

Revival 1101

Chapter 1101 The Boat Entering the Lake Surface

The wooden boat couldn't bear too much of the supernatural, causing it to gradually sink until it was eventually submerged in the Ghost Lake.

In this situation, everyone had to reduce the supernatural on the boat, and the best method was to abandon some useless haunted objects.

Li Jun and Yang Jian each abandoned a supernatural item, alleviating the trend of the boat sinking, but it was far from sufficient, so further weight needed to be reduced from the boat.

Shen Lin stood out at this moment, hesitated for a bit, then took out a black glass bottle from his pocket. The small bottle held something black and unknown, but it was evident that something was asleep within that glass, carrying a sense of inexplicable menace.

The others glanced over, and before they could ask, Shen Lin tossed the item into the river water.

"Although it's hard to part with it, we can't be too picky right now," Shen Lin said, clearly somewhat pained by it.

Anything one carried on their person was certainly of great importance, and letting it go like this, anyone would be reluctant.

After discarding the small black bottle, the wooden boat unexpectedly started to rise slowly, the water level in the cabin dropped, and the effect was several times stronger than when Yang Jian discarded that yellow paper.

Evidently.

The supernatural contained in that small glass bottle was extraordinary.

"If it continues to sink, it'll be your turn next," Shen Lin then looked at Leuk San.

Leuk San said, "But I don't have any supernatural items on me, nothing to throw off the boat."

"If you're unwilling to contribute, then sorry, maybe I'll throw you off instead," Shen Lin said, squinting his eyes with a hint of threat.

"That's a bit too much," Leuk San stared at him and said.

Shen Lin replied, "Too much? I don't think so. Li Jun, Yang Jian, and I have all abandoned our supernatural items. If you're going to act special, then this cooperation is unnecessary."

"We are all people on the same boat. If my conditions allow, I would make some sacrifices, but I'm different from you guys; I don't rely much on supernatural items," Leuk San said.

"It doesn't necessarily have to be supernatural items; anything involving the supernatural can be discarded," Shen Liang said.

Li Jun waved his hand to signal, "The boat hasn't sunk yet, let's talk later, don't argue at this moment."

Leuk San remained silent, just coldly staring at Shen Lin.

Shen Lin just smiled, his smile carrying an inexplicable danger.

"If the boat still tends to sink, it's unwise to continue reducing supernatural items, since we still have to deal with the Ghost Lake, we'll need to change tactics by then. First, reduce the number of ghosts on the boat; although doing so bears risks, it's better than reducing our strength," Yang Jian said, proposing a method to minimize losses.

"But you didn't originally agree to make a move on the boat," Li Jun noted.

"Depends on the situation," Yang Jian said. "If the situation doesn't allow it, a move must be made anyway."

Li Jun nodded in agreement.

The wooden boat continued to wobble, drifting forward along the river.

With the reduction of three supernatural items, the small boat was still sinking, but the situation was much better than before, with no risk of sinking, at least.

But things aren't absolute.

The small boat wobbled as the waterline was nearly level with the deck.

If it sank a little more, measures would have to be taken to reduce the weight again.

"Looks like you're in luck, Leuk San," Shen Lin said with a smile.

Leuk San's eyes moved slightly, "My luck is definitely better than yours."

"That's good," Shen Lin said no more.

The atmosphere was somewhat tense.

The small black wooden boat continued to drift forward, and the thin mist around it began to gradually dissipate, the surroundings changing.

"The situation is changing, the river surface is widening..." Yang Jian stood at the bow, using his ghost eye to observe around.

The field of view was expanding, and the small river was no longer a small river; without realizing it, they seemed to have arrived at a lake.

"We've reached the Ghost Lake," Shen Lin slowly said.

He glanced around, and there was no mistake, it was just like the Ghost Lake in his memory, still as silent—deathlike. The surface of the lake was calm, filled with a sense of deathly quiet, and standing on the small boat, the body could feel a chilling aura seeping in.

It's worth noting that Shen Lin, being an anomaly, does not have the sensory perceptions of the living.

Only the supernatural can affect him.

"This is definitely the Ghost Lake, right?" Li Jun asked gravely once more.

"This is something not to joke about; I can confirm this is the Ghost Lake," Shen Lin affirmed.

Leuk San squatted down to reach the water surface, his palm gradually soaked, then quickly withdrew, "I can also confirm this is the Ghost Lake."

"Where are the ghosts? I can't see any," Ah Hong looked around.

"Without triggering the ghost's killing rule, the ghost won't appear."

Yang Jian said, "Moreover, this isn't a small lake. Based on previously found comprehensive deductions, there might be a staggering number of ghosts submerged in this lake, so I'm apprehensive..."

He didn't continue because Li Jun interrupted him, "No need to be apprehensive, I'll handle the Ghost Lake right now."

As his voice fell.

Li Jun slowly removed his sunglasses, revealing hollow eyes, like two voids, devoid of eyeballs, just two eerie ghost flames flickering.

The next moment.

The ghost flames ignited.

The deathly still lake surface suddenly ignited, the sinister green ghost fire irrationally set the lake surface ablaze, and the flames spread crazily, seemingly wanting to engulf the entire Ghost Lake.

Despite having seen Li Jun in action before.

But the burning Ghost Flame still makes people feel uneasy because this fire is specifically designed to burn malevolent spirits.

The malevolent spirit wrapped in the Ghost Flame will forever struggle and wail within it, completely imprisoned and restricted.

"Is it useful?"

Yang Jian thought silently, not stopping Li Jun from taking action, because testing is very necessary.

The Ghost Flame burns without temperature, but as time passes, a layer of flesh on Li Jun's face gradually melts away.

No, that's not flesh; it's a painted face.

Li Jun's facial features are deforming and twisting, like a candle being melted, dripping down, and behind that layer of the face lies another eerie, lifeless face.

It's the face of a malevolent spirit covered by dyes.

This face doesn't usually show, but if Li Jun overuses his supernatural powers, the real ghost will surface and take control.

Therefore.

Although Li Jun is an anomaly, he also has certain limitations and cannot consume energy for long.

At this moment.

The lake surface remains calm, and the Ghost Flame that almost ignited the entire Ghost Lake begins to slowly sink after burning fiercely for a while, submerging into the waters.

The eerie Ghost Flame burns and flickers beneath the lake, not extinguished but unable to cause any effect.

"Are you kidding? Ghost Flames can sink too?" Li Jun appeared very surprised.

"As long as it's supernatural, it can sink into the water."

Leuk San said, "Ghost Flame isn't a real fire; it's a form of supernatural power, so naturally it can sink into Ghost Lake, just as expected."

The Ghost Flame originally covering the lake surface mostly sank into the water in no time.

The water was illuminated by the Ghost Flame, emitting a layer of chilling green light everywhere.

Although it didn't affect Ghost Lake, it allowed Yang Jian to smoothly see everything underwater.

Yang Jian stared at the lake surface; he saw corpses soaking beneath the waters, some of which weren't human corpses but malevolent spirits, because the clothes had decayed yet the corpses remained intact. If they were human corpses, they wouldn't remain so well-preserved.

But there were at least a dozen such corpses.

This means there are many malevolent spirits soaking at the bottom of the lake.

It's not just that Ghost Lake can't handle it; even if it could, what if so many malevolent spirits got out of control? Then all the malevolent spirits would escape from Ghost Lake, and Yang Jian and the others would be torn apart by the malevolent spirits instantly.

What difference do four captains make?

Sending four more would be sending them to their deaths as well.

Yang Jian had a grim face, a sense of powerlessness surging in his heart.

"After dealing with Ghost Lake, we face the malevolent spirits submerged within it. If we don't deal with Ghost Lake and it gets out of control, it affects reality, and dozens of cities outside will suffer... This incident has already surpassed the level of an S-grade supernatural event."

"Li Jun, stop wasting your efforts; this supernatural incident can't be resolved, report it to headquarters."

Li Jun looked at him and said, "The situation hasn't even started. How can you think like that?"

He didn't continue igniting the Ghost Flame but instead said, "Ah Hong, light the white Ghost Candle, draw out the ghost, directly confront the malevolent spirits here."

Ah Hong hesitated: "Isn't this a bit reckless?"

"The ghosts submerged in Ghost Lake can't take action, which means igniting the Ghost Candle here will only attract the source of Ghost Lake. If we deal with the source, the remaining matters will be easy." Li Jun said.

Yang Jian said, "Without the source, the balance formed with the malevolent spirits in Ghost Lake makes the danger even greater."

"This place isn't real; ghosts can't invade reality. Moreover, if there's an emergency, I'll use the ghost painting to imprison the ghosts. This is destined to be a risky action, something we knew from the start," Li Jun said seriously.

Yang Jian frowned, "If you're determined to do this, I've nothing to say."

After all, Ghost Lake getting out of control outside is a very dangerous matter too.

Shen Lin laughed, "To imprison Ghost Lake, you'll have to release the malevolent spirits beneath it. That's interesting. Li Jun, do what you want. If the action fails, release the ghosts from Ghost Lake."

"Things aren't as simple as that," Leuk San said sternly.

"Ah Hong, take action," Li Jun shouted.

Ah Hong hesitated for a moment but still took out a white Ghost Candle, then placed it at the stern and directly lit it.

At this moment.

The light of the white Ghost Candle appeared directly on the surface of Ghost Lake.

Dark shadows began to envelop all directions at this moment.

The eerie atmosphere pervaded.

However, the first to be attracted wasn't the malevolent spirits within Ghost Lake but the ghosts on the small boat.

Everyone seemed to subconsciously ignore that there were still three unknown malevolent spirits lingering on the boat, and for some reason, these three malevolent spirits hadn't interacted with Yang Jian and the others.

But the burning of the Ghost Candle instantly broke this balance.

In an instant.

Three lifeless silhouettes gradually emerged around the Ghost Candle.

However, the most unnerving aspect was that one of the cold malevolent spirit silhouettes turned its neck to look at the people on the boat.

Crack, crack.

Vaguely, they heard the sound of bones breaking as the neck turned.

The ghosts have completely broken the boundary.

Chapter 1102 - The Corpse Surfacing

The ghost candle didn't first attract the ghosts from Ghost Lake; instead, it broke some boundary, causing the ghosts on the ship to gradually emerge.

Beside the ghost candle, three cold, ancient figures, akin to bizarre remnants of a bygone era, slowly surfaced.

The image of the vengeful spirits transitioned from vague to gradually clear.

One of the spirits slowly turned its head to look at the people on the ship, accompanied by a crackling sound like bones breaking, echoing across the dead silent lake.

Meanwhile, the calm boat began to sway, and ripples appeared on the lake's surface.

As the boat shook, it also started to sink further.

But there's no time to deal with such issues now.

"The ghost has appeared."

Everyone on the boat felt a chill in their hearts, their nerves instantly tensed up.

The ghost was close at hand.

Even just the vague silhouette of a spirit was enough for everyone to clearly sense the deadly presence and the suffocating weight in the air.

"Ah Hong, step aside."

Li Jun shouted softly. He immediately reacted, grabbing Ah Hong, who had just lit the ghost candle at the stern, and switched their positions, blocking the vengeful spirit that had turned towards them.

The ghost flame suddenly expanded, blazing up.

At this moment.

Amidst the ghost flame abruptly emerged a desolate tower, which was in lockdown, slightly decrepit, hiding immense danger and horror within.

In this moment of special crisis, Li Jun decisively used the ghost flame to open the path to Ping'an Tower, once again borrowing the supernatural power of that sinister painting.

The image of the three vengeful spirits was enveloped by the ghost flame, and in a flash, they were swallowed by the Ghost Domain.

Within the ghost flame, Ping'an Tower and the silhouette of the vengeful spirits gradually merged, a more bizarre world seemed to influence here, causing the spirits' images to quickly disappear from the bow of the ship.

Afterwards.

The ghost flame extinguished.

The three eerie figures at the stern vanished together, as if they had been erased forcefully, incredibly unreal.

"They disappeared?" Shen Lin's gaze flickered.

Li Jun slightly breathed a sigh of relief at this moment: "Seems like there's no danger after all, I sent the ghosts into Ping'an Tower, where ghosts painting and ghost envoy roam, any spirit entering will be trapped, unable to leave, although it doesn't completely solve the ghosts, at least in the short term there won't be any issues."

"This guy having such a method is truly terrifying." Leuk San looked at Li Jun, becoming very serious.

"Ah Hong, are you alright?" Li Jun turned to ask.

"I'm fine," Ah Hong replied.

Earlier when the spirit turned, she was the first person it stared at, seemingly on the verge of being attacked by the vengeful spirit the next moment, but Li Jun acted to forcibly send the ghost into Ping'an Tower, halting the spirit's attack.

"Don't celebrate too early, look at the lake," Yang Jian's ghost eyes were focused on the lake surface.

At this moment, bubbles gurgled up from beneath the lake while the water began to turn murky, and as it churned, strange things emerged onto the surface, like dead people's hair, broken skin, and even some tattered clothes.....

A thick stench permeated the air.

The ghost candle at the stern was still burning.

After the white ghost candle had been lit, it completely disrupted the balance of this lake.

The vengeful spirits were being drawn.

Anomalies appeared beneath the water.

"The aim is to draw the spirits out; once handled, all external supernatural phenomena will dissipate," Li Jun said, unfearful of the ghosts' arrival.

However, at this moment.

Leuk San suddenly sensed something, abruptly staring at a spot on the boat.

"What did you notice?" Yang Jian asked.

