

Revival 1111

Chapter 1111 - Supernatural Conflict

The Ghost Cabinet is evidently not just an ordinary supernatural item.

The curse of the Ghost Cabinet is unlike other curses, even at the bottom of Ghost Lake, it still exists.

And it can still initiate a transaction.

Yang Jian thought it was impossible to continue the transaction with the Ghost Cabinet during this Ghost Lake incident, but under such circumstances, he had to initiate this transaction to save Ah Hong's life, only then could he save Li Jun and turn the tide.

However, he did not proceed with the transaction directly.

Instead, he chose the Wish Sticker as the carrier for the transaction content this time.

"Will the Wish Sticker fulfill the wish to save Ah Hong, or will the transaction rules of the Ghost Cabinet prevail? Under this supernatural clash, one party is bound to be affected." Yang Jian's gaze flickered.

Even underwater, his ghostly eyes remained fixed on the old-fashioned cabinet painted in bright red lacquer in front of him.

In his heart, he hoped that the vengeful ghost fulfilling the wish would defeat the Ghost Cabinet, because only then could he break the curse of the Ghost Cabinet.

However, the supernatural is always filled with uncertainty; if you don't try things, you'll never know what the result will be.

In the chilly lake water,

Yang Jian's limbs, though stiff, were already able to move.

He reached the side of the Ghost Cabinet and took out a crumpled sticker.

Even underwater, the sticker remained dry.

Clearly, there was an invisible supernatural power residing in this sticker. Although the waters of Ghost Lake also possess supernatural power, they couldn't completely erode this sticker.

The belongings he carried were a bit miscellaneous.

Yang Jian even found a specially made pen in his shirt pocket. He tried it, and it could still write underwater.

Immediately.

He unhesitatingly wrote a sentence on this sticker: Ah Hong will not drown.

Yang Jian could avoid mentioning the appearance of Ghost Lake, fearing that mentioning a supernatural event would increase the difficulty, making the wish hard to fulfill, or the transaction with the Ghost Cabinet too difficult, leading to transaction failure.

Neither scenario was something he wanted to see.

So, he didn't write something like Ah Hong cannot be killed by Ghost Lake, just simply Ah Hong will not drown.

The simpler it is, the more effective it can often be.

After writing this sentence, Yang Jian unhesitatingly stuffed the Wish Sticker into the Ghost Cabinet.

The doors of the Ghost Cabinet seem to shield against the intrusion of lake water. Once the Wish Sticker is released from the constraints of Ghost Lake, the wish on the sticker would be immediately realized. Simultaneously, the transaction of the Ghost Cabinet would restart...

In the pitch blackness, where even the ghostly eyes could not peer inside the cabinet doors of the Ghost Cabinet, the rules of the Ghost Cabinet's transaction began to operate as the Wish Sticker was inserted.

Yang Jian's request was not excessive, merely asking for a person not to drown.

Therefore, fulfilling this request was quite a simple matter.

However, just as the Ghost Cabinet was about to complete the transaction, the supernatural associated with the Wish Sticker also manifested at this moment.

This was another exceedingly simple wish that could be easily fulfilled.

Thus, the supernatural conflict began.

"An anomaly has appeared." Abruptly, Yang Jian sensed something was wrong and immediately backed away.

The Ghost Cabinet, sunken in the water, began to tremble and shake violently, initially subtly but then more and more so. Soon, viscous blood started leaking continuously from the cabinet doors, dyeing the surrounding lake water red.

"Bang!"

Suddenly.

A sound like an explosion rang out, and the cabinet door of the Ghost Cabinet unexpectedly opened halfway. A small piece of Wish Sticker slowly drifted out from within.

The piece of sticker was now entirely different from before, stained with fresh blood, turning a bright and eerie crimson.

The Ghost Cabinet was still shaking.

Yang Jian even saw cracks begin to appear in the cabinet door of the Ghost Cabinet, as if a very strong supernatural force was interfering within it.

"Just as expected, the Wish Sticker and the Ghost Cabinet are causing a strong supernatural conflict. Under this conflict, unimaginable situations might occur."

Yang Jian distanced himself sufficiently, confident that this distance would not affect his safety.

Meanwhile.

In an inconspicuous small town, two hundred kilometers away from the headquarters.

Liu Siyue was currently residing in a rather secluded residential building with Zhao Xiaoya.

She had been resurrected by Yang Jian using the Deceiving Ghost Necklace and had her memory altered, her duty was to take care of Zhao Xiaoya and teach her to better control the vengeful ghost lingering around her.

It was already one o'clock in the deep night.

Though Liu Siyue was not exactly a normal human, she still relied on her bodily functions to move, hence she was asleep at this time.

In the room next door,

as Zhao Xiaoya lay on the bed asleep, without any warning, her eyes suddenly opened wide.

There was no sparkle in her eyes, carrying an indescribable eeriness.

But gradually, the sparkle returned to Zhao Xiaoya's eyes.

She turned her head, looking towards the spot beside her bed, as if someone had been watching her all along. Even at night, that presence would hover around her, never leaving her side.

However, at this moment,

Zhao Xiaoya's gaze shifted. She first looked beside the bed, then towards the bed's position, and then towards the location of the room door.

"Creak....."

In the black night, the tightly shut room door eerily opened.

In the empty living room, it seemed as though ambiguous footsteps echoed faintly, those footsteps were somewhat hurried, and gradually moved further away.

"Where are you going?"

Zhao Xiaoya suddenly flipped up, barefoot as she got down from the bed and chased after it.

She left the room, ran into the living room, but immediately after, the entrance security door somehow opened, and the staircase outside echoed with more hurried footsteps heading downwards.

"Wait for me."

Zhao Xiaoya, wearing a nightgown and barefoot, chased outside.

However, the stairwell was pitch black, her pace was not quick, and by the time she got down to the street outside, she could only see an empty street, with all the street lamps flickering, and the entire area's brightness seemed deliberately dimmed, leaving everything hazy.

Only in the distance, a darkness beyond the reach of the streetlights was moving further away.

The speed was incredible, almost unbelievable.

The Deceiving Ghost that lingered around Zhao Xiaoya, capable of fulfilling wishes, was swiftly leaving.

Zhao Xiaoya stood in the middle of the street, staring dazedly in the direction the ghost was heading.

"Xiao Ya, why did you run out?" After an unknown amount of time, a gentle voice appeared behind Zhao Xiaoya.

Liu Siyue was slightly out of breath. She sensed something was wrong and rushed over as soon as she became clear-headed.

Her task was to care for Zhao Xiaoya and prevent the malicious ghost near her from going out of control, so she couldn't relax her vigilance for a moment.

"It left, without even saying goodbye. I don't know if it will come back..." Zhao Xiaoya lowered her head slightly, feeling very dejected, and somewhat sad and upset.

It?

Undoubtedly, "it" referred to the ghost near Zhao Xiaoya.

