

Revival 1091

Chapter 1091 Position

Shen Lin, relying on the memories of a dead person, reached the last place where that deceased met their end.

This is the Ghost Lake existing in those memories.

However, Shen Lin didn't know what kind of fierce ghost he had harnessed, allowing him to invade from memories into the real world, an inexplicable feat.

Thus, Shen Lin invaded from the Ghost Lake in his memories into the Ghost Lake in the real world, completing the transformation between memory and reality.

At this moment.

Shen Lin stood alone on the surface of the lake.

The lake was not large.

In the dim environment of the lake water, it appeared somewhat blackened, the lake surface calm, only occasionally rippling.

"It's a bit chilly," Shen Lin frowned, surprisingly feeling a bit of chill on his body.

This made him feel somewhat baffled.

Because he had long escaped the body of a living person, existing in an anomalous form of being, it was impossible for him to feel cold.

Yet this feeling had inexplicably appeared.

"This cold is not felt due to a drop in temperature, but is a kind of supernatural influence," Shen Lin thought to himself, his expression turning serious.

If he could be disturbed by the supernatural and feel cold, it also meant he could be touched, or even... killed.

The fierce ghost involved in the Ghost Lake incident was absolutely terrifying.

It was at this moment that Shen Lin realized exactly what kind of being he had to face.

"I must first investigate clearly, to which real-life location this Ghost Lake, belonging to the Supernatural Space, corresponds to, and if possible, confirm in what form the fierce ghost in the Ghost Lake appears, as well as what the final killing pattern is."

He understood that he couldn't deal with this entity alone; he needed to find clues, gather intel, and then join forces with Li Jun, Yang Jian, and Leuk San in order to possibly resolve this supernatural incident.

Even a captain facing this fierce ghost alone would have a high chance of being taken down.

After a brief contemplation, Shen Lin stepped on the lake surface, walking towards the shore.

He didn't dare linger on this lake surface for too long.

Because the ghost could appear at any moment, and right now Shen Lin didn't want to face the fierce ghost in the Ghost Lake alone.

Shen Lin moved swiftly, without hesitation or delay.

In no time, he approached the shore, but before going ashore, he stopped in his tracks, his expression becoming grave.

On the shore, he personally saw a head suddenly emerge from the calm lake waters; it seemed to be the head of a female corpse, as the wet black long hair was particularly conspicuous, the disheveled hair covering most of the face, making it unclear what this female corpse looked like.

However, through that scattered black hair, Shen Lin distinctly felt a pair of eerie, numb eyes staring at him.

The female corpse in the lake gradually stood up, finally revealing half of its body, and ceased to emerge further.

The corpse stood there motionless as if it was a warning, or perhaps it was the precursor to the fierce ghost's killing spree.

"Is the ghost appearing now to block me from coming ashore?" Shen Lin, standing on the lake surface, hesitated slightly.

But without much thought, he immediately bypassed that female corpse and swiftly headed for the shore.

The more the situation was like this, the more he needed to get ashore.

The lake surface could no longer be stayed on.

However, Shen Lin had not taken more than two steps when another female corpse emerged from the water at the lake shore ahead. This female corpse was slightly different from the previous one, wearing a white dress, looking very young, and appeared to have died not long ago.

"Not a real ghost, just a Ghost Slave," Shen Lin felt a sense of relief in his heart upon seeing the second female corpse appear.

There was only one ghost.

The others were certainly Ghost Slaves.

Facing the real ghost, he stood no chance, but in facing Ghost Slaves, Shen Lin could easily defeat them, and he could even use this Ghost Slave to evade the fierce ghost's attack.

Shen Lin immediately walked towards the female corpse in the white dress, stepping on the lake surface, his figure gradually fading, becoming faint until he had walked only a few steps before his entire person vanished.

At the moment he disappeared.

Everything around him changed once again.

This was no longer the Ghost Lake, just an ordinary lake, and in the lake water, the female corpse still stood there motionless, but only this female corpse remained, while all other supernatural phenomena had disappeared.

This wasn't the real world, nor was it the supernatural place of the Ghost Lake.

It was situated deep within a memory.

This was a recollection that appeared in an incomprehensible manner.

In the memory, Shen Lin slowly approached the shore, somehow holding an axe, its blade vividly red, as if soaked in blood, unusually eerie.

With the axe in hand, Shen Lin came alongside the female corpse in the lake.

At this moment, the female corpse raised its head stiffly, wet black hair draping down, revealing a pair of pale, resentful eyes.

Yet before the female corpse could make any other movement.

Shen Lin swung the scarlet axe down on the corpse's forehead,

In an instant.

The female corpse's head split open, with no blood spattering out, only cloudy, foul-smelling lake water flowed out.

Shen Lin's face remained unchanged, slashing at the female corpse with the axe repeatedly, striking brutally without any hesitation, and this axe seemed extraordinary, likely a supernatural item with an unusual suppressive effect on the fierce ghost.

Soon.

The female corpse was hacked to pieces by his axe, completely losing its human form.

The last incomplete body of the female corpse gradually disappeared, leaving this world of memories. Finally, only Shen Lin stood alone, holding an axe, slightly panting in the lake.

"The bones are really tough," Shen Lin said.

Very soon.

Everything around changed again, the lake water turned pitch-black and cold once more, and everything returned to the way it was before.

It seemed like the memory had ended, and this was Ghost Lake.

However, in the reality of Ghost Lake, Shen Lin's figure was no longer visible. Instead, at the place where the female corpse in the dress was, the female corpse slowly raised her head.

Under the long black hair, surprisingly, it wasn't the face of a woman, but Shen Lin's appearance.

At this moment.

The female corpse seemed to be replaced by Shen Lin.

The current Shen Lin was just a fierce ghost in Ghost Lake, and the real Shen Lin had long since disappeared.

Without a trace of Shen Lin.

The lake surface regained its calm, and the female corpse that had floated out of the water gradually sank back down.

Yet only the corpse in the white dress remained unmoved.

"Splash~!"

The lake water splashed, and Shen Lin slowly walked ashore.

The soil beneath his feet was soft and black, emitting an indescribable strange smell, like grave soil burying the dead.

All around was silent, dark and black, like an abyss with no end.

Shen Lin didn't say a word, he was used to such eerie scenes.

Wearing the white dress, he walked around Ghost Lake, planning to take a look and assess the situation.

At the same time.

In Zhongzhou City.

Yang Jian left the hotel where the incident occurred.

Wang Shan had already been killed by Ghost Lake, and he had found the information he wanted. That was enough, and if possible, he could use this method to successfully enter Ghost Lake.

But he didn't do that.

Now he was contacting others, preparing to gather and discuss a strategy.

He was not the only one with this thought, Leuk San thought the same.

The phone call was made, the location was decided.

Very soon.

On a street in Zhongzhou City.

Li Jun, squatting by the roadside smoking, threw the cigarette butt into the trash can beside him and quickly stood up.

He saw Yang Jian suddenly appear in the middle of the road, striding over this way, and Leuk San also walked out from a nearby alley. It was uncertain whether it was a paper figure or a real person.

Shen Lin was gone.

Couldn't contact him, but he was special, he should appear.

"Yang Jian, how is the situation? Any findings?" Li Jun asked a bit impatiently.

"I found out the killing pattern of Ghost Lake and also know how to enter the real Ghost Lake, but it involves certain risks," Yang Jian said.

Leuk San glanced at Yang Jian, surprised that he discovered the killing pattern of Ghost Lake so quickly.

"I didn't find the killing pattern, but one of my paper figures successfully entered Ghost Lake. It is an unfathomable lake with countless corpses soaked in it. I saw the body of Cheng Haw, the person in charge of Zhongzhou City, floating in the water, confirmed dead."

After saying this, Leuk San recounted his experience of entering Ghost Lake.

"A lake that can't surface?" Yang Jian frowned, "Even using supernatural power doesn't work?"

"No, specifically, there is only one chance to surface, but soon you sink again. The supernatural power is heavily suppressed in the lake water, and the deeper you sink, the stronger the suppression. Once you sink to a certain depth, all supernatural powers disappear, and anyone would die, no exceptions."

Leuk San seriously said.

"If that's the case, it's too dangerous."

Li Jun said seriously, "Not only can Ghost Lake submerge all supernatural phenomena, but there are also fierce ghosts that haven't appeared yet. If we're not careful, entering Ghost Lake could wipe us out completely."

"We need to lure the ghost into reality, we can't think about entering Ghost Lake to deal with it," said Ah Hong.

Yang Jian said, "Bringing Ghost Lake into reality, are you sure that would work? The current incident with Ghost Lake is Ghost Lake affecting reality. If it completely invades, things will spiral out of control, and then it wouldn't just be a city problem."

"Yang Jian has a point, letting Ghost Lake completely invade reality is not rational without a solution,"

Leuk San said, "Now the ghost hasn't appeared, just a lake tainted with the supernatural is already giving us a headache. If we really face a fierce ghost, who knows who would deal with whom."

"Every supernatural space has a corresponding location in reality, Ghost Lake is no exception. We need to find the location in reality corresponding to Ghost Lake. That way, we might be able to invade directly through the Ghost Domain," Yang Jian proposed a suggestion.

"I have no clues, I temporarily can't lock onto the location," Leuk San shook his head.

Both of them looked at Li Jun.

Li Jun said, "Don't look at me, I'm not good at supernatural investigation."

"I know where Ghost Lake is."

At this moment, Shen Lin's voice appeared. He actually crawled out from beneath a manhole cover on the road, all wet, still wearing the white dress, as if he had just returned from swimming.

The few people looked at him again.

Chapter 1092 Connection Point

Shen Lin's appearance was a bit unexpected for several people.

Yang Jian, Leuk San, Li Jun, and Ah Hong watched him emerge from the drain of the sewer, not only soaked but also wearing a woman's dress.

"Shen Lin, what happened over there?" Li Jun immediately walked over, pulling Shen Lin away from the sewer.

Leuk San asked, "You just said you know where Ghost Lake is? Have any new clues?"

"Ghost Lake is not in Zhongzhou City, is it?" Yang Jian frowned, having some rough guesses.

Shen Lin shook off the water from his body, took off the soaked clothes, and said, "I previously managed to enter Ghost Lake and survived, obtaining some crucial information. But unfortunately, I haven't encountered the source ghost. However, I have roughly pinpointed Ghost Lake's location."

"Where is Ghost Lake located?" Li Jun pressed.

Shen Lin smiled, walked to a roadside clothing store, casually picked up a men's shirt and put it on, then said, "Its location isn't actually important."

"What do you mean?" Li Jun frowned.

Shen Lin said, "Ghost Lake can appear anywhere, be it Zhongzhou City, whether it's Daxia City or even Dachang City... Every place affected by paranormal phenomena will have a Ghost Lake. It can affect reality yet doesn't exist in reality; it's an indescribable supernatural place."

"That's as good as saying nothing."

Leuk San frowned and said, "And not only have you entered Ghost Lake, I have also entered Ghost Lake, Yang Jian has figured out the killing pattern of Ghost Lake, and if activated intentionally, you can also enter Ghost Lake."

"We all have ways to enter Ghost Lake."

"Really? But after entering Ghost Lake, you likely would die, wouldn't you? Cao Yang's downfall was possibly because of this reason. That lake water should not be ventured into lightly, otherwise, even a captain-level ghost controller would drown in the lake water. To solve it, there are just two methods."

"Either pull the ghost into the real world, or enter the supernatural space where the ghost is, but the premise is not to trigger the ghost's killing pattern, otherwise you might not be able to handle it once inside and perish there."

After Shen Lin finished speaking, he looked at the three of them and said the most important thing: "I have clues on how to enter Ghost Lake without triggering the killing pattern."

"Just say it, don't hide anything."

Yang Jian said in a deep voice, "Do you think we have the patience to chat with you here?"

"True, I need to change my slow nature."

Shen Lin said, "Then I'll say it straightforwardly, after entering Ghost Lake, I saw a river leading to Ghost Lake. That river exists both in the supernatural space and extends into reality. If my guess is correct, the Ghost Lake incident originated from that river."

"Are you saying the lake water from Ghost Lake came into reality through that river, thus brewing the supernatural incident? If we find that river and follow it upstream, we can smoothly enter Ghost Lake?" Yang Jian immediately understood Shen Lin's point.

Li Jun was a bit anxious, "Where's that river?"

Shen Lin pointed ahead with his hand, "That direction."

"Then what are we waiting for? Let's go."

Yang Jian didn't waste time and immediately deployed the Ghost Domain, taking everyone in the direction Shen Lin pointed.

Soon.

