghosts."

"So, is the anomalies path the correct one?"

Though thinking this way, he wasn't entirely sure.

Because at least Old Qin lived to be over a hundred, living longer than ordinary people, essentially reaching the lifespan limit of a normal person.

Though anomalies don't worry about aging to death, they also bear great risks, with many uncertainties, and becoming an anomaly is extremely difficult.

However, if he can overcome all these uncertainties, Yang Jian could maintain youth and live indefinitely.

Not just living to a hundred, even at two hundred, Yang Jian would still be the same.

Yet time is also a significant danger for Yang Jian, as an anomaly.

Because one has to consider the issue of supernatural erosion.

As time passes, Yang Jian also cannot be certain he'd be unaffected by supernatural erosion, which is not a physical but a consciousness, mental, and a gradual influence, causing a person's humanity to gradually diminish.

Perhaps after decades, Yang Jian might still be alive, but he might have already become a vengeful ghost with the memory of a living person.

For a moment, Yang Jian's thoughts grew complex.

"Captain Yang, this way, the Deputy Minister is already waiting for Captain Yang in the meeting room."
Shen Liang's words brought him out of his thoughts.

"Alright."

Yang Jian withdrew his thoughts, took a deep look at the golden statue before him, and then left.

Now is not the time to think about this issue.

Entering the supernatural circle and coming into contact with vengeful ghosts, many things are no longer up to him.

Reaching this point, Yang Jian hadn't planned it like this; often, it was a necessity just to survive.

After leaving the statue sealing Old Qin behind, Shen Liang, Qin Meirou, and Yang Jian quickly arrived at a meeting room.

There weren't many people inside.

Only five.

Among them, there were two people Yang Jian didn't recognize, but judging by their suits and solemn appearance, they were likely from the headquarters management. The other three included the deputy minister Cao Yanhua, one was Wang Xiaoming, and the other was Li Jun.

Wang Xiaoming had changed a lot since the last time.

He had shaved his head, his face was gaunt, and his skin was somewhat pale, as if seriously ill.

Li Jun still looked the same, giving off an unreal impression, like heavy makeup, because he was conjured by the ghost makeup of Ah Hong, not real.

"Unexpectedly, it's all familiar faces." Yang Jian greeted as he entered.

"Yang Jian."

Li Jun nodded slightly, wearing sunglasses, but underneath the glasses danced two eerie green ghost flames, emitting a faint stench as if roasting a corpse.

"Do you have any new developments in the Dadong City matter? Any new clues about Chen Qiaoyang?" Yang Jian asked directly.

"I've been investigating that issue, got some leads, but there're many matters to attend to, so I can't monitor continuously, as the bigger picture should be prioritized," Li Jun said.

Such capabilities surely couldn't be used on tracking a single person but must address supernatural incidents.

"True, I've been quite busy myself lately, no time to catch that guy."

After speaking, Yang Jian turned to Wang Xiaoming: "Your condition is really not good, are you sick? From my years of medical experience, you ought to be in the late stage of cancer. Currently, medical means can only prolong your life, not cure you."

"I can cure you, give me a Ghost Candle, and I'll restore you to health."

Ordinary means won't work, naturally, it requires supernatural powers.

Wang Xiaoming's face remained calm, unmoved: "It's normal to encounter some radioactive materials in the research process. I'm not surprised that I got cancer. If I wanted to use supernatural powers to heal myself, I'd have long recovered; there's no need to wait until now."

"So, you want to die?" Yang Jian squinted.

"I wouldn't put it that way, I am merely doing what I should within my limited life span, working until the end of my existence; death is not the end, but a rest," Wang Xiaoming said.

Yang Jian said, "I understand."

Evidently, Wang Xiaoming neither sought death nor wished to live; he was simply tired and aimed to reach the day when death relieved him with his body as the limit.

"That's enough greetings, let's get to business." At this moment, Cao Yanhua tapped the table, exuding the authority of a deputy minister.

Yang Jian said, "No rush, let's first talk about the overdue wages issue. Where's Cao Yang? He's had the Ghost Scissors for quite some time, why haven't they been returned to me?"

"Yang Jian, this is exactly what today's discussion is about," Cao Yanhua said.

Wang Xiaoming raised his hand, signaling; "Deputy Minister, let me speak."

Cao Yanhua glanced over and nodded.

"The matter is not complicated; Ghost Lake incident, Cao Yang failed, and he disappeared."

Wang Xiaoming said: "Moreover, through investigation and verification, and the message sent before Cao Yang's disappearance, Captain Yinzi also disappeared during the Ghost Lake incident, and now the Ghost Lake incident has escalated."

"Just a few days ago, the Ghost Lake incident was defined as an S-level supernatural event."

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian immediately grew serious: "A supernatural incident resulting in the fall of two captains? You're not joking with me, are you?"

"Do you think I would joke with you?"

Wang Xiaoming stated, "If this matter isn't dealt with, the Ghost Lake incident might be defined as an SS-level supernatural event."

"So long story short, you have a Coffin Nail with conclusive power, coupled with your Ghost Domain, you have the potential to turn the tide in any situation. So this time, your involvement will receive resource support from the headquarters at a large scale."

After finishing, he gestured.

A suited staff member beside him retrieved a box from under the conference table.

Upon opening it, a full ten red Ghost Candles were neatly arranged before them.

"This is the headquarters' supernatural artifact information, you may also activate it." After speaking, another document was brought over and handed to Yang Jian.

"Ten Ghost Candles, freely activating supernatural artifacts, back during the Hungry Ghost and Ghost Painting incidents, it wasn't this generous."

Yang Jian mused quietly, sensing the headquarters' resolve, and understanding the terror level of the Ghost Lake incident.

Wang Xiaoming continued: "The impact range of the Ghost Lake incident is very wide, and Dachang City is probably also affected. I've read some intelligence reports from your Dachang City; you've already ordered the nearby water area to be blocked, and the whole city has ceased water supply. If not handled, your territory might not be safe either."

"Two captains are down, and I can handle it alone? Aren't you afraid I'll also fail?" Yang Jian straightforwardly said.

"After Cao Yang's failure, it's impossible to let a single captain act alone again," Wang Xiaoming said: "This time it's Captain-level teamwork, and you're just one among them."

"Who else?" Yang Jian asked.

Cao Yanhua immediately replied, "Yang Jian, you have to agree first before telling you. This is confidential, the captain's list cannot be disclosed, or it could trigger a chain reaction."

Requisitioning too many captains at once could easily worsen the situation in certain areas.

"Considering what you said, the number of participating captains must be considerable; the headquarters only has twelve captains in total. Even if you don't tell me, I can roughly guess who's involved," Yang Jian said.

"So what's your answer?" Wang Xiaoming, disliking ambiguity, remained calm and direct.

Yang Jian did not rush to answer: "If I agree, who will lead? Don't tell me captains act independently."

"You'll discuss amongst yourselves; the headquarters cannot decide who leads because, after all, you're all captains, with equal standing. But I'll have Li Jun side with you," Wang Xiaoming said.

Evidently.

Wang Xiaoming was adding to the stakes, coaxing Yang Jian to agree to this matter.

"Ghost Lake incident, captains join forces..." Yang Jian looked at the dossier in front of him, along with the ten red Ghost Candles.

"I seem to have no choice but to comply; if this matter gets out of control, Dachang City won't be safe either."

He pondered for a moment, then reached for the suitcase containing the Ghost Candles, closing it.

"Then, let's have a pleasant cooperation," Wang Xiaoming said.

"Not so fast, a box of Ghost Candles, I want double the salary," Yang Jian said.

"..." Cao Yanhua looked at him, his mouth twitching.

Chapter 1082 - The New Item

Yang Jian had no way to refuse this mission.

Previously, he hoped other captains would handle the Ghost Lake incident, but now Cao Yang is compromised. One captain has already become ensnared, and coupled with the fact that Captain Yinzi from the Ghost Post Office was also confirmed missing in the Ghost Lake incident, it implies both captains' actions have failed.

So, who else can be relied upon?

If it is not addressed, the situation will worsen, and his Dachang City will also be unsafe.

Thus, a truly smart person should unite with other captains at this time, resolve this supernatural event in one go, and see if they could rescue the missing Cao Yang and Yinzi.

Although Yang Jian feared trouble, he still possessed the necessary big-picture view.

Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to hold the position of captain.

Therefore, he agreed, but agreeing is one thing; he still needed to claim what he deserved. After all, he merely held the title of captain without enjoying the captain's resources.

"Yang Jian, it's a special situation now, you need to change your habit of raising prices on the spot."

Cao Yanhua was not angry but patiently persuaded.

After all, Yang Jian had already agreed, and given Yang Jian's credibility, he wouldn't go back on his word. As for negotiating prices, the headquarters has experts in this field.

Yang Jian said, "If money can solve it, it's not a problem. Since the overall situation is the priority, spending a bit more money by the Deputy Minister would be worthwhile. Besides, I just settled the Ghost Post Office issue a few days ago, saving Sun Rui; you should already be aware of this, so I won't elaborate."

"Therefore, asking for double the salary is reasonable. I'm just a titular figure. If you think my price is high, you can ask Ye Zhen from Dahai City and see what he offers."

Cao Yanhua said, "Ten Ghost Candles are already the maximum support the headquarters can provide. Without sincerity, I wouldn't dare ask you to come to headquarters for a discussion."

"I don't believe you'd show your bottom line right away when negotiating a partnership. Wang Xiaoming, don't waste time. Haggling isn't suitable for us. Also, you don't look like you have much time left; do you plan to take things with you to the grave?" Yang Jian looked at Wang Xiaoming.

Wang Xiaoming remained unmoved and simply said calmly, "The Ghost Candles indeed cannot be increased further. The Deputy Minister didn't deceive you; ten Ghost Candles are the largest price the headquarters can bear. However, I can personally sponsor you; if you disagree, then I have no choice but to write you a check."

"If you're interested in money, that is."

"I knew you had something else to offer," Yang Jian said.

Wang Xiaoming didn't speak, just glanced at Li Jun.

Li Jun raised his hand and threw out something.

It was an incense stick waxy yellow like human skin, identical to the incense offerings in temples to Bodhisattvas, except this one was thicker and had burn marks. One end was slightly charred, emitting a faint burnt smell. It's unclear what it's made from.

"A stick of incense?" Yang Jian narrowed his eyes.

This thing reminded him of those sticks of incense planted before the graves in the ancient mansion, but the two must be different things.

Because this yellow incense was man-made, with obvious processing marks.

"What's the purpose of this incense?" he then asked.

Wang Xiaoming said, "I've named it Ghost Incense. When lit, it emits a fragrance that only ghosts can smell. Ghosts who scent it will cease activity and fall into a sleep-like state. Ghosts in such a state will not attack anyone, even if ordinary people trigger their killing rules."

"How long does it take to be effective?" Yang Jian's expression changed slightly and he immediately asked.

Getting a ghost to stop acting is invaluable, more useful than a Ghost Candle. If you light it in a supernatural event, putting a ghost to sleep could imprison it without any cost.

Such an incredible thing is surely very rare and precious, perhaps a newly researched paranormal object.

After all, Yang Jian had never heard of it before, and today was the first time he saw it.

Wang Xiaoming said, "Uncertain, it depends on the severity of the ghost. It might take ten seconds, a minute, or up to half an hour; also, the number of surrounding ghosts affects the time. The more ghosts there are, the slower it takes. However, this single stick conservatively lasts about three hours, enough to stabilize the situation."

"If used in combination with the Ghost Candle, can you imprison a ghost without any risk?"

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, "It's a good arrangement, so you originally intended for Li Jun to use it?"

"It doesn't matter who uses it, the key is the effect. Since you've chosen to participate in the Ghost Lake incident, giving it to you is the same," Wang Xiaoming said.

"In terms of value, this stick of incense is worth more than ten Ghost Candles. It seems you're willing to take substantial losses."

Yang Jian finished speaking and put away the Ghost Incense, "In that case, I'll accept it. Now that the salary issue is settled, let's discuss the personnel list for this action. Who will participate in the Ghost Lake event?"

At this moment, Cao Yanhua said, "Previously, Cao Yang was handling the Ghost Lake incident. Besides him, including you, there will be four captains in total this time. The other three captains are Leuk San, Li Jun, and Shen Lin. However, headquarters is still considering whether Li Jun or Wei Jing is more suitable to participate in the event."

"If there's a change in personnel, it will be a choice between the two."

"Besides the four captains, there might be other ghost handlers participating; it depends on the arrangement of you captains."

"I've dealt with Leuk San, Li Jun, and Wei Jing. I haven't met this Shen Lin, and he shares the surname Shen; could he be your relative?" Yang Jian looked at Shen Liang at the side.

Shen Liang smiled and said, "Captain Yang, please don't joke like that. Not every Shen is my relative. Headquarters isn't a place you get into through connections, let alone becoming a captain. Who has that kind of background and ability to let someone become a captain through connections? Shen Lin became a captain because he has the ability."

"That's good," Yang Jian said, "Have you decided between Li Jun and Wei Jing? Made your decision?"

"Both Wei Jing and Li Jun are excellent. Currently, the headquarters leans towards Li Jun because Wei Jing is more suitable to stay as a contingency." Cao Yanhua didn't hold back and directly shared his opinion.

Indeed.

Wei Jing, codenamed Ghost Envoy, has stolen the abilities of a Ghost Envoy, possessing a Ghost Domain, and can suppress vengeful ghosts incomprehensibly, making him well-suited for fighting ghost handlers.

In contrast, Li Jun, with the ghost flame, is somewhat unstable after intercepting the ghost painting, making him more suitable for handling supernatural events.