"The ghost is still here," Leuk San replied. "The ghost sent away by Li Jun will reappear in twenty seconds and attack Ah Hong... I only know this much."

At this moment, Leuk San used foresight.

This was the stolen supernatural power from Xiong Wenwen; he could foresee one minute into the future, but since he foresaw the spirit's situation just now, he got interfered with by supernatural forces, twenty seconds was already the limit, any more foresight would turn foggy, seeing nothing, akin to being forcibly jammed.

"You actually know what will happen in twenty seconds," Shen Lin narrowed his eyes slightly.

Foreseeing?

Immediately, everyone felt a chill in their hearts, looking at Leuk San with extreme surprise.

This guy could actually foresee.

"What did you do to Xiong Wenwen in the Ghost Drawing incident, foresight is a supernatural power only Xiong Wenwen possesses, no one in the supernatural circle has a similar ability, although Su Fan also has a similar ability, he can't foresee," Li Jun snapped.

He instantly remembered the impact from the Ghost Drawing operation.

The Ghost Drawing operation failed, Xiong Wenwen got trapped inside the photograph by the supernatural camera agency, while Leuk San lost a paper figure.

Now Leuk San suddenly possessed the ability to foresee the future, inevitably drawing connections.

Yang Jian said nothing, just his ghost eye focused on Leuk San.

Leuk San didn't look at Li Jun; instead, he watched Yang Jian with visible tension.

Because within the next minute, Li Jun wouldn't make a move against him, but Yang Jian seemed poised to act in the future... though he couldn't see the outcome, the supernatural interference was too severe.

"I gave Xiong Wenwen the body of a paper figure, sharing a portion of Xiong Wenwen's supernatural power, just a small part, but because of this, Xiong Wenwen doesn't have the risk of spirit resurrection."

Leuk San quickly explained, candidly revealing the truth.

Immediately, the future shifted.

The foreseen crisis dissipated, Yang Jian didn't make a move against him.

Within the next minute, he and Yang Jian had no conflict.

"I hope what you've said is true."

Yang Jian's ghost eye slightly rotated, then glanced at Ah Hong, his hostility clearly diminished.

"Five seconds, four seconds, three seconds..." Leuk San continued the countdown.

"The overall situation is important," Li Jun also said no more, standing guard beside Ah Hong.

One second!

The time was up.

The foreseen crisis suddenly appeared.

For some unknown reason, a spirit image appeared behind Ah Hong, the ghost was still just a blurry shadow as if it intruded from some unknown supernatural place, there was even a burnt smell on its body that was akin to having experienced a fire.

And this vengeful spirit suddenly stretched out its indistinct, cold hands towards Ah Hong, giving a push.

The boat rocked fiercely, the eerie lake water soaked the cabin.

Ah Hong staggered, nearly fell, almost being pushed off the boat.

But she saw, before her, a golden cracked spear blocking those cold hands.

The spirit couldn't touch her, letting her escape a calamity.

"That thing is made of gold, merely ordinary gold managed to fend off a spirit's attack, this guy is undoubtedly experienced,"

Shen Lin looked, silently put the scarlet axe behind him.

Since Yang Jian moved to block the spirit's attack, there was no need for him to act because he had to tackle other dangers around, there was no need for everyone to focus on one ghost.

"This spirit attacked Ah Hong from the World of Ghost Drawing. I suspect when the spirit turned and looked at someone earlier, it memorized them, and once the ghost memorizes someone, they become the target of attack, and this attack seems to ignore distance,"

Yang Jian slowly said.

He made an inference.

Because there's already enough information.

The ghost isn't on the ship, yet it attacked Ah Hong on the ship, and earlier when Ah Hong was seen at a glance. Piecing these bits together, the ghost's pattern and method of killing have been mostly uncovered.

Even though it might not be entirely accurate, it's already sufficient.

Ah Hong's face darkened as she tried to step back, distancing herself from the ghost ahead.

"It's useless. The ghost disregards distance; you'll be attacked no matter where you hide."

Yang Jian held the cracked long spear in one hand, positioning it horizontally in front of Ah Hong.

The ghost's hands continued pushing the cracked spear, persistently approaching Ah Hong, attempting to touch her.

"The supernatural weapon in my hand isn't pushed away by mere force. Balance is in my hand; even if a ghost breaks this balance, it will pay a heavy price." Yang Jian's ghost eye moved coldly.

The long spear, driven by the ghost's hands, tilted.

Balance failed.

A deadly curse emerged.

In the next moment.

The ghost's cold, vague hands began to dissipate as if rotting, bit by bit, disappearing in front of everyone's eyes.

"What an incredible fellow," Leuk San watched and felt it was somewhat incomprehensible.

The ghost's attack was understandable being blocked by Yang Jian's golden spear.

Because Gold is unaffected by ghosts.

But merely because the spear tilted, the ghost's attack dissipated, which was hard to understand.

"We only repelled the ghost's attack once; after a while, the ghost will regain mobility and attack Ah Hong again," Shen Lin said.

Yang Jian replied, "I know, so let's just cut off the ghost's hands."

At this moment, a black shadow rose from underfoot, gradually covering the spear in hand.

The ghost had grabbed the spear, leaving a medium behind.

Ghost Shadow coverage, medium triggered.

"I see you," in Yang Jian's sight, a ghost medium appeared.

At this moment.

In Ping'an Tower in the World of Ghost Drawing.

On a floor covered with paper ashes, a worn, cold presence stood motionless, with blurred hands that seemed rotten, but over time, the rot reversed, gradually improving.

Breaking the balance with a deadly curse can only suppress the ghost for a while, unable to kill it.

Because ghosts don't die.

So in a few hours, the ghost will recover and continue attacking Ah Hong.

But aboard the small boat, Yang Jian unhesitatingly triggered the medium, wielding the Firewood Knife.

Whoosh!

A gentle swing.

The ghost within the medium had its arms severed, and then the medium vanished from the small boat.

In the next moment.

The ghost in Ping'an Tower's cold body suddenly quivered, and its arms silently fell to the ground.

The ghost was dismembered, yet it fell into a long period of slumber thereafter.

The potential crisis was resolved by Yang Jian.

"It's okay now," Yang Jian withdrew the spear, slowly speaking.

His arms began to rot, and the rot wound into a line like a scar, causing his arm to dislocate, seeming ready to fall off.

Not only that.

The ghost shadow's arm also showed a cut, as if being severed.

This is the price of using the Firewood Knife.

However, the ghost shadow can be sewn back together; it just requires some time.

Yang Jian chose not to restart to erase this wound, as he can wait for time to heal. After all, he's not alone here; if an act is needed, it's not necessarily had to be him.

"It's safe now; even if the ghost revives, it can't attack you."

"Th-Thank you," Ah Hong said.

"No need to thank me, I just did what had to be done," Yang Jian replied.

Li Jun nodded at Yang Jian, indicating affirmation.

Yang Jian felt that the four commanders working together now must contribute rather than just drift along and stay in the back.

Then he glanced at Shen Lin.

Given the chance, he's somewhat looking forward to this guy's ability to fend against ghosts.

The temporary crisis on the small boat resolved, but it doesn't mean safety came next.

Because the water surface grew increasingly muddy, gurgling bubbles emerged more frequently, which became more severe.

Finally, not far from the small boat, a corpse unusually floated up from below, its long black hair entangled around the body. Undoubtedly, it was a female corpse.

The female corpse, though soaked, hadn't rotted or bloated, which was quite unusual.

"Gurgle gurgle!"

Not just from one place.

Behind, another female corpse floated up. This corpse had short hair but faced upwards as if sleeping on the water surface. Despite the terrifyingly pale face, the lips were vivid red, as though just painted with lipstick.

However, how could a submerged corpse put lipstick on itself?

After the second female corpse emerged, one after another, more female corpses appeared on the water surface.

Some floated so closely that one could touch them by reaching out.

The ghost candle at the stern still burned.

"All the corpses underwater have come back to life," Leuk San remarked gravely at this moment.

Li Jun didn't hesitate a bit, igniting ghost flames around him, lighting up the turbid lake water once again.

The scene became heart-pounding under the light.

Underneath, corpses submerged in Ghost Lake floated up. These corpses bobbed in the water like living beings, moving as if walking with closed eyes.

Not only that.

The lake's surface gradually covered by floating corpses became denser, seemingly ready to fill the entire lake.

It's unimaginable how many people were buried in this not-so-large Ghost Lake.

"Damn it!" Li Jun angrily exclaimed as ghost flames burst uncontrollably on his body.

"Don't close your eyes. We've already been soaked by the Ghost Lake's water below; closing our eyes would plunge us into it," Yang Jian warned.

The cabin held quite some stagnant water, reaching everyone's ankles.

Though small in amount.

However, even this little water fulfills Ghost Lake's initial killing condition.

This supernatural boat can only carry people ensuring not to sink on the lake but doesn't have the ability to stop ghosts from murdering.

This is proven by the earlier attack on Ah Hong.

Chapter 1103 - Strange Incident at the Inn

Meanwhile, inside Ping'an Ancient Town.

This is the new district of the ancient town, a tourist area later developed by investment from Zhongzhou City.

Feng Quan was left alone in this new district, as Yang Jian advised him not to step into the old district, fearing that some bizarre things might be lurking there, posing unpredictable dangers.

He also sensed that something was not quite right in the old district.

So he did not object to Yang Jian's suggestion.

"The signals from everyone have disappeared," Feng Quan said, checking into a characteristic inn, and he noticed the signal changes of several people via his satellite phone.

Just a moment ago.

All their signals vanished, including Yang Jian's personal phone.

He stood by the window and took a look.

The direction of the old district in Taiping Ancient Town was dim and gloomy.

Although there were street lights, the light there seemed particularly dim, like old tubes with insufficient power, unable to light up the entire street like here, and this was especially noticeable after nightfall.

However, ordinary people would surely not notice this change.

"There is indeed a danger over there," Feng Quan thought to himself.

However, at this moment.

Suddenly.

He heard some noises in the corridor outside his room; it was the sound of someone dragging something heavy along the hallway, moving towards downstairs.

Initially, Feng Quan didn't pay attention.

But when the noise reached the stairway, he suddenly turned towards the direction of the sound.

Years of experience told him that this noise wasn't from dragging an object, but from someone dragging a corpse, with the sound of its feet hitting the stairs.

Immediately.

He opened the door, walking over with a grim expression, holding a shovel covered in dirt.

A faint mist was inexplicably rising in the corridor.

Soon enough.

Feng Quan arrived at the stairway, and he saw two corpses wrapped in bed sheets, recently deceased, still fresh, with the arms exposed outside the sheets looking just like the skin color of a living person, with no difference, even retaining some body warmth, not fully cold yet.

The person dragging the bodies was a middle-aged man in his forties, wearing hotel staff attire, seemingly cleaning.

"Sorry, there's a little garbage that needs to be taken down for disposal, hope I didn't disturb you."

The middle-aged man looked up at Feng Quan on the stairs, showing a sincere yet apologetic smile.

The smile seemed slightly stiff.

Very unnatural, but hard to pinpoint exactly what was off.

"Shouldn't reporting the incident be the first thing when someone dies?" Feng Quan said darkly, staring at the middle-aged man.

The middle-aged man did not speak, continuing to drag the two corpse-wrapped sheets downstairs.

"In the absence of an official from Zhongzhou City, I am the person in charge here. You can report to me. If you can't give me a reasonable explanation, I have the right to detain you."

Feng Quan disclosed his identity and showed his credentials.

But the middle-aged man seemed not to hear and kept walking on his own.

"Since that's the case, then..."

Before he could finish his sentence, thick fog instantly shrouded the corridor, and then beside the middle-aged man, suddenly a mud-covered shovel came crashing down, hitting him hard on the head.

A normal person would not say died, but at least be unconscious from such a hit.

The middle-aged man dragging the bodies staggered and fell directly onto the ground, stopping all movement.

Feng Quan emerged from the thick fog, grabbing the middle-aged man with one hand, intending to bury this guy first, as he was an unstable element not to be underestimated.

"So light?"

However, when he lifted him up, the middle-aged man in the hotel uniform felt oddly light, unlike the weight of a typical adult.

Turning him around.

Feng Quan's face changed slightly.

This was not a living person at all, but a paper effigy used in ritual offerings for the dead.

"Leuk San's doing?" Immediately, Feng Quan connected this with the paper effigy Leuk San.

But before he could think further.

The surrounding ghost fog was rapidly dispersing, and an elderly-sounding voice echoed: "The servant I bought for three dollars during a sale was killed by you with just one swing of the shovel. What you did there is not right, customer. You'll have to pay for it."

"Who is it?"

Feng Quan shouted lowly, then quickly pursued the direction the voice came from.

He ignored the two corpses on the ground, hurried downstairs, and reached the lobby of the small inn, just about to step out when he suddenly paused.

Then he turned his head to look towards the side of the counter.

Atop the counter was an old kerosene lamp emitting a dim yellow light, and a man in his sixties, wearing an old cloth hat and with a wrinkled face, was leaning there, now slightly raising his head to look at Feng Quan.

Their gazes met.

One looked stern and cautious, the other wore a slightly smiling expression, as if greeting.

"Old resident of Taiping Ancient Town?" Feng Quan immediately gathered some information from the man's outfit.

"Your shovel is really something, it took one hit to kill my servant, quite extraordinary."

The man said, "How do you plan to compensate me? I've used this old object for decades; one less if it breaks, and I don't have extra money to get a new one."

"Who are you?" Feng Quan held the shovel, with flickering lights in the lobby.