They temporarily left the city center of Zhongzhou City and arrived at the outskirts.

Indeed, there was a river here, not large nor small, the river water was murky and cold, and faintly there were a few corpses floating in the water. Around the corpses, there were no maggots or flies, just a faint corpse odor.

"This river indeed has problems, is this the place?" Yang Jian stopped and looked at Shen Lin.

Shen Lin said, "It's this river, but it's just one of the places affected by paranormal phenomena, not the correct connection point; it's further ahead."

After finishing, he pointed again with his hand.

In the distance.

A small town came into everyone's sight.

It was a relatively historical town, with green bricks and gray tiles, stone-paved roads, and faintly many colored lanterns hanging on the houses, full of ancient charm.

"Ah Hong, check it out." Li Jun immediately said.

Ah Hong quickly started checking the information, and shortly said, "That's Ping'an Ancient Town, a characteristic tourist town heavily developed by Zhongzhou City in recent years..."

She quickly recited the information about the town.

"Based on the information, there's nothing weird about it." Li Jun looked at the others, "Do you have any other opinions?"

Leuk San frowned, "A town with historical significance is out of the ordinary."

"Its history can be traced back to the Republic of China period, not recently built,"

Yang Jian suddenly said, "The source of Ghost Lake is coming from there, the town must be unusual."

Sure enough.

The most worrying thing still happened.

The Ghost Lake incident isn't accidental but involves an ancient town.

This makes things complicated.

"There have already been many tourists visiting there without any problems before." Ah Hong said.

Yang Jian said, "Before the Door Knocking Ghost incidents appeared in Dachang City, I was just attending classes at school, without any problems either, but after leaving, it was a different story."

"Now people still reside in the town, including old residents of the ancient town, tourists temporarily staying there, and some citizens from Zhongzhou City."

Li Jun's gaze slightly tightened, "We've got to evacuate all those people."

"The matter isn't certain yet; evacuating them is not urgent, let's go over and see first." Yang Jian said.

Leuk San said, "I agree, nothing's happened over there so far, why should we disrupt the balance unnecessarily? If something does happen, evacuating people later isn't too late. With Yang Jian's means, he can empty a city in seconds, let alone a town."

"What if supernatural interference occurs?" Liu Jun said.

"Supernatural interference has already occurred."

Yang Jian, with ghost eyes watching, saw some buildings in the town becoming distorted, the vision was affected by something, and it seemed like something special was mixed in the town, but the influence wasn't severe; he couldn't conclude whether there was a ghost in the town or if there was an elder ghost controller present.

"Going over there will make everything clear; the source is in that ancient town. Maybe we'll find some clues." Shen Lin said.

"Let's act together." Li Jun reminded them.

Soon.

They walked along the road paved with bluestone slabs, arriving at the stone archway at the front of the town.

Taiping Ancient Town.

The archway is new, a modern construction built in recent years for Taiping Ancient Town, not the old archway.

Without hesitating further, they directly entered this ancient town.

The town had some newly constructed streets, but when Zhongzhou City initially funded the construction of this town, they preserved the historical appearance of the town, with some old streets and old buildings well preserved.

The few people seemed to sense something, or as if drawn by something, although they didn't know the way, they all moved towards the old streets of Taiping Ancient Town, heading in the same direction.

"Seems there really is something unusual here, you must feel it too, right?" Leuk San lowly murmured.

"Yes." The others replied softly.

Yang Jian said, "Feng Quan, don't come along, stay in the newly built streets, just in case, I need someone to respond outside."

"Understood." Feng Quan didn't say much, just nodded and turned away.

Because as they continued forward.

They saw another archway.

Also made of stone but eroded by wind and sun, this archway was heavily weathered and worn, blackened and old, with missing parts, even the words 'Taiping Ancient Town' were blurred, at a glance resembling 'Shikou Town.'

However, this town seemed less affected by Zhongzhou City.

It still had a lot of vitality.

There were pedestrians on the streets, along with some open shops.

"This place being so close to Zhongzhou City isn't sealed off?" Li Jun said a bit in surprise.

Ah Hong said, "Downstream cities where incidents have occurred haven't been sealed off, and although this place is close it hasn't had incidents, hence it's not sealed off."

"I see." Li Jun nodded, understanding now.

The influence range of Ghost Lake is too large. If it's simply because of proximity, then who knows how many cities would need to be sealed off.

At this moment, Yang Jian was walking through this ancient town. His ghost eyes peered everywhere, able to see many things ordinary people couldn't.

However, he hadn't found anything particularly unusual yet.

This place seemed just like any ordinary tourist town, unremarkable, but from observing outside the town, there was indeed something wrong here. Just what the issue was still needed some exploration to uncover.

At this moment.

Yang Jian saw a young couple walking towards him on the street of the ancient town.

Ghost eyes glanced.

Confirmed without mistake, these were just two ordinary people, nothing strange about them.

However.

Yang Jian's ghost eyes suddenly noticed that the young woman was holding a mask in her hand. The mask was a toy and very new, probably bought at some nearby stall.

Masks like this are very common at any tourist attraction.

But what Yang Jian noticed was that the design of this mask was somewhat peculiar.

It resembled a human face, but with glaring eyes, appearing extremely angry.

This mask style for some reason reminded Yang Jian immediately of the two eerie ghost faces on Tong Qian, though Tong Qian's ghost faces were one smiling and one crying.

Suddenly.

As the couple passed by Yang Jian, he suddenly stopped and grabbed the woman's wrist, asking coldly, "Where did you buy this mask?"

"Who are you? Are you crazy? Let go!" The woman was suddenly confused and began to struggle and resist.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

Beside her, the woman's boyfriend immediately rushed over, questioning loudly.

Yang Jian glanced at him, his gaze cold and dangerous, "I'm asking her a question, it has nothing to do with you, get lost."

This man was taller and stronger than Yang Jian, but for some reason, he felt fearful at these words, instinctively wanting to escape.

Danger!

This thought surfaced in the man's mind.

Suddenly, he stood there at a loss.

"Tell me, where did you buy this mask?"

Yang Jian turned back to continue questioning, "I don't have much patience. You'd better cooperate."

"Yang Jian, don't cause trouble." Li Jun reminded.

Yang Jian ignored him and snatched the strange mask, "I'll ask you one last time, where did you buy this mask?"

The woman seemed scared by Yang Jian, hurriedly pointed to the street, "Bought it on that street over there."

"Which street? Be clear." Yang Jian asked again.

The woman said, "Straight ahead, over the bridge, on the street to the right. I forgot which stall."

Only then did Yang Jian release the woman's wrist and push her away, "You can go. I'm confiscating this."

"Who are you to dare to steal?" The man beside her said angrily at this moment.

"We're investigating a case, hope you cooperate a little. My colleague has such a temper. If there's anything offensive, you can call this number to complain." Li Jun came over, took out a badge, and handed over a business card.

The man took the card, looked at Li Jun, as well as Leuk San, Shen Lin, and the others beside him.

"There's no such way to conduct an investigation, I will definitely complain about you." The man took the card and left angrily with his girlfriend.

Li Jun said, "Yang Jian, are you always like this outside?"

"Why care about ordinary people's opinions? I haven't used supernatural intrusion to probe her memory, already showing restraint." Yang Jian said indifferently.

Shen Lin looked and changed the subject, "Have you discovered anything?"

Yang Jian tossed the mask in his hand to him, "This mask looks very similar to a ghost face I saw before. If no one has seen the ghost face, it's impossible to create this kind of design."

"Indeed, it doesn't seem like something a normal vendor can produce." Shen Lin inspected it, scrutinizing the ghost face.

The mask's style indeed exuded a kind of eeriness.

But it was just a strange style; in truth, it was a very ordinary item, nothing special.

"Over the bridge, right-side street?"

Yang Jian squinted his eyes, "Having a bridge means there's a river. It seems the river you mentioned runs through this ancient town."

"Let's take a look." Leuk San quickly strode away.

The group set off again.

Soon.

A stone bridge appeared about halfway down the street.

The stone bridge was very old, clearly having at least a hundred years of history. The railing was stainless steel, likely added in recent years; originally, there was no railing.

Under the bridge was a river.

The water was very clear and cold, just standing on the bridge, one could feel a chill rising from below.

"You're right; this river connects to that one outside Zhongzhou City's suburbs," Shen Lin said, then glanced ahead, "But after crossing the bridge, there's no street on the right. You were deceived."

After crossing the bridge and walking forward.

There was no street.

No street on either side, only old residential buildings, some with shops open, and pedestrians passing by.

"There's only this one street, no other street." Leuk San also looked around.

Yang Jian stood on the road calmly, "You think I was deceived as well?"

"That woman wasn't lying." Leuk San added, "Her words were true, I can tell truth from lies."

"If her words were true, then the street is also real."

Yang Jian said, "Quite interesting, an invisible street within the ancient town."

"We came to enter Ghost Lake, handle the Ghost Lake incident, not to get distracted." Li Jun said, "We can revisit and investigate if needed; there's an order of priorities."

Yang Jian replied, "How do you know that this street isn't related to the Ghost Lake incident we are to investigate?"

"I want to check out that street. Are you interested?"

Shen Lin's eyes flickered slightly, "I'm not very interested. I will continue with Li Jun to confirm the connection point; if you want to investigate first, do so. Let us know if anything comes up. Since we're in the same place, just inform us."

"I want to stroll around the ancient town." Leuk San said.

"Splitting up again?" Li Jun frowned.

"The town is just this small, it's no big deal." Yang Jian said, "Just let me know when you've confirmed the location; I'll be there immediately."

"Same here."

"Hope so." Li Jun didn't say anything further.

Being captains, it's sometimes hard to follow each other's arrangements, preferring to act according to personal preference, making unified command difficult.

"Yang Jian, once Shen Lin, and I confirm the location, I'll notify you. Maybe ten minutes will be enough, be ready." Li Jun reminded once more, then left with Shen Lin.

He didn't want to waste time on this matter.

As for Shen Lin, it was unknown what he thought; knowing the street was problematic, yet he didn't want to delve deeper into the investigation.

Leuk San remained where he was, unmoving, but elsewhere in the small town, other Leuk Sans appeared.

His paper figures had already begun to explore every corner of the town.

Chapter 1093 Ancient Street

The group dispersed again in Taiping Ancient Town.

Yang Jian was more interested in the non-existent ancient street. He felt that the Ghost Lake incident might not be a simple supernatural event, but rather involved matters from the Republic of China Period. Perhaps understanding this would make clear the true source of the Ghost Lake incident.

Li Jun and Shen Lin were more concerned about the place where the Ghost Lake connects to reality.

If they could find that place, they could directly enter the supernatural space where the Ghost Lake was located.

Leuk San left a paper man by Yang Jian's side, but there were other paper men in the ancient town as well. Clearly, Leuk San wanted to understand this ancient town and also explore the non-existent street.

"Ordinary tourists can enter that street, which means that the street is still open to the outside world and isn't always non-existent. The street hasn't appeared now, but maybe it hasn't truly disappeared; it might require specific people and specific conditions to enter specific places."

"Just like the Ghost Post Office, which is only open to certain people. Those who do not meet the conditions cannot even see the existence of the Ghost Post Office, even if they stand at its door."

Yang Jian stood in place, contemplating, "Can the five-layer Ghost Domain invade that street?"

After some thought, he decided to test it.

The ghost eye opened at that moment.

The scarlet ghost eye glared, emitting a bizarre red glow. The surrounding buildings quickly became affected and were drawn into the Ghost Domain. Then, the ghost eyes increased in number, stacking the Ghost Domain.

One layer, two layers, three layers... The five-layer Ghost Domain was directly activated.

In his vision, the buildings within the Ghost Domain gradually blurred. Some ordinary items were screened out by the Ghost Domain, unable to enter the five-layer Ghost Domain.

Moreover, this layer of Ghost Domain could already connect to the Supernatural Space, sending some fierce ghosts away from the realm of reality.

This is also why many supernatural entities require the five-layer Ghost Domain to be perceived.

Because some ghosts do not exist in reality.

You need to break the boundary between reality and the supernatural to see the truth.

The five-layer Ghost Domain is this boundary, so Yang Jian's ghost eyes can see through many hidden supernatural phenomena.

This time is no exception.

As the old buildings around him gradually disappeared from his line of sight, an unbelievable scene unfolded. An old street with a sense of history became clear as the surrounding buildings blurred, seemingly manifesting from a supernatural place that didn't exist in reality.

This ancient street does not exist in reality, but due to Yang Jian's five-layer Ghost Domain, a certain boundary was breached.

"It's succeeded after all," Yang Jian stared at the street.