"The alliance of four captains, along with the potential helpers at their sides, is indeed sufficient to handle the Ghost Lake event." Yang Jian nodded.

He and Li Jun both possess a decisive ability; as long as they succeed, the supernatural incident can be resolved.

There is very little information on Leuk San and that Shen Lin, headquarters haven't fully collected it. Clearly, much has been concealed. Yang Jian also doesn't know much, only feeling that Leuk San is very mysterious, suspected to be tied to the sudden appearance of paper palanquins in Dadong City back then.

But since the headquarters evaluated the two as captains, there must be a reason. They wouldn't casually give away a captain's position.

Especially Shen Lin, who wasn't selected through regular channels but was predetermined as a captain.

"Yang Jian, when would it be convenient for you to act?" Cao Yanhua asked at this moment.

"Tomorrow. You decide the time, you decide the location. Just have Liu Xiaoyu contact me." Yang Jian said, "Such an important matter, shouldn't I go back and prepare?"

"Alright, then assemble at nine o'clock sharp. I'll have Liu Xiaoyu inform you of the gathering location and related information," Cao Yanhua nodded.

Alongside, Wang Xiaoming said, "Cao Yang and Captain Yinzi are only missing, there's still a chance they survived."

"Hopefully. If possible, I'll pull them back," Yang Jian said. "Is there anything else now? If not, I'd like to leave. I don't want to keep meeting with you all."

"There's nothing more for now. If anything changes temporarily, I'll have someone inform you," Cao Yanhua said. "If you need to leave, I'll have someone drive you with a special vehicle."

"No need."

Yang Jian waved his hand, only taking the suitcase and the ghost incense.

As for the files of the supernatural items, they were left on the meeting table.

Cao Yanhua frowned seeing this, "Does he disdain the headquarters' supernatural items?"

"No, Yang Jian doesn't want to use an unfamiliar supernatural item. For such a high-level supernatural event, he is very cautious and wants to use items he is familiar with," Wang Xiaoming said calmly. "This is the right approach; therefore, his request for double wages is very reasonable."

"Now that Yang Jian has joined, Professor Wang, how confident are you in resolving this matter?" Cao Yanhua asked again.

But before he could finish his sentence, someone next to him reminded, "Yang Jian is an unstable factor. I still wouldn't recommend deploying him. I think Li Leping from Dachuan City is a good choice, and also Wang Chaling from Dadong City, who is a predetermined captain with a not simple background, surely having unexpected backup plans."

"Yang Jian has been a Ghost Master for too short a time; his foundation is still a bit weak. The Hungry Ghost event was successful thanks to the coffin nail. It's not easy to replicate that success this time."

"Deputy Minister, if it really doesn't work, consider deploying another captain for insurance," someone also suggested.

Cao Yanhua slammed the table: "Enough! Twelve captains, two are missing, four have been deployed; that's already half of our resources at stake. If we deploy more and fail, have you thought about the consequences?"

He doesn't want to deploy more captains, but he's also powerless.

Because he also has to consider whether he can bear the aftermath of failure.

Obviously.

Four captains are the limit, but to increase the success rate, he can only spare no effort to provide some resource support.

No more personnel can be produced.

Below the captain level, there are some candidates, but they're worried too many people would lead to heavy losses at that time.

Therefore, the best approach is for the captains to team up and each choose a few helpers.

This is already the top team, capable of walking over the world.

"That's it for now. Additionally, have Li Jun and Wei Jing deliberate further to see who is more suitable. Shen Liang, have them redo the assessment report. I want to see it in two hours," Cao Yanhua said.

"Yes, Minister," Shen Liang nodded.

But Yang Jian doesn't have the time to worry about the headquarters' affairs right now.

He accepted this supernatural event mission and, to be honest, his mood is quite heavy.

Perhaps this incident is different from past ones. If not handled carefully, he might end up losing here.

"No matter what, I can't retreat. Water supply in Dachang City has already stopped. Other places might be worse. If this continues, it won't just be one city," Yang Jian thought to himself.

He's not that great.

But he must work hard for his own small territory.

Though his mood is heavy, it's not entirely without hope.

The supernatural items he currently possesses, along with his own state, have reached a peak. He feels ready to tackle any supernatural event, at least if he can't win, he can surely escape.

Moreover, with four captains joining forces, they surely can't all be wiped out?

Yang Jian left the headquarters and returned to that villa.

He needs to bid farewell to Miao Xiaoshan and take that painting with him.

Chapter 1083 - Discussion

Yang Jian returned once again to the villa that He Tianxiong had given him.

At this moment, Miao Xiaoshan and her two roommates, Liu Zi and Sun Yujia, were in the living room watching TV and playing.

The group seemed like curious children, exploring the villa and discovering fascinating things each time, even finding some valuable collections, causing them to exclaim in surprise.

"I must say, Miao Xiaoshan, your Yang Jian is really something else. The things in this villa are extraordinary. I just went to the bathroom and saw that the toilet is gold-plated, the faucet is gold-plated, who knows how much it cost to renovate," Liu Zi said enviously, gritting her teeth.

Sun Yujia said, "Rich and capable, having such a boyfriend for protection must be a blessing. I had a close call at school before, and if it weren't for Yang Jian, I'd have ended up like Zhang Xia and Wang Yue, dead."

Zhang Xia and Wang Yue were also their roommates, who died in the ghost painting incident.

She survived because of Yang Jian, otherwise, she too would've met her end.

"Hey, Miao Xiaoshan, do you think Yang Jian's villa needs someone to do the cleaning? How about Sun Yujia and I become the cleaners here, just a token salary would do," Liu Zi suddenly suggested, moving close to Miao Xiaoshan.

Miao Xiaoshan rolled her eyes, "No way. You're a local, well-off, from a prestigious university. Making you a cleaner would be wasting your talent."

"Not wasting at all, not at all. On the contrary, I'm aiming higher. Isn't there a saying that no job is beneath us? I actually enjoy cleaning," Liu Zi said, fully displaying her shameless nature.

She would love to cling to this advantage.

Miao Xiaoshan replied, "Then you can talk to Yang Jian next time, but after I finish my studies and graduate, I'm going back to Dachang City."

"I'm going to Dachang City too," Sun Yujia hastily said.

"Why go to Dachang City? You're not from there," Miao Xiaoshan retorted.

Sun Yujia's eyes twinkled, "Can't I go there to find a job?"

Miao Xiaoshan replied, "Do as you please."

She was determined to return to Dachang City after her studies, to be with Yang Jian. Besides, Zhang Wei mentioned that Yang Jian started a company, and she could help out there. With her abilities, there shouldn't be any problem, though her chosen major seemed a bit unsuitable.

History department.

But it didn't matter, what she didn't know she could learn.

As the three chatted, the door creaked open suddenly, and Yang Jian's voice came from behind the door, "I'm back. How's everything? Getting used to it?"

"Yang Jian, this place is really something. But with such a big place needing cleaning, do you need a cleaner? How about me?" Liu Zi immediately stood up from the sofa with a smile.

Yang Jian paused for a moment, then said, "Sure, if you're willing to stay here and clean, I'll pay you a salary."

He didn't have much thought, feeling that having them accompany Miao Xiaoshan was a good thing.

"It's settled then," Liu Zi quickly agreed.

Sun Yujia looked at Yang Jian expectantly and then said, "I can do it too."

"You can stay as long as you want, as long as Miao Xiaoshan doesn't mind, but I'm heading back to Dachang City today," Yang Jian said.

Miao Xiaoshan quickly asked, "What's going on, is there something wrong?"

Yang Jian replied, "I have to go on a business trip, as you know, once you join this circle, many things are beyond your control. It's either on a business trip, or on the way to one, but this time quite a few colleagues are going, there's no danger, you don't need to worry. I'm taking away the painting just in case of another accident."

"When will you be back?" Miao Xiaoshan asked with a trace of reluctance in her eyes.

Just as her relationship with Yang Jian was progressing, they had to part, which was indeed hard to accept at the moment.

"I'll be back as soon as the work is done, just a few days, not too long," Yang Jian assured.

If the Ghost Lake incident needed handling, theoretically, it wouldn't take long, because if four captains teamed up and still couldn't resolve it quickly, it meant the mission would be very difficult to complete.

"That's good," Miao Xiaoshan nodded slightly.

Yang Jian glanced at her, then walked over and patted her head, "Stay here safely. I've already informed the person in charge here, whatever happens, someone will handle it for you, as long as you don't leave this city, you'll be safe. If you feel uneasy, you can stay in Dachang City, Zhang Wei will arrange things."

To him, only two cities were safe.

One was Big J City, where the headquarters was located, and the other was Dachang City, which he was responsible for.

"Okay, I understand," Miao Xiaoshan nodded obediently.

"Alright, I'll take some things and leave. If anything comes up, contact me by phone."

Without lingering any longer, Yang Jian returned to the third floor and entered the safe room, where he saw the ghost painting covered by black cloth.

The old frame remained exposed beyond the black cloth.

A cold, ominous breath pervaded the atmosphere.

This dangerous painting mustn't lose control. If it does, the ghost inside would escape along the spiritual world created by the painting, and once free, it would mean an S-class supernatural event erupting.

He still didn't have absolute confidence in handling the ghost painting.

He picked up the ghost painting.

Grabbing the box with the Ghost Candle, Yang Jian made his final farewells to Miao Xiaoshan and the others before directly using the Ghost Domain to leave.

Reaching this point today, Yang Jian could use the Ghost Domain to travel without needing to pay any substantial price.

A scarlet eerie beam flashed across the sky.

He left the city, vanishing into the distant horizon in an instant.

However, Yang Jian didn't head back to Dachang City first; instead, he returned to Dahan City.

In Dahan City, the leader was Sun Rui.

This was previously the site of the Ghost Post Office, but now it couldn't be called that; instead, it was the Hell Apartment.

The streets were still familiar.

The area was deserted and remained under lockdown, though the lockdown area had been reduced. Previously, it was a large surrounding region; now, it was just this street because standing here, Yang Jian could still see vehicles and newcomers at the end of the street.

Nonetheless, there were patrols to prevent anyone from approaching.

Yang Jian used his ghost eye to peek.

The ruined building in front of him transformed in his vision into a modern-styled apartment building, illuminated with a sign.

The sign read four words: Hell Apartment.

Behind the revolving door at the entrance, a person sat in a chair, leaning on a cane, looking slightly surprised in this direction.

Without speaking, Yang Jian strode into the Hell Apartment.

He could disregard the influence of the Hell Apartment, entering forcefully without requiring the consent of the apartment manager, Sun Rui.

"Captain Yang? What brings you back today? Don't tell me you missed me," Sun Rui said.

"No, I just found something that needed returning to the former Ghost Post Office, an oil painting," Yang Jian put down the large framed painting he held.

Sun Rui squinted, inspecting it, "That wouldn't be the dangerous painting, would it?"

He knew about the ghost painting incident, albeit not qualified to participate.

"Just a derivative piece, not the true ghost painting. The real ghost painting is with Li Jun, but through this painting, one can enter the real ghost painting world. I think leaving it outside is too dangerous; better to hang it in the apartment," Yang Jian said, looking around.

"That's easy to arrange," Sun Rui glanced.

Immediately, a hidden spot appeared on the apartment wall, just the right size to conceal the ghost painting.

Yang Jian placed the painting there, but didn't remove the black cloth covering it, as a precaution, even though the Hell Apartment no longer had ordinary people.

Once he put the ghost painting in place...

Eyes from other portraits on the walls turned eerily toward the area.

"It's Yang Jian, he succeeded, really brought back the painting. Is the outer world now calling it the ghost painting?"

"Yang Jian said this isn't the original, it's a derivative, but it's still good."

"With this ghost painting, we can access the real ghost painting world, even invade reality through it, essentially escaping the post office and appearing in the real world. Unfortunately, though, someone has control over the painting."

The cryptic whispers echoed in the painted world.

Some were already intrigued.

Being trapped here for so long, unable to escape the painted realm, but the ghost painting represented hope, as it could envelop reality, allowing those within the painting to touch the real world.

After settling the ghost painting, Yang Jian looked at the paintings and said, "I'll give you all a chance to appear in reality, but don't forget our agreement. With supernatural occurrences rampant outside, you wouldn't want your families and descendants to perish, would you? So I hope you assist me in handling supernatural events at crucial moments."

"This is the last reminder; I won't repeat it a third time."

He finished and took a final glance at the portrait of his father.

The painted figures' eyes uniformly turned to Yang Jian, signaling their stance, willing to join him in action.

But the one most taboo was the person named Zhang Xiangguang.

This guy was the third manager of the Post Office, suspected of having entered and exited the Ghost Post Office twice. The portrait left now is just of the former Zhang Xiangguang. The real him might still be alive, hiding somewhere unknown outside.

However, Yang Jian had no time to deal with these hidden issues.

"Sun Rui, be careful with that painting, better not look at it. Just leave it in the Post Office. It's merely a medium connecting to the ghost painting. At a critical moment, I hope to get help from some people," Yang Jian said in a low voice.

"Don't worry, I'll keep an eye on it," Sun Rui nodded and replied.

Yang Jian said, "Good, then I'm off. There's a mission from headquarters, another S-class paranormal event. I hope everything goes smoothly this time."

He revealed some information and then left the Hell Apartment.

With Sun Rui here, there's nothing to worry about.

Everyone has duties to fulfill, and so does Yang Jian.

He walked out of the Hell Apartment, returned to Dahan City, and then disappeared by using the Ghost Domain again, heading straight for Dachang City.

For a team captain's joint effort to handle a paranormal event, it must be fully prepared and not taken lightly.

So the first thing he did when he returned to Dachang City was to hold an emergency meeting.

Half an hour later.