Liu Siyue's gaze shifted slightly. She couldn't understand this phenomenon either. All she knew was that before Zhao Xiaoya died, the ghost could not leave.

Only when Zhao Xiaoya died would the ghost seek a next host.

"Maybe it just went out for a bit, and it will be back in a few days. Even adults have to go to work and have their own things to do." Liu Siyue squatted down, smiling as she comforted Zhao Xiaoya.

"Let's go home and wait, okay? It's not safe to stand on the road at night. It would be bad if we encountered danger. Come, follow me back to sleep, maybe when we wake up, it will be back."

As she spoke, she reached out to hold Zhao Xiaoya's hand.

Zhao Xiaoya, however, broke free with a flick, stepped back a few paces, and her face showed an indescribable expression, a kind of resentment: "It must be you who drove it away. It's all your fault. If you hadn't appeared, it wouldn't have left."

"When it comes back, I'll make it drive you away. I don't want you anymore."

Seeing the resentment in Zhao Xiaoya's eyes, Liu Siyue's smile froze, and an inexplicable chill rose in her heart.

Undoubtedly.

Once that ghost comes back, Zhao Xiaoya's words would be enough to make that ghost kill her.

Now, Liu Siyue was safe because the ghost left for some unknown reason, rendering Zhao Xiaoya's wish ineffective, unable to be fulfilled.

"I must quickly correct her thoughts, or I won't be able to stay here. Hopefully, the ghost will stay away for a few more days, or it'll be troublesome." Liu Siyue thought to herself.

Even though she was resurrected by Yang Jian and entrusted with duties and missions, she had her own independent thoughts too. Therefore, after finally coming back to life, she didn't want to be killed by supernatural power again.

Liu Siyue wanted to live on.

Meanwhile, in Ghost Lake.

The vibrations of the Ghost Cabinet grew more intense, to the point where one of its cupboard doors was shaken loose, split open in the water, and its red paint peeled off, finally becoming a few inconspicuous pieces of rotten wood that merged into the sediment at the bottom of the lake.

The intensity of the supernatural confrontation was somewhat extraordinary.

Even the Ghost Cabinet was suffering damage.

It can be imagined that the malicious ghost capable of fulfilling wishes is definitely a very terrifying existence.

Crack! Crack! Bang!

Just as Yang Jian was observing and thinking.

Suddenly.

In the midst of violent vibrations, the Ghost Cabinet briefly returned to calm for a few seconds. Just as he thought the matter was over, the cabinet suddenly showed hideous cracks, the wood endlessly split, and accompanied by a dull thud, the red painted wooden cabinet suddenly exploded.

The lake water churned, wood fragments were everywhere.

Once disintegrated, the wood in the water quickly oxidized, the red paint fell off, the wood decayed, and in an instant, the Ghost Cabinet vanished just like that.

At the same moment the Ghost Cabinet shattered.

In the waters of Ghost Lake.

Ah Hong had already lost consciousness. Her supernatural power inside her was suppressed by the lake water, so she couldn't survive in the water on her own, let alone float to the surface, causing her to drown and faint like an ordinary person.

But she hadn't completely died yet. If immediate resuscitation was performed now, she could still wake up.

After all, the drowning time was short, rescue was still possible.

But this wasn't going to happen, so Ah Hong now was just like the other corpses, silently soaking in the lake water until Ghost Lake swallowed the last wisp of her life.

However, at this moment.

Ah Hong, who was supposed to die from drowning, unexpectedly felt her consciousness gradually clear up, awakening from unconsciousness.

An unprecedented feeling emerged in Ah Hong's heart.

She felt as if she could breathe underwater.

No.

Not breathing. It seemed like the lake water could no longer have any effect on her, even though Ah Hong's body remained immobile.

Ah Hong was successfully rescued.

But whether this was due to the Wish Sticker or the Ghost Cabinet's transaction remained unknown.

Only one thing was certain.

Ghost Lake couldn't prevent this from happening.

"Did the malicious ghost that fulfills wishes win?"

Yang Jian saw the Ghost Cabinet shatter and instinctively thought the wish ghost had won, as he couldn't grasp Liu Siyue's situation.

"Whether the wish was fulfilled or not, whether one side won or lost, I only did what I should. If Ah Hong survives in the end, great. If not, there's nothing I can do. But one thing is sure now, the curse of the Ghost Cabinet might already be resolved by the method of supernatural counterbalance I used."

He felt that no matter what, he wasn't losing out.

The shattering of the Ghost Cabinet was also a good thing.

After all, last time Yang Jian used the Firewood Knife to break the Ghost Cabinet to solve this trouble once and for all.

He didn't want to engage in transactions with the Ghost Cabinet.

"Hmm?"

Perhaps Yang Jian was too focused on the Ghost Cabinet, and now that it disappeared, he felt a slight sense of something.

He seemed to vaguely perceive a pair of eyes secretly peering at him.

Looking towards a disturbing direction.

It was the black coffin at the center of the lakebed.

The coffin's lid was slightly opened, revealing some movements inside.

Just now, from that corner inside the coffin, a spying gaze was cast, causing an involuntary alert.

Chapter 1112: The Out-of-Control Lake

At the bottom of the lake, the most troublesome thing is not the Ghost Cabinet that constantly appears around Yang Jian.

Obviously, that black coffin is the most dangerous existence.

Through the corner of the coffin lid that was open, Yang Jian could even feel a gaze peering at him.

This wasn't an illusion; that gaze had been there all along. He didn't feel wrong; there was indeed something in the coffin staring at him.

"The source of the Ghost Lake's fierce ghost is suspected to be inside this black coffin." At this moment, the chill and numbness in Yang Jian's body had dissipated quite a bit.

He now felt that he could almost move normally.

But that's all for now; he couldn't use more of his supernatural power. He didn't know if it was because of the surrounding lake water or if there was something wrong with himself. In any case, he was limited now.

For this reason, Yang Jian didn't approach the black coffin immediately but instead used the Wish Sticker and the Ghost Cabinet to save Ah Hong.

"Can I handle the ghost in the coffin with my current state?" He was hesitating at the moment.

Internally, he wasn't very confident.

But it wasn't to the point of despair, because Yang Jian still had the Coffin Nail and the Firewood Knife in his hands. Even if the supernatural was limited, he had the capital to oppose any supernatural force.

"However, I feel my body is recovering. Should I wait a bit longer, or should I try to act now?" Yang Jian clenched the cracked long spear in his hand.

He could feel that his condition was gradually recovering.

The influence of the Ghost Lake on him was weakening continuously.

It seemed like Yang Jian was adapting to this environment.

This situation was a bit against the norm, because Li Jun and Cao Yang were still soaking in the lake water and unable to move. He was also a ghost handler, so logically, he should end up like them. But he became an exception.

This was definitely not accidental.

It certainly had something to do with the situation that occurred with him earlier on the small black boat.