He even saw quite a number of pedestrians on the street, both men and women, dressed in a variety of clothing, some modern, some from the '70s and '80s, and even from the Republic of China Period. These people of all sorts seemed to witness the history of this street.

Yang Jian couldn't determine whether these people truly existed or were some supernatural images left by the Ghost Domain intersecting with reality, because these people struck him as very real, their expressions and movements were seen clearly, and he could even hear their voices.

"What is that....."

Suddenly.

He saw a back figure suddenly appear amidst the diverse street.

It was a woman, walking deeper into the street with her back facing Yang Jian. This back figure felt somewhat familiar. The reason it felt familiar was that the woman with her back to him was wearing a red cheongsam and red high heels, shapely and alluring.

Like Sister Hong.

But yet it didn't seem like Sister Hong, because the woman in the red cheongsam wore a jade bracelet on her wrist.

The jade bracelet was black, identical in style and appearance to the jade bracelet in Yang Jian's hand.

Only the jade bracelet in Yang Jian's hand had blood seeping into it, bright and eerie.

"It's the same one." Yang Jian's ghost eye scanned past, quickly comparing.

The style, size, even the texture matched, definitely the same one.

Except the one on the cheongsam woman's hand hadn't had blood seep into it yet, still a black jade bracelet. The one in Yang Jian's hand now counted as a red jade bracelet.

"Who could that woman be? Sister Hong? Or perhaps the original owner of the jade bracelet?" Yang Jian felt puzzled.

He thought it was Sister Hong, yet felt that many aspects were unlike her, a feeling of discord he couldn't articulate himself.

"No matter what, I'll go in and take a look." Yang Jian's curiosity grew stronger. Without much thought, he walked toward that street.

The paper man by his side, Leuk San, was left outside the Ghost Domain.

He didn't want to take Leuk San with him to that ancient street because he didn't fully trust Leuk San. This guy's paper men seemed to have unclear ties with the paper sedan that carried away Chen Qiaoyang in Dadong City, and moreover, the Leuk San present was just one of the paper men. It couldn't necessarily help but could certainly disrupt.

As he walked forward, Yang Jian got closer to that street.

When he finally stepped over a boundary and entered that street, Yang Jian suddenly felt his Ghost Domain being interfered with, unable to be maintained, and it vanished directly.

"I'm in." Yang Jian's expression was serious as he glanced back.

The scene behind him was the same, nothing had changed, it seemed he could leave the street by just walking back a few steps.

However, he knew it wouldn't be so easy to leave if he didn't meet certain conditions.

But having come in, he was prepared, not acting on impulse.

"Let me see what secret Taiping Ancient Town holds, to be concealing such a peculiar street." Yang Jian observed the ancient street.

After actually arriving on this ancient street, he realized it was cold and deserted, not as bustling as he had seen earlier, and those various people seemed to have vanished without a trace.

Indeed, were they supernatural images?

Yang Jian pondered this internally.

He continued walking forward.

On either side of the old street were rows of shops, occasionally with small stalls set up along the roadside. However, because the street was overly desolate, there were barely any people, Yang Jian didn't see a single owner doing business at the stalls, and many shops were closed.

However, Yang Jian still saw some shops were open.

He continued walking forward.

Grasping a cracked long spear in his hand.

Before entering this street, he had already prepared his supernatural weapon, ready to tackle any danger if encountered.

"This seems to be a street forgotten by history, where everything is frozen in decades past, nothing seems to have changed." Yang Jian's steps came to a halt.

He stopped in front of a roadside stall.

This was a stall selling masks.

On the stall were various masks, most were of the Peking opera variety, while a few were stranger designs, like skull masks, or ghostly masks. The mask Yang Jian was holding, one with an angry face, seemed to have been bought from this stall.

The masks weren't anything special, nor was the stall.

Yang Jian didn't speak, just placed the mask back onto the stall, then continued walking forward.

However, after he had walked just a few steps.

Suddenly.

A clamor broke out behind him, a cacophony of noise, as if a bustling street had suddenly appeared, accompanied by an old man's voice: "Young man, hold on, if you don't want the mask, I'll refund your money."

In an instant.

Yang Jian abruptly stopped and looked back.

There was no one behind him, nothing but silence, the same as before.

As if everything earlier was an illusion.

But when Yang Jian looked at the mask stall again.

The spot where he had hung the mask was empty. After a careful scan, all the masks were there, except for that furious face mask, which was missing and couldn't be found anywhere.

The eeriest thing was that a paper currency suddenly appeared on the stall.

The banknote was green, and the denomination was astonishingly three yuan.

No mistake.

This was a three-yuan banknote.

In reality, a three-yuan note doesn't exist.

But Yang Jian had seen this kind of banknote before; he had once found one on a messenger's corpse at Ghost Post Office.

That banknote was seven yuan.

Yang Jian silently pulled out that seven-yuan note from his pocket.

It was also colorful, although there were some differences in detail, the overall style was similar.

"Is this seven-yuan bill meant for use here?" A thought emerged in Yang Jian's mind.

The seven-yuan note the messenger obtained might have originated from here. Using money to ward off ghosts, as a method to avoid being killed by ghosts, might just be one of the ways discovered. Maybe its true purpose is here.

"I returned the mask, got a three-yuan note, adding to the seven-yuan one, I now have ten yuan."

Yang Jian thought of those two young people earlier: "What exactly did they use to buy that mask from this street?"

A strange chill rose in his heart.

That couple definitely didn't buy the mask with ordinary money; they must have paid a price even they themselves were unaware of.

Without further thought.

After taking the three-yuan note, Yang Jian quickly left that stall.

This mask-selling stall dared to refund, he dared to accept.

No matter how eerie.

What high tides hasn't Yang Jian seen?

At the same time.

Leuk San's figure appeared throughout Taiping Town.

Finally.

A paper figurine of Leuk San stopped in front of a very large old building in the town.

This turned out to be a shrine.

The wooden doors of the shrine were open, revealing many memorial tablets inside, surrounded by incense smoke, indicating it was maintained and visited by some.

"Let's take a look inside."

This paper figurine of Leuk San, with a sense of curiosity and an urge, attempted to approach the shrine.

But as soon as it got near without entering, a man holding an enamel cup, slightly hunched over and blind in one eye, appeared from inside the shrine.

The man seemed around sixty, neither old nor young.

At this moment, he snorted: "Why would a dead man come to a shrine, get out."

His blind eye, ghastly and white, rotated slightly, sending an inexplicable shiver.

The steps of the paper figurine of Leuk San halted abruptly, standing at the shrine's doorway, filled with doubt and suspicion.

Chapter 1094: Sanyuan Paper Shop

Taiping Ancient Town seems not so peaceful.

Yang Jian entered a street that didn't exist in reality and returned the previous mask, but the unmanned stall oddly returned him a three-yuan note.

This three-yuan note doesn't belong to any era's currency, and from the color and style, it looks like counterfeit money produced by a small workshop. However, this note counts as a supernatural item. The only thing puzzling him is what the difference is between the three-yuan note and the seven-yuan note.

Is it merely the different denominations?

Yang Jian explored that street, but Leuk San's paper man stopped in front of a temple in Taiping Ancient Town.

An old man with an enamel teacup, slightly hunchbacked, and about sixty years old with one eye halted Leuk San's approach.

Leuk San was wary at that moment, observing this person. Although at first glance, this person appears plain and ordinary, upon closer inspection, he exudes an unusual eerie feeling.

"Ghost handler?" After a brief hesitation, he immediately asked.

The hunchbacked old man inside the temple said, holding the enamel teacup, "The temple in Taiping Town is not a place for someone who's dead to set foot. Don't ask too many questions. Return from where you came."

"Your place is haunted. I represent the headquarters for investigation. Do you know about Ghost Lake? Zhongzhou City has been closed off due to this, and many have died." Leuk San stood at the temple's entrance, not daring to enter lightly.

He was inquiring and investigating the situation here.

"Every year, there are ghosts outside, every year people die. This isn't something I can manage. I'm just the temple keeper, I don't know much." The hunchbacked old man had a bad temper and responded impatiently.

"Taiping Town's Ghost Lake? The origin seems to come from here. You must know about this."

Leuk San continued, "Several of my colleagues have already started investigating the ancient town. If you, elder, have any clues, I hope you can tell me. Resolving this supernatural incident quickly will restore peace to this town, and people like me won't come here again. How do you think about this?"

He couldn't fathom this person's background, so he inquired rather politely and patiently.

"I say I don't know, then I don't know."

The hunchbacked old man took a few steps, glaring with some anger, "Talking to someone who's dead like you feels unlucky, hurry up and leave. If you don't leave, I'll make sure you can't even be a dead person."

Leuk San's face remained that waxy yellow, eerie look, but his gaze became somber. He had had enough patience with this person. Although he couldn't figure out the one-eyed old man's details, he assumed he was just a ghost handler who gained supernatural power. Even if it came down to a fight, he was confident to handle it.

"We were ordered from above to investigate the situation here. Hope you can cooperate. This temple has something odd about it. I need to go inside and take a look. If you indeed want to make a move, you

better think it over. Outside are my colleagues, and even if you can take us down, headquarters will send others over. Then the situation won't be like it is now."

"If you cooperate with me, then nothing will happen."

His words carried a hint of threat, telling the old man he wasn't alone but part of a group, along with the support of headquarters, not just some unknown amateur.

The hunchbacked old man's pale, single eye fixed on Leuk San.

The atmosphere turned somewhat heavy.

"I never believed the words of the dead. If you want to come in, just come in." The old man spoke very straightforwardly, but his attitude was apparent.

As long as Leuk San dared to enter the temple, the outcome would certainly be bad.

"Since that's the case, I won't be courteous." Leuk San was bold, unafraid.

He really stepped through the door, entering the temple.

At the same time.

Behind him accompanied several footfalls; two more Leuk San appeared, standing on either side not far from the temple, eyes fixed on every move here.

The Leuk San inside the temple was just a paper man used for scouting, ready to vanish inside the temple.

"Bang!"

Just as Leuk San's front foot entered the temple, he hadn't taken two steps, the heavy temple door slammed shut with a huge crash.

The surrounding light dimmed abruptly.

In the temple's main hall, smoke was swirling around. Vaguely, where the smoke drifted, several figures appeared, standing in ranks like spirit tablets, male and female, dressed in very old attire, not from this era.

And eerily.

Figures only appeared where smoke drifted. Places not covered by smoke were still normal.

The smoke quickly dissipated.

Everything reverted to its original state, the spirit tablets remained unchanged inside the temple.

But Leuk San witnessed the terrifying scene.

He slightly widened his eyes at the moment, looking extremely shocked.

"What were those? Ghosts? Or supernatural images?" Leuk San quickly speculated in his mind.

However, the one-eyed old man indulged in anger, holding his enamel teacup, stomped over.

Hostility was palpable.

"Want to fight? Do you think you can take me down?" Leuk San collected his thoughts, coldly snorting at the one-eyed old man.

As a Captain Level ghost handler, he feared no one; even Yang Jian was merely a threat to him. In an actual fight, he was confident of risking it all against any Captain Level task, and in the end, the one surviving would be him, Leuk San.

However.

Outside the temple.

The two paper men Leuk San stood there but frowned.

Because they couldn't feel the connection with the paper man inside the temple.

The heavy wooden door seemed like it isolated everything; inside matters were entirely unknown to them. Normally, anything happening to one paper man should be known by other paper men, so memories and supernatural occurrences should be shared.

Time passed gradually.

"Creak!"

About two minutes later.

The temple's wooden door opened slowly.

One of the two paper men, Leuk San quickly approached, attempting to probe what was inside.

The temple was still the same.

Nothing had changed.

The one-eyed old man, however, somehow moved a small wooden stool, sitting before the ranks of spirit tablets, burning paper.

Stacks of waxy, like sheets of human skin yellow paper were thrown into the brazier.

The firelight cast on the wrinkled, dry face of the one-eyed old man.

The pale eye rotated at an impossible angle, casting towards the door where the two paper men Leuk San were.

"..."

The two paper men Leuk San glanced at the thick yellow paper in the man's hands and fell silent.

At the same time.

In another location in the ancient town.

Shen Lin, Li Jun, and Ah Hong searched together, quickly pinpointing the point where Ghost Lake connects to reality in this not-so-large Taiping Ancient Town.

It was a small river flowing through the ancient town, beside which was a dock, seemingly quite old.

The stone slabs near the dock were worn smooth, evidence that it used to be very bustling, with frequent boats passing, used for travel and transporting goods.

But now.

It was abandoned here.

Weeds grew all around; occasionally, townspeople came here to wash clothes.