Dachang City, the top floor of Shangtong Tower.

In Yang Jian's office.

Everyone had arrived, except for Feng Quan, who was still monitoring the Ghost Umbrella event outside Dachang City, preventing it from getting out of control.

But there were quite a few people in the meeting room.

Tong Qian, Huang Ziya, Li Yang, Xiong Wenwen, and the newly joined Wang Yong.

Counting Feng Quan and Yang Jian, this was a standard seven-member team.

But besides them, there were also Liu Xiaoyu, Zhang Liqin, and two rather special individuals.

Yang Xiaohua and Old Eagle.

Both of them were messengers in the Post Office who died during the haunted house mail delivery mission, but later were resurrected by Yang Jian. Though ordinary people, they have supernatural experience and now work in the company.

"Xiao Yang, why are we having another meeting today? Can't we do something meaningful, like setting me up on a date with my mom?" Xiong Wenwen spoke up.

Yang Jian motioned with his hand, "There's something very important to announce. Tomorrow I'm going on a trip to handle an S-class paranormal event, codename Ghost Lake."

S-class paranormal event?

Upon hearing this, Wang Yong had the biggest reaction, his pupils suddenly constricting in alarm.

These days, he had crammed some information about the supernatural world, knowing what an S-class paranormal event meant. If not handled, it could lead to an unimaginable disaster.

The others' expressions also changed.

Xiong Wenwen felt so frightened that the yellowish tone of his face changed, nearly crying.

Because he was tricked by the S-class paranormal event ghost painting, he went mad with his premonitions at that time, yet each path led to death.

"I'm not going, I absolutely refuse to go. Xiao Yang, either kill me now because there's no way I'm participating in such an event," Xiong Wenwen sat down on the ground, throwing a tantrum.

Li Yang asked, "Are we acting alone as a small team?"

"Captain, if we rely only on ourselves, many people will die," Huang Ziya said seriously, playing with her thick black hair.

Tong Qian said, "Yang Jian, you have the Coffin Nail. It's not certain you can't solve it. I think it's worth trying."

Wang Yong remained silent. He didn't expect his first task to be this terrifying. It seemed like a daunting challenge.

"You all needn't worry. This time several captains will solve it together. I'm just one of them and don't require your participation," Yang Jian said.

"Oh, so that's how it is."

Many people immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

Especially Xiong Wenwen, who promptly patted his butt and stood up, "Xiao Yang, I seriously criticize you. Next time, don't talk like that. You almost scared me, Daddy Xiong, to death."

Li Yang said, "If it's just a captain's joint action, this matter should be confidential and not spoken out loud. It should still need manpower. Depending solely on the captain is not enough, let me go. I've harnessed three ghosts, and there's no risk of ghost resurrection now, I can assist in the mission."

Yang Jian glanced at everyone.

"Don't look at me, quickly turn those eyes away," Xiong Wenwen immediately said.

"I'm considering whether to take you guys to help. I sense some different dangers in this event," Yang Jian also contemplated and hesitated.

Having backup is good, but it's also risky.

If things go wrong, they might not return.

"With the Ghost Mirror, we shouldn't worry about dying, right?" Li Yang said.

Huang Ziya's eyes lit up, "Oh right, I almost forgot, we have the Ghost Mirror. Even if we die, we can resurrect."

She had left her image in the Ghost Mirror, not afraid of dying.

Tong Qian said, "No matter the danger, it's our responsibility to handle it. Can't avoid it, I'll go; the others can stay back. The ghosts I harnessed are exhausted, so I can use supernatural power without fear."

"Let me think again," Yang Jian pondered, considering who would be suitable to take along.

His gaze occasionally fell on Xiong Wenwen.

Premonition can be the most effective ability against dangerous supernatural events.

"No more, no more, Daddy Xiong's going to have diarrhea, you all continue," Xiong Wenwen sensed unease and fled clutching his stomach.

Afraid Yang Jian would target him.

"Forget it, we can't take Xiong Wenwen. He'll be too much trouble," Yang Jian thought to himself, "Besides, his premonition ability is better used to guard Dachang City than to venture out."

Though premonition is powerful, it's in the hands of an unreliable kid.

In a context where captains are cooperating, someone unreliable can't be relied on at critical moments and could endanger many lives.

So Yang Jian decided against such paranormal assistance.

Tong Qian isn't suitable; she has the body of a normal person and might die easily.

Huang Ziya, although controlling two ghosts, is quite average, suitable for handling other paranormal events. But in this situation, she can't sway the situation.

Wang Yong has performed well but lacks experience.

Only Li Yang and Feng Quan remained.

Both have mastered three ghosts, making them strong in both capability and survival.

However, Li Yang's ability may hardly play a role in the Ghost Lake event.

So, Feng Quan was left.

"Is he appropriate?" Yang Jian wondered.

Feng Quan, who mastered three ghosts, can restrain fierce ghosts and possesses the Ghost Domain, unable to die easily and his abilities are quite comprehensive.

However, his weaknesses are rather average, none too outstanding.

But Yang Jian felt his team members were not lacking. Compared to the members of other forces, Feng Quan, Li Yang, and Wang Yong were still formidable.

Only that participating in such an S-class paranormal event might be a bit of a stretch.

"Inform Feng Quan to return to the city. Huang Ziya, Tong Qian, you two go to replace Feng Quan. Li Yang, Wang Yong, and Xiong Wenwen, stay at Shangtong Tower," Yang Jian pondered a while before making arrangements.

"Decided to let Feng Quan go, Captain?" Li Yang asked, slightly surprised.

Yang Jian replied, "He's experienced and has strong survival skills, not easily dying. This matter isn't ordinary; you all stay back."

"Not even using Xiong Wenwen's premonition ability?" Tong Qian asked in surprise.

"Afraid he'd mess up at a critical moment, no need. With S-class paranormal events, how much premonition can he achieve under supernatural interference?" Yang Jian replied.

Tong Qian asked, "Will Feng Quan alone be enough?"

"It's not about numbers. Bringing Feng Quan is just a precaution," Yang Jian stated.

"Since the captain has decided, I have nothing to add. Huang Ziya, let's go, switch Feng Quan back," Tong Qian stood up, ready to act.

Huang Ziya nodded.

Although she was pretty, she's not just a flower vase. Having mastered two ghosts, she couldn't handle big tasks, but smaller tasks should be no problem.

Chapter 1084 - New Reminder

The conference at Shangtong Tower concluded, and everything was decided upon.

Yang Jian would be involved in the Ghost Lake incident, and Feng Quan would accompany him, while the others stayed in Dachang City.

This decision was made after thorough consideration and wasn't taken lightly.

Therefore, no one else had any objections to such an arrangement.

After the decision, the remaining task was preparation.

Supernatural items and things must be used without hesitation, so Yang Jian, along with Feng Quan, went to the No. 1 safety house in the No. 1 Guanjiang Residential Complex.

This safety house stored various supernatural items and the fierce ghost imprisoned by Yang Jian.

Red embroidered shoes, yellow paper that covered faces, eerie dice, a dirt-covered shovel, counterfeit notes worth seven yuan for the ghost, wish stickers, a ghost deceiving necklace, Ghost Candles, Ghost Incense... and a spear crafted from Coffin Nails and a Firewood Knife.

Unknowingly.

Yang Jian had acquired so many supernatural items, not to mention what the other team members had.

"Yang Jian, let me use this. I think it might suit me better."

Feng Quan pointed to the dirt-covered shovel on the shelf inside the safety house.

"That shovel was obtained by Wang Yong during a mission at the Ghost Post Office. It's a very powerful supernatural item, but the more powerful it is, the stronger the curse it carries. I perceived it as having significant risks, so I placed it in the safety house. If you want to borrow it, it's not impossible, but you'll get to discuss it with Wang Yong first."

Yang Jian said, "After all, Wang Yong is the actual user of this supernatural item. He understands its cost well."

"I will discuss it with Wang Yong later," Feng Quan said.

Yang Jian nodded and asked, "What else do you need?"

Feng Quan said, "I don't need anything else, as some of the costs are hard to bear. Just give me three Ghost Candles, two red and one white. Since I'm merely assisting with the incident, it's not worth consuming too many resources. Being able to protect myself and having supernatural items to reverse the situation should be enough."

"Okay, let's do as you said." Yang Jian did not refuse.

Feng Quan was clear about his role, being an experienced manager.

Since Yang Jian was one of the four captains participating this time, using more resources was justified. He took the Ghost Candles, counterfeit notes worth seven yuan, wish stickers, a ghost deceiving necklace, Ghost Incense... almost as if he intended to empty the safety house of its contents.

He even set his mind on one of the ghosts in the end.

A special golden box was dragged out by Yang Jian from a corner.

This box contained a fierce ghost that had been sealed and placed there for some time.

Yet now Yang Jian planned to utilize this ghost for its potential role.

"I don't need to control this fierce ghost. I just need to use its ability, so making it into a supernatural item is the safest option," Yang Jian's eyes slightly shifted.

In the next moment, he directly opened the golden box.

A chilling aura spread out, accompanied by a familiar stench of decay.

A pale, emaciated corpse that had been dead for a long time but showed no signs of decay appeared before him. The corpse was curled up in the box, compressed into a strange posture, its entire body's bones seeming to be broken, allowing it to be manipulated at will.

Yet when the box was opened.

The long-dead corpse began to twitch slightly.

It was still alive!

This wasn't a mere corpse; it was a fierce ghost. Without the gold to block the supernatural, the ghost could quickly regain its movement.

However, Yang Jian reached out with his dark Ghost Hand and grabbed the corpse, which was about to awaken.

The supernatural phenomenon was suppressed.

The corpse stopped struggling.

This fierce ghost wasn't particularly terrifying; the Ghost Hand's suppression could directly halt its activity.

"Yang Jian, what do you intend to do?" Feng Quan witnessed this and felt surprised.

He didn't expect Yang Jian would release a long-imprisoned ghost by opening its confinement at this moment.

One must know that mishandling this could lead to great danger.

"I plan to make a supernatural item out of it, which should aid in this operation," Yang Jian admitted his intentions without concealment.

The next moment.

His Ghost Eyes scanned the shelf beside.

The iron shelf immediately had a part missing, and then Yang Jian held an iron ring in his hand.

The ring was not intricate but rather rough.

However, it didn't matter. This was merely an item to carry the supernatural and didn't require fine craftsmanship or special material. Any ordinary item would suffice.

"This is the ghost once controlled by the man who caused several homicides in Dachang City. This ghost can make people around, even other ghosts, unable to perceive its presence. To find it, the number of surrounding people must be reduced to two or fewer."

"There are quite a few people involved in the Ghost Lake incident, all elite ghost tamers. A supernatural item that makes one unnoticeable can greatly increase survival chances."

"I must also leave myself a contingency to ensure my survival. After all, two captains have already fallen in the Ghost Lake incident, so caution is necessary."

Yang Jian pondered silently, then several of his Ghost Eyes opened sharply again, and the red light brightly shone in the safety house.

The five-layer Ghost Domain opened, directly distorting reality.

In Feng Quan's view, he witnessed Yang Jian's pale and thin corpse in his hand twisting and vanishing from this world. Yet it didn't completely disappear; rather, it fused with the rough iron ring in Yang Jian's hand.

At this moment, the supernatural space and real-world objects were connected.

Reality became a carrier medium, the fierce ghost was imprisoned in the supernatural space, struggling to break free.

However, the ghost hadn't entirely left the real world, and supernatural powers still exerted influence.

The most noticeable change was that the black iron ring in Yang Jian's hand turned white, appearing as if carved from bone, cold and eerie, completely different from before.

The supernatural and reality intertwined.

A supernatural item was forcibly created.

Yang Jian understood that such a supernatural item was not perfectly crafted. If this ring was left unattended for a while, the fierce ghost would revive and return to reality once again.

So, like the necklace from the Deceiving Ghost, it had to be repeatedly imprisoned with five layers of Ghost Domain at intervals to extend the time it remains trapped.

"Using ghosts to create supernatural items, is this the origin of supernatural items?" Feng Quan, who witnessed the entire process, was shocked, learning this aspect of the truth for the first time.

Although he had previously heard Huang Ziya mention the matter of that necklace, he had never seen it with his own eyes.

"Gather at the residential complex entrance at 8:30 tomorrow morning. If there are no issues, you can go back and rest early to make some preparations." Yang Jian said to Feng Quan.

"Alright, see you tomorrow." Feng Quan nodded, putting away the shock in his eyes.

"Then I'll go find Wang Yong first."

He then left the safe house, carrying the dirt-stained shovel and those few Ghost Candles.

Yang Jian watched him leave, fiddling with the cold, pale ring in his hand.

He intentionally crafted the supernatural item in front of Feng Quan as a form of intimidation. He knew that the memory modification he had previously done on Feng Quan had already failed, and now Feng Quan had his own thoughts, which were quite radical.

This operation was so important that Yang Jian didn't want any part of it to go wrong.

While Yang Jian was making preparations,

captains from other cities also received the headquarters' orders to prepare for action.

However, the operation was confidential, and very, very few people knew about this incident.

When Yang Jian was ready and left the safe house to return to his residence,

before even opening the door,

an unusual occurrence happened.

He reached the villa's living room, and for some unknown reason, there was a pool of water left in the living room.

The water was spreading, diffusing.

"Hmm?" Yang Jian looked up.

The water stain was flowing down from the stairs, and the stairwell was dim, as if the lights had already been turned off.

"Whether it's Jiang Yan or Zhang Liqin at home, the lights in the room are never turned off."

Yang Jian squinted his eyes, "Strange supernatural phenomena appearing in my own home, how interesting. When did this happen? Judging by the water, it should have been not long ago, around the time I entered the safe house."