"I shouldn't rush it. Since my condition is improving, I should wait a bit longer. The ghost hasn't made a move on me yet, which indicates I'm safe for now. Moreover, this coffin has been submerged in the lake water for so long, waiting a bit longer likely won't be an issue."

After weighing it, Yang Jian chose to let himself adapt a bit more before taking action.

But his ghost eye still focused on the corner of the coffin that was open.

Under such scrutiny, Yang Jian gradually discovered that the thing inside the coffin seemed familiar to him, some inexplicable connection.

This feeling was very strange.

Moreover, as time passed, this feeling grew stronger.

As he was peering at the fierce ghost, it seemed that the fierce ghost inside the coffin was also peering at him.

Although Yang Jian couldn't see clearly inside the coffin through the open corner, he could feel that eerie gaze from inside the coffin.

However, what he didn't know was.

While he was alert towards the black coffin and waiting for his body to recover, the entire Ghost Lake was undergoing some creepy transformation without notice.

All around Yang Jian, invisible water currents seemed to appear in the lake water. These currents stirred the stagnant lake water, causing the corpses soaking in the lake to sway and even to start drifting. Surprisingly, the direction they drifted was unanimously towards Yang Jian.

However, not all the corpses behaved like this. Most of them floated quietly in the water, motionless.

The occurrence of this situation meant that Yang Jian was unconsciously affecting the operation of the entire Ghost Lake, breaking some long-standing balance.

Meanwhile.

"Splash!"

The sound of breaking water resounded on the lake surface. In the murky depths of the lake, a hand soaked to a pale white suddenly lunged out forcefully.

The water rippled.

A paper boat floating on the surface was now rocking violently.

But that pale hand accurately and unerringly grasped the paper boat, as if grabbing onto a lifeline.

The paper boat swayed, but eerily enough, the little paper boat did not sink.

In the next moment.

Leuk San's head emerged from the water. His entire body was soaking wet, as if he had been immersed for a long time. Yet, having emerged from the water, he wasn't gasping for fresh air as expected. He didn't even pant, his expression unchanged, only with a hint of relief in his eyes.

"Sure enough, just like I guessed, this paper boat being able to float to the surface from the depths of the Ghost Lake proves that the Ghost Lake cannot swallow it. Floating on the lake surface indicates that this paper boat relies not on buoyancy, but on an indescribable supernatural power."

"It seems like a paper boat, but in terms of carrying capacity, it might even surpass the small black wooden boat."

Leuk San gripped the paper boat with one hand, and no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't push it into the water.

This paper boat was more than enough to carry his weight alone.

Therefore, he was saved, with no immediate danger of sinking to the bottom of the lake.

But the situation remained grim, for Leuk San still had to find a way to leave here. He had no intention of floating on this lake forever, nor staying in this eerie place.

"Can I try to swim to shore?"

Leuk San looked at the distance.

Ghost Lake is not endless; it has a terminus, and it's not far from him. If he relies on the paper boat to float a while, he might be able to reach the shore and escape Ghost Lake.

Do it.

Leuk San began to paddle.

Using the buoyancy of a paper boat, he attempted to swim ashore in the clumsiest manner.

Although this method may not necessarily work, it's the best plan he could think of at the moment. After all, his body is still soaking in the lake water, and in this situation, his supernatural power is greatly disturbed and suppressed; even if he has methods, he can't implement them.

Yet, right now, the changes occurring at Ghost Lake are becoming more significant, even though Ghost Lake itself remains tranquil, the surroundings are different.

Outside Taiping Ancient Town.

Feng Quan was currently flattening a grave mound with a shovel; out of habit, he built a grave for the two innocent deceased, leaving some traces for future identification. After all, he wasn't the killer, and burying the corpse wasn't for destroying evidence, so he wasn't feeling guilty about it.

"This is bad."

However, right then, Boss Liu, who had been crouching and smoking, unbeknownst to anyone, had stood up. He gazed far away with a deep frown.

"What's bad?" Feng Quan followed his gaze.

There was a river, extending towards Zhongzhou City, even though it was nighttime, he could vaguely see the distant cityscape.

"That thing is back." Boss Liu said solemnly.

Feng Quan didn't possess ghost eyes, and couldn't observe the distant situation; he continued to ask, "What exactly are you talking about?"

"Ghost Lake, it's what you referred to as that Ghost Lake; it has broken free and is about to appear."

Boss Liu realized something and immediately started running towards Taiping Ancient Town: "If that Ghost Lake emerges, Taiping Ancient Town is surely going to get flooded; I must hurry to prepare..."

He ran fast.

Only a series of urgent footsteps echoed, and soon his figure disappeared into the Black Night, never to be seen again.

"Ghost Lake breaking free? About to appear?" Feng Quan was no fool; he realized something instantly and looked towards the direction from before.

In the next moment.

Thick fog began rising around, and Feng Quan quickly approached the direction where Ghost Lake was supposedly appearing.

Undoubtedly, something Yang Jian, Li Jun, and others did triggered a special phenomenon, he must take a look.

Meanwhile, on the other side.

Boss Liu had returned to Taiping Ancient Town, but before he could cross the old archway and enter the old district, he was blocked.

Blocking him was the old man guarding the ancestral hall, holding a flickering oil lamp. His pale eye shifted uneasily, standing motionless in the middle of the old bluestone road, seemingly waiting for someone.

"Something's happened." Boss Liu also holding an oil lamp, straightforwardly said.

"I know, let's wait for the others." the one-eyed elderly man slowly spoke, as if he was already aware of the situation outside.

Soon.

From an alley near the ancient town emerged a woman around fifty. She looked quite old, and her clothing style was outdated, seeming somewhat out of place in modern society, and she was also holding an oil lamp.

"Letting people outside mess around sure caused problems. They should've drowned those people in the river earlier; problems were bound to arise sooner or later anyway, but at least it would've stalled for some years, right? Now, since I'm out, who is going to wash the clothes at home?"

The woman spoke, her voice not only hoarse but also vicious.

The one-eyed old man snorted softly, appearing dissatisfied: "None of the ghost handlers from outside can be touched; that's the rule."

"The previous generation all died off, still preserving such a lousy rule for what." the woman sneered, derisively.

"Rules are rules; Taiping Ancient Town survives by adhering to them. Without rules, there wouldn't be Taiping Town." the one-eyed old man said nothing further, merely wore a grim face,

Boss Liu changed the topic at this moment, asking: "Just the three of us?"

"There's one more." the one-eyed old man said.

No sooner had he finished speaking than a tall man with no facial features eerily appeared on the bluestone road behind, walking step by step in their direction. He couldn't speak; only using hand gestures to write several words: "I have arrived."

"Half a day to gather four people, fifteen years ago any random call could bring out two dozen; indeed, all the men in town have died, I shouldn't have married here in the first place, now I'm stuck being a living widow." the woman's tone remained vicious.

"Let's go." the one-eyed old man said coldly.