"There's no mistake. This is the connection point between Ghost Lake and reality, everything started from here. Just follow this river continuously forward to enter Ghost Lake." Shen Lin recalled, confirmed accurately.

The supernatural follows this river down, passing Zhongzhou City.

Thus, the Ghost Lake incident occurred in Zhongzhou City.

To enter Ghost Lake, one must follow this source downstream to gradually be consumed by the supernatural, leading to that eerie domain.

"Inform Yang Jian and Leuk San to come, get ready to enter Ghost Lake." Li Jun immediately said.

"No rush."

Shen Lin said, "Finding the way is one thing, but figuring out how to enter is crucial. If we just walk straight in, we'll sink into Ghost Lake, and Leuk San's experience will repeat with us. No one has the confidence to survive in that place."

"We need transportation, preferably a boat, a boat that won't sink in Ghost Lake."

Li Jun said, "It's impossible for that thing to exist. The Ghost Lake is supernatural, all boats will sink, it's a supernatural construct rather than a real lake."

The Ghost Lake is just one form of supernatural manifestation, not a real lake.

So there's no way for a boat to float on the Ghost Lake.

"If the Ghost Lake isn't a real lake, then the boat isn't a real boat either," Shen Lin said.

"Shen Lin, what do you know?" Ah Hong couldn't help but ask.

Li Jun also stared at Shen Lin, "What are you hiding?"

Shen Lin said, "At midnight, there will be a small black wooden boat at this ferry, that's all the information I have. I speculate it's the key to entering the Ghost Lake."

"Where did you get your information?" Li Jun asked.

"I infiltrated the Ghost Slave within the Ghost Lake and stole some information from the ghosts. Among the information was a small black boat flowing from this small town at night, with a coffin placed on it..." Shen Lin squinted his eyes and said, "It's a terrifying picture, I dare not continue to peer, or danger may approach."

Li Jun stared at him, "If the boat doesn't appear, we'll waste half a day for nothing."

"It will definitely appear," Shen Lin said seriously.

"Ah Hong, what do you think?" Li Jun turned to ask.

Ah Hong said, "I think we should wait, at least it's an opportunity. Besides, I've tried before; the water infused with supernatural power can sink everything. We have no foothold when entering the Ghost Lake. Although the Ghost Domain can isolate it, if supernatural interference occurs and the Ghost Domain disappears, we'll all fall into the lake and drown."

"This is an S-level supernatural event, everything must be stable. We are now four Captain Level teaming up. If we lose this time, you know the consequences."

Yes.

Li Jun understood,

This time headquarters has bet on four captains. Including the missing Cao Yang and Silver, six captains are involved in the Ghost Lake incident. If anything else goes wrong, the headquarters is finished.

"Wait."

"Move at midnight," Li Jun immediately made a decisive decision.

At this moment.

On the street of the nonexistent ancient town.

"Humans have medicine for sickness, how do ghosts deal with illness?"

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly; he stood in front of an old shop, where two signs were hung at the store's entrance, inscribed with two lines of words.

"This is a pharmacy, but it's closed. Seems like it hasn't been in business for a long time."

Upon seeing this pharmacy, he didn't know why a different memory appeared in his mind which wasn't his own but a memory he stole inside the Ghost Post Office.

In that memory, it was also a traditional Chinese pharmacy.

He only knew the location of that pharmacy, but the memory of that pharmacy owner was vague.

A ghost handler facing ghostly revival entered that pharmacy, and the situation of ghost revival improved.

In the Ghost Post Office, several messengers on the fifth floor had received treatment from that pharmacy in the past.

"It should be... the same one." Yang Jian earnestly recalled that vague memory and finally hesitantly confirmed.

The pharmacy in the memory and this drugstore are the same.

But the pharmacy in Taiping Ancient Town is closed, while the one outside is still open.

"This place is very mysterious. Surely, some ghost handlers from the Republic of China Period gathered here before. They lingered, lived, and even left their traces here." Yang Jian retracted his gaze and continued walking forward.

Ahead was a paper crafts shop.

At the entrance stood two paper figurines, one black and one white, one male and one female.

"Paper figurines again?" Yang Jian stopped and glanced over.

The shop's door was open, but inside was empty, yet filled with many paper figurines, some very beautiful women, paper tables, paper houses... There weren't many goods, some areas were empty, seeming like they were previously purchased.

"No paper sedan chair."

Yang Jian mused for a moment, his thoughts connected to the paper sedan that suddenly took Chen Qiaoyang in Dadong City.

The style and design were somewhat similar to those in this shop.

"Let's go in and take a look."

He entered the shop.

Inside, there were no windows or lights; only the light from the door lit inside, making it seem dim and chilly.

The shop was larger than imagined.

Inside, various paper figurines and paper items were displayed.

"Perhaps Leuk San would be interested in this shop," Yang Jian stared at the paper-made items.

Ghost eye peering.

Everything seemed normal, yet everything seemed abnormal.

There was an inexplicable feeling.

It seemed.

A certain terrifying supernatural presence was confined within each paper figurine and paper-made item.

The confinement was so tight that everything appeared so normal.

But if the confinement were released, all terrifying things would unfold.

"No wonder ordinary people rush to leave after wandering to the mask stall. It's so eerie and peculiar here, and silent, no one dares to linger." Yang Jian thought internally.

This street is desolate, selling masks, and paper figurines; who's bold enough to stroll leisurely?

"Shouldn't stay too long, time to leave." Yang Jian's curiosity drove him to probe, and after looking around, he intended to leave.

"Buy one, it's cheap, only three dollars." But just as he was about to turn and leave.

A peddling voice eerily echoed beside his ears.

The boss in the paper crafts shop seemed to be soliciting business.

Yang Jian's steps halted, he looked around, but still saw nothing.

Perhaps a paper figurine opened its mouth to speak, or maybe a vengeful spirit or ghost was lingering in the dim, cold paper crafts shop.

"Buy one, choose one for three dollars."

The voice didn't stop, it continued to echo, and the more Yang Jian walked out, the more urgent the hawking voice grew as though someone was perched on your shoulder, coaxing you by your ear.

It sends shivers down your spine.

The most haunting part was.

When he reached the shop's entrance, he suddenly discovered.

Previously standing next to the paper crafts shop, those two black and white paper figurines were somehow standing side by side in the middle of the doorway, their stiff, painted faces directed towards Yang Jian, as if blocking his way.

"What, trying to force a sale?"

Yang Jian's gaze turned grim, his hand tightly gripping the cracked long spear in his hand.

"Choose one for three dollars, it's very cheap now, previously sold for nine dollars each." In the dimly lit shop, the eerie voice continued to echo.

This voice was only heard by Yang Jian, others seemed unable to hear.

"Not only the paper figurines at the shop's entrance, other anomalies are appearing too." Yang Jian ignored the voice and used a ghost eye to observe the surroundings.

He discovered a beautiful paper figurine had moved two meters forward from the paper figurine pile next to it, and then was eerily standing there, as if trying to tell Yang Jian to buy it.

There were also other paper items, starting to relocate, completely different from their previous placement.

"What kind of place is this exactly?" Yang Jian turned his head, his heart particularly heavy.

After a brief contemplation.

He made a decision and fished out the green three-dollar note from his pocket.

Spending money for peace of mind.

Better not clash with the ghostly presences on this ancient street.

Chapter 1095: Coffin Shop

At this moment, Yang Jian didn't want to get entangled with the eerie matters here; he planned to spend money at this strange paper shop.

Using the three yuan he got earlier.

He didn't plan to spend the remaining seven yuan, keeping it for emergencies.

"Three yuan for a paper figure, what should I buy?" Yang Jian looked around at the live items in the paper shop.

The most eye-catching was the beautiful paper woman walking out from the pile of paper figures.

The beautiful paper figure had black hair, an oval face, a slender waist, and cheeks painted with scarlet blush, giving it both an aesthetic and eerie vibe, combining to form such a unique paper figure.

"I can't buy a paper figure. Such 'human-like' things carry a great deal of uncertainty; once entangled, it might bring trouble to me. Therefore, I absolutely cannot buy any paper figure here with this three yuan. I must buy an item to take away." Yang Jian glanced at the beautiful paper figure.

He never had the thought of buying this beautiful paper figure.

After all, he now possesses the Deceiving Ghost Necklace, and with the Ghost Shadow's ability, he can mold living beings at will.

Whether it's a beautiful woman or a handsome man, they're just meaningless flesh.

His gaze shifted away.

Yang Jian looked at other things in the paper shop.

Three-story paper villa, paper-made tables and chairs, paper cabinets, paper teapots and cups... He looked around but found nothing particularly interesting.

Perhaps he came a bit late.

Some items were already purchased by others before, leaving behind useless things, with some even incomplete, as if hurriedly made and not finished.

"It's normal that the good stuff was bought by the people before." Yang Jian didn't mind and kept seriously choosing, and he had somewhat grasped the situation.

He liked three things.

A three-story paper villa, a two-layer wooden boat made of paper, and a black round hat made of paper.

As for those strange paper figures, they weren't in his consideration at all.

Yang Jian's preference leaned toward the black round hat, but he thought about the upcoming Ghost Lake incident he needed to handle, and perhaps the paper boat would offer some help.

"Choose the paper boat."

Finally, he made up his mind, placing the three yuan on the counter of the paper shop, then walked to an inconspicuous corner and picked up the paper boat, less than twenty centimeters long.

The paper boat was dusty, evidently abandoned for a long time.

Moreover, being in a dark corner, it was easily overlooked, belonging to unsold stock.

In fact, Yang Jian also felt this item might be useless, but under the circumstances, he decided choosing the paper boat might prevent future regret.

Just spending money for peace of mind.

After paying, he glanced back.

The two blocking paper figures by the door had unknowingly stepped aside, returned to their previous positions, standing.

The eerie sound echoing by his ears disappeared too.

All anomalies settled, even the cold aura in the shop dissipated considerably.

Indeed.

Consumers are treated as distinguished guests.

Yang Jian left the paper shop, holding the useless paper boat.

Without lingering, he continued to walk down the street, wanting to see what else was on this street.

But shortly after Yang Jian left.

Inside the paper shop.

The motionless beautiful paper figure had two streaks of water under its eyes, as if crying because Yang Jian hadn't buried it, quite eerie.

But Yang Jian was unaware of all this.

He continued forward along the street.

The further he went, the more closed shops surrounded him, with some already abandoned, roof collapsing into debris.

Barren, forsaken, eerie.

The street had changed; Yang Jian ventured deeply but hadn't reached the end, could still continue walking.

Yet moving forward, the surrounding light grew dim, previously still daytime, but now it was night, and the debris grew more frequent, until eventually, there wasn't even debris, just a barren space. Only the bluestone path continued, hadn't reached the end, continuing, extending into darkness.

"I see; it's an endless supernatural street. At this point, I must turn back, cannot venture deeper; otherwise, might lose oneself." Yang Jian comprehended roughly.

This was a ghost street that didn't exist in reality.

As for who constructed it, it remains unknown; however, most of this ghost street has been abandoned now.

Moreover, as time passes, more shops close, more buildings collapse, and this street will gradually shorten until it might even disappear.

But looking at the building ruins, it was certainly prosperous before.

"Time to turn back." Yang Jian walked a bit further.

By now, the buildings on both sides had completely vanished, leaving only a barren bluestone road.

Everything has been explored, leaving no regrets.

Yet just as Yang Jian planned to turn back, his Ghost Eye took a peek forward, surprisingly seeing not far ahead stood a shop starkly amid the darkness.

That shop hadn't collapsed, nor closed, still maintaining business.

Since Yang Jian saw the door open.

"Not far, must take a look."

Yang Jian hesitated, estimating the distance, then carefully observed his surroundings, ensuring no anomalies before deciding to check out the last shop.

That shop was the only remaining one in the vicinity.

Lonely and hidden under the dim environment, faintly visible.

Anyone coming to this street for the first time could never venture as far as Yang Jian did, so this shop should be very hard to find.

Yang Jian didn't get too close.

His ghost eye ignored the darkness, seeing everything clearly.

"Coffin Shop!"

Three black characters hung on a white plaque, telling Yang Jian what exactly was being sold at this last shop.

It was selling coffins.

Inside the open shop door, right in the middle, was a coffin.

It was a black coffin, shiny with varnish, without a speck of dust, very new, and already completed, not a defective piece.

"A black coffin." Yang Jian's mind was triggered by some unpleasant memories upon seeing this thing.

A black coffin had once imprisoned the Ghost Envoy.

But that black Ghost Coffin was destroyed for various reasons.

Unexpectedly, there's a new black coffin in this Taiping Ancient Town.