He ignored the pool on the floor, striding upstairs, following the trail of the water to find its source.

The first floor, second floor, third floor... the water was flowing out from the corridor on the fifth floor.

And the water on the ground was very consistent, not spreading out, as if it was being influenced by something, flowing directly toward the first-floor lobby.

No.

To be precise,

the water wasn't heading for the lobby but rather towards Yang Jian's position.

Soon.

Yang Jian stood at the door of a room.

This was his room.

The water was actually flowing out from Yang Jian's usual room.

He carefully recalled.

But did not remember leaving any dangerous supernatural item in his room.

"No, there is one thing, always in my room." Yang Jian squinted his eyes and suddenly pushed the door open.

Ghost Eye Peering.

In the corner of the dim room,

a wooden cabinet, styled in an old-fashioned red paint, was unexpectedly placed there.

At this moment, the wooden door at the bottom of the cabinet was open, and murky water was continuously flowing out from inside.

Vaguely, Yang Jian also saw strands of wet hair extending out from inside the wooden cabinet.

"Ghost Cabinet..." Yang Jian's face darkened.

At this time,

the wooden cabinet, dismembered and chopped with a Firewood Knife, had somehow restored itself.

Now, it was even more eerie, not existing in reality, only visible under the sight of the Ghost Eye.

This was no longer just a supernatural item.

It had become a curse.

Yang Jian was the one bearing the curse.

"There were never two conditions for one request. From the moment I traded with the Ghost Cabinet, its curse had already followed me. Now, the curse of the Ghost Cabinet has emerged again."

"Now, the Ghost Cabinet is spewing endless turbid water. Is this some sort of omen?"

"An omen of the Ghost Lake event's peril? Or is it a reminder that in this Ghost Lake event, the Ghost Cabinet is initiating a new transaction?"

Yang Jian's expression changed unpredictably, his mind rapidly thinking.

Chapter 1085 - Captain Zhang's Reunion

The Ghost Cabinet's change at this time was something Yang Jian did not expect.

However, given the current situation, he couldn't afford to provoke such a special existence as the Ghost Cabinet again. Even though the curse of the Ghost Cabinet had targeted Yang Jian, he still decided to ignore it for the time being.

He walked to the corner of the room.

Yang Jian reached out, attempting to touch the Ghost Cabinet.

This red Ghost Cabinet no longer existed in reality; it only existed within the field of view of his ghostly eyes, accompanying him in an incomprehensible manner.

Something eerie happened.

Yang Jian actually touched the Ghost Cabinet. The real tactile sensation told him that this thing was not just a simple curse, but something real to him.

"After the Ghost Lake incident is over, I'll come back to deal with this thing."

He closed the cabinet door at the bottom of the Ghost Cabinet, trying to stop the continuous flow of water.

However, even after Yang Jian closed the door, the water still seeped out from it.

Unable to stop it, he could only allow the supernatural phenomenon to occur.

"I can't stay here. I have to leave and take the Ghost Cabinet with me." Yang Jian pondered for a moment.

He didn't intend to stay at Guanjiang Residential Complex.

Anyway, he had to leave on a business trip; spending the night anywhere would be the same.

Soon.

Yang Jian left quickly.

He left the city center of Dachang City and arrived at an abandoned building in the suburbs, planning to spend the night there.

However, after Yang Jian appeared inside the abandoned building, in one corner of it, the Ghost Cabinet was quietly placed there, still continuously seeping murky water.

This thing still only existed within his vision.

Like a speck of dirt on his retina, unable to be wiped away.

Yang Jian glanced at it and chose to ignore it. He just sat against the wall, then closed his eyes and started to rest.

The dimly lit abandoned building fell into complete silence.

Time passed bit by bit.

Soon, it was the next day.

Early morning of the next day.

The weather wasn't too good, gloomy as if it were about to rain.

And inside Shangtong Tower, Liu Xiaoyu had already received the message from headquarters.

"Liu Xiaoyu, inform Yang Jian to arrive in Zhongzhou City before nine o'clock. The assembly point has already been sent to you. This mission is very important, and he must complete it carefully." Soon, the message from headquarters was conveyed.

Liu Xiaoyu received the crucial information along with a piece of special data.

The data was encrypted, and she didn't have the authority to open it; it would only be decrypted when it reached Yang Jian.

"The Ghost Lake incident has come." Liu Xiaoyu looked up at the other people in the office.

Yang Xiaohua, Eagle, and several other staff members all became grim-faced.

"I'll inform Yang Jian now, and let's all pretend this hasn't happened and keep it confidential." Liu Xiaoyu said.

Although the news was classified, quite a few people were aware of yesterday's meeting at Shangtong Tower.

Soon.

Liu Xiaoyu sent the message to Yang Jian's phone.

Meanwhile.

Yang Jian, who was resting in an abandoned building in the suburbs, seemed to have fallen asleep. Not far from him, in a corner, an old cabinet coated with bright red paint stood eerily, and at some point, the floor had become flooded, even the floor below where Yang Jian was, had been submerged.

The murky, calm water was eerily silent.

But through the light shining from outside the window, one could vaguely see some sinister silhouettes occasionally emerging beneath the water surface, feeling creepily unsettling.

The water spread towards Yang Jian but stopped.

It didn't approach, naturally bypassing him, but more and more water seemed to be about to engulf him completely soon.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian woke up, opening his eyes.

Immediately, everything around him changed.

All the water disappeared.

Only the floor was wet, with the moisture not yet dried, and it wasn't as serious as it had appeared before.

The phone screen lit up.

A message appeared.

"Zhongzhou City... is that the source of the Ghost Lake incident?" Yang Jian frowned.

He had seen the Ghost Lake's archival data, but in the archives, it was just a lake, and he didn't know where the source location was.

"I'll know after I take a look."

Yang Jian stood up, ready to set off.

He glanced at the Ghost Cabinet still in the corner; it seemed to plan to follow him all the way, seemingly forcing him into a transaction during the Ghost Lake incident, or rather, did the Ghost Cabinet feel that he would need it for a transaction during the incident?

He didn't pay much attention.

Yang Jian's ghostly eyes opened, red light flashed around him, and he disappeared directly.

Meanwhile.

Feng Quan had already arrived at Yang Jian's villa at Guanjiang Residential Complex.

Zhang Liqin was in charge of entertaining, serving Feng Quan a cup of red tea, then said, "President Yang didn't come back to rest last night, but with such an important matter today, President Yang definitely won't forget. Please wait a moment."

"I know, Yang Jian won't be late; I'll wait." Feng Quan nodded, drinking the scalding red tea in one go.

He didn't need to eat; it was merely out of courtesy.

"It's time to go."

Suddenly.

Yang Jian's voice appeared, echoing in the living room, but he did not show up. Immediately, Feng Quan disappeared without a trace.

Only the table was left with a teacup, retaining some residual warmth.

Zhongzhou City wasn't particularly special. On the contrary, it was a very ordinary city, not as prominent as Dahan City, Dachang City, or Dadong City.

There are countless similar central cities across the country.

Yet this seemingly unremarkable city was the source of the S-level supernatural event: the Ghost Lake.

At least, after investigations, the source of the Ghost Lake was traced back here.

At the moment.

The city had long been silent.

Like an abandoned shell, no longer bustling, with the vast majority of citizens already relocated.

This was a Dead City.

Of course, it couldn't be ruled out that there might be some who weren't afraid or some out of curiosity that ventured into this city.

But today.

A special helicopter arrived in the skies above the city.

With the helicopter's descent.

A man and a woman, two special individuals, entered a park plaza within the city.

After dropping off the two, the helicopter quickly withdrew, not lingering for a moment.

"Did we arrive first? I didn't see Leuk San, nor did I see Shen Lin or Yang Jian." Li Jun's face remained calm, revealing a strange numbness, devoid of any emotion of the living.

Observing his surroundings.

It was empty.

With a clear view of everything around in this unobstructed plaza.

This was the meeting point designated by headquarters, and it was a relatively safe place.

"Let's wait a bit; it's not nine yet, ten more minutes." The woman next to him spoke.

This woman was somewhat beautiful, but with a very dissonant heavy makeup, and the colors of her cosmetics seemed a bit mismatched, giving an unspeakably jarring and eerie feeling, but a closer look didn't reveal anything wrong, leaving people feeling inexplicably baffled.

Her name was Ah Hong, codenamed Ghost Makeup.

Ghost Flame Li Jun, Ghost Makeup Ah Hong.

An excellent Captain Level combination, possessing the capital to confront any supernatural event.

"Yang Jian won't be late; he's punctual, but as for the others, that's not certain." Li Jun said.

He wasn't fond of the other Captains, but felt better about Yang Jian.

After all, Yang Jian had tangible achievements to his name.

"I got here earlier than you, so don't say I wasn't taking things seriously." Just then, a voice echoed around them.

Immediately.

Several figures approached from different spots around the plaza, but upon a closer look, there was something odd.

Every person looked the same, without any change.

"Paper figure, Leuk San." Behind Li Jun's sunglasses, the ghostly green flames flickered.

Leuk San said with a smile, "I arrived in this city half an hour ago and took a stroll around. This ghostly place, it's truly not fit for the living. If you're not careful, you might really die."

"Did you come alone?" Li Jun said. "No other people with you?"

Leuk San said, "There's no need for that. If several Captains working together can't handle it, then having one more person might not make a difference. Besides, do you think I'd take this lightly?"

"Is it you personally who came, or is it just a paper figure?" Li Jun took a few steps forward, his face stern, exuding an inexplicable authority.

"Everyone has their own way of handling secrets; I won't tell you, but I'll do my best." Leuk San responded.

Li Jun frowned and said, "Do your best? I don't even know if you're a paper figure or not. How can I trust that you'll do your best and not just send a paper figure to brush things off? During the Ghost Painting

incident, I thought you were really dead, but it turned out it was just a paper figure that died in the painting. Now, it's hard for me to trust you."

He had worked with Leuk San, but the process was not pleasant.

Li Jun was risking his life dealing with the Ghost Painting, only to find out Leuk San was just a paper figure, which deceived them terribly.

In the end, Chen Yi died, Xiong Wenwen was trapped in the photo by a supernatural camera, and he himself experienced a ghost revival.....

"Li Jun, if you don't trust me, then it's fine for us to split up and act separately," Leuk San said.

With those words.

It seemed to irritate Li Jun, who already disliked Leuk San. His face darkened immediately, and he raised his hand to grab Leuk San.

"Li Jun, you don't really think about attacking me, do you?" Leuk San retreated to avoid him.

However, the next moment, a sinister Ghost Flame emerged from Leuk San.

The Ghost Flame burned, and his body disintegrated.

After the burning, it was revealed that Leuk San was just a paper figure, hollow inside with nothing.

"I just wanted you to come out and meet me yourself. Stop sending a paper figure to brush me off, and get your attitude right," Li Jun said.

His suspicion was correct; the Leuk San before him was just an unremarkable paper figure.

"Why are you so hung up on whether I'm a paper figure or not, Li Jun? As long as the outcome is good, isn't that enough?"

Another Leuk San appeared, squinting his eyes, "The last time with the Ghost Painting incident was indeed my fault, but you can't hold on to that. If you're looking to settle accounts, I'm not afraid of you, but I can't guarantee what the consequences will be."

He also had a temper, and being burned for no reason by Li Jun was not pleasant.

"If you can, just try it."

Li Jun, too, had a personality. He loathed Leuk San, believing he got Chen Yi killed, and Lu San's poor attitude only infuriated him further.

His palm opened, a green Ghost Flame flickering.

A deathly silent modern skyscraper loomed faintly amid the Ghost Flame.

Ping'an Tower.

A supernatural location that held the Ghost Painting and Ghost Envoy.

Only Li Jun could connect to this terrifying supernatural place through the Ghost Flame.

"Li Jun, if you really do it, you'll be dead," Leuk San warned seriously.

"Come here in person and we'll talk," Li Jun said.

He still didn't believe this was really Leuk San.

"Bang!"

However, in the next moment.

A sudden loud noise erupted in the plaza of the park.

A long golden, cracked spear descended from the sky, deeply embedding into the ground and shattering the surrounding ground.

"Impressive, full of spirit, Li Jun. Your temper seems to be more fiery than before. It's unwise to get into a fight now, even if you dislike Leuk San," a voice remarked as a red light flashed.

Yang Jian appeared with Feng Quan.

"Ghost Eye Yang Jian....." Leuk San looked at Yang Jian and then at the spear standing in the ground, showing a wary expression.

That was the legendary Coffin Nail and the exceedingly strange Firewood Knife.

"Don't even know where his true form is, just sending a paper figure to fob us off. Yang Jian, do you trust him?" Li Jun said.

Yang Jian said, "I don't trust him either, but we need to see if he's really dismissive. If he truly is, I'll be the first to kill him. We don't need such a captain; it's one thing to slack off usually, but during an S-Class supernatural event, that's just sabotaging others."

"Not killing him, saving him for the New Year?"

"Well said," Li Jun uncharacteristically agreed with Yang Jian.

An S-class supernatural event requires Captain Level ghost tamers to sacrifice themselves, and if someone is shirking their duties, it would be better to join forces to kill them.

"I don't think I've offended Captain Yang," Leuk San chuckled. "Meeting for the first time and already talking about taking me down, that's kind of scary. Though I know you two are here to intimidate me, that kind of joke shouldn't be made."

"I want to see your sincerity."

Yang Jian said, he struck the spear lightly with one hand, and it came free from the ground with a slight pull.

"I understand." Leuk San paused for a moment, then stood still in place.

At this moment, another Leuk San emerged.