His status seemed extraordinary, possessing decision-making authority,

Once he spoke, despite the woman's reluctance, she quietly followed behind.

The four headed in the same direction.

They were heading toward Zhongzhou City direction, where Ghost Lake corresponded to reality.

Originally that place had nothing, only a barren land where no wild grass grew.

But now.

A hazy, chilling lake was manifesting on the ground, becoming clearer, and the surroundings had even begun to grow damp.

Chapter 1113 - The Disappeared Person

"Is this the Ghost Lake?"

Emerging from a thick fog, Feng Quan stepped out onto the outskirts of Zhongzhou City. This area wasn't desolate; there were newly constructed residential areas and villa clusters nearby, but all were dark and devoid of inhabitants.

The air here, nonetheless, was exceptionally humid.

Under the shroud of cold, a lake was gradually manifesting, as if a phantom slowly turning into reality.

This was a supernatural invasion.

The invasion was swift; if nothing significant occurred, this cold lake would fully enter the realm of reality.

Once the invasion completed, the consequences were unknown to anyone.

"This is bad." Seeing this, Feng Quan's face changed.

Experience told him that the appearance of Ghost Lake indicated problems with Yang Jian's mission; it was even obstructed, otherwise Ghost Lake wouldn't manifest here.

Feng Quan's guess was correct.

The operation to handle Ghost Lake had indeed failed.

The fate of several captains wasn't good. Shen Lin was invaded by a malicious spirit, now lost in memories; Li Jun fell into Ghost Lake with his ghost makeup dissolving, losing consciousness; Leuk San survived but was barely able to protect himself, even Yang Jian.....

No.

Yang Jian was an exception; he hadn't failed.

Right now.

Yang Jian, submerged at the lake's bottom, suddenly opened several crimson eyes. The eyes surfaced at various places on his body, emitting a faint red light in the darkness, perceiving everything around like a malignant spirit.

This moment.

His body, initially invaded and paralyzed, regained movement.

Some influence and shackles vanished.

"I've recovered?" Yang Jian, after a brief wait, felt the cold, stiff discomfort on his body completely disappear.

Not only was his movement unaffected, but he also found being in water more comfortable than on land, as if he had merged with the lake.

"Is this an illusion, or some transformation I cannot articulate?"

Yang Jian was puzzled, uncertain if he was invaded by the supernatural force of Ghost Lake, or inexplicably acquired part of the paranormal power within.

Regardless, he felt strangely good.

Driven by curiosity, Yang Jian casually waved his hand.

An incredible scene unfolded.

The cold lake water capable of submerging even vicious spirits tore open a huge opening before him, rolling waves forming a vacuum underwater area, with both sides of the lake remaining separated and unable to merge.

"It's indeed not an illusion; I can control Ghost Lake."

Seeing this scene, Yang Jian was more astounded, wondering why he suddenly connected with Ghost Lake when he was previously tormented to the brink of despair, and the situation turned on its head so quickly.

"Now doesn't seem like the time to consider this; the most crucial task now is handling the ghosts within Ghost Lake."

He set aside his musings, resolving to address his current state later, for now, knowing his condition was restored, Ghost Lake's grip had loosened its hold on him, and he could even deploy supernatural powers in water.

This opportunity must not be missed.

Without hesitation, Yang Jian rapidly swam towards the nearby black coffin, urged forward by the lake rather than swimming himself, feeling free to navigate within Ghost Lake.

"Thud! Thud!"

With a dull landing sound, Yang Jian stood atop the black coffin, feet planted on the lid, holding a cracked long spear.

The ghost hadn't appeared, only strands of black hair drifted from a corner of the opened coffin.

The black coffin was unusual, preventing a full view inside.

Yang Jian was bold; now capable of free movement and utilizing paranormal power, fear did not linger. He kicked forcefully, pushing the black coffin's lid aside.

Should a ghost reside in the black coffin, Yang Jian chose direct confrontation with the malicious spirit.

"If the ghost attacks me, I simply need to withstand the assault and pin down the ghost, which should bring the Ghost Lake incident to an end." Yang Jian thought.

Though naive, he proceeded accordingly.

The coffin lid fell.

Yang Jian hovered over the coffin, locking his ghost eyes onto everything within.

At this moment, he saw.

Saw the scene inside the black coffin.

No horrors or bloody scenarios unfolded.

Inside the coffin lay quietly a person, precisely a female corpse; but upon seeing her, Yang Jian's eyes widened in shock and disbelief.

"How could this be?"

He stared intently at the corpse in the coffin, unable to trust the spectacle before him.

The female corpse seemed recently deceased, her skin still somewhat rosy, most notably clad in strikingly familiar attire.

It was the headquarters' uniform.

Matching the outfit previously worn by Cao Yang.

This indicated that the person in the coffin was also a key figure.

The figures associated with Ghost Lake were three: Captain Cao Yang, Zhongzhou City's overseer Cheng Haw, and a female captain named Yinzi, who had long vanished.

Now.

The clothing, appearance of the corpse affirmed everything.

The corpse belonged to the long-missing Captain Yinzi, rumored to be the Ghost Post Office's Fifth Floor Messenger, and one of the headquarters captains.

Yang Jian's expression fluctuated; he couldn't comprehend why Captain Yinzi lay within the black coffin submerged in Ghost Lake, or if Yinzi lay in the coffin, where was the ghost?

"The coffin lid opened partially when submerged; perhaps the ghost was freed then, no longer in the coffin, while I misled myself believing it was inside."

He thought quickly, his hand gripping the cracked long spear unable to strike.

The female corpse wasn't the malignant spirit within Ghost Lake; Yang Jian had no need to act.

However, as he pondered.

Suddenly.

The black-haired corpse in the coffin abruptly opened her eyes.

Those eyes empty, pale, devoid of life.

Yet a gruesome smile stretched on her rigid face.

A mere glance startled Yang Jian.

Instinctively, he realized: this was no living being.

Understanding this, Yang Jian acted decisively.

The cracked long spear descended, pinning down the female corpse with the Coffin Nail capable of skewering any malicious spirit.

The Coffin Nail pierced through her, even nailing through the coffin beneath.

Undoubtedly, the strike succeeded.

However, reality wasn't as favorable as imagined; before his eyes, the corpse inside the coffin rapidly dissolved.

Indeed.

Yang Jian wasn't mistaken; the corpse melted, instantaneously dissolving like water.

The corpse vanished swiftly, leaving only her uniform pinned to the coffin.

"It's gone..." Yang Jian observed in silence.

Another transformation he couldn't grasp.

Yang Jian seized the clothes within the coffin, inspecting them, even finding a long-unused phone amidst them.

Undoubtedly, it was Captain Yinzi's attire; the previous occupant indeed was her.

But as he sought answers.

Suddenly.

A pale female hand rested on his shoulder from behind.

Once more, the cold, numb sensation enveloped him entirely.