"A black coffin signifies danger; in old customs, only those who died tragically or with deep resentment used black coffins; those who died of old age had joyous funerals and used red coffins. For instance, the old man's corpse in the ancient house during the previous delivery mission was buried in a red coffin."

Yang Jian pondered, cautiously getting closer, trying to gather more information.

He found a black coffin placed in the center of the Coffin Shop, with several other coffins, including some red ones of varying sizes, and a few natural wood ones that hadn't been varnished yet.

There were at least seven or eight coffins in total.

This Coffin Shop lived up to its name, selling nothing but coffins.

"There's movement inside." Suddenly, Yang Jian heard some small sounds from within the Coffin Shop.

He listened intently.

But found that there were sounds of knocking and sawing wood, as if someone was working inside, making new coffins.

However, what made Yang Jian feel creepy was that when he tried to get a little closer, the sounds inside abruptly stopped.

Everything around fell into silence.

"Is there really someone making coffins here?" Yang Jian wasn't sure if there was truly someone living in this Coffin Shop.

He mostly suspected that a fierce ghost was lingering in there.

Thinking of this, he stepped back.

Unwilling to court disaster.

Just looking around was enough; there was too much eeriness here. Yang Jian didn't want to disturb the balance and invite trouble, especially at this critical moment.

So Yang Jian turned to leave without hesitation, without approaching this last Coffin Shop.

But as he turned to leave, the shop issued a creaking sound, like a coffin lid being lifted, and a voice eerily echoed: "Young man, buy a coffin, you'll need it sooner or later, just eighteen yuan..."

Just like the paper effigy store.

This one had a voice peddling too.

But this time, the opening price was beyond imagination.

A paper figure was three yuan, a mask was three yuan, but a coffin was actually eighteen yuan.

Can't afford it.

Yang Jian only had seven yuan left, making him a complete pauper in front of this Coffin Shop.

Therefore, he walked away even faster with this quote.

Because, once involved, Yang Jian wouldn't even have the chance to pay his way out of trouble and would have to fight the Coffin Shop to the end.

This peddler's voice only rang out once and didn't appear again.

Yang Jian retraced his steps, and the Coffin Shop behind quickly vanished into the darkness.

Faintly, the place once again resonated with knocking and sawing sounds.

Not long after.

Yang Jian passed by the previous paper effigy store again, but strangely, the black and white paper figures at the entrance had changed positions again, now standing inside the shop, not outside.

Meanwhile.

The mask stall in front also disappeared.

Some shops had even closed their doors, no longer open for business.

Checking the time.

Only then did Yang Jian realize, after wandering around, it was already 5:50 unintentionally, just ten minutes until six o'clock.

"After six, it'll be night. Does this street not operate at night?" Yang Jian felt a sudden chill, quickening his pace.

The Ghost Post Office was like this too.

Lights out at six.

It seemed the supernatural places in that era shared some common traits.

While preparing to leave this street, Yang Jian saw a man ahead, seemingly about to leave after finishing his shopping.

The man had his back to him, wearing outdated clothing, appearing somewhat tall and distinctive.

"Who are you?" He tried to shout, as a greeting.

But the man in front didn't turn around, continuing forward as if he hadn't heard.

Chapter 1096: Faceless Person

On Ghost Street.

The strange shops were gradually closing down, but as Yang Jian was about to leave, he actually saw a living person on this street... at least considered living.

He attempted to call out to the person ahead.

But it was no use.

The person ahead seemed not to hear and continued walking forward, about to leave the street completely.

"No response? So it seems this person didn't mistakenly enter here like I did, but is someone who naturally belongs to this Ghost Street, or perhaps a regular visitor..." Yang Jian's eyes slightly shifted.

He quickened his pace and followed.

The man ahead, dressed in outdated clothes and with a tall figure, continued walking forward, oblivious to Yang Jian's rapid approach.

"In that case, let's probe. If I'm lucky, maybe I can glean some secrets about Ping'an Ancient Town from him."

Yang Jian changed his previously cautious demeanor.

He looked at his own cold, darkened palm, then stopped in his tracks, slowly reaching towards the man's back.

At this distance, his hand couldn't reach the man.

However.

This wasn't an ordinary palm but the hand of a fierce ghost, possessing terrifying supernatural power.

As the Ghost Hand emerged.

The ground in front of him began protruding with cold, dark hands, densely covering the ground, triggering a tingling sensation on the scalp.

The hands swayed like wild grass in a gust of wind, twisting and trying to grab anyone approaching.

Once caught by such a hand, even if just one, an ordinary person would be doomed; even a real ghost could be significantly suppressed, as Yang Jian's Ghost Hand currently has a reservation to suppress a fierce ghost.

At this moment, all the Ghost Hands reached towards the man.

Yet the man's walking speed did not slow down, ignoring the eerie black hands on the ground in front of him.

"Want to walk over them?" Yang Jian's face darkened, holding nothing back.

The Ghost Hand's attack commenced.

The cold, dark hands on the ground, although stiff, moved reflexively, suddenly grabbing the man's leg.

Once touched.

The suppressive nature of the Ghost Hand on supernatural phenomena would come into play, making it impossible for even the topmost paranormal handlers to ignore its attacks completely.

The effect appeared.

The man's foot seemed tripped, instantly freezing in place, his tall body stumbling, almost falling.

But that was just the extent of it.

The Ghost Hand's influence reached its limit, unable to further harm the man.

Seeing this, Yang Jian's expression grew wary.

The Ghost Hand, capable of suppressing a fierce ghost outside, could only manage to trip the opponent here, indicating the man wasn't just a person with supernatural powers, but a very formidable one.

"Can we talk?" Yang Jian spoke up.

The man still didn't turn around, staying with his back to Yang Jian, only showing his back.

"Are you unwilling to speak, or unable to do so? If you don't mind, turn around so we can talk for a bit. I'm not from Taiping Ancient Town; I'm the person in charge of investigating the Ghost Lake incident here, dealing with various supernatural affairs outside." Yang Jian introduced himself and stated his purpose.

Nevertheless, the man remained silent, standing motionless.

Yang Jian frowned at the situation.

Since the man didn't intend to speak, might as well see the person's face up close and confirm his identity.

Immediately.

He quickly arrived at the man's side.

Merely by approaching, Yang Jian sensed an unusual cold aura emanating from the man, giving a sense of something amiss.

He stepped aside, maintaining some distance.

Only then did Yang Jian see the man's true appearance... the man had no face.

Yes.

No features, just a smooth patch of flesh.

Ghost?

Yang Jian immediately stepped back a few paces, instinctively raising the Firewood Knife to chop down, intending to dismember the ghost in front of him.

But the man's movement made Yang Jian pause.

The man raised a hand, signaling Yang Jian to halt.

"Not a ghost, a human, with his own consciousness."

Yet Yang Jian, abruptly stopping the Firewood Knife, looked serious, showing no shock, only mild surprise.

For the man's appearance reminded him of a fierce ghost he once encountered holding a bloody old newspaper, who enjoyed taking people's faces, leaving them faceless.

Could it be that this man survived a supernatural attack in the past?

"You can hear me, but lacking facial features, you can't see or speak, and you don't want me to see your real face, right?" Yang Jian asked.

The man said nothing but nodded slightly.

"Who are you? By the looks of you, you're not an outside paranormal handler, what are you doing here?" Yang Jian continued to inquire: "If you can't speak, you can write it down, we can communicate."

The faceless man turned subtly towards Yang Jian, falling silent.

He seemed unwilling to communicate, or perhaps there was some barrier between them, reluctant to reveal too much.

However, after a moment, he lifted his hand, gesturing in the air.

His fingers traced in the air, while Yang Jian, watching through the Ghost Eye, noted the traces, gradually forming a phrase: I am searching for a face.

"You're looking for a face here, where's your original face?" Yang Jian asked again.

The man didn't answer, apparently rejecting Yang Jian's query.

Seeing him silent, Yang Jian asked again: "What's your name?"

"Faceless Person." The man continued to move his fingers through the air, writing three words.

Faceless Person?

This should be a code name, not a real name.

Yang Jian didn't press further; using aliases in the supernatural realm is common to conceal identities, preventing supernatural consequences from reaching one's associates.

"Have you found your face?"

"It's right here." The man continued to respond.

It?

Referring to the man's face.

It's right here, which means this man's face must have appeared on Ghost Street at some point. He just hasn't found it yet, so he regretfully left after walking through the street.

"The only thing on the whole street that aligns with the concept of a face is those masks that appeared at that stall before. Could he be looking for one too?" Yang Jian's heart skipped a beat, and he glanced back slightly.

The stall selling masks was no longer there.

If it were, the Faceless Person should have been looking for an eerie mask to serve as his face.

"Where are you from, a resident of Taiping Town? Or someone from the outside supernatural circles?" Yang Jian asked again.

But at this moment, the Faceless Person reached out and wrote a sentence: "It's too late today, I'm leaving."

He did not answer Yang Jian's subsequent question.

After writing this, the Faceless Person resumed walking forward, the Ghost Hand underfoot like wild grass on the roadside, able to trip him but unable to make him stop moving entirely; the reason he stopped earlier was not because the Ghost Hand had an effect, but because he chose to stop.

"Unless I forcibly chop off his head and then use the Ghost Shadow to invade his memories to obtain enough information, otherwise, I can't get any useful information," Yang Jian pondered, his gaze flickering.

Weighing whether to take action.

This person was very unfamiliar, very eerie, yet there was no interaction, no conflict, and no hostility with Yang Jian.

Otherwise, the earlier probing action would have already erupted into a fight.

After a brief contemplation, Yang Jian decided not to take action.

He wasn't the kind to provoke trouble willingly, and since the other person had shown him courtesy by not escalating the conflict, he wouldn't resort to ambushing from behind just for a so-called piece of information.

After all, as a young person, one should uphold martial ethics.

Despite not planning to act, Yang Jian followed quickly, wanting to see where this person intended to go.

The two of them left the street one after the other.

Yet, a bizarre scene unfolded.

Yang Jian found himself standing alone in the ancient Taiping Town, with newly installed street lamps on both sides, casting light and illuminating the surrounding darkness.

But the Faceless Person had vanished.

Even when peering with the Ghost Eye, no trace of the Faceless Person could be found.

The Faceless Person left the street but did not appear in Taiping Ancient Town.

"Could it be that this Ghost Street is similar to the Ghost Post Office? The same road, but leading to different places?" Yang Jian speculated in his heart, looking at the paper boat in his hand.

The thing was still there.

It was real.

Yet, the street behind him had vanished. The existence of this paper boat proved that everything that happened just now was real, not an illusion, nor a supernatural event.

"Since that person has disappeared, let's just leave it. No need to dwell on it."

"It's just... even the mysterious Faceless Person needed to buy something on this ancient street, indicating that the items on the ancient street are extraordinary. If that's the case, then what's the purpose of this paper boat in my hand? I don't feel this paper boat is a supernatural item; it seems like an ordinary object."

Yang Jian then retracted his various thoughts and focused on the paper boat he had bought.

This thing cost him three yuan.

Moreover, the paper boat coming from that eerie paper crafting shop was likely not ordinary, although it appeared ordinary, it definitely was not.

He simply hadn't discovered its secret yet.

"Yang Jian, you're back? What are you holding in your hand, can I take a look?"

Suddenly, a voice abruptly appeared, as Leuk San emerged from a nearby alley, his eyes fixated on the paper boat in Yang Jian's hand, seemingly very curious.

"No," Yang Jian immediately refused.

Leuk San said, "This should be something you obtained from that ancient street, a paper boat? Like those burned for the dead, I have some research in this area of the supernatural, I might be able to help you."

He had been lingering around, waiting to see when Yang Jian would return, thus speculating some things.

"There's a paper crafting shop in the ancient street, if you want to research, go yourself." Yang Jian replied calmly.

Leuk San didn't have paper money, and no one knew what would happen if he went to that paper crafting shop, but he didn't mention it.

This kind of information and intelligence was unnecessary to share.

After all, he didn't fully trust Leuk San either.

"Paper crafting shop? So you're saying this thing was obtained from that paper crafting shop, is there a shopkeeper there?" Leuk San remained very interested and asked eagerly.

Yang Jian said, "It's all various paper figures, no living people, really eerie. You'll see if you go. Oh, by the way, without a sufficiently powerful Ghost Domain, you won't be able to invade and enter that ancient street. And at this time, the ancient street has closed for business."

"..."

Leuk San looked at Yang Jian, "I understand. Although you've kept some things hidden, your information is important to me. Thank you."

"You're welcome, we're all colleagues. I offer help on moral grounds, but too much is too much." Yang Jian didn't mind revealing some information.