He was no different from the others, but he took out a small knife and cut his own finger.

Thick, black blood flowed out.

"How about now?"

The Leuk San who cut his finger looked at the two, "This time, I'm prepared. My true form is here, not a paper figure. To be safe, I chose to hide, bringing out something from the supernatural place, I have to be cautious with everyone and hold back a hand. I don't want to fall here either."

Being able to bleed proved that he was not a paper figure but the real Leuk San.

"That's because your previous actions were unsatisfactory," Yang Jian glanced at him.

"If I hadn't used a paper figure in the Ghost Painting incident, I'd probably be dead by now," Leuk San said. "I did it to survive, nothing wrong with that."

"Now that you're here in person, the misunderstanding is temporarily cleared," Li Jun said. "Hope we can work well together from now on."

Leuk San exhaled slightly.

When did these two start cooperating so closely?

If a real conflict breaks out, with Li Jun and Yang Jian together, who could they not kill?

He also isn't confident about surviving in the hands of these two people.

"Let's stop discussing me. Isn't there someone else who hasn't arrived? Where's that guy named Shen?"
Leuk San said.

He immediately changed the subject, not wanting to be the focus of the conversation.

Li Jun said, "He seems to be quite mysterious, got famous early, and also solved some particularly unusual supernatural events. Combined with sufficient ability, he was internally appointed as Captain. However, he disappeared for a while afterwards. Although many have met him, those people are from the older generation of ghost handlers, most of whom are dead. Nowadays, not many at headquarters are familiar with him."

"But Fang Shiming used to know him, as they were ghost handlers from the same batch."

Fang Shiming.

The old boss of the social circle, unexpectedly had interactions with that Captain Shen Lin.

Nevertheless, Fang Shiming has already been taken out by Yang Jian, long since reduced to a corpse.

Yet, just as they were mentioning Shen Lin.

Suddenly.

A memory that didn't belong to them flashed into their minds.

In the memory, they seemed to have come to this place, also standing in the square of this park.

But in the memory, this park square wasn't as deserted; it was normal, there were passersby nearby. Just like today, they gathered there chatting, conversing, yet the only difference was, in the memory, there was one more person at the gathering.

That person named Shen Lin, in the memory, he was sitting on that rest bench in the park.

Yang Jian, Li Jun, Leuk San, even Feng Quan and Ah Hong beside them, all shared the same memory.

Abruptly.

Everyone looked in one direction.

It was the bench where Shen Lin was resting in the memory.

Something bizarre occurred.

Memory and reality overlapped.

The bench that was just empty now truly had one more person sitting there, dressed casually, looking somewhat leisurely with crossed legs, smiling and nodding greetings towards them.

This appearance was identical to Shen Lin in the previous memory.

As if the scene from memory had been re-enacted.

"Shen Lin?" Yang Jian narrowed his eyes. He had seen Shen Lin's file, which included photographs.

Undeniably.

This is Shen Lin.

"Incredible, it feels like his memory appeared in my mind, then manifested into reality. How did he do it?" Feng Quan felt immensely shocked.

This Shen Lin was no longer a normal person.

"He is a person who doesn't exist in reality."

Yang Jian's ghost eye observed, discovered some traces, and coupled with the earlier situation, made a bold conjecture.

"Shen Lin, how do you manage this, what's really happening to you?" Li Jun asked.

Shen Lin slowly stood up from the bench; he was alive, yet seemed not to exist in the real world. He said, "It's just lucky to have survived, becoming like this wasn't my choice. In supernatural events, anything can happen, isn't it?"

"First, let me introduce myself, Shen Lin, one of the twelve captains at headquarters, responsible for Daxia City, codename Ghost Face."

"Ghost Face Shen Lin? What a strange title." Ah Hong beside Li Jun said.

"That's not important. What's crucial is that we need to team up to tackle the Ghost Lake incident this time, don't you think, Yang?" Shen Lin looked at Yang Jian.

Yang Jian asked, "So, is it just you in this operation?"

"Seems like it for now." Shen Lin said.

Seems like?

Meaning, Shen Lin still has teammates, it's just a matter of deciding based on circumstances whether they are needed.

"It's fine as long as we have all the people, but according to headquarters, this time we need a leader for the operation to prevent chaos from everyone acting independently," Li Jun added, "I agree with letting Yang Jian lead the team, what do you all think?"

"Reasons?" Shen Lin asked.

Li Jun said, "He has experience dealing with S-class supernatural events."

"Quite a reasonable argument." Shen Lin nodded.

Leuk San said, "I have no objections to whoever leads."

"Then it's decided." Li Jun said.

However, Yang Jian said, "It's unnecessary. We don't need a captain; let's work together directly. None of us are beginners, many things don't need reminders, we all know what to do."

Captain?

What a joke.

He definitely doesn't want it.

It's a position bound to take the fall, good work yields no reward, fail and trouble awaits.

Furthermore, none of these individuals are simple.

In crucial moments, words might not even have influence.

Yang Jian, despite being confident, is also self-aware.

Chapter 1086 - Flooded Streets

After a brief meeting.

Yang Jian, Li Jun, Leuk San, and Shen Lin, a total of four captain-level figures, walked through the roads of this city.

They observed the strange and silent city, discussing their next course of action while patrolling.

Ah Hong, flipping through the file, said as he walked, "The Ghost Lake incident initially began four months ago. The person responsible for establishing the file was Cheng Haw from Zhongzhou City. He got entangled with this supernatural incident for a full month before disappearing. After an investigation, he was confirmed dead, and the progress of handling the Ghost Lake incident stalled... until the level was raised to A, and it was taken over by Captain Cao Yang."

"There is no important content in the file information; this supernatural incident is a mystery."

Li Jun said expressionlessly, "Cao Yang disappeared during the handling of this case. The only information obtained was that he was tracking another Captain Yinzi, though Yinzi is not her real name; it was a temporary name used when filing."

"So we have to start from the beginning and investigate step by step?" Shen Lin said, rotating his shoulders.

"Pretty much," Li Jun said.

Yang Jian squinted, his ghost eyes scanning the surroundings: "Are we certain the source is in this city? It doesn't look like it to me."

"The source of Ghost Lake is still unknown to headquarters. The photo of Ghost Lake on the file is one of the places infected by the supernatural."

Ah Hong glanced at Yang Jian and said, "The supernatural event only started from this place, so we have to come here to confirm the situation. Cao Yang investigated here too, and later, when he disappeared, the signal was lost in this city."

"There must be some hidden secret here."

"Since the problem arose in this city, let's just wipe it off the map. Whatever remains must have issues," Yang Jian stopped, standing in the middle of the street.

Li Jun said, "Making a city disappear from the map? That's too big of a move, and losing a city is a huge loss too."

"Do you think anyone would still dare to live in this place?" Yang Jian glanced briefly.

The streets are deserted, the nearby buildings empty—this is a lifeless Dead City, seemingly hiding something unclean.

Such a city where even ghost wielders dare not tread, let alone ordinary people, except maybe those with a death wish.

Li Jun was silent for a moment.

Indeed.

This city is no longer suitable for living people.

"What if the source of Ghost Lake isn't in this city? If this city was just affected, wiping it off the map might not be good either," Li Jun said.

He did not agree with Yang Jian's radical approach.

Erasing a city at the drop of a hat is really hard to accept.

"Since you don't agree with my idea, then do as you see fit," Yang Jian said indifferently, unfazed.

Leuk San, however, smiled and said, "Why rush, folks? Let's walk around and see the situation first, we have plenty of time, no need to act so hastily."

"But the sky is so overcast, it seems like it's going to rain. In the Ghost Lake incident, rain doesn't seem to be a good omen, does it?" Shen Lin looked up at the sky, dark and oppressive clouds hanging over the city.

"This rain won't fall."

Yang Jian raised his head, his ghost eyes opened, releasing a red light that immediately spread outward. The dark clouds in the sky disappeared at an unprecedented speed.

In an instant, the dark clouds turned into a blue sky.

Sunlight poured down, seemingly dispelling a considerable amount of some cold, eerie aura from the city.

The others glanced at Yang Jian.

Although they knew the terrifying power of Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, they didn't expect he could easily dispel the clouds over an entire city, and the scope was so large it felt somewhat frightening.

If they were targeted, there might be nowhere to run.

Luckily.

This Yang Jian was an ally, not an enemy, otherwise, it would indeed be troublesome.

"I've been feeling something watching us all around for a while now. Do you mind if I light a candle?"

Leuk San sensed something at this moment and pulled out a white Ghost Candle, then said.

"Alright, light it and see what happens," Li Jun said.

Leuk San didn't say much, directly lighting the white Ghost Candle to draw out some unclean things around them, to avoid accidents due to carelessness.

The white Ghost Candle was ignited, its flame black and peculiar.

This candle can attract fierce ghosts.

Normally, it wouldn't be lit lightly, as it could attract unknown fierce ghosts, triggering horrific supernatural events.

But under certain specific circumstances, the white Ghost Candle could help the responsible person better locate the source of supernatural power, drawing out the hidden fierce ghosts.

It has pros and cons, depending on how it is used.

Currently, there are four captains present, two top-notch ghost wielders, such a combination destined their actions to be aggressive and bold.

The Ghost Candle's flame flickered.

Even though Yang Jian had just dispersed the clouds, and the surroundings were bright with sunlight, the black candle flame still cast a shadow over the area.

Initially, everything seemed normal around them, with nothing particularly strange happening.

But soon, a gust of wind blew over, bringing a foul odor.

The air was filled with a stench of rot, a smell all too familiar to everyone present, the smell of decomposing corpses, only diluted by some dampness, creating such a unique rotten stench.

The stench was faint at first.

But as the Ghost Candle burned, the smell became increasingly strong.

Clearly.

The strange entities were attracted, and supernatural phenomena started appearing around.

At this moment.

In a nearby shop.

This shop was deserted, but in its dim restroom, despite the tap being off, it strangely turned itself on.

Muddy water flowed out noisily, quickly filling up the basin, and that stench originated from this turbid water.

Not only that.

The floor drain in the restroom seemed blocked by something, overflowing with water, occasionally sprouting dense black hair.

It seemed a clump of female hair had clogged the drain.

The muddy water flowed out from the restroom, spreading into the shop, then out towards Yang Jian, Li Jun, and others in the street.

This occurrence eerily resembled the scene previously shown to Yang Jian by the Ghost Cabinet.

Was it foresight?

Or was the Ghost Cabinet revealing the truth here, luring Yang Jian into a transaction?

The dry pavement now began to dampen.

Nearby shops, buildings, even walls started showing damp patches, forming water droplets, continuously dripping down.

Although not a drop of rain was falling from the sky, it felt as if the city was constantly enveloped in rain; this disparity from reality created an unspeakable sense of eeriness, and as the white Ghost Candle continued to burn, this phenomenon became increasingly pronounced.

"No rain, yet indications of it," Feng Quan touched his cheek, mud falling off his face.

The grave soil dampened, as if about to squeeze out water.

"There's someone at the window."

Suddenly, Yang Jian's ghost eye locked onto the window on the fourth floor of a building to their right.

A horribly pale, severely bloated body stood there, its head bald as if the scalp had decayed and peeled off. Its flesh appeared loose, making it nauseating to behold.

Yet this grotesque corpse twisted its neck toward their direction.

No.

It was actually facing the direction of the Ghost Candle.

"It's a regular person who died in Ghost Lake, tainted by the supernatural, becoming this monstrous thing," Shen Lin said calmly, scrutinizing the corpse.

"And it's not the only one," Leuk San said.

As his words fell.

Nearby shop doors opened, revealing pale and bloated shadows, and even fingers soaked white were stretching out from nearby sewer drains... Moreover, water droplets kept emerging from the walls, which at some point had grown thick with moss and water plants.

A single Ghost Candle had attracted the supernatural, and even begun to interfere with the surrounding environment.

The commotion wasn't just limited to the surroundings; at the very end of the street within sight, strange figures emerged, and even water was dripping from above everyone.

This wasn't rainwater.

It was a phenomenon caused by supernatural interference with reality.

Everything was both real and unreal.

"In this situation, it's no wonder Cao Yang met his end." Ah Hong, the woman, took a deep breath but quickly covered her mouth.

The stench was overwhelming, as if a bloated corpse were right by her mouth.

The true source hadn't appeared yet, but the supernatural had already invaded reality, forming a real Ghost Domain.

This singular Ghost Lake incident was definitely not simple.

"A good city shouldn't be overrun by this filth." Li Jun took a step forward and snorted coldly.

He couldn't tolerate this situation.

Behind his sunglasses, two eerie Ghost Flames flickered and quickly grew more intense.

Immediately, buildings nearby inexplicably caught fire, with green Ghost Flames raging within, quickly consuming the surrounding structures, then spreading to ignite one building, two buildings, three buildings... until both rows of buildings along the street were ablaze, extending to the very end of one's sight.

The ghostly green light reflected on everyone's faces, not producing any warmth but rather a chilling coldness.

Under the blaze of the Ghost Flame, the water stains on the ground vanished, those bloated, stench-emitting uncanny corpses dissolved into inconspicuous piles of ash, and the moss and water plants on the walls disappeared as well.

All the supernatural phenomena were disappearing at an unbelievable speed.

The air was no longer humid, instead growing somewhat dry.

In the confrontation with the supernatural, the Ghost Flame clearly was more terrifying, burning away all that was eerie.

"Li Jun," Ah Hong called out.

She saw the makeup on Li Jun's face was melting.

Even though Li Jun was peculiar, the Ghost Flame's burn would dissolve even ghost makeup, which would be dangerous.

Li Jun noticed his condition too, and immediately retracted the Ghost Flame.

The Ghost Flame that had engulfed a whole street now began to rapidly extinguish.