Thick fog gradually appeared, soon completely blanketing the nearby door, then vanished from sight.

Everything around was enveloped by the fog, but the area around the inn's front desk lamp remained flickering, the fog unable to approach, seemingly blocked by an invisible supernatural force.

"I'm the owner of this inn. You can call me Boss Liu."

After saying that, the man grinned, seeming a bit proud.

It looked like being a boss made him happy and proud.

"Boss Liu?"

Feng Quan immediately recognized this was an unimportant fake name, and said, "Are you a ghost tamer too?"

"Ghost tamer? I'm not, don't slander me, I'm an honest businessman." Boss Liu quickly shook his head to deny.

"If you're not a ghost tamer, how can you have supernatural objects?" Feng Quan asked.

"Bought it, passed down from my ancestors," Boss Liu replied. "But you, so young, looking neither like a person nor a ghost, aren't you afraid of scaring others when you go out?"

"Were those two people upstairs killed by you?" Feng Quan didn't answer and asked again.

Boss Liu strongly denied: "Nonsense, I'm doing honest business, how could I kill people, especially customers? Those two didn't know if they were lucky or unlucky, they blundered into Ghost Street and took something from there, naturally, they had to pay a heavy price. During the day, I originally intended to refuse them lodging, but business has been slow lately, so I made an exception."

"I didn't expect them to die so soon, thought it would take a few more days. Seems they took something extraordinary."

Feng Quan's eyes shifted: "Ghost Street? What is that place?"

"Taiping Town's Ghost Street, a very famous place, you don't know it? Oh right, you're not a local, it's normal not to know. Ghost Street was an extraordinary place with all sorts of unusual things for sale..."

At this point, Boss Liu sighed: "Unfortunately, times have changed, once bustling Ghost Street is now ruined and declined. It seems this era no longer belongs to them. Luckily, I switched trades quickly, opened an inn, earn about a million a year; after a few years, I can retire and enjoy life. Hope before I die, I can save up to buy a coffin. I heard cremation's trendy lately, wonder if the Coffin Shop will go out of business due to poor sales."

Feng Quan noted several pieces of information.

Ghost Street, Coffin Shop, saving to buy a coffin...

"You're indeed not simple, knowing many things. Do you know about Ghost Lake?" Feng Quan asked.

Mentioning Ghost Lake, Boss Liu immediately changed his expression.

No longer relaxed, becoming somewhat gloomy.

But soon, Boss Liu squinted with a smile: "First pay up, with the money, you can ask whatever you want, I know what I know."

"How much?"

Feng Quan asked, "Name a price, I can transfer to you whatever amount."

He also has the authority to mobilize Dachang City's operational funds, billions at ease.

"I want that thing,"

Boss Liu pointed at the shovel in Feng Quan's hand: "It looks like an old object, very valuable, might sell for dozens."

"Do you think I will give it to you?"

Feng Quan said, "And by taking this thing, you're provoking a captain. Do you still want to live peacefully into old age?"

"That serious, huh?"

Boss Liu waved his hand and said, "Forget it, forget it. A captain sounds like a big deal, and I'm just a small-time boss. Just give me three or four pieces as a token, and I won't mind it's little."

He rubbed his fingers, making his intentions clear.

"I don't have the three or four pieces you're talking about," Feng Quan wasn't stupid; he knew what this boss meant wasn't ordinary money.

After thinking for a moment, he pulled out a red Ghost Candle, "I can give you this candle in exchange if you're willing to tell me the secret here."

"Let me check the goods first."

Boss Liu looked at the red candle, a bit curious. His eyes lit up slightly as if he'd seen something novel.

"Alright." Feng Quan tossed him the red Ghost Candle.

Boss Liu caught it deftly and repeatedly sniffed it from top to bottom several times in front of his nose.

"There's ash, corpse oil, fresh blood, and..."

Suddenly.

He put down the red Ghost Candle and chuckled, "Not bad, it's a good item. Unfortunately, it doesn't burn long but still worth some money. Just one isn't enough, how about another one? This isn't a rare item, if I had the materials, I could make it too."

"Just one, that's all," Feng Quan said.

"Your iron shovel is an antique, quite rare. Give it to me, and I won't hold you accountable for killing my worker earlier. I'll also give you seven bucks, how about that?" Boss Liu fished out a piece of paper money from somewhere.

Colorful.

It was a seven-dollar bill.

Identical to the one Yang Jian had before.

"This is a seven-dollar bill, a rare sight in one's lifetime. Smell it, a genuine money scent. It's so fragrant. I've spent half my life saving this for my burial fund, and I'm offering it all to you now." As he spoke, he kept eyeing Feng Quan's iron shovel.

Clearly, in his eyes, nothing was as important as that shabby iron shovel.

"I already said it's not for sale. If you want it, come and take it by force. Kill me, and it's yours. Let's see if you have the ability to do so, boss," Feng Quan replied.

There's no way he would sell this supernatural item, which was his means of survival.

However, Boss Liu didn't seem to have any intention of taking it by force. He sighed, quietly putting away the seven-dollar note and the red Ghost Candle, "Forget it, forget it. I'll take a loss today, and let's drop the matter of my worker. Out with the old and in with the new, there will always be a day when things wear out. Besides, arguing with you youngsters doesn't seem reasonable."

"You might not mind, but my question isn't over yet. You're a person of Taiping Ancient Town, involved in the supernatural circle. How much do you know about Ghost Lake?" Feng Quan asked seriously.

"Headquarters has already sent several captains to investigate. Whether you say it or not, the secrets here will eventually be uncovered. If you cooperate, it might reduce some impact, saving a few lives."

Boss Liu's eyes darted around, "I'm known to have a loose tongue, but there are things I dare not speak carelessly. Speaking out would only harm you young folks. Ghost Lake, that thing is beyond handling. It's best to retreat quickly. It's not something you should be involved in. If you'd come here any earlier, I would've definitely stopped you from going to your death."

"What do you mean?" Feng Quan pressed on.

Boss Liu glanced outside the shop.

Yet everything was obscured by dense fog, with even the shop's entrance concealed within it.

Only then did Boss Liu slowly take out a teacup from under the counter and fill it with water, "This is what you're calling Ghost Lake."

Then he grabbed a handful of sunflower seeds from a small dish nearby, "These are ghosts."

He then tossed the sunflower seeds one by one into the cup of water, "When ghosts enter Ghost Lake, they'll sink."

A seed dropped into the cup quickly sank to the bottom.

"One or two isn't a problem, won't affect much," Boss Liu continued tossing seeds one after another.

"But when there are too many, the water in the cup overflows."

After throwing in seven or eight seeds, the water in the cup spilled over the edge, flowing onto the counter.

"The spilled water is what you call a supernatural event. But if this continues, the water will keep overflowing," Boss Liu said, tossing more seeds into the cup one after another.

Seeing this, Feng Quan's heart tightened, "Is this the truth behind Ghost Lake losing control?"

Ghost Lake had carried too many ghosts, causing it to lose control.

No wonder the Ghost Lake incident seemed insignificant at first. Yet the situation gradually intensified, evolving into today's S-class supernatural event.

Boss Liu chuckled, "The water's not drinkable, and the seeds are tough to crack. Everything operates within limits. What must happen will happen, inevitably. Do you understand? I'm also unlucky, caught between youth and old age. Not young enough to be young, but still able to live another ten or so years. Who knows what the world will be like then."

"No way to resolve it?" Feng Quan asked.

"There's no way to cure the root cause, but the symptoms can be treated." Boss Liu reached into the cup, taking out all the seeds, then took a sip of water.

The water level in the cup lowered, no longer overflowing.

"That's definitely not achievable," Feng Quan understood Boss Liu's method.

Fishing ghosts out of Ghost Lake and then reducing its supernatural effect.

This way, it could delay the outbreak of this supernatural event.

But even so, it's extremely, extremely difficult.

"So, I'd better keep my head down, run my shop to earn money, and keep saving up for my burial fund. No pointless fussing," Boss Liu shook his head.

Feng Quan said, "Are there any other methods aside from this? You mentioned before that everything's for sale on Ghost Street. Is there any way there to solve Ghost Lake..."

Before he finished, Boss Liu suddenly shushed, "Quiet, someone's coming from the town."

"Hmm?"

Feng Quan's expression shifted slightly as he immediately looked towards the direction outside the door.

The thick fog was parting.

Like a crack opening up.

A small path emerged, just enough for one person. At that moment, a light appeared on the street outside, and a slightly hunchbacked, one-eyed old man carrying an oil lamp pushed the door open and entered.

Once inside, a smell of burnt paper wafted through the air.

As if he had just returned from burning paper.

"Boss Liu, why haven't the dead been carried out yet?" The one-eyed old man said sternly.

"My employee died, causing some delay. I'll take them out in a moment," Boss Liu hastily replied, smiling politely.

The one-eyed old man's pale, one eye eerily rotated, looking at Feng Quan, and then at the iron shovel in his hand, "Someone buried more than halfway into the ground, quite rare."

"An old resident of Taiping Town?" Feng Quan wore a cold expression, "You're also in the supernatural circle?"

"He's just staying at the inn, and he hasn't been to the town," Boss Liu chipped in at this point.

The one-eyed old man spoke no more, merely holding the lamp as he turned to leave, "The bodies can't stay here, they must be taken out quickly."

"I'll get right to it, I'll get right to it," Boss Liu nodded repeatedly.

The door closed.

The dense fog closed in, and the one-eyed old man left.

A dim oil lamp swayed on the street outside, untouchable by the Ghost Fog.

"Don't worry, guest. His temper's not good, but he can only manage the town. This place doesn't belong to Taiping Ancient Town, it's beyond his jurisdiction. He was just passing by to ask about the situation, nothing to do with you," Boss Liu said as he picked up the kerosene lamp and stood up.

"I'm going to move those two bodies now. Care to lend a hand?"

Feng Quan's eyes flickered, hesitated for a moment, "Alright."

The surrounding Ghost Fog quickly dispersed as he followed Boss Liu and turned to walk upstairs in the inn, preparing to move the two bodies that hadn't been moved out yet.

However, he wasn't aiming to move the bodies but was taking this opportunity to better understand the secrets here.

Despite this, Feng Quan felt heavy with worry.

The actions of the captains at this moment must be dangerous and going poorly.

His worries were justified.

At this moment.

Above Ghost Lake.

Yang Jian, Shen Lin, Li Jun, Leuk San, and Ah Hong were standing on a small black wooden boat. Around them on the lake, countless floating corpses spread densely.

Not a single one of these bodies was decayed.

And as time passed, some of the corpses had started to exhibit unusual behavior.

One female corpse suddenly opened her eyes, dull and ghostly white.

Another female corpse opened her mouth, emitting a strange laughter, like a murmuring dream.

Others turned over in the water, splashing waves.

At the stern of the boat.

The white Ghost Candle had burned more than halfway but had not extinguished.

Chapter 1104 - Captain Zhang Join Forces

Looking at the densely packed floating corpses in Ghost Lake, the people on the small boat appeared particularly grave at this moment.

"Things seem to have gotten a bit out of hand," Leuk San said, staring at the white Ghost Candle burning at the stern.

All supernatural incidents were triggered by this white Ghost Candle.

Li Jun said, "The corpses that can float to the surface must have connections with Ghost Lake, yet the ghosts submerged in the lake haven't risen. Therefore, the Source Ghost in Ghost Lake is very likely hidden among these corpses, or might be one of them. Once we find it, things will be much easier."

"It's not that simple."

Shen Lin said, "Ghost Lake is an S-level supernatural event. S-level supernatural events also have another name: insoluble supernatural events. If it were that easy to handle, Cao Yang should have solved it already."

"Let's take it step by step. As long as the Ghost Candle keeps burning, the ghost will surely appear. We'll make our move to try then," Yang Jian said calmly.

He then looked at the wound on his arm.

It had recovered quite a bit, and the Ghost Shadow beneath his feet was almost reassembled. Just a little longer, and the curse of the Firewood Knife would be negated.

But the situation around them changed again.

The female corpses floating on the lake were undergoing continuous mutations, and the once calm water surface began to ripple.

No wind rose.

Yet the water surface was waving.

It seemed something beneath was affecting the entire Ghost Lake, making the water restless.

The waves grew increasingly larger, and the water turned more and more turbid.

The black boat bobbed on the lake, and the people aboard struggled to keep their balance, risking falling if not careful.

But these were merely minor issues.

The truly serious problem was the corpses on the surface swaying.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

The floating corpses were driven by the waves, crashing into the boat with muffled thuds, seemingly trying to overturn it.

"Something's wrong," Li Jun said gravely.

"It's more than just wrong; it's life-threatening. All the corpses are waking up, and Ghost Lake is abnormal. Even the oil lamp on the boat appears to be going out," Ah Hong's expression revealed strong unease.

She's not the captain, and if real danger arises, her chances of dying here are high.

Previously, she remained safe due to Yang Jian's rescue.

"We should have anticipated this when lighting the Ghost Candle, but with four captains joined forces, we can confront it directly, no need to worry too much," Shen Lin said confidently.

Even as he said this, his heart was heavy.

No one can take supernatural events lightly; a mistake could mean death.

"Be careful, changes are beginning," Leuk San suddenly said.

He used his Premonition Ability, but the supernatural interference was too severe. He couldn't foresee events beyond the next thirty seconds, only knew that interference would deepen in ten seconds, indicating imminent danger.

The crowd glanced at him, but now wasn't the time to dispute his abilities.

The next moment.