"You're right, I was too rash just now. However, in the time you were away, I discovered a strange place, a location filled with the supernatural yet guarded by living people." Leuk San switched the topic and said.

Yang Jian said, "It seems you've already investigated. What's the result?"

"Not very good, one of my paper figures was taken out," Leuk San stated. "The person guarding there is a top-notch ghost controller, maybe you could handle him."

"Are you asking for my help?" Yang Jian said.

"No, just suggesting we team up to check out the situation," Leuk San said, "You can refuse."

Yang Jian said, "Is it that shrine?"

Though he merely stood there, the scarlet Ghost Eye was particularly striking at night.

"You knew all along?" Leuk San hesitated.

Yang Jian said, "I saw the problem at a glance, but I'm not interested in that place. If it dares to appear openly in the ancient Taiping Town, it must either be ordinary or terrifying. Now it seems to be the latter, which is why I chose the ancient street over that shrine."

"Looks like I'm a bit foolish," said Leuk San.

"Don't say that. You have many lives, more suited to investigating some dangerous places. But if you didn't even dare approach that shrine, I'm a bit interested in checking it out, maybe have a word with the person there."

Yang Jian thought it over and decided to make the trip with Leuk San.

It's not to court death.

Only to be sure of things.

After all, the Ghost Lake event happened right here, so many details couldn't be overlooked.

"Aren't you afraid of accidents?" Leuk San doubted, "This doesn't seem like your style."

"I also want to ask what this thing really is," Yang Jian shook the paper boat in his hand.

"If you let me study it, I can give you an answer," Leuk San proposed.

Yang Jian laughed, "You, I can't trust. You have too many paper figures, who knows who you really are in reality? If you're a friend, fine. If you're an enemy, then I should be cautious. I hope you understand."

He didn't beat around the bush and spoke his mind directly.

No need for reservations and concerns.

Leuk San said no more.

Because... his name wasn't Leuk San.

Chapter 1097: Strange Ancient Town

"We've arrived. This is it."

Nighttime.

Leuk San brought Yang Jian back to the front of that temple again.

Unlike during the day, the temple's doors were closed at night, and it was extremely silent, without a sound.

"It's too late, the temple is closed. When I came before, the temple doors were still open. They were closed not long ago, but there's an elder guarding the temple inside, holding an enamel tea cup, slightly hunched, with one eye." Leuk San said.

He explained some of the situation inside the temple.

"That person took down one of my paper figures. I think teaming up with you would be more reassuring. After all, we still have to deal with the Ghost Lake, and I don't want to waste too many paper figures here."

But as Leuk San was speaking, Yang Jian had already stepped forward and pushed open the heavy temple doors.

The doors creaked, making a sharp friction sound.

In the silent night of the ancient town, it was particularly clear, and the sound traveled far, likely heard by nearby residents.

After the temple doors were pushed open, a whiff of burning paper floated out, and it was dark around, with only two unremarkable oil lamps lit in the middle of the temple.

The flames on the oil lamps were small, flickering lightly, not enough to illuminate the entire temple. Instead, the flickering lamps added to the eerie atmosphere.

Yang Jian glanced around and strode into the temple.

"Be careful." Leuk San reminded.

Yang Jian said, "If even such a loud noise when opening the door didn't catch the attention of the person you mentioned, either he's deaf, or he's not here. If he were, he would have already come to stop us."

"What, are you scared?"

He turned back to look.

Leuk San was still standing outside the temple, not daring to enter.

"Even if he acts again, this time he faces both of us, so he must reconsider. Just don't use a paper figure as a decoy; otherwise, you'll not only offend the people in this temple but also me."

Yang Jian added, "Also, Li Jun is very dissatisfied with what you did in the last ghost painting event."

"Honestly, I have some opinions too. If you keep this up, you'll eventually offend all the captains."

"I already used a paper figure before, but it still died, so I'm a bit cautious." Leuk San said, now walking inside, looking around cautiously.

After all, losing a paper figure here for no reason still upset him.

Yang Jian stood inside the temple, observing.

Nothing seemed unusual, and the building was a normal structure.

The only odd thing was the rows of spirit tablets in the center of the temple.

He glanced over them, calculating in his mind. There were seven rows from top to bottom, each with a varying number of spirit tablets, at least close to a hundred in total, which was quite a lot.

In front of the spirit tablets were offering tables, incense burners, oil lamps, and a fire bowl.

There were ashes in the fire bowl, indicating that paper had been burned here, and it happened not long ago.

"The paper has burned out, the incense too, and the person is gone. It seems everything here ended before six o'clock." Yang Jian scanned the area with his ghost eyes.

He didn't find the elder guarding the temple.

Nor did he see any supernatural phenomena.

"It's safe here at night."

After saying this, he looked back at Leuk San.

"I'll find that old man." Leuk San's expression turned a bit grim.

Having dragged Yang Jian here, only to come up empty-handed without finding the one-eyed elder, they'd clearly taken a loss.

"Chances are, he won't be found."

Yang Jian said, "The whole ancient town is filled with a mystery I can't even fully comprehend. Even if your paper figures scoured the entire town, they wouldn't uncover the truth."

"This place evokes a deep entanglement with some supernatural space, similar to what Shen Lin mentioned before. It's a junction, so many inexplicable things happen here."

"Even so, there must be a 'path.' Give me time, and I can find it." Leuk San said.

Yang Jian didn't respond, merely staring at the rows of spirit tablets ahead.

The spirit tablets were inscribed with different names, lacking dates of death or birth, exceedingly simple.

Even though he knew many, none of the names were familiar to him—they were all strangers.

Curiosity piqued, he nevertheless memorized all the names; they might be useful later.

This was the benefit of the completed Ghost Shadow, allowing him to instantly recall memories, making it truly photographic memory.

Meanwhile, as Yang Jian and Leuk San came up empty, elsewhere in the ancient town...

There was an old pier.

Shen Lin, Li Jun, and Ah Hong had waited from day to night, but it was still several hours away from the right moment.

However, as ghost wielders, patience wasn't something they lacked.

Compared to facing a real ghost, waiting was a relatively easy task.

It was now past nine o'clock at night.

There were no streetlights in this part of the ancient town, making it extremely dark.

On the dim roadside stone.

Two eerie Ghost Flames flickered; those were Li Jun's eyes beneath his sunglasses.

He had no eyes, couldn't see anything, but his Ghost Flame possessed the Ghost Domain, and wherever the fire illuminated was the Ghost Domain, so he could know everything around through the Ghost Domain.

"No movement, everything is very calm. The ancient town at night is much quieter than during the day, everything seems to have fallen into a slumber, which makes me uneasy instead." Li Jun said in a calm voice.

"Isn't calmness better? Why feel uneasy?" Ah Hong said.

Shen Lin, beside him, said, "Even the supernatural has become so regular, which can only mean that whatever is hidden behind the ancient town becomes more frightening. Is the Ghost Lake incident unrelated to this? No one knows."

"But what must be clear is that this is an S-level supernatural event."

"Dealing with a supernatural event, only to discover an even bigger supernatural presence, that feeling must not be good... wait, someone's coming."

Suddenly.

Shen Lin gestured, noticing someone approaching along the night road, he immediately whispered a warning.

In the darkness, the two eerie Ghost Flames suddenly went out, and Li Jun's figure disappeared.

Shen Lin also vanished.

Ah Hong took a few steps back, quickly blending into the darkness, as if merging with everything around.

The three of them quickly hid.

Between two old houses, footsteps could be heard on an inconspicuous cobblestone path.

The footsteps came so abruptly, as if appearing out of thin air, but on the other end of the path, no one was seen passing by, it was just at some moment, at a particular time, that person suddenly appeared on the road.

A shadow appeared on the cobblestone path of a woman around fifty, much older-looking, with many wrinkles on her face, carrying a wooden basin filled with clothes, walking towards the abandoned old ferry.

The middle-aged woman's attire was very outdated.

The style and craftsmanship of the clothes didn't seem to belong to the present era, more like something from decades ago.

"This person is strange." Li Jun observed in secret, unable to resist the urge to subdue the woman and question her.

But he held back his impulse.

The situation was unclear; taking action would be reckless.

The middle-aged woman said nothing, her face indifferent, her movements skilled, even in poor night visibility, she quickly went down several steps, reaching the riverbank, began putting clothes into the water, and started washing them.

The splashing sound of water at the riverbank echoed.

The sound of the woman washing clothes came from the surroundings.

"In the dead of night, this woman isn't sleeping, doesn't even have a light, washing clothes by the river, do you think this is normal?" Ah Hong whispered in the darkness, the voice only audible to Li Jun and Shen Lin.

"I can acquire her memory, but it carries certain risks. What do you two think?" Shen Lin said.

Evidently, he intended to take action.

Li Jun glanced over, thought for a moment, and said, "She's an ordinary person, at least she appears to be. If you judge wrong, you would kill her."

"Naturally, regardless of right or wrong, she would die. Of course, there's another outcome, which is that we get killed by her." Shen Lin chuckled.

"Forget it, playing with an ordinary person's life isn't a joke, the idea of taking action is canceled. Wait for her to leave, there's still time." Li Jun said.

"As you say." Shen Lin said, he only had the thought of taking action, not a necessity.

The three of them waited until around eleven.

Finally.

The woman by the river finished washing the clothes, picked up the wooden basin again, and walked back, returning to the previous alley.

However, when the woman entered the alley.

Leaned against the wall, hidden in the Ghost Domain, Li Jun glanced at the woman's wooden basin.

It turned out to be empty, not a single piece of clothing inside, holding nothing but a wooden basin untouched by even a drop of water.

"How could this be..." Li Jun was startled.

He distinctly heard the woman finish washing clothes and put the wet clothes back into the basin.

Why, after all that time washing, was it not even damp with a drop of water?

"Regretting it? You can still make a move now." Shen Lin smiled.

Li Jun's expression fluctuated, he finally waved his hand, stopping Shen Lin's action; "Since we decided to wait, then we'll wait, you don't need to make a move. The matter of the ancient town, I'll investigate it later. The Ghost Lake event is most critical now, everything else can be temporarily put aside."

Ultimately, he didn't want to add complications.

Because it was already past eleven, there was less than an hour left until the operation time.

"Maybe you'll regret this decision, clearly, whatever is hidden in the ancient town is more dangerous than Ghost Lake, Yang Jian realized this and that's why he went to investigate that non-existent street, Leuk San is also uneasy, therefore, he wants to explore the ancient town as well." Shen Lin said.

"Oh, let me mention something else, that couple Yang Jian encountered during the day—now they're dead."

"Dead?" Ah Hong recalled at this moment.

During the day, Yang Jian stopped a couple holding masks.

"Did Yang Jian kill them?"

Shen Lin laughed, "How could he, Yang Jian wouldn't spare a glance at such small fry, let alone take action against them. They died in an inn in the old town, and it looks... like a natural death, the innkeeper is collecting their bodies now."

He didn't use the Ghost Domain, yet he had a perfect grasp of what was happening.

Chapter 1098 Black Ferry

Without a doubt.

Ping'an Ancient Town exudes a sense of eeriness everywhere.

The ghost street that doesn't exist in reality, the shrine for the dead, the women washing clothes by the river at night.

Yang Jian, Leuk San, Li Jun, and others have noticed something unusual, but they all tacitly chose not to investigate further because they still need to handle the Ghost Lake incident and don't want to spend too much time and energy elsewhere.

It was already eleven-thirty at night.

Half an hour left until midnight.

"Ah Hong, inform Yang Jian and Leuk San to come here for a meeting; they can't keep wandering off on their own."

At this moment, Li Jun showed a rather strong-willed attitude, wanting to gather everyone together.

"Okay." Ah Hong nodded in agreement without much thought.

Soon.

Yang Jian and Leuk San received the text message.

At this moment, they were still lingering in the shrine, investigating the situation while also searching for the blind old man.

"Looks like we don't have time to find that person, Li Jun asked us to meet up, saying we need to officially enter the Ghost Lake through the connection point."

Yang Jian walked out from a corner of the shrine, still holding that paper boat in his hand.

Leuk San stood in the center of the shrine, slowly turning his head: "I've found traces, he's here, he never left this shrine, I'm sure of it, it's just that everything here has been hidden."

"Forget it, investigate later after we return, right now we have to deal with the Ghost Lake incident." Yang Jian turned around and left.

"What a pity, just a little bit short." Leuk San said.

He seemed to have other paper figures investigating and making progress, just needing a bit more time.