The buildings were still the same as before, nothing had changed, not even a piece of clothing in the shops or a few scraps of paper by the roadside had burned.

Only the supernatural phenomena had been burned away.

"Changing the climate, burning a city, creating myriad manifestations, are all Captains this fierce? It's hard to imagine there are over a dozen as powerful as you." Shen Lin scratched his head, feeling a bit awkward.

Leuk San looked at him with a peculiar expression.

You're the most unconventional one here.

A person who doesn't exist in reality, only appearing in memories.

Furthermore, it's still unclear what ghost he controls or what kind of terrifying supernatural power he possesses.

Yang Jian ignored this, only saying, "A meaningless act. You burn Ghost Flames, dispelling merely some supernatural phenomena attracted by the Ghost Candle. These things are not important; if the source isn't dealt with, more and more of them will come."

"Testing the waters isn't bad either."

Li Jun said expressionlessly, his skin seeming to melt, revealing a stranger's dead, emotionless face beneath.

Like there's another person hidden under the heavy makeup.

"The Ghost Candle is still burning." Yang Jian glanced over.

After Li Jun stopped the burning, the surrounding supernatural phenomena reappeared.

The air turned humid again, water stains once more appeared by the roadside, with everything reverting to the way it was before.

Clearly, the suppression of the Ghost Flame by Li Jun was effective, but as Yang Jian said, it was a meaningless act.

Countering the supernatural with one's own condition is very unwise.

Unless you can identify the source and resolve it once and for all, nothing can be changed.

Yang Jian, Shen Liang, and Leuk San remained rational, even Feng Quan and Ah Hong understood this, so there were no actions taken.

Only Li Jun was somewhat impulsive.

However, given such a personality, it's no wonder headquarters sent him to handle supernatural incidents.

Li Jun looked around, refraining from taking any more action, keeping his composure.

"As long as the Ghost Candle isn't extinguished, the supernatural phenomena will grow stronger, eventually possibly even attracting the true source over."

Leuk San said, "But I don't think things are that simple. If a single Ghost Candle could manage that, it wouldn't have resulted in the disappearance of two Captains one after another, though I think it should be tried; what are your opinions?"

"Let the Ghost Candle continue burning; I want to see what this city will become." Yang Jian calmly stated.

"We need a truth, not just wandering around a deserted city." Shen Lin added.

Everyone agreed; they all wanted to see what changes this white Ghost Candle would bring.

After consolidating their opinions, the Ghost Candle continued to burn, without plans for it to be extinguished.

And Li Jun kept his cool and refrained from further action.

Soon, the supernatural phenomena appearing nearby exceeded those seen before, with even the streets starting to flood, murky water constantly streaming down the walls, the entire city becoming drenched.

As if an invisible downpour was pouring down.

Strangely, even as the flooding increased, there was no sign of it lessening, with the street's drainage systems seemingly completely ineffective.

So very soon, the water on the ground reached about ten centimeters deep.

Leuk San had no choice but to hold the Ghost Candle, to prevent it from extinguishing.

"This is very wrong; despite burning for so long, no vengeful ghost has attacked us, only supernatural phenomena escalating." Yang Jian frowned.

Logically, with the burning of a white Ghost Candle, nearby ghosts should definitely be drawn over.

Yet, no ghost appeared.

Only those drowned, pale dead people were drawn out.

Or perhaps, the emergence of a ghost is missing some conditions?

Yang Jian looked at the water accumulating on the ground, pondering.

If the appearance of a ghost requires a medium, the water here should be more than sufficient.

Thinking in reverse.

If such a conspicuous use of the Ghost Candle didn't draw out the ghost to kill, then how did others die?

How did Cao Yang meet his end?

"There's too little information, we know nothing, so all we can do is keep trying, gathering more info."
Yang Jian took a glance at the white Ghost Candle in Leuk San's hand.

At this moment.

The drain entrances on the ground were continuously gurgling out water, while murky water was flooding out of nearby buildings as if a dam had been opened.

The water level on this street was continuously rising.

It was reaching Yang Jian's knees now.

His ghost eyes peered into the distance, showing other parts of the city with similarly high water levels.

If this trend continues, the water will soon rise to several meters, even tens of meters.

At that point, this city would cease to be a city, instead becoming a lake.

Could this actually be where the true Ghost Lake lies?

Not a lake in reality, but a lake formed by a congregation of supernatural phenomena.

Such a thought crossed Yang Jian's mind.

Chapter 1087 - The Unfindable Lake

Everyone watched as the white Ghost Candle in Leuk San's hand continued to burn, while also observing the surrounding supernatural phenomena.

This was the longest the white Ghost Candle had burned since it had been used.

In most cases, the white Ghost Candle would extinguish immediately after attracting the ghost, preventing the provocation of other unimaginable terrors.

The water level continued to rise, and the city seemed to be gradually getting submerged. At this moment, the water had already reached the thighs of an average adult and would soon reach the waist. This depth could be considered substantial, but amidst this water, Yang Jian noticed a peculiar detail.

"I don't know if you've noticed, but with the water this deep, nothing is floating on the surface."

"I've noticed it too. Normally, with water this deep, there would be a lot of debris floating on the surface. But although the water here is murky, it's exceptionally clean, with not a single thing floating," Leuk San seemed to have already perceived this, but he suppressed his inner doubts without speaking them out loud.

Ah Hong said nothing, merely tossed a piece of tissue into the water.

Logically, the tissue should float on the surface.

However, something defied common sense.

The tissue sank directly to the bottom, unable to float.

"The result is clear, reality has been interfered with by supernatural power, affecting various aspects," Ah Hong said. "We can't stay in the water any longer; the ghost hasn't appeared yet, and if we continue to stay, there's a risk of drowning here."

"Makes sense, the water is still deepening, and things that sink can't float back up. Even ghost controllers might not be able to escape this predicament. There's no need to take such a risk," Leuk San said.

He had already sensed some paper figurines losing contact.

But the situation was manageable and not severe.

"To the rooftop," Yang Jian said immediately, without hesitation, using the Ghost Domain to instantly transfer everyone.

They reappeared on the rooftop of a nearby high-rise building.

This building was tens of meters high, and the chance of the water reaching here was impossible.

"The ghost still hasn't been drawn out," Li Jun said, soaked, but he didn't mind.

Ah Hong looked him over, noticing that the dye on Li Jun's body hadn't washed away despite the water.

Clearly, in supernatural confrontations, the ghost makeup proved quite advantageous.

A large amount of water drained from beneath Feng Quan's feet, as if his body had absorbed a lot of water, now being expelled.

The same was true for Leuk San.

This was undoubtedly another paper figurine; the real Leuk San was hidden somewhere unknown.

However, Shen Lin remained untouched by a single drop, standing unaffected in water for so long as if he didn't exist in reality.

"It seems that the Ghost Candle isn't always effective," Leuk San observed, looking at the still-burning white Ghost Candle.

Shen Lin patted his trousers and said, "I think I have an idea."

"Do tell," Yang Jian replied, but his gaze flickered to an inconspicuous corner of the rooftop.

There stood the Ghost Cabinet, painted entirely in red.

But only he could see it; the others were oblivious.

Shen Lin said, "The Ghost Candle hasn't failed; it's already worked. The supernatural phenomena it attracted are the best evidence. But some ghosts don't exist in reality and can't be directly contacted.

Have you ever thought that the ghost might already be among us, but we're missing a certain condition, so we can't see or find it?"

"Similarly, because the ghost lacks that condition, we haven't been attacked by it."

"If we could find or fulfill that condition, we might be attacked by the ghost immediately, or even enter the true Ghost Lake."

"What you're saying sounds a bit profound, but I get it. Are you saying this Ghost Lake and the ghost within it aren't part of reality? The Ghost Candle merely lures the supernatural to interfere with reality but doesn't have the ability to break this barrier and let us interact with the ghost?"

Li Jun frowned slightly, deep in thought.

"It makes sense," Leuk San nodded.

"A medium."

Yang Jian said, "To enter the Ghost Lake, we need a medium or an object, a method. Without it, we'll never be able to contact the true Ghost Lake."

"A medium? That's a more precise term."

Shen Lin nodded, "But we can't passively wait for the medium to trigger, or we'll end up like Cao Yang, attacked by the ghost in an instant. No one can guarantee survival against a ghost attack, and a single mistake could result in the third Captain disappearing here."

"That's why we must actively find a way into the Ghost Lake. Only then can we take the initiative," Yang Jian said.

Li Jun asked, "Yang Jian, do you have any other ideas?"

"No, without any intel, taking the first step is the hardest. Past supernatural incidents tell me that this first step often requires sacrifice," Yang Jian said coldly.

But despite saying this.

He glanced again at the Ghost Cabinet in the corner.

If he continued trading, he could get intelligence from the Ghost Cabinet.

However, Yang Jian didn't want to do that.

Starting another trade with the Ghost Cabinet might set demands he couldn't fulfill next time, risking his life for one mission wasn't worth it.

Leuk San blew out the Ghost Candle, "Since that's the case, lighting the Ghost Candle again is meaningless. Perhaps we can gather useful intel from some of the deceased in this city."

"Let's split up to investigate. Contact by phone if there's any development. Until we find a method, I suggest everyone avoids acting rashly."

At this point, the supernatural event had reached a stalemate, and separating to investigate was a viable approach.

After all, the ghost hadn't appeared yet, and the location of the Ghost Lake was unknown, so gathering together was pointless.

"What if you encounter danger during your investigation?" Li Jun asked.

Leuk San laughed, "At most, I lose a paper figurine. Finding a way into the Ghost Lake or locating the ghost, even at the cost of a paper figurine, is worthwhile. Besides, you have Ah Hong, and Yang Jian has Feng Quan. If something goes wrong, there's someone to notify you quickly."

"But as for you, Shen Lin... being alone is risky. If you suddenly die, there's no one to pass the message. How about letting a paper figurine follow you, what do you think?"

"Sure, I don't mind. That sounds good," Shen Lin smiled, accepting Leuk San's goodwill.

Nobody could be sure if Leuk San had other intentions.

"Then let's split up," Yang Jian said, leading Feng Quan as they left.

For him, the city had no distance. His Ghost Domain could cover it instantly, assembling everyone within three seconds.

So whether they split up or stayed together, it made little difference.

Watching Yang Jian disappear and leave.

Li Jun also said, "Stay in contact at all times, don't leave this city. If there's any new discovery, share it immediately. An S-class supernatural event—everyone knows what that means. The captain-level Cao Yang has already fallen; you wouldn't want to be next, right?"

He was reminding and also warning Shen Lin and Leuk San to see the situation clearly.

This isn't an ordinary supernatural event; it's not that easy. We must approach it very cautiously.

"Li Jun, don't worry. This is still the investigation stage. It's not yet time to truly confront the supernatural. If anything happens, we'll assemble. I'm not foolish enough to fight this thing alone," Leuk San laughed and said.

"Finding the mediator is most important; otherwise, even four captains teaming up will just be anxious for nothing," Shen Lin said.

Li Jun nodded and didn't speak further.

The four captains soon split up again.

They needed to search for clues in different parts of the city in their own ways, and they had agreed to support each other at any time, so it seemed there wouldn't be any unexpected issues.

At this moment.

Yang Jian ignored the water accumulated on the ground and walked on the water surface with Feng Quan.

His ghost eye peered, emitting a red light.

The surrounding water surface reflected a crimson hue, as if stained with fresh blood.

He maintained the Ghost Domain state to isolate the influence of the water and prevent a sudden supernatural attack.

"Yang Jian, have you found anything?" Feng Quan asked.

"I have a bit of direction, but I still need to verify it," Yang Jian said, then he paused and looked down at the water beneath his feet.

A pale corpse lay submerged at the bottom, its eyes opened, unyielding in death. Its arms stretched out as if trying to struggle back to the surface, yet, unfortunately, it had drowned, maintaining its posture from before death.

This corpse seemed unfamiliar, but it hadn't been dead for long, as it hadn't become completely bloated.

Yang Jian gripped a long spear, and the black ghost shadow beneath his feet gradually submerged into the water.

At this moment.

He directly triggered the mediator of the Firewood Knife.

Though the corpse was dead, it didn't hinder the activation of the mediator.

Yang Jian wanted to see where this eerie body in the water had been and where it met its end.

The Firewood Knife not only dismembers but also has the function of probing the traces left by the deceased during their lifetime.

Immediately.

The mediator for the corpse appeared.

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain suddenly expanded at this moment, and in seconds, it enveloped the entire city.

"Let me see where you were when you were alive, and where you ended up dying."

At this moment, the city had no secrets from him.

The traces left by the deceased during their lifetime—he could see them as long as they were within this city.

However, unbelievably.

Yang Jian's foolproof method of investigation failed.

There were no traces in the city of this corpse's activities.

Not a single mediator appeared in his view.

The corpse seemed to have appeared out of thin air, not originally from this place.

"This person is not from this city. He died somewhere else and was brought here by the supernatural," Yang Jian mused.

"Like a branch upstream in a river, washed downstream."

"However, now I know how to determine the approximate range of the Ghost Lake."

If one corpse doesn't work, then ten corpses, a hundred corpses.

As long as one piece of information aligns, Yang Jian can lock in the location.

"Feng Quan, go to the four corners of this city and light a white Ghost Candle at each. Once they're lit, move away, don't get involved," Yang Jian said.

"Alright." Feng Quan nodded.

But just as he finished speaking.

Suddenly.

A pale hand emerged from the water beneath Yang Jian's feet and grabbed at his legs, seeming to drag him into the water or as if the corpse wanted to escape the water, viewing Yang Jian as a lifebuoy on the surface to grab onto.