Following that, black hair drifted around him, accumulating, shrouding the area, a female corpse manifesting in the water, slowly descending, finally eerily lying upon him.

Yang Jian's face hardened as he turned, slightly stiff, to look.

He saw the familiar face of Captain Yinzi.

But the countenance revealed a sinister smile; the vacant, dead eyes held no semblance of human emotion.

"That's the ghost..." Yang Jian realized.

The corpse of Captain Yinzi was the malignant spirit within Ghost Lake.

But the next moment.

Yang Jian's body rapidly dissolved... swiftly transforming into water and vanishing, leaving only the cracked long spear standing in the coffin.

Chapter 1114 - Stolen Supernatural

The moment Yang Jian came into contact with the vengeful spirit, his body dissolved in the cold lake water.

The speed of his dissolution left him unable to respond—no, more accurately, it made any response impossible.

However, it was only Yang Jian's body that dissolved.

The black Ghost Shadow remained in the lake water, its eyes emitting a faint red glow as they stared at the female corpse that suddenly appeared behind him.

The corpse's long black hair floated, its body icy and white, yet a hint of ruddy red suffused it. An eerie smile was ever-present on her face, and her appearance hadn't changed; it was still that of Captain Yinzi.

At this moment, Yang Jian couldn't discern whether the ghost in Ghost Lake was actually Captain Yinzi, or if, like Cao Yang, she was trapped here, eventually becoming a vessel for the malevolent spirit within Ghost Lake.

But it no longer mattered.

The ghost's eyes suddenly emitted a crimson light.

The seven layers of the Ghost Domain were activated without hesitation.

Restarting himself.

Yang Jian reversed time, changing the outcome of being turned into a puddle of lake water by the malevolent spirit in Ghost Lake, bringing him back to twenty seconds before.

As the red light faded.

The previously dissolved Yang Jian appeared once again, completely unharmed, without a single wound on his body.

"This ghost is terrifyingly fierce; it can crush me in an instant. I can't hold back at all dealing with such a thing," Yang Jian said as he initiated the six levels of the Ghost Domain the moment he finished restarting.

Six ghost eyes opened wide, and the Ghost Domains overlapped, creating layers to isolate the supernatural phenomena.

When the layers reached six, everything around came to a temporary halt.

Under the influence of the six layers of the Ghost Domain, the lake water became still, the ghost's floating black hair in the water was suddenly frozen, and its icy body was rigid in the lake...

It was clear.

Even the malevolent spirit in Ghost Lake couldn't escape the influence of Yang Jian's six layers of the Ghost Domain.

But this stasis was very brief.

Yang Jian could even notice the eyes of the ghost in front of him slowly moving, with an eerie gaze fixed on him.

The more terrifying the ghost, the shorter the stasis time.

"I can only hold this thing for five seconds at most, but that's enough now."

In the next moment.

A ghastly tear abruptly appeared in the still lake water before him, ripping open the specter alongside it.

Within this time-halted Ghost Domain, a rusty, ominous Firewood Knife moved through unaffected, slashing repeatedly before him.

With the first cut, Yang Jian severed the neck of the female corpse, beheading it.

With the second cut, he dismembered the body, cleaving off half of it.

With the third cut, he amputated both of its arms, rendering the ghost helpless.

The stasis faded away.

Five seconds were up.

But in that instant, a splitting spear ignored the water's restraint, whizzing forward and directly piercing the floating head of the female corpse in the water, pinning it to the sediment deep in the lake bottom.

"Splash!"

After completing all of this, the surrounding lake water violently churned, producing a series of noises, while moments ago, the still-floating female corpse suddenly fragmented, even the head being carried away, leaving no human form.

And while all this happened, to those outside, it seemed like it all transpired in less than a second.

Yang Jian, expressionless, looked at the shattered body in the water, eyes still cautious.

With the six layers of the Ghost Domain and consecutive slashes with the Firewood Knife, followed by the Coffin Nail pinning its head.

Stopping, dismembering, suppressing.

Using all these methods, it was, until now, his most effective means against the vengeful spirit, and if even this didn't work, Yang Jian would have to consider...

Yet, just as this thought emerged.

What unfolded next made Yang Jian involuntarily twitch his eyelids.

The dismembered body dissolved rapidly in the lake water, just as what happened in the coffin before.

In a blink of an eye, the body disappeared again.

Even the head pinned by the Coffin Nail vanished, leaving nothing behind.

"It's useless," Yang Jian went silent at this sight.

The first time could be attributed to inexperience; the second occurrence indicated his method was wrong.

The ghost within Ghost Lake seemed to meld with the water, with the Firewood Knife unable to dismember it, and the Coffin Nail unable to restrain it. No matter how terrifying the supernatural attack, all failed against the ghost of Ghost Lake.

Though a ghost couldn't be killed, encountering something like this, incapable of doing the slightest bit of harm, was a first.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian sensed something and instinctively glanced aside.

On the coffin lid in the sediment at the lake's bottom, the female corpse reappeared, standing there with that eerie stare directed at Yang Jian, her face still bearing that creepy smile, which wasn't an expression of joy but merely a facade.

Yang Jian couldn't fathom why the ghost would wear such an expression.

But he knew that the ghost was still around.

Lake water surged once more, and amidst the flowing water, the female corpse's black hair floated, her icy body inexorably approaching Yang Jian again.

"I can't let this thing touch me in the water, or my body will be dissolved by Ghost Lake."

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly as he retreated, instinctively waving his hand.

The lake water before him split, and this severed region continued expanding, growing, extending from below upward, spreading left and right.

As if the entire Ghost Lake were about to be severed in two.

The ghost halted.

It didn't cross the severed region to approach Yang Jian again; perhaps ghosts couldn't tread on areas without water.

"What's going on?"

At this moment, Yang Jian's attention was no longer on the ghost. He noticed the isolated area had grown so large it reached an uncontrollable state.

Even the lake surface was cut open.

"Splash!"

With a heavy thud, a female corpse, swept by the lake water, crossed the boundary and plunged from the lake above, heavily landing in the sediment.

The body rapidly deteriorated, emanating a foul stench, and in moments, what was once a complete corpse turned into decaying flesh.

The supernatural power maintaining the body seemed to have been stripped away.

And it wasn't just limited to that.

Splash! Splash!

As Ghost Lake was split open, more and more corpses in the water crossed the boundary, descending from above, all meeting the same fate, quickly rotting and releasing a stench.

Yang Jian's expression fluctuated unpredictably, still standing at the lakebed, while the malevolent spirit in the lake opposite still eerily eyed him.

Yet the entire lake had been divided in two.

The section of the lake where Yang Jian stood now seemed to belong to him, forcibly cleaved from Ghost Lake, seized.

"So that's it..."

Now, Yang Jian seemed to understand, realizing the various changes that befell him before.

Why was he uncontrolled previously? Why, after sinking to the lakebed, could he gradually move again? Why could he wield supernatural power within Ghost Lake unaffected?