Sure enough, changes arose.

As the lake waves grew larger, the boat bobbed repeatedly on the water, struck by floating corpses until a tipping point was finally breached.

With the lake's rise and fall, a pale female corpse was swept onto the boat with a wave.

"Bang!"

The corpse landed in the cabin, lying slanted, filthy lake water dripping from it.

Without a word, Li Jun tried to kick the female corpse off the boat.

Yet, despite his forceful kick, the corpse remained unmoved, and instead the boat shook violently, nearly throwing the others off.

Moreover, with the corpse aboard, the tilting boat sank sharply, chilling lake water pouring in, threatening to sink it immediately.

"The boat can't support too much of the supernatural, the corpses can't come aboard, or this boat won't last," Yang Jian recognized.

He unhesitatingly plunged the coffin nail into the corpse on the boat.

The suppression of the Coffin Nail was still terrifying.

The corpse trembled slightly then went still, seemingly lighter than before, and with a slight flick was sent back into Ghost Lake.

However, Yang Jian's timely action seemed futile.

No sooner had he tossed out this corpse than the boat was suddenly struck again.

Another female corpse.

Driven by waves, slick hair over a distorted, sunken face, its head heavily collided with the boat, almost capsizing it.

Moreover.

After hitting the boat, the corpse started to move, unexpectedly reaching out pallid hands to grasp it, and as the arms moved bone-clashing sounds echoed, it attempted to climb aboard.

This scenario, once occurred, began spiraling out of control.

The boat rocked, other female corpses animated, their hands reaching to clutch the boat's edge. Each hand was pallid, bloodless, exerting force, nails scratching the wood with a hissing sound.

"Extinguish the Ghost Candle, no more burning it; all the female corpses are targeting us. Without waiting for them to board, our boat's sinking. It's now or never if we're to act, continuing like this means we'll perish first."

Leuk San shouted loudly, quickly reaching the stern to extinguish the Ghost Candle.

Ghost Candle was snuffed out.

But it was nearly gone, only a stub remained.

Yet the move didn't halt Ghost Lake's transformation.

A female corpse climbed to the stern position, slick hair scattered on the boat, dripping filthy, foul lake water, beneath which lay a strange, pallid dead face. The most frightening part was the corpse's empty, eerie eyes fixated on Leuk San, as though smiling slightly at the corner of its mouth.

That wasn't a smile.

It was the corpse's face squirming, looking like it was smiling at you.

"Ghost thing." Leuk San's gaze was somber as he suddenly reached out and grabbed the corpse's neck.

A sixth finger suddenly appeared among his five fingers, and it swiped across the corpse's neck.

In an instant.

The corpse's body immediately slipped into the murky lake, leaving only a head in Leuk San's hand, which he casually tossed into the distance.

But the head did not sink. Instead, it floated on the water like a ball, bobbing with the waves, and its eyes remained fixed on him.

"No more holding back." Li Jun shouted.

The Ghost Flame ignited once again, setting everything around ablaze, covering the lake surface in Ghost Flame's light.

The eerie green flame only burned the supernatural, not the living.

But here, only the supernatural was present, allowing Li Jun to burn everything with impunity.

Nearby the boat, the corpse's pale hand turned charred instantly upon touching the Ghost Flame, followed by strange cries from the corpse in the flames. One by one, the arms retracted violently, abandoning the attempt to climb into the boat.

The air was filled with the rancid smell of burned meat.

"It's working." Ah Hong exclaimed with some surprise.

"You're celebrating too soon." Leuk San said.

Just as he finished speaking, the surrounding water began to churn, and the Ghost Flame started sinking to the bottom of the lake. Shortly after, it completely extinguished.

The corpses that had been deterred by the flames started to close in again.

"This stalemate won't do, hold on a bit, I'll go find the source."

Shen Lin stood up at this moment, and without another word, leapt from the small boat.

"Be careful." Li Jun called out.

But he quickly fell silent.

Shen Lin was standing on the surface of the lake as if by miracle, with no tendency to sink whatsoever.

"We can't keep this up."

Shen Lin's expression was grim and serious, for he began to feel a chilling cold, as if his body was about to be soaked through.

This was beyond comprehension.

He was merely a figure from memory, non-existent in reality, yet he was affected by the supernatural forces of reality, nearly soaking him through.

He had a premonition.

Once he was drenched, the ghost could touch him, and by then, he would be targeted and killed by the ghost, just like Yang Jian, Li Jun, and Leuk San.

So he had to act in advance.

Surveying his surroundings.

A red axe suddenly appeared in his hand.

This axe, hidden by him somewhere, did not exist in reality, but could influence real things.

Shen Lin then waved it, and the axe split the floating corpse's head instantly.

Once the corpse's head cracked open, it immediately sank into the water without a sign of struggle.

"I'll take action alone for half an hour; keep the boat from sinking during this time, or I won't be able to return." With that said, he held the axe and strode forward on the lake surface.

His figure gradually faded, disappearing like an image before everyone's eyes.

"It's that axe." Yang Jian's expression turned sharp.

He recognized that axe.

In the painting inside the Ghost Post Office, someone owned that Ghost Axe, but it was a supernatural item drawn in the painting, not real. Therefore, it existed as a real Ghost Axe in reality.

Could this supernatural item have fallen into Shen Lin's hands?

"Half an hour? Can he find the source, and even if he finds it, can he win?"

Then, Yang Jian couldn't help but ponder this thought.

"Li Jun, your Ghost Flame can't suppress the corpses, open the Ghost Painting, and I'll use the Ghost Domain to cover Ghost Lake and throw the corpses in as much as possible."

Then his Ghost Eye suddenly opened.

The Ghost Domain covered everything.

At this moment, Yang Jian got serious, his Ghost Domain covering everything around, bringing them to a standstill. The lake surface outside the small boat was motionless, and the floating corpses unable to move.

The crisis was suddenly averted.

"What is this?" Li Jun, Leuk San, and Ah Hong were all startled and uncertain at that moment.

They were not affected and could still move because Yang Jian's six-layer Ghost Domain didn't include them.

"I can't maintain this state for long." Yang Jian said again.

"Alright."

Li Jun wasted no time; he opened his palm, and the Ghost Flame was kindled, revealing Ping'an Tower once more.

The world of the Ghost Drawing opened again.

At this moment, Yang Jian, through the Ghost Domain, moved the corpses forcefully into the Ghost Drawing's world connected by Ghost Flame, sweeping them away.

Li Jun's Ghost Flame couldn't be maintained on the lake surface, meaning his Ghost Domain would be affected.

But Yang Jian's Ghost Eye would not.

Chapter 1105 - Shen Lin Under Control

Above Ghost Lake.

A few captains finally confronted the ghosts here formally, but this was just the beginning, as the source of the Ghost Domain has yet to be discovered.

Meanwhile, Shen Lin was carrying a red, eerie axe as he left the small boat and disappeared over the lake's surface.

He never left; he was always around.

Just buried deep within the memories of a corpse, he needed to explore the past, uncover the source of Ghost Lake, and understand all the secrets.

Within the memories, Shen Lin was not absolutely safe.

Especially the act of invading ghosts' memories was highly dangerous; he would be attacked by ghosts — if killed, it would mean his death — but death wasn't the end. He would wake up within another memory and invade reality again, except this time, he'd be detached from the Ghost Lake event.

With resurrection through new memories, Shen Lin could only exist at the moment that memory appeared.

In other words, if Shen Lin was killed in the memories now, then when he resurrects and invades reality from a new memory, it wouldn't be now but at some point in the past, and he would lose all future memories.

This is a reboot.

But not an infinite reboot.

The more he dies, the more he forgets, and eventually, fewer will remember him until he is completely forgotten and disappears from this world.

"Bang!"

In the deep memories, Shen Lin stood on an empty street, the ghost tried to attack him, but he chopped off its head with a single axe.

The ghost dissipates, the world of memory is being replaced by him.

Everything exists within his mind.

He replaced the ghost and claimed the ghost's identity.

"Not this one, try again."

Shen Lin's figure gradually vanished again as he leveraged the ghost's memories to continue penetrating deeper into other ghosts' memories.

Relentlessly searching, constantly battling fierce ghosts.

Everything in his path would be split by his axe.

This was rightful as these ghosts weren't true ghosts — merely spiritual corpses within Ghost Lake — easily killable so he could effortlessly replace them. Encountering true ghosts, the victory wouldn't be so easy.

Thus Shen Lin's method was straightforward.

He searches along the supernatural path, for the source is there; he merely needs a little time to pursue it.

The hardest to confront would certainly be the source ghost.

"If successful, perhaps I can possess the supernatural power of Ghost Lake."

Such thoughts spontaneously emerged within Shen Lin's mind.

No one knows how many times he invaded.

Time passed quickly in the world of memories — perhaps a day in the memories, just ten minutes outside.

Shen Lin delved deeper.

Finally, his footsteps halted as he invaded an unknown memory, surprisingly appearing once again in Ping'an Ancient Town.

This wasn't the Ping'an Ancient Town in reality; this was within memories.

The town was very small, very small — some places were so blurry and dark, unable to see clearly — because the memory could only retain a portion, unable to replicate an entire town or even a city as no one possesses such an excellent memory.

"Is this the dock? Previously I and they took the small boat to Ghost Lake's dock."

Shen Lin stopped his footsteps, surrounded by solitude and silence.

"Whose memory is this exactly?"

He was still puzzled, attempting to find the owner of this memory.

But suddenly.

From the direction of the ancient town, a black coffin was carried over by four people. Those four had blurred appearances and physiques, seemingly disturbed by supernatural forces, unable to have their visage imprinted by memory.

Yet most vivid was the black coffin.

"Right, during the last memory invasion, a black small boat transported a black coffin to Ghost Lake." Shen Lin mused.

The black coffin was placed down at the dock by the four shadowy figures.

Then the four stood alongside each other, seemingly engaged in an intense argument.

Their voices were loud, yet regardless of how hard Shen Lin tried, he couldn't hear clearly.

The reason for the inaudibility was because the memory owner didn't remember the conversation — if they had, Shen Lin would have heard it.

Everything was ambiguous.

Except for the black coffin, which was so real — even tangible.

Shen Lin ignored the four furiously debating individuals, directly approached the coffin.

He had a hunch.

Inside the coffin possibly lay a fierce ghost, significantly connected to Ghost Lake, maybe even its source.

He suddenly stopped.

He glanced down.

Water was seeping from beneath the coffin, flowing across the ground, leaving the surface all wet.

"Find a place and bury the coffin deeply." Suddenly, a clearer voice said.

Shen Lin sharply raised his head looking at those four individuals.

Then all the voices blurred again, becoming unintelligible.

Shen Lin stared for a while, hearing a few distinct sentences, all trivial — like, waiting for the boat, the coffin must be carried away — such and such.

He approached the black coffin.

Bending down, he faintly heard a woman sobbing inside the coffin.

If Yang Jian were here, he would surely recognize it.

The sobbing was identical to that of Ghost Face.

"No time to hesitate, must deal with this quickly; Li Jun and Yang Jian have no idea how long they can hold on."

Shen Lin took a deep breath, reached out, touching the coffin then shoving it.

"Bang!"

The heavy coffin lid fell off, dropping down heavily onto the ground.

Inside the coffin astonishingly was filled with water; floating upon it was a mass of black hair, and within the water vaguely sank a peculiar corpse at the coffin's bottom.

Although not clearly visible, it definitely was a female corpse.

For the long black hair was the most apparent evidence.

"Is the source of Ghost Lake the female corpse within this coffin?" Shen Lin vaguely understood.

Without saying a word.

He kicked over the black coffin.

The overturned coffin released its water, splashing all over the ground.

Shen Lin gripped his axe, readying himself.

Yet what happened next was extraordinary.

After the coffin tipped over, except for the big puddle of water, there was nothing — merely strands of long black hair scattered about the ground.

"Where's the corpse? Where's the coffin's corpse, why isn't it here?" Shen Lin was momentarily dazed.

"Wait, if this memory is indeed the ghost's memory, then the ghost wouldn't be inside the coffin — but in... the vicinity."

Suddenly.

His hair stood upright, his body abruptly tense.

Because Shen Lin felt a cold body close to his back, wet hair brushing against his cheek — it was a little ticklish, slightly chilly, but most notably intimidating fear.

The hand clutching the axe seemed somewhat stiff at this moment.

This wasn't nervousness; it genuinely felt stiff.

His body felt cold, thoroughly soaked.

Existing only within memories, Shen Lin too deeply penetrated the supernatural memories, but now a ghost touched him, affecting him.

"Die!"

Shen Lin growled, swinging the axe backward at the cold, terrifying figure behind him.

But the axe swing hit nothing.

Behind him, there was nothing.

"Vanished?"

He was both shocked and furious, but suddenly realized his body unexpectedly sweating from anxiety or the recent ghost influence, continually dripping water.

Shen Lin noticed something — he looked down.

In the pooled water beneath, his reflection was gone, replaced by a figure draped in hair looking strange as a fierce ghost — yet also resembling him.

"Was I invaded? No, the ghost is attempting to manipulate me." Shen Lin's expression rapidly changed.

He realized this wasn't an ordinary ghost — it was the source of Ghost Lake.

He, being an outlier similar to ghosts, invading the memories of a fierce ghost holds the possibility of being controlled.

Shen Lin had overconfidence, becoming an outlier, nonexistent in reality yet possessing the reboot ability—a top presence among captains—thus fearlessly invading fierce ghosts' memories.

However, he underestimated Ghost Lake's terror this time.