Yang Jian said; "Taiping Ancient Town has been here for so many years, a little while won't matter, the person guarding this shrine won't be able to leave, you're too anxious, it seems that the existence of

that paper shop is weighing on your mind, so you want to urgently understand everything here, am I right? Leuk San?"

Leuk San looked at Yang Jian in silence.

"You really want to get to the bottom of your own supernatural matters, I understand that."

Yang Jian said: "If you want to stay here, it's okay, I won't accompany you to linger."

After speaking, he walked out of the shrine.

The next moment.

He appeared at the abandoned ferry of the ancient town.

Nearby.

Shen Lin, Li Jun, and Ah Hong had already been waiting here.

"Leuk San didn't come?" Li Jun immediately asked.

Yang Jian said: "I'm not his dad, I can't control when he'll come, but even if he does, he might not be of much help, maybe just another paper figure, and I haven't confronted Leuk San yet, I don't know what kind of supernatural powers he has mastered."

These captains are all mysterious, you don't know what kind of ghost they control until you've dealt with them.

Take Wang Chaling for example, a regular person who controls four ghosts, and they are his former parents and grandparents.

"Besides, Shen Lin, I don't know your ability either, if there's a chance, I'd like to learn more." Yang Jian looked at Shen Lin again.

"Captain Yang wouldn't be interested in me."

Shen Lin smiled and said; "Because understanding my past is a very dangerous thing, it could cause death, Captain Yang just needs to know that I'm on the Headquarters' side, and I'm a colleague, a comrade-in-arms with everyone."

"That's not necessarily true." Yang Jian said.

"Time's almost up."

Li Jun came over at this moment: "Shen Lin, will the situation you mentioned really occur?"

Shen Lin responded knowingly: "Memory doesn't lie, I believe it's true, but when it comes to paranormal matters, no one can say for sure."

"It's getting foggy." Suddenly, Ah Hong reminded coldly.

It was late at night.

A thin fog appeared over the river crossing the ancient town, the fog gathered and didn't dissipate but gradually thickened.

"Is it related to Feng Quan?" Li Jun looked at Yang Jian.

"It's not the Ghost Fog, Ghost Fog is much more severe, the previous speculation was correct, this is indeed a connection point to some supernatural place, the appearance of the fog is just a paranormal phenomenon, and this paranormal phenomenon is intensifying."

Yang Jian's ghost eyes peered, he saw things distorting within the thick fog, the riverway was no longer a riverway, but an unknown supernatural place was gradually connecting to reality.

Splash!

Subsequently, ripples appeared on the calm river's surface, accompanied by the sound of waves.

Looking upstream.

At the end of the thick fog on the river, a dim yellow light appeared.

The light flickered unsteadily, revealing upon nearing that it was an oil lamp.

The oil lamp was placed on an old wooden boat.

The wooden boat drifted downstream, empty, but slowly approached the ferry and silently stopped beside it.

This scene was witnessed by everyone.

Eerie,

Incomprehensible.

"Through this boat, we can enter the Ghost Lake."

Shen Lin said: "But there may be some anomalies along the way, which could pose dangers."

"Where did this boat come from?" Ah Hong was curious and wanted to investigate the source.

"Just like the supernatural bus, no one knows." Yang Jian said.

"Right at midnight, let's board, we're heading to the Ghost Lake." Li Jun said, taking the lead and stepping onto the wooden boat.

A person of his size stepped onto the boat.

The boat was remarkably stable, not shaking at all.

"Let's go." Yang Jian didn't back down; since he came, he naturally wouldn't act like a coward.

He carried the long spear and boarded the ship.

Shen Lin was silent, just smiled slightly and also boarded.

Ah Hong followed closely behind.

However, even after they boarded the ship, it remained docked at the pier, unmoved, and did not drift downstream, still anchored at its original spot.

"Yang Jian, let me use that long spear of yours," Li Jun said.

"Why?"

"Of course, to row the boat," Li Jun said, "Or are we just going to keep sitting here waiting?"

Yang Jian said, "This thing is not for rowing the boat, it's a supernatural item."

"In my memory, this boat doesn't need human control; it will advance along a certain route, but I don't know why this time is different from what I remember," Shen Lin said.

"Because taking the boat requires payment; without money, the boat won't take us." Suddenly, Leuk San's voice emerged from the shore. He was late but still arrived in time.

"Payment? It shouldn't be traditional money," Shen Lin squinted his eyes; "Some specific supernatural item?"

"Correct," Leuk San said, "This is new information I've acquired."

The reason for his tardiness was due to being delayed by some matters.

"Without that special currency, the boat can't take us to Ghost Lake," Leuk San stated.

"Special currency?"

Yang Jian's heart tightened as he immediately thought of the seven yuan bill he had left in his possession.

"You mean this money, right?" he said, pulling it out and showing it to others.

"This is..." The others stared at the colorful bill in Yang Jian's hand.

Clearly, it was a counterfeit bill.

As fake as a seven yuan bill could get.

It wasn't meant for spending on people, more like something burned for ghosts.

"How do you have such money?" Leuk San was startled, "And it's even a large denomination seven yuan bill."

"Encountering strange things often enough brings odd items into your possession, nothing strange about it," Yang Jian said, "Do you study paper money?"

"I know a bit, but how this currency came to be, I don't know. I only know that paper currency has some special uses and the larger the denomination, the rarer it is. Typically, it comes in three, four, and seven yuan denominations. Seven yuan is the largest denomination, and there are very few left existing now," Leuk San explained.

"In certain situations, you must have such money; without it, the boat can't carry us to Ghost Lake."

Leuk San said as he jumped aboard, "Let me borrow the money for a bit."

Yang Jian frowned but handed him the seven yuan bill.

Leuk San took the money and immediately lit it on the oil lamp at the bow.

The paper money instantly burned.

A cold wind swept up, swirling the paper ashes into a whirlpool.

The air was thick with the smell of ashes, but everything soon scattered, all the ashes disappeared, blown away to some unknown location.

The old black wooden boat began to bob gently.

The ship left the pier and drifted slowly downstream.

"The boat moved."

Li Jun's expression tightened, "As Leuk San said, payment is needed for the ride."

"Yang Jian, here you go." Leuk San said, handing the paper money back to Yang Jian.

The bill was now smaller, as Leuk San burned a ring of it.

However, the remaining smaller note had transformed.

No longer seven yuan, but three yuan.

Identical to the three yuan note Yang Jian received from the mask stall earlier.

"Seven yuan became three yuan, meaning four yuan was spent? Yet we have five people, and spent four yuan, it doesn't add up."

Yang Jian didn't mind paying the boat fee, casting his gaze over the others, the change was odd.

"Not everyone needs to pay the boat fee; the boat can't demand payment from ghosts. Perhaps one of us five was judged as a ghost," Leuk San stated.

"Who was judged as a ghost?"

Yang Jian squinted his eyes, looking at Li Jun and Leuk San, then Shen Lin.

Anyone of Captain Level is peculiar; it's possible any of them could be judged a ghost.

"That I don't know," Leuk San said.

No one knew which of the five was truly the ghost.

"Since the boat has moved, there's no point dwelling on this." Li Jun said, "We should be cautious now; there are too many strange things here."

The group spoke no more, leaving the eerie topic behind.

The boat floated downstream, swaying leisurely.

But the people aboard felt no shaking, the boat was extraordinarily stable.

Moreover, as the boat left the pier, they noticed thick fog enveloping the river surroundings, buildings appeared faintly visible, but peculiar contours were unfamiliar, not belonging to Taiping Ancient Town.

The surroundings grew increasingly unfamiliar.

Even the small river widened, surpassing any widths seen before.

This change didn't occur suddenly, but gradually evolved as the boat drifted.

In just over ten minutes.

They realized they were on a strange, eerie river.

This was no longer reality.

Chapter 1099 - Stories and New Guests

A total of five people, the four captains and Ah Hong, stood on the small black boat, drifting along.

A thin fog rose over the surface of the river, enveloping the surroundings and obscuring the view of the riverbank.

But everyone had already realized that they were no longer in Taiping Ancient Town, nor on the river heading to Zhongzhou City. Unknowingly, they had drifted into an unknown supernatural place.

The ferry dock at Taiping Ancient Town was merely a connecting point.

The dock would only stop at specific times and places. Once those times and places were missed, no one could find this boat. Moreover, if one didn't have certain paper money, even if an ordinary person accidentally boarded this boat, it would be of no use.

The conditions seemed simple, but achieving them was very difficult.

Yet somehow, the five of them inexplicably met all the requirements.

Shen Lin knew the right time and place, Yang Jian had the seven-yuan paper money, and Leuk San knew how to use it.

It must be said that when the captains teamed up, they could indeed handle many things. Their intelligence capabilities and some of the supernatural items they possessed were extensive, allowing them to deal with various situations.

"Calculating by time and distance, we should now be close to Zhongzhou City, but look around—there's nothing remotely resembling reality. Without a doubt, we've entered a supernatural realm while taking this ferry, just like that supernatural bus back then."

Yang Jian stood at the prow, his ghostly eyes observing.

The thin fog wasn't mist—it was a supernatural phenomenon. The surroundings were distorted, much like the path that once led to the Ghost Post Office.

"As long as there's no danger, it doesn't matter what the situation is. I just hope we reach our destination smoothly."

Li Jun seemed unconcerned about these mysterious ghostly matters, his focus solely on the task and target.

Ah Hong sat on the wooden boat, staring at the river's surface.

She wondered if it was due to the absence of light or if this place was inherently peculiar.

The river water was pitch black, revealing nothing beneath the surface, with just the flickering oil lamp at the prow adding a faint glow to the otherwise dark river.

Curious, she extended her hand, letting her fingers gently graze the river's surface.

But when Ah Hong withdrew her fingers, she realized they weren't wet at all—no trace of moisture, just an extreme cold.

It felt as though she had passed through a mass of solidified cold air.

"It's not river water."

Ah Hong's heart skipped a beat, and she casually remarked, "Doesn't this scene remind you of something? A black ferry, a river leading to a supernatural place, and a special fare..."

"What are you trying to say?" asked Leuk San.

Standing at the stern, Shen Lin said, "You're referring to a folklore tale, I presume. This scene does indeed resemble a story—a legend about a river leading to the underworld, called the River of Oblivion, filled with wandering souls unable to cross over. Yet, there's another tale of a small boat on this river, meant to ferry those lost souls across."

"And the one piloting that boat would be the ferryman. Some say that by the banks of the River of Oblivion grows the Spider Lily, red as blood, stunningly beautiful, and capable of entrancing people."

"Maybe these legends were exaggerated or romanticized, but perhaps they are also reflections of something real—they couldn't have been conjured from thin air," Ah Hong added.

"Perhaps," Shen Lin replied. "If hell exists, then perhaps the world we live in is hell itself—where the supernatural reawakens, malevolent spirits run rampant. What else is it if not hell, where ghost handlers perish one by one, and captains struggle to survive, while ordinary lives remain as fragile as ants? Besides, we don't even know when all this will end."

"No matter how harsh the reality, we cannot lose hope."

Li Jun cut in, interrupting the conversation to maintain morale.

Hearing the exchange, Yang Jian couldn't help recalling something Sister Hong had once told him.

Ghost stories may not merely be stories.

And perhaps legends are not just legends.

His mind involuntarily tightened.

In hindsight, Sister Hong had been right—years later, when these supernatural events have quelled, would his own dealings with them become another embellished tale?

Most likely so.

The harsh truth demands to be buried; stories of justice triumphing need to be passed down.

Only by living in ignorance can one feel the false beauty.

Knowing the truth, shattering the illusion, only leads to a life of suffering.

Perhaps the headquarters' secrecy about supernatural events is to construct this kind of illusory beauty.

After all, for most ordinary people, knowing the truth isn't beneficial—it's detrimental. To them, illusory happiness is still happiness, better than constant dread and paranoia.

"Wait, something's not right. The boat is heading towards the shore," Leuk San noted immediately.

At this moment.

The small boat altered its course, no longer drifting aimlessly in the middle of the river. Instead, it defied logic and gently steered toward the shore.

The lantern on the prow flickered, dispersing the fog.

The shore revealed a ferry dock.

The dock, made of wood, was exceedingly old and rickety, with a path at the other end stretching into the dark unknown.

"A second dock? Could it be like that supernatural bus with multiple stops?" Yang Jian frowned.

"Perhaps others will board the boat," suggested Leuk San.

Shen Lin added, "Maybe the ones boarding aren't necessarily human."

Despite their speculations.

The small boat berthed at the shore.

The river rippled, but there was no one around the dock.

"Yang Jian, can you see the situation over there?"

Li Jun asked, his Ghost Flame flaring, but unable to illuminate the path ahead.