Because he had unwittingly stolen part of the paranormal power from Ghost Lake before.

Since he took some supernatural power but hadn't severed it from Ghost Lake, the malevolent spirit within sought to kill him in the lake, reclaiming its lost piece.

"All of this might be related to Shen Lin, who vanished from my memory."

Reflecting carefully, the only uncertain factor was Shen Lin, once present in his memory.

This change should have an inextricable link to him.

After realizing this, Yang Jian accepted his current situation.

He had commandeered half of Ghost Lake.

No, nearly half.

Looking up, Yang Jian assessed, estimating he had only taken about forty percent of Ghost Lake, not quite an even half.

"If I indeed stole Ghost Lake's supernatural power, now the most crucial thing isn't confronting the malevolent spirit within, but rescuing those who sank to the lakebed. If I continue clashing here and become trapped, the stolen paranormal power might be reclaimed."

Understanding this, Yang Jian slowly retreated.

His form merged into the cold lake water behind him, choosing not to engage the malevolent spirit across in direct confrontation.

Hopefully, with some luck, Li Jun, who sank to the lakebed along with Ah Hong, Cao Yang, will have crossed over with him.

Chapter 1115 - The Second Voyage

The cold lake water was no longer a barrier for Yang Jian.

In this body of water, Yang Jian seemed as if he had entered his own Ghost Domain, able to move freely and go anywhere within the lake water.

After being severed from the Ghost Lake, this lake water could be controlled by him, unlike before when he could barely manage to move within the lake, unable to roam as freely as he could now.

Clearly.

Yang Jian's ability to control the Ghost Lake was not as great as the fierce ghosts within.

Once the two bodies of water mixed, Yang Jian was like a puzzle piece, seized and controlled by the fierce ghosts.

Therefore, after stealing this supernatural ability, the most important thing was to stay away from the Ghost Lake to ensure his part of the puzzle remained unaffected.

So, Yang Jian made the right choice first.

"Find a few people who survived in the Ghost Lake and take them away first."

This was the only thought in Yang Jian's mind at the moment.

He searched within the portion of the Ghost Lake that belonged to him.

Under the gaze of the ghost eyes, nothing could hide.

This lake, which could drown even the fiercest ghosts, couldn't affect him anymore, so Yang Jian quickly locked onto a survivor.

Cao Yang!

Fortune seemed to favor him. When the lake water was divided earlier, Cao Yang's body was drawn into this part of the lake. Of course, Cao Yang wasn't alone; there were also some eerie, terrifying fierce ghosts beside him. These ghosts, submerged in the lake water, were unable to move, but Yang Jian knew once they were freed from the lake's suppression, they would immediately revive.

Though Cao Yang's body had been soaking in the lake water for a long time, it hadn't bloated or decayed and remained intact.

Most importantly, Cao Yang wasn't dead.

Cao Yang's eyes were open, his pupils slightly moving as he saw Yang Jian approaching.

"The fierce ghosts in the Ghost Lake can't be dealt with for now, I'll rescue you from here first." Yang Jian grabbed Cao Yang's arm and began swimming toward the lake's surface with him.

Cao Yang couldn't speak, remaining silent, with a strange look in his eyes.

During the ascent, Yang Jian continued searching for others.

Soon, a second person appeared before his eyes.

It was Ah Hong.

Ah Hong floated in the water, neither rising nor sinking. She, too, had her eyes open, observing her surroundings, yet that was all she could do. Due to the Ghost Lake's influence, she was unable to move, but she was still alive.

Ah Hong's survival was due to Yang Jian having written a wish on a Wish Sticker and putting it into the Ghost Cabinet; although it caused a supernatural conflict, it had an effect.

From now on, Ah Hong could no longer drown.

Even if she fell into the Ghost Lake, Ah Hong would survive.

Though this wish seemed powerful, it was actually quite a waste, given the extremely low likelihood of a ghost handler drowning.

However, Yang Jian didn't regret wasting a wish.

The Wish Sticker was meant to be an emergency supernatural item, and saving Ah Hong justified its use. Moreover, he had Zhao Xiaoya, who held the Wish Stickers, in his possession. It shouldn't be a problem to get more later if needed.

"Ah Hong, I'll get you out of the Ghost Lake." Yang Jian took Ah Hong with him.

But after searching again, he couldn't find the remaining Li Jun.

Indeed, Yang Jian's luck wasn't so good that all three people were within the lake water under his control. It became clear that Li Jun's human skin was still in the Ghost Lake as he couldn't be found here.

"I'll consider Li Jun's situation later; saving one person at a time is still a success."

Yang Jian didn't forget himself amid all this, he first took Cao Yang and Ah Hong out of the lake water.

After rescuing them, he would consider Li Jun's situation.

At that moment.

A small paper boat gently rippled on the deathly still lake's surface, accompanied by the sound of paddling through water.

Leuk San was swimming, heading toward the nearest shore, attempting to escape the Ghost Lake using this simplest of methods.

However, midway through, he noticed something unusual occurred in the Ghost Lake.

With the water churning, the calm lake surface bizarrely split into two halves, and the split couldn't mend, as if repelling each other, forming a fissure.

The fissure led straight to the bottom of the lake, creating a hollow channel.

"What could have happened in the Ghost Lake to even split the lake water into two?" Leuk San was puzzled, but increasingly, something didn't feel right, leading him to swim faster.

Yet, he seemed to have chosen the wrong direction.

Leuk San's current position was still within the Ghost Lake's waters, and he was moving deeper in.

He had actually swum over from the lake water controlled by Yang Jian before.

However, he wasn't aware of this; it was merely his bad luck.

But just as Leuk San was desperately swimming to the shore.

Suddenly.

In the distance, a small boat appeared on the lake's surface without him knowing when or how it had arrived. This small boat was identical to the black boat that had previously sunk into the water, if not the exact same one.

The black boat, for unknown reasons, had entered this section of lake water again.

What shocked Leuk San was that there were actually four eerie figures standing on that black boat.

As they got closer.

He gradually made out the figures on the small boat.

Leading the group was a one-eyed, slightly hunched old man. To call him old might be somewhat inaccurate; he was just over fifty, not yet sixty, but he only appeared slightly aged. Next to him was another man of similar age who looked rather unremarkable. Besides them, there was a woman and a tall man who lacked any facial features.

"It's the person guarding the shrine in Taiping Ancient Town during the day." Leuk San recognized the man leading the group and felt even more astonished.

The small boat was heavily laden, rocking as if it might capsize at any moment.

This situation indicated that the boat had already reached its limit without carrying any fierce spirits; the four people added together were almost enough to sink it.

"The boat is coming towards me." Leuk San's expression changed suddenly.

The small black boat headed directly towards him.

Quickly.

The boat stopped in front of Leuk San.

These four individuals seemed capable of controlling the boat, at least able to change its direction.