"Watch out," Feng Quan was startled.

Yang Jian stood there expressionless, without moving.

That pale hand grasped at air.

Being within the Ghost Domain isolated him from supernatural attacks. It could be seen but not touched.

The grasping corpse, with a strong sense of unwillingness, gradually sank back into the water, then drifted away with the current.

Without the attraction of the white Ghost Candle, the accumulated water was also slowly receding, albeit slowly.

"Just do what you need to do, don't worry about the rest,"

Yang Jian said, handing several white Ghost Candles to Feng Quan, then sent him away.

He needed to investigate the mediators of other corpses to confirm their identities and locations.

Although Feng Quan didn't fully understand, he went ahead.

He lit a white Ghost Candle at the north, south, east, and west points of the city.

And he left immediately after lighting them, without any delay.

He also had a Ghost Domain. Although not as exaggerated as Yang Jian's, it was still easy for him to span the city.

Chapter 1088 Their Own Methods

Yang Jian instructed Feng Quan to light white Ghost Candles at four positions in the city to draw out supernatural influences, attempting to find some useful clues through his methods. Some progress has been made, but it would take some time to confirm the remaining details.

However, while he was searching for clues, others were not idle either.

In a desolate apartment building in Zhongzhou City.

A lone figure, Leuk San, appeared there. This Leuk San was clearly not the same Leuk San who had been with Yang Jian, Li Jun, and Shen Lin previously; this was a paper humanoid.

It looked exactly like Leuk San.

Impossible to tell apart.

This paper humanoid Leuk San expressionlessly approached an apartment in this desolate building.

As if having foreseen it.

The paper humanoid Leuk San found a key in a small flowerpot at the doorway and effortlessly opened the apartment door.

A rank stench rushed out.

With a strong moldy smell.

Leuk San walked in and glanced around briefly.

The living room looked as if it had been soaked in water, leaving behind water stains, and the walls showed patches of mold. The atmosphere was dark and damp. He reached out and switched on the room's light, but it flickered a few times before going out completely, unable to turn back on.

Leuk San said nothing; he ignored the dim living room and instead headed straight towards the bathroom.

This apartment's bathroom was quite large, with a fairly luxurious decoration, and the shower area included a bathtub.

However, the bathtub was filled with murky water, and alarmingly, the water was faintly boiling, bubbling, with strands of black hair barely surfacing before quickly sinking back.

Something seemed to be soaking in the bathtub's water.

Leuk San's eyes moved numbly, then he walked step by step to the water-filled bathtub.

Suddenly.

He reached out towards the bathtub.

"Splash~!"

In an instant, the serene bathtub water splashed violently. A thick stench emanated as if something abruptly grabbed Leuk San, causing him to stumble towards the tub. But soon, Leuk San snorted coldly, and a supernatural confrontation unfolded as the bathtub's water returned to calmness almost immediately.

At this moment, beneath the restored calm surface, black hair floated up, and the faint outline of pale limbs emerged on the water's surface.

Leuk San showed no reaction and directly pulled out whatever was in the water.

It was a woman's corpse, dead for some time, yet inexplicably not swollen or decayed by soaking. Although a cadaverous smell wafted from it, the corpse's skin remained firm and elastic, though bloodless, rendering the skin exceptionally white.

The female corpse was dragged out from the bathtub and thrown onto the bathroom floor.

But astonishingly, the corpse's hands clung tightly to Leuk San's arms, embedding its nails deep into his arms.

If it were an ordinary person, the arm would be crippled.

However, beneath Leuk San's arm was not the flesh and blood of a living human, but emptiness, nothing at all.

The paper humanoid Leuk San gazed at the female corpse and, without a word, dragged it out of the bathroom and threw it into the living room.

The previously extinguished living room light now flickered once again.

Some supernatural interference had caused certain anomalies in the surroundings.

Leuk San remained silent. He raised his hand and directly plunged it into his eye socket, then forcefully tore off half his face, which wasn't skin but a face drawn on paper, made of yellow paper akin to those used for mourning the dead.

He did not discard the torn face but instead pasted it onto the wet female corpse's face.

The female corpse lay motionless, sunk into deathly silence.

A bruise-like handprint was clearly visible on the neck of the female corpse.

It was squeezed by Leuk San.

The paper humanoid Leuk San now began to dismember his own body piece by piece, adhering the torn yellow paper onto the female corpse.

As time passed, the paper humanoid Leuk San's body became more broken and incomplete, but the yellow paper on the female corpse increased.

The duration of this process was unknown.

Until all movements ceased.

Leuk San vanished.

Yet the female corpse on the ground was now fully covered in yellow paper, slowly merging like a wound closing. Moreover, the female corpse's face no longer resembled its original form but had become the likeness of Leuk San.

The paper humanoid seemed to have replaced the female corpse.

The two merged into one.

However, the reason why Leuk San did this remains unknown.

It is only known that the paper-clad female corpse, Leuk San, seemed to have fallen into slumber, with no sign of awakening soon.

No matter what happens.

Only one thing is known: Leuk San is using this method to investigate the source of Ghost Lake, tracing supernatural traces.

Elsewhere in the city.

Shen Lin and another Leuk San appeared at a high point in the city, not yet submerged by floodwaters.

The two walked along the road without speaking a word.

Leuk San's sallow face shifted slightly, occasionally glancing in Shen Lin's direction.

Shen Lin seemed quite at ease, like a tourist strolling through the city, with a faint smile on his face, as if he didn't take the dangers here seriously, or perhaps he was confident that the dangers here were nothing to him.

Leuk San was quite apprehensive of this person who had long been designated as the team leader and had entered the supernatural circle early on.

Not just him; he believed that Li Jun and Yang Jian also had the same thought.

"If you're just going to wander around, you won't find any clues. If you plan to slack off, then forget I said anything," Leuk San said.

Shen Lin smiled slightly and said, "Since I agreed to handle the Ghost Lake incident, it's naturally impossible for me to slack off. Otherwise, I would offend many people, and I wouldn't be foolish enough to slack off at this moment."

"So, what do you plan to do?" Leuk San asked, seeming to find Shen Lin a very clear-headed person.

Having taken on the Ghost Lake task, no matter what thoughts he had previously, at this moment, he should put in effort to resolve it. If he still thought of slacking off, he would definitely face repercussions afterward.

"I'm already doing it," Shen Lin said, pointing around.

Leuk San immediately sensed something and looked around.

At this moment, everything around was dramatically changing; the standing water beside them rapidly disappeared, pedestrians appeared on the once-dead silent street, and cars drove by... Scenery was changing, as if they returned to a moment before the Ghost Lake incident, no longer at the moment they were just in.

This transformation happened quickly.

In the blink of an eye, the bustling and lively Zhongzhou City replaced the previous Dead City.

"This is..." Leuk San, the paper man, couldn't help but slightly change his expression.

This phenomenon was somewhat beyond his understanding.

However, Shen Lin seemed accustomed, stepping onto the street and blending into the crowd, moving forward, yet appearing out of place, standing out as if those passersby were truly passersby and he was the protagonist.

The sense of discord was apparent, yet indescribable.

"Shen Lin."

Leuk San called out, hurriedly following up, trying to understand the reason, because he, too, was caught up, trapped in this bizarre city.

But nearby pedestrians formed a stream, blocking his path, seemingly intending to separate him.

"Get out of the way."

Leuk San felt somewhat angry, his face turning gloomy as he grabbed a person squeezing towards him.

A bizarre scene occurred.

The pedestrian had been fine originally, but as Leuk San strangled him, the normal skin tone quickly turned pale, followed by water oozing out of the eyes, nose, and mouth, turbid water flowing continuously, and the body quickly bloated.

A normal person turned into a drowned corpse in the blink of an eye.

The stench hit his face, and Leuk San hurriedly shook off the corpse.

However, after being shaken off, the corpse lay on the ground for a moment but quickly got up again, and the standing corpse restored its previous normal appearance.

Completely devoid of the watery, drowned appearance.

"This..."

Leuk San stared at those seemingly normal pedestrians, understanding roughly in his heart.

This city seemed to have restored to its former appearance, but in reality, nothing had changed. All the pedestrians were dead, the prosperity just an illusion.

"But it seems I lost Shen Lin; he deliberately shook me off, not wanting me to uncover his secrets. Although this was expected, being shaken off so easily is a bit embarrassing."

He took a deep breath, no longer pursuing Shen Lin, choosing instead to linger in place.

Meanwhile.

Shen Lin, mingling among the pedestrians, was still so prominent, conspicuous, even though he was no different from the others, but a normal person glancing over would surely overlook the pedestrians, noticing only him at first glance.

However, while walking, Shen Lin glanced at a young man approaching from the opposite direction.

The young man, around twenty, was handsome but gave off an eerie vibe, like a walking corpse, highly abnormal.

As Shen Lin passed by the young man, he raised his hand and patted his shoulder.

The crowd moved, jostling.

The young man approaching mysteriously disappeared without a trace.

At that moment, when Shen Lin looked up again, he had become that young, handsome man, with a slight smile at the corner of his mouth, continuing forward.

At this moment.

He was no longer conspicuous or abrupt but perfectly blended into the city crowd.

Now, Shen Lin was no longer Shen Lin but a young man living in this city.

He replaced that young man, about to experience everything the young man had, including death.

And at the moment Shen Lin experiences that young man's death, the killing pattern of Ghost Lake and some secrets would be revealed before him.

Everything in the city was rehearsing in some incredible way.

Only at this moment, Shen Lin was added as a witness to the city.

The truth will soon be unveiled.

Chapter 1089 The Experiences of 3 People

"Phew~!"

On an inconspicuous rooftop in Zhongzhou City, a white candle lit up, emitting black flames and casting a shadow over the surroundings.

The candlelight flickered, and a heavy rain seemed to pour around, immersing everything around the house in water. Although the sun was still out in the sky, some inexplicable paranormal phenomenon was invading reality.

It's not just about the rainwater.

Occasionally, a few dead bodies floated to the surface of the water, but they quickly sank to the bottom, unable to remain afloat.

This situation wasn't limited to a single location.

In the east, west, south, and north of the city, a white Ghost Candle was lit in each direction.

Yang Jian had Feng Quan do this.

Because the increase in the number of Ghost Candles led to more severe paranormal occurrences in the city, with the bodies appearing in the water continuously increasing.

At this moment, Yang Jian was pursuing a corpse.

This was a drowned man, submerged in a pool of stagnant water; the murky water obscured the truth of the body, but with his Ghost Eyes, the hidden corpse was clear to him.

He came near the corpse, the Ghost Shadow covering him, holding a golden, fractured spear, silent.

The medium had been dispatched.

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain covered the city, seeking traces of this person's activities before death.

"Is it not in this city either?"

This was the fifth corpse he had searched for, the others were beyond his sight range, although the medium had been triggered, the distance was too far for him to help.

"Next corpse."

Yang Jian vanished from there, reappearing in another direction in the city, where Feng Quan had also lit a Ghost Candle.

The paranormal phenomenon around was already severe.

Yang Jian swiftly found the sixth corpse; it was a middle-aged man, his clothes gone, unknown what he was doing when he died.

The Ghost Shadow covered him, holding the spear, the medium dispatched once more.

At this moment.

A sudden scene of the middle-aged man's life appeared in the view of his Ghost Eyes.

"Found it, this man was from Zhongzhou City. By tracing the medium left behind before his death, I can grasp all his actions. Once I pinpoint where he last had trouble, I can roughly determine Ghost Lake's murder patterns." Yang Jian thought to himself.

He sought clues from the dead.

But the dead had been deceased for quite some time, he couldn't invade the dead body's memory; he could only steal the memory of the living or those who had just died.

The next moment.

In Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, a vast shadow suddenly covered the ground.

The sky turned blood-red, the ground pitch-black.

The Ghost Eye's Ghost Domain combined with the Ghost Shadow's Ghost Domain to form some unique world.

There were no secrets in the city, everything was under control.

Yang Jian only locked onto this one middle-aged man's medium.

But in reality, all who had lived in this city appeared before his eyes; they were mediums, not living people, without exception.

With this unique vision, he quickly grasped all this middle-aged man's life traces and the location of his last moment before death.

"I've found the clue. Feng Quan, extinguish all the Ghost Candles." Yang Jian said, the voice reaching Feng Quan's ear.

"Okay, I'll extinguish the Ghost Candles right away."

Feng Quan wasn't dissatisfied; he thought assisting this way was beneficial, at least he didn't have to face an S-class paranormal event head-on.

Yang Jian disappeared from the original place again.

At this moment, he appeared in a room within a luxury hotel in Zhongzhou City.

Inside the room, the Ghost Shadow enveloped.

The medium continued to trigger.

Yang Jian saw various people who had once entered the hotel room, couples, lovers, students... but those mediums didn't matter to him. He had found that middle-aged man.

With a wave of his hand.

All the mediums vanished in the Ghost Domain, leaving only that one person.

The medium of the middle-aged man appeared on the balcony, bathroom, restroom.

However, in the end, Yang Jian stared at the moldy bed in front of him.

The last medium the man left on the bed.

This medium showed the middle-aged man in a fixed posture, eyes open, reaching out as if a drowning person desperately trying to surface for air.

Yang Jian walked around the bed, observing this man's last medium from different angles.

"No water, yet he drowned. He died on the bed, not in the bathroom, where water was accessible, which means Ghost Lake's murder rule isn't closely linked with water."

"The murky water is just the trace left after killing, not the paranormal source."

Yang Jian squinted his eyes.

He thought everyone entered a misconception, thinking Ghost Lake was truly a lake; in truth, the lake water was a surface phenomenon, like the spilled blood after a person is killed. Water might just be an effect, not the source.