"Shake it off."

Shen Lin gritted his teeth, watching as everything around him collapsed, disappeared.

Quickly evading the fierce ghost's memories to return to a realm he could control.

Ping'an Ancient Town vanished, replaced by a modernized city.

This was the city he managed: Daxia City.

Chapter 1106 - The Evil Hound Stored in Memory

Shen Lin was invaded by a ghost. In order to escape its influence, he infiltrated another place through memory, entering the most familiar Daxia City. He looked around nervously, hoping everything would go smoothly.

However, the outcome was somewhat despairing.

Water kept seeping from his feet, and the surroundings were still so cold and damp.

The ghost was still on him.

Moreover, the invasion speed hadn't slowed down, because half of Shen Lin's face was already deathly pale, and his facial appearance was very strange—it had turned into a woman's face, and his short hair had somehow been replaced by wet, long hair.

"Once more, this time restart and get rid of it."

Shen Lin sensed deep trouble. If he continued like this, he would die, and it would be a complete death.

Because the ghost was driving him, once successful, the ghost would kill him a second, third time, and all memories related to him would end in death.

The Shen Lin in Daxia City committed suicide directly.

That memory vanished from his mind,

But Shen Lin awoke once again, now appearing in Zhongzhou City. This restart was better; he returned to this morning.

In the memory, Shen Lin was on a deserted square.

Nevertheless, Shen Lin was still soaking wet, and half of his body did not belong to him; it was deathly pale and cold.

"Even after restarting once, I couldn't get rid of the dread ghost? This won't do. I can't die again. Dying like this no longer works. Someone must kill this ghost within the memory so I can break free from its control."

Shen Lin became uneasy and looked up at the square.

There were a few blurred figures on the square.

He knew these people were Li Jun, Yang Jian, Leuk San, Ah Hong, and Feng Quan...

"Who has the ability to kill a ghost within memory?" Shen Lin stared at these figures.

He needed to select someone's memory to invade.

This way, the Shen Lin in the memory would be the dread ghost, and the other person would be the ghost handler fighting the ghost.

But the premise is, they must win.

If they lose.

He would die, and so would they.

Because the ghost has harnessed his supernatural power, it can kill the other person within the memory, thus affecting the person in reality.

This is a completely unreasonable supernatural power.

Even Shen Lin found it unbelievable.

"Should I drag a captain down, or should I think of another way?" Shen Lin hesitated again.

But this hesitation didn't last long.

Soon, he gritted his teeth and made up his mind.

"Choose the most reliable captain to end all this." Shen Lin's gaze swept across, focusing on one person.

Though this person was blurry, he held a cracked long spear, and a ghostly, scarlet eye glared from his forehead.

This was Ghost Eye Yang Jian,

"If it's you, it will definitely succeed. Consider it as a favor I owe you." Shen Lin chose Yang Jian.

In the next moment.

Yang Jian's blurry figure gradually became clear.

At the same time,

Aboard the Ghost Lake boat, Yang Jian's expression suddenly tightened. An eerie memory that did not belong to him popped into his mind. In that memory, he saw Shen Lin and also saw a ghost on Shen Lin's body...

New memories continued to emerge.

On the square in Zhongzhou City,

Shen Lin said, "Yang Jian, I came to you out of necessity. I've been invaded by a ghost. I can only invade your memory to seek help. You must take action and eliminate me. Once successful, everything will end..."

He was speaking to the Yang Jian in his memory.

And the Yang Jian in his memory was identical to the Yang Jian at that time in reality.

"Help send you on your way? No problem." The Yang Jian in the square acted.

In the next moment.

Shen Lin was thrown backward, pierced by a cracked long spear, firmly pinning him to the ground.

"Wow!" He felt his body being torn apart, vomiting blood profusely.

For the first time,

Shen Lin, as an anomaly, felt pain for the first time.

"Is this the coffin nail that seals the S-class Hungry Ghost? It can even erase supernatural elements in memory...this guy won too easily. Thankfully, this is just the memory's coffin nail, not the real one." He felt startled and frightened.

If he truly invaded Yang Jian's memory, he wouldn't be able to win against this guy in his memory.

However, soon.

Everything around began to collapse again.

Zhongzhou City was disappearing.

Shen Lin realized something and shouted, "Yang Jian, the ghost has harnessed part of my supernatural power, now it is invading the deeper parts of your memory, going to a time when you didn't have the coffin nail. You need to eliminate it again, or you'll die."

"Invade memory, eliminate past me, thus killing present me." Yang Jian's expression on the square became grim.

"Shen Lin, you brought me a huge trouble right upon meeting."

"I didn't want to either. I was chased by the dread ghost from Ghost Lake until now, intending to use your hand to escape the ghost's control. I didn't expect the ghost to invade me so quickly."

Shen Lin shouted, his expression pained.

His body vanished at times, then coalesced, seemingly being wiped out.

He couldn't invade Yang Jian's memory too deeply because he had a limit; he could only invade up to three years of someone's memory.

For three years ago, Shen Lin was just an ordinary person, so he must take the moment of controlling the dread ghost as the boundary. Once he crosses this boundary, he cannot use supernatural power to invade reality and would become a lost ordinary person in memory.

But Shen Lin had a boundary, while the ghost that controlled him didn't.

The Yang Jian on the square disappeared.

Shen Lin was coerced by the dread ghost and forced to go deeper into Yang Jian's memory.

"Can't let the ghost invade too deeply into the memory." Shen Lin roared, struggling to interrupt it all.

If they went back half a year, Yang Jian could still win; if they went back a year, it would be risky; if they went back two years, Yang Jian would still be in high school, with nothing to kill a ghost with?

Even scarier, the ghost could attack the moment before Yang Jian became a ghost handler.

More terrifyingly, it could go back to Yang Jian's childhood and take action.

During that time, Yang Jian was utterly powerless, and the ghost would surely win.

Shen Lin understood this well, so whether for himself, for Yang Jian, or to resolve this supernatural incident, he had to interfere with the ghost's invasion.

But he was powerless.

It seemed that he had been harnessed by the ghost, unable to control supernatural power.

He could only watch as the ghost brazenly went to a certain period in Yang Jian's life.

Soon.

The invasion ended.

This is Dachang City.

"It's over, this is four years ago."

Shen Lin quickly gathered the information, instantly filling him with despair.

The ghost had entered Yang Jian's memory from four years ago.

This year, Yang Jian was still in school, a freshman in high school, and the ghost wanted to eliminate Yang Jian, who was in his first year.

Shen Lin stood on the school's playground.

His head was full of long hair, his skin all over was deathly pale, soaked from head to toe, holding a red axe in his hand. Most of his face had become completely unfamiliar, transformed into a bizarre woman's appearance.

On the playground, students were leaving school, people coming and going.

The ghost stood there holding the axe motionlessly, and the nearby passersby were all blurry, their looks and appearances indistinguishable.

Because Yang Jian was not familiar with these people in his memory, there was not much information about them.

"What to do? Once the ghost targets Yang Jian, he's doomed." Shen Lin was anxious.

Since becoming a ghost tamer, it was the first time he felt so anxious, so powerless.

"Moreover, in the memory, Yang Jian couldn't escape no matter what. The ghost has already targeted him; this is the world of memories, not reality."

Shen Lin was thinking, pondering on what to say when he saw Yang Jian to help him.

But after careful thought, he realized that nothing he said would be useful.

Because at this time, Yang Jian did not possess any supernatural power.

Unless, during this period, he met a ghost tamer, who could take action after receiving a reminder, just like what happened earlier in Zhongzhou City.

But this is a school.

Where could there be a ghost tamer here?

The ghost did not move.

Yet the number of students on the playground was dwindling; every student was a vague figure, clearly not the target. However, as these irrelevant people gradually left, Yang Jian would inevitably appear.

Because Yang Jian couldn't escape from his memory.

"Hasn't he appeared yet?" Shen Lin's heart was beating wildly; he seemed to already see the tragic scene of Yang Jian being axed to death.

However, after the students on the playground gradually dispersed, Yang Jian had still not appeared.

At this moment, the ghost moved.

The ghost carried the axe, dripping wet as it walked forward, seemingly having found Yang Jian.

Not only the ghost, but Shen Lin also found Yang Jian.

Yang Jian was crouching under the shade of a tree with a few classmates, playing games on his phone.

The ghost's approach went unnoticed by Yang Jian.

But Shen Lin could already hear their conversation.

"Yang Jian, please stop feeding. If only my feet were as nimble as my hands, I would dual queue with myself, bringing you up the ranks almost makes me cry."

"Shut up, can't carry you garbage, has nothing to do with me; if you're good, why don't you take on nine?"

"I'm sorry, I'm a waste."

"..."

"Yang Jian, run!" Seeing this, Shen Lin tried to shout.

But even though his voice was loud, Yang Jian, playing with his phone, seemed not to hear.

"Damn it, the ghost is interfering with the surroundings; Yang Jian can't hear or see the ghost."

Shen Lin understood that now Yang Jian was an ordinary person, and any supernatural interference would affect him.

Such interference could be directly ignored if it were a ghost tamer.

The ghost was still approaching.

Step by step, it moved towards Yang Jian, and water kept dripping down from the red axe in its hand.

Shen Lin was now more thoroughly invaded and was definitely done for unless a miracle happened, and Yang Jian managed to counteract the ghost here; otherwise, his fate was sealed.

"Tap! Tap!"

The ghost stopped, standing right in front of Yang Jian.

At this moment, Yang Jian seemed to sense something, and his innocent face lifted with bewilderment. He felt a chill skin-deep, a chilling icy feeling in the surroundings, causing his body to involuntarily shift sideways.

"Too late. Although he sensitively noticed the oddity around, Yang Jian now is just a student, with no experience to perceive danger."

Shen Lin had already lost hope.

He felt some regret.

Regretted recklessly invading the ghost's memory alone, only to be dominated by the ghost.

If it were only that, it would be fine; he even dragged Yang Jian into the mess.

According to his plan, Yang Jian could eliminate him and end it all. But Shen Lin did not expect the ghost to seize control of him so quickly, making another move before being eliminated, choosing to invade deeper into Yang Jian's memory.

The intensely wet ghost took another step forward with the axe in hand. Just as the axe was about to be raised.

Something unbelievable happened.

The ghost halted its actions.

Why did it stop attacking?

Shen Lin was puzzled.

And the next moment, what happened shocked Shen Lin; he saw from the shadow of the tree behind Yang Jian, a large, black-haired wolf dog emerge, its teeth bared, eyes glowing red, fierce and ruthless, seemingly ready to pounce on and tear him apart.

"Why is there a dog in Yang Jian's memory? And it seems this dog can... see the ghost." Shen Lin was stunned.

It was an incomprehensible occurrence.

Under normal circumstances, Yang Jian at this time shouldn't have been exposed to anything supernatural.

The black wolf dog emerged from behind Yang Jian; its form wasn't too real, like condensed black mist, not a dog with a flesh and blood body.

Yang Jian still crouched on the ground, playing games with Zhang Wei and some other classmates, paying no mind to these things.

"Wait, that's not a dog... That's also a ghost." Shen Lin became terrified.

The beast-like growl echoed around them, not just one dog; shadowy areas all around saw more black wolf dogs emerge, each one identical, ferocious and eerie.

In just a moment, more than a dozen large wolf dogs had gathered on the playground.

And slowly, the number of wolf dogs continued to increase.

"What a joke, this dog—no, this ghost actually followed along the memory," Shen Lin felt overwhelming waves in his heart.

He understood now that Yang Jian's memory contained a dog, no, a frightening ghost resembling a dog.

The ghost from the Ghost Lake had invaded here through memory, and then that dog embedded in the memory sensed it and followed in chase.

But the most terrifying part was, the ghost possessing Shen Lin was just one alone.

Yet Yang Jian's dog could pursue from various memory points, so the longer the ghost lingered here, the more dogs would arrive.

The completely drenched ghost, though still holding the red axe, didn't attack Yang Jian anymore, but retreated, seeming aware of its fear.

But Shen Lin understood, it's not that the ghost felt fear, but rather, Yang Jian's memory segment had been protected by the dogs. Until all the dogs were eliminated, Yang Jian couldn't be killed.

This was supernatural protection.

Though playing games on his phone seemed within reach in front of him, merely two steps forward to split him with an axe were practically unreachable in reality.

The ghost retreated while one large wolf dog after another closed in.

"The ghost has been caught; it can't continue to invade, the supernatural power blocked by these wolves," Shen Lin was both surprised and pleased.

Unexpectedly, a miracle did happen.

No, it shouldn't be considered a miracle.

It was an inevitable event because Yang Jian's memory stored this wolf dog, so when the ghost invaded the memory at the moment when the wolf dog appeared, it would be detected.

The wolf dog was equivalent to a firewall in the memory.

Any attempt to sift through Yang Jian's past by supernatural means would be stopped.

Chapter 1107 - The Corroded Body

At this moment, in reality.

On the top floor of Shangtong Tower in Dachang City.

Today, the ones on duty are Li Yang and Wang Yong.

Even though it's work hours, they're essentially idling in the office, after all, not much supernatural activity has occurred in Dachang City recently. Although the Ghost Lake incident has had an impact here, Yang Jian has already gone to handle it. In addition, there are incidents about a black Ghost Umbrella and Ghost Blood in the outskirts of Dachang City.

These two matters can't be resolved for now; they can only be temporarily put aside, sealing off the supernatural areas to ensure no casualties occur.