"It's you again."

Leuk San's face was sullen. Although he was soaked in the cold lake water, he still stubbornly kept his eyes fixed on the one-eyed old man on the boat.

"You people are ignorant and reckless, causing this great disaster. Now we have no choice but to step in and fix it. If we let it be, the place where we live would all be submerged by this lake water," said the woman, her hoarse voice revealing a sense of disgust.

"So it's indeed the paper boats bought from the paper store on Ghost Street, no wonder they can float on the water. But unfortunately, they're being used wrong; if they were used properly, they wouldn't have sunk into the lake water," Boss Liu said, shaking his head slightly at the colorful paper boats.

Apparently, the way Leuk San used the paper boats was incorrect.

The faceless man could not speak, standing motionless, seemingly waiting for an outcome.

"Then just take the paper boat and let this guy sink to the bottom of the lake, then let everything here return to normal. If all goes well, I can still make it back to wash a few more clothes," said the woman.

With just a few words, it seemed as if they were sentencing Leuk San to death.

The one-eyed old man leading the group held a dim lantern, his ghastly white eye fixed on Leuk San, who was floating on the water. He seemed to be pondering.

"I see, you all are remnants of the previous generation of ghost handlers. I thought there was only one, but there are actually four hidden in this ancient town."

Leuk San said coldly, "Before you act, you'd better think it through. If you kill me, headquarters won't let you off. Even if they use some special means, they will deal with all of you."

As a captain, if he were killed by outsiders, headquarters would definitely unite all forces to seek revenge.

But at this moment, finding themselves at a disadvantage, Leuk San had to use some connections to intimidate them.

"Dying here, no one will know how you died, and you still dare threaten us. If we really fight back, your successors are the ones who will suffer," sneered the woman.

Boss Liu, however, took on the role of mediator, "Taiping Town has its rules. We've been keeping to the rules of the previous generation. The rules can be broken, but not by our generation. We promised before, and we shouldn't really kill the younger generation now. If this gets out, it will be big trouble."

"We should find a way to deal with this thing. As for him, we shouldn't interfere, nor should we inquire. What do you think?"

After speaking, Boss Liu looked at the one-eyed old man.

After all, he was the one who adhered to the rules the most.

"Take away the paper boat, leave the rest," the one-eyed old man quickly decided expressionlessly.

"That's how it should be," the woman smiled.

Taking the paper boat meant implicitly allowing Leuk San to sink into the lake, indirectly taking away his hope, though not directly killing him.

Though the rules weren't broken, they essentially were.

Quickly.

The woman bent down and grabbed the paper boat, snatching it from Leuk San's hand.

Affected by the Ghost Lake, Leuk San couldn't resist, even if he resisted; he couldn't fight against these four older generation ghost handlers.

"I've remembered all of you."

Leuk San stared intently at the people on the boat, especially the one-eyed old man leading the group.

His hope extinguished, his figure quickly sank into the lake water again.

"Sigh."

Boss Liu sighed helplessly, "This shouldn't have been done."

The one-eyed old man said, "He broke into the shrine during the day, it's good to give him a lesson."

"Maybe this is the start of our misfortune," Boss Liu shook his head slightly, "After all, we are already on the boat."

"Everyone's dead, what are you worried about?" the woman mocked.

But just as she finished speaking.

Suddenly.

"Splash..." A breaking sound emerged from the lake's surface not far away.

A few people unexpectedly emerged from the lake.

One of their behaviors appeared rather strange.

The whole person continued to rise from the Ghost Lake until they stood on the water's surface.

He was drenched all over, but the water stains quickly receded from him like living creatures, leaving not a trace on him.

The next moment.

His gaze swept across suddenly.

His scarlet, eerie eyes immediately looked over here.

"It's the companion of that person before," Boss Liu was very surprised.

Because at this moment, Yang Jian was standing on the lake's surface, neither sinking in nor being affected by the lake water.

Chapter 1116 - The Appearance of the Older Generation

Yang Jian stood motionless on the surface of the lake at this moment, the cold lake water did not swallow him up; instead, it allowed him to walk freely as if it were solid ground.

But it was limited to just him.

Ah Hong and Cao Yang, whom he brought out from the lake, still couldn't stand. Once Yang Jian let go, they would sink back into the lake water. This situation was a supernatural characteristic; even though he controlled this Ghost Lake, he couldn't change this particularity.

"Cough, cough!"

Ah Hong started coughing violently, then continuously vomited, expelling the icy lake water from her stomach.

"I really didn't expect the person who fished me out of the lake to be you, Yang Jian." Cao Yang, having escaped the influence of the lake, immediately regained his mobility and awareness.

However, he had always been conscious; he was just powerless in the Ghost Lake, forced to watch himself soak in the water for a long time.

Luckily, the time wasn't very long. Otherwise, Cao Yang also doubted if he could have held on.

"Save the thanks for later, a new situation has emerged. Leuk San seems to have been taken out; I just saw him sinking into the Ghost Lake." Yang Jian's face was expressionless, his ghost eye staring at the distant black boat.

The four people on the boat were naturally captured in full view.

He identified them slightly.

The one-eyed old man leading them should be the mysterious figure guarding the ancestral hall that Leuk San mentioned; Leuk San had described this person's characteristics before. As for the faceless man, Yang Jian had encountered him once on Ghost Street and had a brief exchange, but he didn't know the woman and the other man. If he guessed correctly, they should also be from the ancient town.

It was apparent.

There were still some unknown ghost tamers hidden in Taiping Ancient Town.

While Yang Jian was assessing them, the four on the boat were seemingly assessing him as well.

"This person is in the same group as the one who just fell into the water; he's a ghost tamer who entered Taiping Ancient Town yesterday to investigate the Ghost Lake incident."

Boss Liu continued to supplement his previous words: "The woman beside him is also in the same group, and the last man in uniform seems to be a survivor retrieved from the lake."

"Surviving such prolonged soaking without drowning, this person is quite extraordinary."

The woman sneered, "Where are you looking? The guy leading them is the most dangerous. He managed to swim up from the lake without being affected by the lake water. The only explanation is that this young man has already used some special method to acquire part of the supernatural power."

"The separation of the lake water might just be due to this reason. If that's the case, he's not ordinary now."

"But the more that's the case, the more we need to kill this guy. If he doesn't die, and we let him take away part of the supernatural power, the lake water will become even more uncontrollable, so we need to leave this person behind."

Boss Liu's face changed slightly, "Killing the younger generation is a serious matter."

"Whether we kill or not, Taiping Town would be submerged. Aren't there already fewer deaths outside because of haunting these days? A few more don't matter. Besides, as I said, dying here will leave no trace, just like the one who sank into the lake before." The woman was a bit ruthless, speaking of murder with ease.

The one-eyed old man remained silent, only furrowing his brow, seemingly contemplating whether the actions just taken were wrong.

With Leuk San gone, this person appeared.