"A person lying in bed, what could trigger the ghost's killing rule?"

Yang Jian felt he was close to the answer.

Just a bit away.

That slight difference, he could find Ghost Lake.

"Sleeping? No, it shouldn't be. If sleeping was enough to get targeted by the ghost in Ghost Lake, then no one in Zhongzhou City could survive, and people in other cities would surely be killed by the ghost in Ghost Lake." Yang Jian quickly dismissed this speculation.

It's not the Ghost Dream incident from home.

The Ghost Dream incident was what made one get targeted by a ghost when sleeping.

Yang Jian paced in the room, also contemplating.

He glanced at the water tap in the bathroom.

Casually turning it on for a look.

There was still water in the tap; when opened, tap water gushed out, but it was murky, with a stench, similar to the stagnant water on the streets before.

Yang Jian's Ghost Eyes peered.

He sensed there was something else mixed in this water.

He reached out and grabbed.

It turned out to be a strand of black hair.

This wasn't ordinary hair; it seemed to carry some paranormal power.

"It bears some resemblance to the Ghost Hair on Huang Ziya, but it's not Ghost Hair, just hair that has absorbed paranormal aura." With a pull, the hair broke.

If it was Ghost Hair, it couldn't be broken through force.

Yang Jian pondered silently.

But looked again at the bed's remaining medium, finding the man's medium was a handprint on the bed instead of footprints on the ground.

As if realizing something.

He squatted down for a closer look.

Under the bed, there was a foot basin, still containing murky water.

"The middle-aged man soaked his feet by the bed before he died."

Yang Jian squinted: "I see; contacting the cursed lake water is a precondition, but mere contact shouldn't lead to death, otherwise we would've been targeted by ghosts for soaking so long."

"So, there must be a second condition."

Filling the basin with water, setting it by a chair.

Then the paranormal power of the Deceiving Ghost appeared.

A person appeared directly in front of him.

His name was Wang Shan, a courier who died in the post office.

Yang Jian thought that exploring the paranormal should be handled by someone experienced.

"Show your move, Wang Shan, don't disappoint me."

The next moment.

Wang Shan, who stood motionless, suddenly opened his eyes, regained clarity, and looked at Yang Jian.

Wang Shan was calm, nodded, then sat on the chair, with his feet soaking in the basin, letting the cold, murky water immerse him.

"Just as I thought, mere soaking poses no threat."

Yang Jian thought: "Then what's the remaining condition?"

"Keep trying, having grasped the conditions, just one final step."

"Understood." Wang Shan remained calm, unafraid of death.

He was no longer the original person; Yang Jian had altered his memory, turning Wang Shan into a tool, responsible for triggering the ghost's killing rule, aiding Yang Jian in finding truth and secrets.

While progress was smooth here, others weren't falling behind.

In a quiet residential building, the papered Leuk San covering a corpse wasn't still, but struggled, writhing, probing the truth of the paranormal, his body interfered with, yet the secret lay just ahead, almost discovered, though the process was bumpy, the outcome was promising.

Another Parallel World of Zhongzhou City.

Shen Lin experienced the life of a young man, with only ten minutes before death by Ghost Lake.

Upon death, Shen Lin would learn everything.

Only Li Jun and Ah Hong's actions were less smooth.

Li Jun, finding no leads, could only squat by the roadside, frowning and smoking, a satellite positioning phone by his side.

Chapter 1090 Entering the Lake Water

Yang Jian, Leuk San, Shen Lin.

The three captains are using different methods to investigate the paranormal truth, determine the location of Ghost Lake, and find the source of this supernatural event.

And they are all very close to the truth, only lacking a bit of time.

At this moment.

Yang Jian watched Wang Shan, who was sitting in a chair with his feet soaked in a foot bath, waiting for the murder pattern to be triggered.

Wang Shan knew well that doing so might attract the attention of a vengeful ghost and then get killed, but he still showed no fear because this was the only purpose for his appearance in this world once again.

After altering memories, he had no other thoughts, only focusing on completing this task well.

Defying death is a taboo.

But at certain times, Yang Jian didn't mind touching this taboo; however, he was also very restrained. If he were a bit crazier, he could turn the entire Dachang City into his people.

"The middle-aged man who died in this hotel room was sitting on the bed soaking his feet at the time, which means he didn't have many things he could do. Therefore, I think that after meeting the first condition, the method to trigger the second condition should not be particularly complex."

Yang Jian said to Wang Shan.

Wang Shan said calmly, "That's true, but I have already tried some things just now, like drinking a bit of this murky water, and thinking about Ghost Lake, ghosts, and death in my mind. However, unfortunately, just thinking did not trigger the murder pattern of Ghost Lake."

"But I tend toward sleeping; I think falling asleep has the highest chance of being attacked by a vengeful ghost."

Yang Jian said; "Then give it a try."

Wang Shan nodded, closed his eyes, attempting to fall asleep.

Yang Jian didn't urge him, just quietly awaited the result.

No danger appeared at present. He had plenty of time to try slowly; he just didn't believe that sleeping was the condition for triggering the murder pattern of Ghost Lake.

With his eyes closed, Wang Shan did not fall asleep. He needed a bit more time.

If it still doesn't work, Yang Jian might use a physical method to hypnotize him into sleeping.

But as Wang Shan closed his eyes and tried to sleep,

the feet soaked in the murky water felt a chill spread throughout his body along the skin. It might be a bit uncomfortable at first, but soon, Wang Shan felt particularly comfortable and constrained, as if his whole body had relaxed, creating an illusion of complete relaxation and freedom from any pressure.

Besides, it also seemed extraordinarily quiet around, with not a bit of noise, only the peaceful sound of his own breathing by his ears.

This feeling, unprecedented, was enjoyable and mesmerizing.

Yet Wang Shan still didn't sleep, just indulged in this indescribable sensation.

But just as Wang Shan was absorbed by this strange feeling, suddenly, unknown when, the sound of water began to appear beside his ears.

Rustle...

The sound of water went from far to near, like faint waves rising on a calm lake, soothing to hear, making people feel relaxed, even preventing them from pondering why lake waves could be heard in a hotel room.

Wang Shan didn't mind it at all,

as if this sound appeared reasonably and naturally.

But as time continued.

The sound of waves on the lake became gradually louder, so loud that it even turned into noise.

But Wang Shan still didn't hear it, remaining lost in that inexplicable feeling.

"It appeared."

However, Yang Jian, standing beside him, had been observing Wang Shan's situation all along. At this moment, he noticed that the water in the basin at Wang Shan's feet began to ripple and weirdly churn, bubbling metronomically.

And this was just the beginning. After a while, the murky tap water seemed like invisible hands, reaching out and covering Wang Shan's legs.

Very soon,

Wang Shan's legs were all wrapped up by the murky tap water, which continued to encroach upon his upper body.

Swiftly,

the pace reflecting an escalating trend.

"He has triggered the vengeful ghost's murder pattern." Yang Jian stepped forward. Instead of waking Wang Shan, he raised Ghost Hand and struck.

Crash!

The water enveloping Wang Shan's body was knocked off, splattering everywhere.

However, the void space was quickly refilled, with the gap being plugged by water again.

The swallowing continued, reaching Wang Shan's chest.

"Wang Shan," Yang Jian called out, trying to wake him.

Yet Wang Shan hadn't slept; he suddenly opened his eyes, coming to clarity; "I didn't sleep, did something happen?"

Even saying that, he was still reminiscing about the mysterious feeling in his mind.

"Look at your condition." Yang Jian said.

Wang Shan looked down and immediately widened his eyes. He was being enveloped by a mass of water: "How can this be?"

He tried to stand up, but it was like being trapped in deep water; he couldn't move freely. No matter how much he tried, the murky water kept consuming him.

Yang Jian remained expressionless but immediately asked, "What happened when you closed your eyes?"

"Just after closing my eyes, I didn't fall asleep. First, I felt a bit of cold, a bit of a chill, and then I felt very comfortable like soaking in a hot spring, indescribably relaxed and pleasant, and then faint sounds of waves filled my ears, those sounds grew louder... but at that time, I was already engulfed by that peculiar sensation, so I didn't notice it."

Wang Shan, calmly recalling everything he experienced, described in great detail.

Yang Jian squinted his eyes; "So the murder pattern isn't sleeping, but closing eyes? Or perhaps closing eyes for long?"

"I feel that going on like this would be very dangerous. We've roughly explored the situation now; I think I can end my task."

Wang Shan looked at the mass of water about to engulf him.

It had reached his neck, no, his chin now.

Yang Jian remained cold, unmoved; "Your task is not over yet; you haven't found Ghost Lake, this is just the beginning. You needn't fear death; after death, I'll bring you back to life again."

To Yang Jian, there was no necessity to save someone like Wang Shan, who was just a tool person.

He was already a dead person, merely revived using Supernatural Power, and the purpose for the resurrection was for this mission.

Wang Shan looked at Yang Jian, without any complaint, just nodded; "I understand."

Then, that mass of muddy water covered his whole body, submerging his head.

At this moment, he hadn't suffocated yet, but as the murky water rolled, Wang Shan mysteriously disappeared.

He was no longer in the hotel, his whereabouts unknown.

After Wang Shan vanished, the mass of murky water splashed down with a crash, dropping back into the basin, not a drop spilled outside.

"Gone?"

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye stared at the spot where Wang Shan disappeared.

At the moment when Wang Shan vanished, he vaguely glimpsed a lake, a massive shadow flickering for a moment.

This is a place that cannot be easily investigated, only when guiding the living does it intersect momentarily with reality, leaving a trace that the Ghost Eye glimpses, but it's just for a second, too brief. If Yang Jian hadn't been watching, he might not have noticed at all.

"That is Ghost Lake." Yang Jian realized.

He found it.

At the same time.

Inside a silent apartment building in the city.

The corpse wrapped by the paper figure of Leuk San stopped struggling, after which the paper figure of Leuk San suddenly opened its eyes.

His eyes were peculiar, not his own, but those of the female corpse, with white pupils, extremely eerie.

The paper figure slowly stood up, once again heading to the bathroom, then without any hesitation, immersed itself in the bathtub full of murky water.

At this moment.

The paper figure of Leuk San was descending into the water.

The bathtub wasn't large, nor was it high, yet the murky water seemed endless as he kept sinking, sinking.

One meter, three meters, five meters... this was already beyond two stories high.

The bathtub simply couldn't do this because it defied all common sense.

This situation could only mean one thing.

Leuk San was no longer in Zhongzhou City; he used the bathtub as a medium to descend into some supernatural place.

At this moment, the female corpse closed its eyes, replaced by a pair of paper eyes.

"This is the bottom of a lake." Leuk San struggled to move his body, trying to rise to the surface.

The water was very deep, very deep.

If it were an ordinary person, they might have drowned before reaching the surface.

But he wasn't an ordinary person; he was just a paper figure, able not to breathe, eat, or sleep.

So, the paper figure of Leuk San started to ascend gradually.

He succeeded.

Accompanied by a splash, Leuk San emerged from the water, seeing clearly his surroundings.

This is... a lake.

A not-so-big, yet very special lake.

This lake was calm, but occasionally it would ripple, however, with everything around being dark and with little light, this lake seemed especially dim, especially black like an abyss.

"Ghost Lake, found it."

Leuk San floated on the surface, but soon, he began sinking rapidly.

Even though he was a paper figure, he remained powerless.

He hadn't fully explored, yet he was submerged at the lake bottom once more.

This time he tried various methods to rise, but was powerless, all means were ineffective here.

The paper figure of Leuk San was sinking deeper.

Yet the deeper he went, the brighter the lake water became, not dark at all.

At this time, he saw immersed in the lake water, densely packed corpses, male and female, of all kinds, neither floating nor sinking further, just staying there.

All the corpses were soaked pale, bloodless, but all had their eyes open, bizarrely staring at Leuk San who just descended.

"These are the victim bodies of the Ghost Lake incident."

However, Leuk San didn't remain here, he continued sinking.

After sinking a few meters, the corpses disappeared.

In the middle, there was a blank area, without corpses floating.

But as he continued descending, leaving that blank area, there were new corpses.

These corpses were few, and their clothing appeared very old, not modern-like, seemingly belonging to the sixties or seventies, or even earlier eras.

"That is Cheng Haw."

Suddenly, Leuk San's eyes widened, seeing a familiar man in this area.

Cheng Haw.

The person in charge of Zhongzhou City.

Now he was dead, floating in the water, hair scattered, skin pale, eyes hollow.

Leuk San wanted to look more.

But he realized his body was falling apart.

The yellow paper sticking to his body was soaked and scattered, like layers of skin peeling off.

His own supernatural power was heavily affected and interfered with, unable even to maintain a normal human shape.

Soon.

All the yellow paper scattered, and the paper figure of Leuk San disappeared.

But amidst the yellow paper, a female corpse emerged.

After the female corpse appeared, it didn't continue sinking, instead began ascending, but after reaching a certain height, stopped, motionless in the water.

Around this area were many corpses, all female corpses.

Just as the paper figure Leuk San disappeared.

Within Ghost Lake.

A new unexpected visitor arrived.

A young man appeared in the lake water, seemingly killed by a supernatural incident.

Yet at the moment this young man drowned.

Suddenly, the young man changed appearance.

Shen Lin's form emerged.

"Is this what you experienced before your death? So this is... Ghost Lake." Shen Lin looked up at the surface.

He quickly emerged from the water.

Strangely, Shen Lin showed no signs of sinking, instead leaving the water, standing on the lake surface.

Shen Lin seemed like a special existence, as though hardly affected by Ghost Lake.

"Since the lake appeared, where is the ghost?" He examined all around, continuing to search.