"Li Yang, did you hear that? It seems like there's some noise coming from that room," said Wang Yong, who was drinking tea, suddenly turning around and staring at a door in the office.

That is the door to the office's security room.

Inside, there are two things: the Ghost Mirror and a coffin.

"I heard it."

Li Yang's eyes flickered slightly, and he stood up: "If I'm not mistaken, it sounds like a dog barking."

"I thought I was hearing things. How could there be a dog in the office? Now that you've mentioned it too, it must be true; there's indeed a dog in that room. Should we open the door and take a look?" Wang Yong asked.

Li Yang thought for a moment and gestured: "I'll go check. You stay alert."

"Okay," Wang Yong nodded.

Li Yang walked over to the door. He didn't use any supernatural power to force the door open as it's a security room, and any damage would require repairs.

He simply used ordinary means to open the door.

"Woof!"

The room was dark, and just before he stepped inside, a beast-like growl came from within. It was indeed an Evil Hound snarling.

Li Yang was prepared to respond, yet when he turned on the light, there was nothing inside the room.

He faintly heard a dog's growl but didn't see any sign of it.

"The coffin is open." Li Yang glanced around.

Somehow, the coffin had been opened, yet there was nothing inside. He remembered there was a corpse inside the coffin, a fierce ghost that, for some reason, had fallen into a slumber, unable to awaken, undergoing an incomprehensible transformation.

But now.

The ghost was gone, yet the coffin was open.

"What's going on?" Wang Yong asked outside the door: "I didn't feel any ghost come out."

"There's no ghost inside," Li Yang frowned, confused.

They both checked repeatedly several times, only finding a Ghost Mirror and an open coffin.

The coffin was an ordinary wooden one, nothing special about it.

Finally, they exercised their detective instincts but could only find a few strands of black hair inside the coffin.

"This isn't human hair," Li Yang said, holding those strands of black hair.

"Get someone to examine it, and we'll know," Wang Yong suggested.

"Involving supernatural stuff in testing might not be useful. I'll ask someone,"

Li Yang took the black hairs out, closed the room door, and called Yang Jian's secretary, Zhang Liqin.

"Zhang Liqin, contact Doctor Chen and have him come over to identify what this is."

"Sure, sure, I'll contact him right away."

Zhang Liqin was cautious, fearing Li Yang. Although she was Yang Jian's secretary, compared to a true ghost handler, she was nothing.

Soon, she brought Doctor Chen over.

Doctor Chen arrived promptly with an assistant, took a brief look, and concluded: "This is dog hair, from a sizable wolfdog."

Dog hair appeared in the coffin, yet no dog was seen.

For a moment, everyone in the office was baffled.

No one knew what Yang Jian had put in the coffin or what he had done; it all seemed like a mystery.

"Maybe Jiang Yan knows something. Last time, she went back home with President Yang, and then this coffin appeared," Zhang Liqin cautiously suggested.

"Enough," Li Yang interrupted her.

"We end it here. Don't investigate further. We'll know once the captain is back. Also, stop speculating. Any information about the captain is confidential; leaking it recklessly will be deadly."

He then gave Zhang Liqin a cold glance.

This was a warning.

"Understood," Zhang Liqin quickly shut her mouth.

The matter ended here.

Shangtong Tower returned to normal, only a few people knew the coffin in Yang Jian's office safety room was open, and a dog was missing.

But the missing dog didn't exist in reality; it only existed in Yang Jian's memory.

Yet, somehow, the dog in his memory could invade reality through some medium.

To some extent, it was quite similar to Shen Lin, but not entirely the same.

Now in the world of memories.

This was Yang Jian during his first year in high school, acting just like an ordinary person, playing mobile games with Zhang Wei and his classmates.

However, in the middle of the playground.

A long-haired, soaking wet, pale-skinned fierce ghost stood motionless, holding a red axe.

Nearby, a group of large, pitch-black, fang-baring Evil Hounds surrounded the ghost.

Moreover, every now and then, the number of wolfdogs would increase by a few.

Seemingly endless.

Currently, at least twenty wolfdogs were gathered around the ghost.

The ghost and the Evil Hounds were in a standoff.

But this standoff didn't last long.

"They're about to make a move," Shen Lin sensed a signal of danger.

This was an instinctive premonition.

Sure enough.

The next moment.

A massive wolf dog took action first, with a low growl, it lunged at the vengeful ghost, aiming to tear it to shreds in this world of memory.

The ghost was not so simple.

The vengeful ghost from Ghost Lake could even maneuver Shen Lin, and invade Yang Jian's memory four years later, clearly terrifying beyond measure.

The ghost retaliated, this form of counterattack was an embodiment of supernatural battle, innate to vengeful ghosts, unrelated to survival.

An eerie axe raised, slashing at the lunging wolf dog.

The axe was a supernatural artifact; merely hitting its mark, the wolf dog instantly toppled over, its body split open, lying motionless on the ground before gradually dissipating from view.

In an instant clash, the ghost prevailed.

"The ghost holding my axe is not so easy to deal with, can the dogs from Yang Jian's memory win?" Shen Lin couldn't help but feel concerned seeing this.

However, before his worries could begin, immediately.

Another wolf dog came charging in.

The ghost was cold and numb, wielding the axe; the wolf dog was repelled once more, then vanished from sight.

Yet, the situation did not improve.

Suddenly, all the surrounding wolf dogs charged at the vengeful ghost, burying and engulfing it in an instant.

The sounds of snarling and low growls echoed continuously.

But the ghost was also resisting, however, dreadful wounds started appearing on its body, similarly, more wolf dogs were struck down by the axe, dying on the spot.

No matter how many wolf dogs died, only more would appear around.

Pressing forward one after another, endlessly infinite.

This was a clash of top-tier supernatural power.

The vengeful ghost from Ghost Lake invading memory versus the infinitely resetting Ghost Dream.

"These dogs can actually reset?" Shen Lin was astounded again.

He noticed these details; if it were merely wolf dogs attacking the vengeful ghost, they would surely decrease significantly with every chop.

Yet such a situation did not occur, instead, the number of dead wolf dogs could not keep pace with the increasing numbers.

As a team leader handling numerous supernatural incidents, Shen Lin quickly deduced that these evil hounds must surely reset.

Infinite reset.

What terrifying supernatural ability!

"Yang Jian absolutely cannot control such an evil hound, someone must have helped him store this evil hound within his memory." Shen Lin felt envy and jealousy at this moment.

But the confrontation continued.

The vengeful ghost, swallowed by a group of evil hounds, was still fighting back. It was a vengeful ghost, unafraid, unyielding, and undying.

These black wolf dogs were vengeful ghosts too, neither retreating nor dying, even resetting.

On the silent playground.

The dogs and ghost were locked in a fierce battle.

The ghost was torn to bloody shreds, broken and incomplete, while the wolf dogs were struck down by the axe, dying instantly.

This was not an evenly matched confrontation but rather a crushing pursuit.

Unless the ghost withdrew from Yang Jian's memory, it would suffer endless attacks from the evil hounds.

"The ghost from Ghost Lake lost; although it gained an advantage invading Yang Jian's memory, it also had a shortfall: it couldn't manifest Ghost Lake within the memory."

Shen Lin understood, the ghost invaded him, took control of his ability, at the same time abandoning its greatest advantage.

Ghost Lake could exist in the actual supernatural world, but not within memory.

Finally.

The balance of confrontation completely tilted.

An evil hound bit, tearing off a ghost's arm and flinging it far away.

The pale arm, devoid of any blood color, was riddled with holes, tattered and messy, with a blood-spattered, eerie axe clutched tightly in its mangled hand.

Having lost an arm, and having lost the ghost axe that could easily slay evil hounds, the ghost was powerless to fight back.

Normal people would retreat at this point, abandoning the invasion of Yang Jian's memory.

But the ghost was not normal people.

The ghost still attempted to kill Yang Jian, still fighting back, though with no hope, the ghost would not stop.

Thus, this only led to a more broken outcome.

Yang Jian, present in the playground, was utterly unaware of everything happening here, and continued playing games without witnessing this scene.

However, in reality.

Yang Jian on the small boat conspicuously felt something amiss at that moment.

He was soaking wet, water constantly dripping off him.

"Something's wrong, my body is being eroded." Yang Jian's face changed drastically, sensing the changes within himself.

"Splash!"

The small boat suddenly sank, where Yang Jian stood, even the small black boat couldn't support his weight, and it was forcibly pressed below the water surface.

"Yang Jian, what's wrong." Li Jun immediately asked.

The bodies on the lake surface were nearly cleared, all thrown into the Ping'an Tower by Yang Jian, the crisis seemingly alleviated.

"Not sure, Shen Lin's side had an issue, he carried a ghost to invade my memory but got destroyed by me... after that, he said he wanted to invade deeper into my memory, yet I didn't acquire new memories, but I believe everything is related to him." Yang Jian frowned deeply.

He attempted to reboot himself.

The reboot was successful, but the body's erosion continued.

"Bad, the boat is sinking." Leuk San shouted loudly.

Seemingly due to Yang Jian's sudden weight increase, the Ghost Ship reached its limit, started leaking, continuously sinking, and this process was already irreversible, a substantial amount of lake water had submerged the vessel.

Chapter 1108 - The People Submerged in Water

The small boat is about to sink.

This sudden change completely disrupted everyone's plans.

Based on the previous situation, this black boat was sufficient to bear the weight of everyone. Although waves were rising on the Ghost Lake and the boat was swaying non-stop, there was no sign of sinking.

But now...

The cold water beneath their feet was spreading, and the black boat could no longer float, sinking continuously into the Ghost Lake.

And the lake water here wasn't the same lake water they encountered in Zhongzhou City.

Having reached the source of the Ghost Lake, the water here is even more eerie. Even those who can manipulate spirits feel powerless against it and gradually start to sink. And as they continue to sink, this feeling becomes stronger.

It seems as though an invisible force is pulling them down into the depths of this lake, to be forever immersed in it.

The boat's sinking speed is fast, and the process is irreversible.

What to do?

Yang Jian, Leuk San, Li Jun, and Ah Hong were all thinking about how to handle this crisis.

"I'll use the Ghost Domain to get us out of the Ghost Lake first. We can't sink, or we'll all die here," Li Jun said as the Ghost Flame ignited again.

His eerie Ghost Domain enveloped everyone on the boat, attempting to carry them out of the Ghost Lake.

However, unexpectedly,

Li Jun's Ghost Domain, although it covered the area, couldn't transfer everyone away from the Ghost Lake. The eerie Ghost Flame flickered unstably, extinguishing and reigniting like a faulty light.

"My Ghost Domain is being interfered with. Yang Jian, you need to take action. Your Ghost Domain can still work, just like before... Yang Jian, are you listening?" he shouted urgently.

But Yang Jian did not respond.

Leuk San said, "There's something wrong with him. It's like he's been eroded by the Ghost Lake."

"Damn it, how did it come to this? Everything was going smoothly before," Ah Hong said anxiously as she looked at Yang Jian.

At this moment, Yang Jian was soaking wet, water seeping out from his body as if he were being constantly eroded by the supernatural. He was sinking faster than anyone else.

"At this crucial moment," Li Jun gritted his teeth, thinking rapidly.

"Li Jun, we can't continue like this. Let's retreat for now. The boat is sinking, and Yang Jian has issues. We can't fight the Ghost Lake in this situation," said Leuk San.

He knew Li Jun must have a retreat plan, otherwise, he wouldn't have dared to enter the Ghost Lake so recklessly.

Ah Hong added immediately, "This isn't right, Li Jun, retreat for now. We can't continue like this. We're about to sink."

"If we leave now, it'll be like leaving Shen Lin behind. If anything happens to him, it'll mean the loss of another captain. It will be even more difficult to come back next time." Li Jun replied.

Although he had a way to retreat, he was reluctant to do so.

Because leaving now would make resolving the Ghost Lake issue even harder.

"It's better to retreat than to be wiped out here. Yang Jian has issues now. If he didn't, we could have continued to act," Leuk San urged.

At this moment, the boat was sinking, the water already to their waists. Half of their bodies were submerged, and struggling was futile.

The Ghost Lake could swallow everything, even malevolent ghosts. Even those of Captain Level would have a hard time standing firm here without specific strategies.

They thought the black boat might not bear everyone, but at least two people in the team had Ghost Domains for self-protection.

Who would have imagined Yang Jian's issue at the critical moment?

"I can't feel my body... not even the Ghost Shadow can be controlled." Yang Jian's face was pallid. He stood motionless.

He felt bitterly cold throughout, water continuously leaking from his skin. He was numb, as if frozen stiff, with impaired mobility.

Moreover, the Ghost Shadow was also affected, as though trapped within his body, unable to struggle or regain control.

The water seeping from his body possessed strong supernatural power, like a cage trapping the Ghost Shadow inside Yang Jian.

This was the first time such a situation had occurred.

Even Yang Jian didn't know why this was happening to him.

There were no signs, and then suddenly it happened without warning.

"The Ghost Lake couldn't have suddenly attacked me. It must be something Shen Lin did before that implicated me in the Ghost Lake. What exactly did he do in my memory?" Yang Jian realized the cause of the problem.

But now wasn't the time to think about it.

Li Jun's Ghost Domain failed; he couldn't bring anyone up from the Ghost Lake. He was stuck in place, unable to move.

The sinking continued.

Leuk San and Ah Hong urged Li Jun to retreat temporarily.

But Li Jun hesitated; he didn't want to abandon his comrade Shen Lin or retreat from the fight. It was unacceptable to him.