Yang Jian replied, "I can see clearly—a dirt road extending into the darkness, with no one on it. But along the road, I think I saw some old graves, and in the distance, there's a village, though it's too far to discern clearly."

His ghostly eyes weren't severely obstructed.

At the end of his vision was an abandoned village.

Silent and lifeless.

This dock was meant for that village.

"It should be a temporary stop. As long as no one boards, the boat will continue moving," Shen Lin stated.

"Something seems more complicated than it appears."

Suddenly, Leuk San frowned, picking up an unburned paper money from the corner of the boat's prow.

The paper still flickered with flames.

Impossible to extinguish, it quickly consumed the last corner.

A scent of ashes lingered in the air.

"Someone has already boarded and paid the fare. This isn't our previously burned paper money—it appeared just now."

"This is no time for jokes. It's just the five of us aboard—there can't be anyone else. And if someone had boarded, wouldn't we have seen it?" Li Jun said seriously.

He had been vigilant.

Even if he didn't see, it wasn't sensible that all four others would miss it.

"I don't know. It's hard to comprehend. I'm sure someone boarded, yet I didn't see them," Leuk San stated. "The paper money is the best proof."

Yang Jian's ghostly eyes opened several times more.

He scrutinized every corner of the boat.

Nevertheless, he had no findings—no one had boarded.

Yet the paper money Leuk San had seen, half-burned, had appeared abruptly and unnervingly.

"From the burnt corner of that paper, we can tell it was a three-yuan note, meaning up to three people may have boarded with us," Yang Jian stated.

"But we didn't see anyone," Ah Hong remarked.

With a slight smile, Shen Lin remarked, "The boat we see and the boat seen by those at the dock may not be the same boat. We might be in the same place but encountering two different boats. This could explain why people boarded without our knowledge."

"But the lamp is the same lamp," Yang Jian noted, gazing at the oil lamp.

"This journey seems to have gotten dangerous. I hope our paths don't cross too much with those people," Shen Lin commented.

Li Jun said, "We can't delay our actions. Even if there's a ghost on the boat, if it dares to show up, we'll take it out without mercy—together, we can handle anything."

"Indeed, when captains join forces, nothing's unmanageable," Shen Lin smiled, appreciating Li Jun's confidence.

But those who've experienced despair don't remain so optimistic.

He noticed Yang Jian and Leuk San were both frowning.

The boat continued its journey.

Silently gliding away from the second dock, still drifting downstream.

However, on the water beneath the small boat.

Among the reflections of Yang Jian, Li Jun, and the others, three eerie silhouettes had sneaked in, each one exuding a deathly, antiquated, cold aura—completely incongruous.

The small boat rocked slightly, as if struggling to bear the new weight.

Chapter 1100 - The Ship Carrying the Supernatural

The group boarded the small wooden boat and left the second dock, continuing downstream.

Although the journey was calm, without encountering any dangers.

However, after the second docking, an untouched three-yuan banknote appeared on the boat, indicating that something had boarded from the previous dock.

No one noticed it at the time.

Even though no one noticed, Yang Jian and the others were already aware of it.

On this boat, there were definitely not just the five of them; there were three unknown presences traveling with them, which might be human or might be ghosts.

The latter possibility seemed more likely.

Thus.

In the upcoming journey, there was a possibility of being attacked by malicious spirits.

The light at the bow flickered, dispelling the thin mist over the river.

Everyone became somewhat silent, their attention highly focused and vigilant, even ready for a ghost attack.

The boat swayed unsteadily, not as stable as before.

Subtle changes were noticed by the leaders.

"As expected, something did get on board. Traveling together like this is always a hidden danger," Shen Lin squinted, breaking the heavy atmosphere.

Yang Jian said, "It's not wise to make a move on the boat. If we fall into the river after leaving this small boat, anything could happen. Let's maintain the status quo. As long as we aren't targeted by the ghosts, it doesn't matter."

"And even if we are targeted, we are all captains, and all have some means to survive. It won't be a problem."

Leuk San said, "We are relying on this boat to move. If there's a ghost on the boat, then our foothold isn't safe. If we don't resolve this hidden danger in advance, I'm worried the ghost on the boat will block our retreat. This shouldn't be taken lightly."

"You have a point," Yang Jian didn't disagree.

Li Jun said, "You two are both right. Acting now could lead to the boat sinking or us falling into the river before we reach Ghost Lake. If we act when we get to Ghost Lake, we might face more than just the haunting ghosts within the lake — there could be other malevolent spirits as well."

"So, let's be fair and vote: should we eliminate the hidden danger now, or deal with it later?"

"Act now," said Leuk San.

Ah Hong said, "I also think we should act now."

Shen Lin laughed, "Acting without knowing the situation is too impulsive. I agree with Yang's view. If there are really ghosts on board, just leave them be. It's not smart to act at this critical moment."

"Two to two, only your vote is left, Li Jun," Yang Jian said.

Li Jun frowned slightly, thinking.

He did want to act to eliminate the hidden danger, but Yang Jian's reasoning seemed more sound. Provoking other things before dealing with Ghost Lake wasn't wise, and with the boat being so small, any problem might lead to losses.

"Let's not act yet,"

After hesitating, Li Jun decided that the Ghost Lake incident was most important, and agreed with Yang Jian's judgment.

"However, now the issue isn't whether to act or not. We have a more serious problem," suddenly, Leuk San looked down and lifted his foot.

A wet patch appeared underfoot.

At some point, water had started flowing into the small boat.

"I had noticed before. Ever since we left the second dock, the boat has been getting heavier and heavier. At first, I thought it was my mistake, but now it seems my observation was correct. If this continues, the boat will soon exceed its weight limit," Shen Lin said.

"In other words, we are very likely to sink before reaching Ghost Lake."

Ah Hong looked to the side.

Indeed.

The icy river water seemed to be close to engulfing the small boat.

"Overloading?" Yang Jian's eyes narrowed.

How familiar this scene was.

A similar situation had occurred on the supernatural bus. Once overloaded, the ghosts on the bus would start killing passengers to make room.

"Yang Jian, what do you think?" Li Jun asked.

The others also looked at him.

Yang Jian said, "The method to solve the overloading issue on the supernatural bus was simple: eliminate the excess people to make space."

"Too many people, so forced reduction is needed?" Li Jun's expression changed. "That's not possible."

"But I don't think this boat is overloaded with people; the number isn't the cause. When the five of us boarded, the boat didn't even sway," Yang Jian said. "So this isn't an ordinary boat; it's a ghost ship, falling into the realm of supernatural objects."

"If it's not the weight, then is it the river water?" Leuk San looked at the river's surface.

At this point, the boat sank a bit more.

Ah Hong said, "The water in Ghost Lake can engulf everything. Maybe we're getting close to Ghost Lake, which is why the boat is sinking."

Yang Jian stood at the bow, also feeling the boat's precariousness, as if it were about to sink.

Yet, he remained calm and contemplated: "The supernatural Ghost Lake, the ghost ship leading to it, everything is connected. It's like everything was arranged beforehand. Thus, this ghost ship can't possibly sink in Ghost Lake; otherwise, none of it has meaning. I suspect the true cause of the sinking isn't the number of people, nor the weight."

"Then what is it?" Ah Hong asked, looking at him.

"The supernatural!"

Yang Jian said, "I suspect this boat can only carry so much of the supernatural. Once that limit is exceeded, the boat will gradually sink, taking all the supernatural elements into the water, into Ghost Lake, erasing them from this world completely."

"This isn't a boat for transporting the living; it's a boat for transporting malicious spirits, and Ghost Lake is the final destination."

Shen Lin's eyes moved slightly, "So the true issue is not reducing the number of people, but reducing the supernatural on the boat."

"I think so," Yang Jian said. "At least, until there's new evidence, I stand by my deduction."

But in his heart, there was one more thing he didn't say.

If this theory is proven true,

then when they first boarded the boat and paid four yuan for five people, it made sense.

The four dollars were likely not meant to be paid to the living, but to the dead, paid to ghosts.

Therefore.

Among the group of five with Yang Jian, four were deemed ghosts by this boat, leaving only one who was recognized as human by the boat.

Five people, four of whom.

These four must be Yang Jian, Leuk San, Li Jun, and Shen Lin, the four captains.

Because they have already transcended the category of humans, becoming entities of a different kind.

"To prove whether Yang Jian is right is simple; discard some supernatural, and see if the weight of the boat is reduced," Li Jun said.

He then immediately took something out without saying another word.

It was a dry, twisted arm, as if charred.

Obviously, this was a part of a ghost, dismembered and scattered for some reason, but this charred arm still possessed some incredible supernatural power.

Li Jun had kept it, likely prepared for himself.

But at this moment, he hesitated for a while, finally gritting his teeth and throwing the charred, dry arm off the boat.

Plop!

Water splashed as the charred arm fell into the water.

Yet instantly, this dry, charred arm stretched out and grabbed the boat, refusing to sink.

Yang Jian glanced at it, picked up a spear, and pierced the charred arm, then flung it away.

Only now did this charred arm sink like a piece of dried wood, quickly disappearing.

With a part of the supernatural reduced on the boat.

The small wooden boat indeed floated slightly upward, just as Yang Jian had guessed.

The water no longer flooded into the cabin.

"You are right, the boat bears the supernatural, not weight, so the ones who boarded were not the living, but ghosts," Leuk San said solemnly.

"Since they are ghosts, why would they willingly give money? It makes no sense."

Yang Jian said, "Someone once told me, the actual use of paper money is to hand it to the ghosts, that way the ghosts won't attack you. But I have another question, why won't the ghosts attack you? In other words, if ghosts don't attack you, who will they attack? Where will the ghost attack be diverted to?"

"The money isn't just money, it's bait. Give the money to the ghosts, and they likely won't attack you but might attack this boat. But the boat is a supernatural object and cannot be killed, so the ghost boarded the boat." Shen Lin narrowed his eyes.

"But the boat then carries the ghosts to Ghost Lake."

"As more ghosts board, the boat will sink, drowning an entire boatload of fierce ghosts into Ghost Lake, where they will be suppressed by the lake."

Upon hearing this, everyone was suddenly shocked.

"If that's the case, then this is a well-designed supernatural trap, specifically set up for ghosts, to imprison ghosts using ghosts."

Leuk San exclaimed, "But how is this possible, how could anyone design such an intricate and bizarre trap?"

Ghosts, paper money, boat, Ghost Lake.

The four seem unrelated, but once the ghost accepts the paper money, an invisible rule begins to operate, drawing the ghost to the dock, boarding the ghost ship, which then sinks, submerging the fierce ghost into Ghost Lake, from which they can never escape.

"This trap was not designed by people of our era; it was the accumulation of the wisdom from the previous era."

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly, "Do not underestimate the top figures of the previous era. Those people managed to suppress the supernatural until now, relying not on strength, but wisdom, which is also our only weapon to defeat fierce ghosts."

"The Republic of China period?" Shen Lin said softly.

"Who else but those old figures?" Yang Jian said.

At this moment.

Everyone again sensed the terrifying wisdom of people from that era, using ghosts to set traps for ghosts, making the ghosts imprison themselves.

And there are many similar places like this.

Fushou Garden Cemetery in Dahai City

The old forest outside the mysterious ancient house.

Caesar Hotel in Zhongshan City.

Now, there is also a Ghost Lake in Zhongzhou City.

"But now's not the time to discuss this. The boat is still sinking, and just discarding one thing is not enough." Li Jun looked at the others: "You also need to lighten the load, abandon some things."

Yang Jian directly said, "I'll be the second, if the boat continues to sink, it's your turn."

He was referring to Shen Lin and Leuk San.

After saying this, he threw down a face-covering yellow paper.

The one Zhou Deng gave him on the supernatural bus.

Pasted on the face, it can make one sleep, while also preventing fierce ghost attacks, but as a cost, the person cannot wake up, needing others to tear the yellow paper off their face.

This thing was useless at this time.

Yang Jian thought for a while, choosing to abandon this supernatural object.

The yellow paper was thrown off the boat, quickly sinking into the river.

But this item is not considered a very powerful supernatural object; it didn't have much effect, only stopping the boat from sinking further, insufficient to make the boat float up.

If Yang Jian threw the Firewood Knife away, the boat might immediately float up.

But there's no way he would abandon this supernatural item.

"Looks like it didn't achieve the desired effect. It's your turn," Yang Jian said.

Leuk San glanced over, "Third one, your turn?"

"Doesn't matter, I'll do it." Shen Lin shrugged, indifferently.

Since they are taking turns to discard parts of supernatural objects, it's fair enough; nothing more to say.