But he couldn't watch everyone else be submerged in the Ghost Lake and be wiped out here.

At this critical moment, personal decision-making was crucial.

"Damn it."

Li Jun let out a low growl, but he made his decision: "Retreat, I'll get you out of the Ghost Lake."

As soon as he said that,

The Ghost Flame reignited, but it was different this time. Ping'an Tower reappeared within the flame, existing in both reality and the Supernatural World.

At this moment, only through such an extreme method could Li Jun take everyone away.

"To Ping'an Tower, we can leave using this opportunity..." Li Jun said.

However, before he could finish speaking,

He suddenly sensed something. Looking down slightly,

his feet seemed entangled by something.

It was long black hair drifting underwater. A female corpse, swaying with the waves, approached him, unclear if intentionally or inadvertently.

As soon as the corpse touched Li Jun, it became incredibly heavy.

Like being bound with countless lead weights.

In an instant,

Li Jun didn't have even a chance to struggle or resist, and he was immediately pulled underwater, vanishing before the others.

"Li Jun."

The sudden change left Ah Hong and Leuk San stunned.

With Li Jun's sudden submersion, the Ghost Flame was extinguished, and the path to the Ghost Domain leading to Ping'an Tower vanished as well.

The escape route was blocked.

Instantly, a feeling of despair spread.

Shen Lin went missing, Yang Jian had issues and was invaded by the supernatural, Li Jun was pulled underwater, and the escape route was cut off... Now only Leuk San and Ah Hong were left.

"We can't get away. We're doomed to sink to the bottom."

Leuk San took a deep breath and looked at Ah Hong: "It was a mistake to come here. We couldn't hold out even before the ghost of the Ghost Lake appeared."

Ah Hong broke out in a cold sweat, her body still sinking, now only her head remained above water.

Powerless.

The lake water covered too much of the body. It's too late for self-rescue now. The water here can corrode the body and suppress the supernatural, reducing a ghost handler to an ordinary person.

"If I'd taken action from the start, maybe things wouldn't have turned so bad."

Ah Hong bit her lip: "Who could have thought three captains would have issues one after another? Our luck is just too bad."

She was not afraid of death.

If she were afraid of dying, Ah Hong would not have survived until today, but she remained very unwilling.

Clearly, four captains teamed up with such strength, why did it end up like this, with one mishap after another?

"Perhaps someone tampered with us, causing our luck to worsen." Leuk San said with a gloomy face, letting the lake water gradually cover his chin.

Ah Hong sharply looked at him, appearing very surprised.

"I don't believe in luck; I only believe in reality."

Leuk San said, "If it were just one person having a problem, I could understand, but so many people having problems together is absolutely unacceptable to me; this is the Supernatural World, and so-called accidents might not really be accidents."

In such a situation, he had no choice but to suspect if someone had cursed their group.

Otherwise, it is absolutely impossible.

"It's too late to say anything now, let's hope for the best." Ah Hong forced a bitter smile as she gradually submerged, sinking into the lake.

No miracle occurred, nor was there any other change, only the inevitable outcome.

"Once submerged, is there still a chance of coming out alive?" Leuk San took a deep breath, looking at the eerie Ghost Lake filled with countless corpses, with a complex emotion in his heart.

Shortly after, he too quietly submerged into the water.

The cold lake water swallowed everything.

At this moment, the lake surface was already empty, all people and items had sunk into the water.

Ordinary water can't drown those who control ghosts.

At least the captain level who became anomalies cannot be drowned by anyone; they can survive without eating, drinking, sleeping, or even breathing, because their activities rely on Supernatural Power, not normal bodily functions.

However, they were submerged in the Ghost Lake, a lake capable of drowning malevolent ghosts.

"Damn it."

Li Jun was ensnared by the black hair of a female corpse, wrapped around his feet, and though he was sinking, he remained conscious, attempting to break free from the hair's entanglement and ascend to the surface once more.

He was quite anxious.

Because Li Jun knew his mishap would lead to the failure of the retreat, possibly resulting in all being annihilated here.

"I must escape quickly." Li Jun struggled, growling.

But he was powerless.

After only a momentary struggle, his limbs shriveled, devoid of strength, and even moving them freely became extremely difficult.

He felt the lake water invading his body, suppressing the Ghost Flame within, causing an imbalance in his supernatural powers.

In the end, Li Jun was left as nothing more than a human skin, drifting down toward the lake bottom.

His Ghost Flame continued to burn and flicker in the water, emitting a sinister green glow, but to no avail.

Moreover, most critically, the dye on Li Jun's face was gradually peeling away... a strange, cold face was slowly emerging.

The Ghost Lake's influence was even causing Ah Hong's ghost makeup on the human skin to fade.

Once the makeup fully faded, Li Jun would no longer be Li Jun, just a human-skin ghost.

"Even Ah Hong, Leuk San, and Yang Jian have sunk into the water..."

In the water, Li Jun's sunglasses slipped off, and in his vacant eye sockets, the Ghost Flame flickered, seeing those who had similarly plunged into the water above.

He couldn't accept such an outcome.

Hoping someone could change the situation.

Li Jun finally looked toward Yang Jian, that guy who could create miracles.

But Yang Jian remained motionless, maintaining a standing posture, still gripping that cracked long spear, sinking like a statue.

It seemed that at this moment, even Yang Jian couldn't create a miracle.

"Wait, something seems to be floating up." Suddenly, Li Jun's remaining vision caught sight of something behaving abnormally, drifting up from the lake bottom toward the surface.

He saw clearly.

It was... a paper boat.

"It's the paper boat Yang Jian was holding earlier, which he placed on the wooden boat, and just now the wooden boat sank, yet this little paper boat actually floated up." Li Jun observed but couldn't reach to grasp the paper boat.

Because that paper boat was five meters away from him.

He couldn't stretch out even if he tried, and even if he could, he couldn't grab it.

The paper boat continued to float up, drifting past Li Jun, past Yang Jian, past Ah Hong, and finally surfaced.

The lake surface rippled, the floating paper boat swaying like it was mourning the dead souls.

But at this moment, how could a small paper boat change anything?

It could change nothing.

"They've all sunk into the Ghost Lake, and my body still can't move..."

Yang Jian's consciousness was also clear at this moment; the Ghost Lake suppressed the supernatural, but it couldn't destroy his consciousness.

He attempted to move, but his entire body was cold and numb, still uncontrollable.

"Damn it, if this continues, I might end up like the previous ghosts, eternally submerged here."

Yang Jian watched anxiously.

If his body hadn't experienced this anomaly, he could have used the Ghost Domain to rely on Li Jun's Ping'an Tower to leave this place.

He could even use supernatural items.

But everything he prepared and planned had been shattered.

Even Yang Jian himself didn't know why such a thing happened to him out of nowhere.

But in the memory from four years ago.

On that day on the school playground, Yang Jian's instincts did not perceive.

An ongoing supernatural confrontation.

The Evil Hound preserved in memory now gathered into a pack, tearing into the malevolent ghost.

Pale flesh scattered around, with fragmented corpses everywhere.

The malevolent ghost in Ghost Lake had possessed Shen Lin, invaded Yang Jian's memory, but now was being torn apart alive by the pack of Evil Hounds.

Not a single piece of the remains was whole.

Memory invasion failed.

But there is a price to failure,

Shen Lin's invasion failed, possessed by the ghost in Ghost Lake, and now the ghost's invasion failed, killed by the dogs, thus Ghost Lake too would be possessed... This is the paranormal rule within the memory, unchangeable, and even Shen Lin, the instigator, must abide by this rule.

Snarling, the sounds of tearing stopped.

A pack of large black dogs paced on the playground, their bloodthirsty red eyes watching the remnants of the malevolent ghost on the ground, still on guard.

But the outcome was certain; the world of memory began to collapse.

The school was disappearing, the playground was disappearing, the remains on the ground were disappearing... even the black wolves were gradually disappearing.

But this was Yang Jian's memory.

The owner of the memory, Yang Jian would not disappear.

He survived, thus he would inherit everything left.

According to the supernatural rules, Yang Jian was to replace the ghost in Ghost Lake, gain everything, and become the biggest winner.

Chapter 1109 - The Coffin at the Bottom of the Lake

Cold, deathly silence, unable to move.

This is the feeling of everyone after sinking into the Ghost Lake.

It felt as if their bodies were bound by something, no longer their own, drifting along the lake like lifeless corpses.

Yet, bizarrely, their consciousness remained clear, and they could still see everything in the water.

But they could only watch helplessly, powerless to act.

The situation was worst for Li Jun.

He was entangled by the hair of a corpse around his feet, sinking rapidly, with the dye on his human skin dispersing, and the Ghost Flame inside unable to burn as before, seemingly about to extinguish under its influence.

Li Jun was left with nothing but a piece of lifeless skin as he slowly withered away.

Ah Hong wasn't in a good situation either; she wasn't a supernatural being, just a ghost tamer.

After the ghost she commanded was suppressed by the Ghost Lake, her life was on a countdown.

She was going to drown, suffocate...

Leuk San was sinking slowly; he was still conscious, with his paper body sustaining him. He could see everything around but was unable to move.

His body was incredibly heavy, unable even to lift a finger.

"If I continue sinking in the Ghost Lake, my paper body will disintegrate in the water like before, but I remember there's a chance to float up after sinking into the water," Leuk San hadn't given up, still thinking of a way out.

"To escape, I must seize that chance to float up; perhaps the paper boat that floated up from the water earlier is an opportunity, an item Yang Jian brought from Ghost Street, suspected to be related to a paper crafting shop."

His mind was clear.

He paid close attention to all the information around him, looking for a suitable opportunity.

Leuk San even glanced down at Yang Jian below him.

"What's wrong with him? He hasn't moved or spoken since the beginning, not even struggling when the boat was sinking. This is unlike him. Could it be that there's a serious issue with him?"

"At this critical moment, has his luck run out too? If so, I can't concern myself with him."

Leuk San withdrew his gaze.

He excluded Yang Jian from his next actions.

The sinking continued.

They'd reached a deep part of the water, submerged with many corpses, scattered and incomplete, ordinary people who died in the Ghost Lake. There were many, as if passing through a sea of floating corpses, their bloated skin and hollow, white eyes made one's scalp tingle.

The ghost tamers couldn't stay here; they continued sinking.

But at that moment.

The skin on Leuk San began to peel and scatter... no, it wasn't his skin; it was the paper adhered to him, layer by layer, indistinguishable from flesh for a moment. But under the water, it finally lost some supernatural support and fell away.

Yellow paper peeled off.

Another appearance of Leuk San gradually emerged, his body more genuine, devoid of that cheap paper texture.

It seemed this person hidden within the paper figure was the real Leuk San.

But no one dared to be sure.

"It's now." Leuk San felt his body regain movement at this moment.

He abruptly raised his head and frantically swam upwards.

"The opportunity is singular, and the surface position is crucial." Leuk San fixated on a spot on the lake's surface.

That spot.

A small paper boat drifted on the surface, gently swaying.

Perhaps it was a lifeline for the drowning.

Leuk San ascended quickly.

He wasn't alive, needing no breath, so there was no worry of drowning, giving him ample time to act.

"This guy, he really has a way to escape here."

This scene was witnessed by Yang Jian; he was immobilized but could see and hear.

As Leuk San fled, Yang Jian harbored no resentment.

At this moment of failure, leaving by one's ability was understandable.

"But right now, the most dangerous is Ah Hong. As a ghost tamer, if she sinks too deep and the ghost in her gets fully suppressed, she'll drown here. If she dies, Li Jun will be buried here afterward, triggering a chain reaction."

"Right now, I can't move. Rather than worrying about others, it's better to care for myself first."

Yang Jian kept trying to move his body.

But to no avail.

From the start, his body was ice-cold and numb, even the Ghost Shadow trapped inside, unable to struggle or move.

This was not due to falling into the Ghost Lake, but a condition from before.

The descent continued.

After passing the first layer of corpses, the lower water held more scattered bodies, not as many, some belonging to ghost tamers. Among them was a corpse of a previous Zhongzhou City's manager.

Yet Yang Jian did not halt at this layer.

He kept sinking.

The deeper he went, the colder the water became, enveloped in darkness, impenetrable by light.

But Li Jun stayed nearby, his Ghost Flame still burning, albeit with an extinguishing feel, yet casting an eerie glow like a candle, illuminating the surroundings.

Li Jun was stuck here, unable to continue descending.

Yang Jian observed the surroundings.

Most here were no longer ghost tamers but true ghosts; Yang Jian saw many bizarre and intact corpses, unchanged from when they were first dead. Their bodies weren't waterlogged, unyielding, simply in a sleeping state, with potential to awaken.

"The deeper one sinks, the more terrifying the supernatural power possessed. Li Jun staying at this depth indicates that in the Ghost Lake's determination, he is no different from a real ghost."

Yang Jian understood.

"Wait, that is..."

Suddenly.

He spotted a familiar corpse.

The familiarity stemmed from the clothes on the corpse.

That was a uniform of a person in charge, indicating the corpse was once a Ghost Tamer from headquarters.

As Yang Jian continued sinking, his perspective subtly altered.

He saw the identity of the ghost tamer in the uniform.

It was... Cao Yang.

Cao Yang's body lay motionless, fate unknown, but in his slightly rigid hand, he still clutched a black-haired, eerie pair of scissors.

It was the Ghost Scissors, once in Fang Shiming's possession from his circle of friends.

Clearly, Cao Yang used the Ghost Scissors in a past struggle against the Ghost Lake but was still drawn into it.

As Yang Jian gazed at Cao Yang's body.

Cao Yang's eyeballs eerily shifted, seemingly looking towards Yang Jian.

"This guy... is he still alive?"

Instantly, Yang Jian realized.

Cao Yang wasn't dead; he was still alive, trapped in the Ghost Lake, unable to escape, much like himself now.

His consciousness was clear, but his body couldn't act.

Nonetheless, Yang Jian's descent continued.

This indicated the third layer of the Ghost Lake couldn't fully trap him; thus, he needed to sink deeper.

But passing this layer, with Yang Jian's continued descent, the icy and numb sensation slowly faded from his body...

This wasn't an illusion; it was real.

Yang Jian's fingers twitched slightly.

The scarlet Ghost Eye gradually opened a sliver.

Gradually.

He sank into the fourth layer.

Here lay the bottom of the Ghost Lake.

Yang Jian had reached the bottom.

It was pitch black, impossible to discern the surroundings.

But through the slight opening of his Ghost Eye, he glimpsed the lake bed.

Some rubble, some sediment, nothing extraordinary.

Yet his Ghost Eye locked onto something.

A black coffin.

The coffin was large, lying silently at the lake bottom, with its lid partially ajar, a few strands of eerie black hair drifting out, swaying in the water like aquatic plants.

Besides that, there was nothing else.

"Is that the source that created this Ghost Lake? A black coffin, similar to the coffin that once imprisoned the Ghost Envoy." Yang Jian's Ghost Eye fixated on that place.

The cold and numbness in his body faded a bit more.

Vaguely, he seemed to sense something within the coffin.

Chapter 1110 - Theft

Late night.

Outside Taiping Ancient Town.

Feng Quan was carrying two bodies wrapped in sheets, following Boss Liu from the inn to a wasteland by a riverside outside Taiping Ancient Town.

This wasteland was overgrown with wild grass, and the growth was particularly lush, taller than a person and verdant, in contrast to the other areas where the wild grass was short, weak, and wilted. It was unknown if the wasteland was fertile or if it was due to the proximity to the river and abundant water source.

"This is it." Boss Liu stopped.

In the black night, his shadow stretched long, the dim oil lamp flickered unsteadily, finally bringing Feng Quan here.

This was a burial ground.

In the old days, it was often referred to as a mass grave.

"Dig a pit and bury these two bodies here."

Boss Liu pointed to a relatively clear patch of ground with fewer weeds in front.

Feng Quan's numb gaze moved slightly: "Are all the people who die in the town buried here? No wonder the wild grass on this wasteland is growing so lush, yet people die and disappear one after another, and it doesn't attract any attention?"

"You know what kind of place Taiping Ancient Town is, don't you? Do you think ordinary people can investigate anything here?" Boss Liu laughed: "Don't you want to know the secrets of this place? Help me, and I can tell you some of it."

"I want to know about Ghost Lake. How much do you know?" Feng Quan didn't expect this boss to be so direct and bring it up without any prompting from himself.

This was fine.

It saved him the time of beating around the bush.

Immediately, Feng Quan tossed the two heavy bodies to the ground and began digging a pit with the old, dirt-covered shovel in his hand, preparing to bury the couple's bodies in this wasteland.

Although these two people were innocent.

But when it comes to supernatural events, it's always like this; people will die.

Feng Quan was accustomed to life and death, and two dead bodies were nothing unusual to him; compared to a real supernatural incident, having only two people dead was already minimal casualties.

When a supernatural incident erupts outside, dozens, hundreds, or even thousands of people die each time.

The bizarre dirt-stained shovel was a supernatural item, but it could still be used to shovel dirt without causing any special supernatural phenomena.

"Ghost Lake, huh."

Boss Liu squatted down in a spot with fewer weeds, holding the oil lamp. He skillfully lit a cigarette from a pack he retrieved from somewhere, then took a deep drag.

After exhaling a smoke ring, Boss Liu slowly said, "It all started with a coffin, a black coffin placed in the back hall of Taiping Ancient Town's ancestral hall... This was decades ago. I remember it from my childhood. Although it's been a long time, certain memories from childhood remain particularly vivid."

"That coffin was one of them."

Feng Quan paused in his digging and looked at Boss Liu: "What was special about that coffin? Was a fierce ghost trapped inside?"

Boss Liu said, "From the start of my memory, that coffin was already in the ancestral hall. I don't know how long it had been there, probably an old coffin from the Republic of China Period, but an old coffin like that didn't concern me. After all, at that time, it was customary for every household in the ancient town to have a coffin prepared."

"Until one day, when I went outside at night to relieve myself, I inadvertently wandered near the ancestral hall and vaguely heard a woman's crying."

"Taiping Ancient Town has many taboos. Not going out after dark is one, and the second is not entering the ancestral hall at night... That day, I broke both taboos. I was drawn by the crying and climbed over the wall into the ancestral hall, curious as to which girl was crying at night."

Boss Liu continued smoking and said, "I followed the crying and went to the back hall of the ancestral hall. There I saw an old, black coffin."

"Without a doubt, the crying was coming from that coffin, and there was a puddle of water around it, as if it were tears coming from inside the coffin."

"Perhaps it was youthful ignorance, or maybe just curiosity. I thought a girl was trapped inside, so I wanted to open the coffin and save that person."

"Did you open it?" Feng Quan put down the shovel and asked.

Boss Liu laughed: "No, I tried to lift the coffin lid, but someone stopped me. It was a person I didn't know. I still remember what that person looked like: a man in a black long gown, full of wrinkles, looking as if dead. He stopped me and smiled, advising me to leave."

"At that moment, I was a bit dazed and wandered away in a muddle. Later, I found out that there was no girl trapped in that coffin, that it was an empty coffin left there for a long time, and that there was no old man in a long gown in the ancestral hall."

"And that was the first time I became aware of the town's secret, as well as my first involvement in the supernatural world."

At this point, Boss Liu seemed somewhat sentimental.

"What happened afterward?" Feng Quan continued digging the pit, listening to Boss Liu narrate his eerie past experiences.

Boss Liu said, "Later on, for a period of time, the woman's crying was constantly heard from the ancestral hall, especially clear at night. I didn't know what it meant back then, only that one day, some elders in Taiping Ancient Town made a decision to move the coffin out of the ancestral hall and bury it somewhere, similar to what we are doing today."

"Buried? Buried where?" Feng Quan keenly noticed that the burial grounds of that coffin could be the origin of the brewing of a Ghost Domain.

Boss Liu, smoking and squinting, said, "Buried beyond the real world, in a supernatural place inaccessible to the living. The coffin was hauled away on a black ship, and no one knows where it ended up. But ever since that night, the crying in Taiping Ancient Town ceased, and everything returned to peace."

"A black ship? What was that?" Feng Quan asked further.

"The older generation says it's a Ghost Ship that ferries the dead away. If a living person boards it, they can never come back, but that's just a story to scare children, something I don't believe in." Boss Liu showed a slight smile at this point.

The smile was somewhat eerie, as if he was recalling something peculiar.

"The reason the living can't return is because they don't want the living to come back on the boat since there's a ghost on board. As long as one rides the boat, they will suffer from the curse of a fierce ghost, subject to misfortune and danger, which no one can avoid. So, strictly speaking, it's a road of no return, which isn't incorrect."

Feng Quan's expression shifted: "If there's a ghost on the boat, can't it be captured and dealt with?"

"Perhaps the ship itself is the ghost."

Boss Liu glanced at him: "Young people always think things are that simple. Do you think a boat capable of sending off the dead is ordinary? Okay, enough about the ship; let's talk about Ghost Lake, which you're interested in."

"Actually, I had already heard about Ghost Lake before you all arrived. The moment I heard the news, I immediately thought of that black coffin that was taken away... So many years have passed; if something were to happen, it would likely be happening around now."

"I just didn't expect that the coffin taken away on the Ghost Ship would eventually form Ghost Lake, even affecting the outside world."

Feng Quan frowned: "So, is this the truth about Ghost Lake? Didn't you previously say that the out-of-control situation of Ghost Lake was due to too many ghosts being imprisoned?"

"I was talking about the cause of Ghost Lake, not its function. Whatever people did with that coffin wasn't something I, as a child at the time, could understand." Boss Liu said.

"The function of Ghost Lake to imprison fierce ghosts is something I inferred and speculated on later."

"So that's how it is." Feng Quan nodded.

That makes a lot of sense.

This Boss Liu is merely a witness, not a participant.

"So, finding that coffin and dealing with the ghost inside can solve the Ghost Lake incident?" Feng Quan continued.

"Things are not that simple..." Boss Liu said, turning his head to look down the small river into the distance.

In the distance, it was pitch black, with nothing visible, only a vague glimmer on the river surface.

"If the ghost inside that coffin was so easy to deal with, the elders wouldn't have needed to transport that coffin away in the past. Using Ghost Lake to imprison ferocious ghosts is definitely not the best option; it might just be a forced choice. Otherwise, Ghost Lake should have formed long ago."

Boss Liu then expressed his concerns.

Feng Quan was silent, having already dug a very deep pit that would be hard to find.

Rustling sounds continued in this overgrown wasteland.

Two corpses began to be buried.

And in Ghost Lake.

Yang Jian, akin to a sculpture, had not eternally sunk into the cold, dark lake water.

As time passed, the coldness on his body slowly began to fade away. This sensation wasn't physical but rather an eerie repression that was gradually weakening. No, the supernatural forces in Ghost Lake hadn't weakened; instead, their impact on him was diminishing.

This change was strange and hard to describe.

But at least, Yang Jian could now open his ghost eyes to peer into the lake depths, and his limbs were gradually able to move.

If this change continued, it was believed that Yang Jian could regain mobility in the lake.

"I can wait it out, but Ah Hong and Li Jun cannot. This operation has just begun, and we can't suffer too great a loss. The most urgent thing is to find a way to save Ah Hong. As long as Ah Hong doesn't die, Li Jun won't either, and this operation won't be a failure."

At this moment, with a slight improvement, Yang Jian began to think about how to reverse the situation.

He felt that he must find a way to ensure Ah Hong's safety.

But what could he do in his current state?

The ghost eye rotated.

At the lake bottom, Yang Jian saw not only the slightly open black coffin but also a red lacquered cupboard partially buried in mud in an inconspicuous corner.

That was... the Ghost Cabinet.

The Ghost Cabinet was lying tilted in the mud, seemingly trapped and unable to escape.

"What on earth is this Ghost Cabinet? Its curse even extends into Ghost Lake." Yang Jian was bewildered and uncertain.

The appearance of the Ghost Cabinet seemed to remind him that even in such a place, transactions could still proceed.

"Trying to take advantage of the situation, wanting me to start a new round of transactions right now?"

He gradually understood the Ghost Cabinet's intention.

In such a desperate situation, it indeed easily prompted a desperate urge for help.

But Yang Jian remained calm, not panicking at all.

Even if trapped here, he could survive for a long time, with no immediate threat of death.

At this moment.

Yang Jian's limbs regained some movement, and he found that he could slowly walk along the lake bottom.

With mobility restored, his mind became active once more.

"I don't need the Ghost Cabinet for self-preservation, so starting a transaction would be unwise. However, if I utilize the Ghost Cabinet, perhaps I can save Ah Hong. As long as Ah Hong and Li Jun are safe and I regain full mobility, everything will improve. Without Li Jun's Ghost Flame connecting Ping'an Tower, it will be hard to leave here."

Yang Jian's ghost eyes continued to fixate on the nearby Ghost Cabinet.

After a brief contemplation, he thought of a special method.

A method that doesn't require initiating a transaction but can use the Ghost Cabinet to save Ah Hong.

Yang Jian was unable to move his limbs flexibly, but underwater his body was buoyant, allowing limited movement.

He struggled towards the Ghost Cabinet, while simultaneously pulling out a sticker from his body.

This was a Wish Sticker, capable of realizing a written wish, acquired earlier from a little girl named Zhao Ya.

"The Wish Stickers' power will likely be nullified in Ghost Lake, but if I write down a wish to save Ah Hong and send it to the Ghost Cabinet, then the cabinet could shield it from Ghost Lake's influence. By then, the Wish Sticker could work, and once it does, it would conflict with the Ghost Cabinet's transactions."

"Would it be the Ghost Cabinet's transaction that works, or the Wish Sticker's effect? Or would both be affected and not work at all?"

This is a clash of the supernatural.

And it's the only way Yang Jian could think of to save Ah Hong.

Once this step succeeded, he could quietly wait for his full recovery to escape Ghost Lake's influence and return to the surface.

"As for that coffin, I can't deal with it for the time being; I don't have the ability to approach what seems to be the source of Ghost Lake right now."

Approaching the Ghost Cabinet, Yang Jian's ghost eye glanced again at the black coffin.

A certain connection and sensation were growing stronger.

He knew that he was affected by whatever was inside that coffin, which helped him regain mobility. Otherwise, he would drift helplessly in the water like the others.

In fact.

Yang Jian was unaware that it wasn't the ghost in the coffin influencing him.

It was because, in the world of memories, he had defeated the ghost invading his memories and was now using the supernatural force within the Ghost Domain.

No.

Strictly speaking, it wasn't possession because the ghost was still in Ghost Lake, not in Yang Jian himself.

Yet, somehow, Yang Jian was gradually gaining the supernatural power of Ghost Lake.

Thus, it is more apt to call it pilfering.

Yang Jian was unknowingly pilfering the supernatural power of Ghost Lake.

As for the limits of this pilfering, no one knew.