It seemed coincidental, but perhaps as Boss Liu said, this might just be the start of misfortune.

"Isn't it a bit too much to discuss whether to kill me right in front of me?" Yang Jian's expression was cold. He casually released Cao Yang and Ah Hong, then walked across the lake towards the black boat.

Cao Yang and Ah Hong did not sink into the lake again.

Underfoot, a layer of red light enveloped the lake, reflecting on its surface, preventing them from contacting the lake water, and thus they wouldn't sink again.

"If there's going to be a fight, I can help." Cao Yang whispered.

Ah Hong said, "I can also pitch in; these people have an aggressive aura, doesn't seem easy to deal with."

"Not for now, let me assess the situation first." Yang Jian gestured with a raised hand, signaling them not to interfere.

At this moment, the woman spoke, "There's no point in hiding, just a matter of killing, nothing dishonorable about it."

"Well said, just a matter of killing, nothing to make a fuss about. So are you veteran ghost tamers planning to keep us all here in Ghost Lake today for the sake of Taiping Town, just like Leuk San who sank before?" Yang Jian's expression was unreadable, his tone stiff and cold.

Boss Liu retorted, "We don't mean to fight. We came to observe the situation; if possible, restoring this lake to its original state would be best."

"Observing the situation by snatching my paper boat and sinking Leuk San? The ways of you older generations are truly ruthless." Yang Jian said, "We are here to handle the Supernatural World, yet you're dealing with us, your stance says it all."

"Fine, rather kill the wrong ones than let them go. I don't know what tricks you older folks have up your sleeve, but I don't mind eliminating you here."

The woman, somewhat angry, her voice hoarse and sharp, said: "Listen, listen, we spent our entire lives fighting against those dirty things in Taiping Town, hoping for some peace outside. Yet, it was all inevitable that someone would come knocking. In my opinion, the rules from the previous generation need some adjustment."

"Otherwise, we'll be stuck here our whole lives, not even getting a coffin when we die. Might as well take them out, leave the ancient town, go out, and enjoy a few good years, at least it won't be a wasted life."

"Enough." The one-eyed old man finally spoke up.

The voice wasn't loud, yet it sent a shiver through one's heart, as if the very heartbeat had stopped.

The black boat began to shake violently, almost engulfed by the lake water, and ripples immediately spread across the tranquil water surface.

Yang Jian didn't speak, but the lake water around him bubbled relentlessly.

Within the violently churning lake water, a golden cracked spear was forcefully flushed up by the currents, slowly rising to the surface, and finally stood motionless beside him.

"I will use all possible means to deal with you old timers." His tone was calm, yet he had already gradually clasped that cracked spear.

He understood these people were not ghost tamers from the Republic of China Period. They were likely second generation.

Among the era of Chen Qiaoyang and Wang Chaling's parents.

They just hid in Taiping Ancient Town, not venturing out, so the outside supernatural circle didn't know of these people's existence. But they certainly had deep ties with ghost tamers from the Republic of China Period.

By taking one out and stealing their memory, perhaps Yang Jian could further understand the past.

"Young people, think clearly before acting. We don't have many years left, practically half a foot in the grave. Know that ghost tamers pulling a few down with them before they die is the easiest thing. You're young, with a long path ahead, not worth clashing with us old folks."

At this moment, the one-eyed old man spoke, his tone steady, carrying a hint of admonition.

"The matters of Taiping Town should be handled by people from Taiping Town. You take your people and leave; just pretend nothing happened. We've been cooped up here our whole lives, not going out for a stroll, so rest assured, things outside will remain as they are."

Then the one-eyed old man made his promise.

"Stopping here isn't impossible. Throw that old woman off the boat and sink her in the lake, and this matter will be over," Yang Jian said, pointing to the woman.

The woman immediately put on a gloomy face, staring at Yang Jian with a strange look of resentment.

The one-eyed old man continued, "I'm afraid that if I sink her first, you'll continue your actions next. There aren't many people in the ancient town; losing one is one less. We just don't want trouble, not that we're afraid of dealing with it."

"One of our people has already been sunk in the lake by you. One for one, that's fair. Since you're not doing that, you're not being sincere. A negotiation without sincerity is bullshit. You old bastard, relying on your age to act high and mighty, creating trouble without taking responsibility. There's no such good thing under the sky." Yang Jian coldly cursed without hesitation.

"Fine, you just said you already have one foot in the coffin, won't live for a few more years. So today, I'll make sure your other foot is in there too."

The negotiation broke down, communication failed.

Yang Jian's remaining patience was completely drained.

In an instant.

The ghost eye emitted a scarlet glow.

Like a searchlight, it directly covered the black boat.

Almost simultaneously, Yang Jian raised the cracked spear in his hand.

The six-layer Ghost Domain activated once again.

This can pause everything within the Ghost Domain, including the actions of malevolent spirits.

"A Ghost Domain that affects reality? This young man sure isn't simple." Boss Liu, seemingly experienced, recognized it at a glance, and calmly raised the oil lamp in his hand slightly.

There were four oil lamps with the four people on the boat.

At this moment, the oil lamp in the one-eyed old man's hand suddenly shattered and went out.

Immediately afterward, the oil lamp in Boss Liu's hand also cracked and went out.

When it reached the woman, the light from her oil lamp flickered like it was being blown by a strong wind, almost going out.

Finally, only the faceless man's oil lamp remained intact.

But the oil lamps on the boat were still there.

The lights illuminated.

Yang Jian's six-layer Ghost Domain failed, unable to envelop these people within the domain.

"Instantly almost extinguished three lamps, this youngster is ruthless." The woman was both shocked and angry.

"There's more to come."

Yang Jian's voice appeared, but instead of coming from in front of them, it was from behind.

The next moment.

The firewood knife instantly swung down, aiming straight for the woman's head.

At this moment.

The one-eyed old man's pale eye had, at some unknown time, begun to rotate, staring at the stern of the boat.

A metallic clashing sound resonated.

An enamel teacup was thrown, actually blocking Yang Jian's chopping attack.

The enamel teacup wasn't a supernatural item, just an ordinary object.

But the firewood knife could only dismember the supernatural and living people, precisely incapable of chopping ordinary objects.

"The Ghost Domain can't affect the boat, so you changed your position? Not a bad move. This knife is dangerous, but it also has significant flaws." The one-eyed old man, with a cold face, took the opportunity to grab Yang Jian's spear.

He seemed to know about the firewood knife's past.

"Hand it over."

The one-eyed old man snatched the spear from Yang Jian's hand, but as soon as he got it, his face changed drastically, and he urgently threw it away.

His arm instantly turned extraordinarily cold, and the aura of life on him quickly diminished.

He seemed about to die...

"Is it a death curse?" The woman hurriedly took off her coat and put it on the one-eyed old man.

The woman's clothes quickly lost color, rotting, and aging.

But the death curse on the one-eyed old man was disappearing.

Clearly.

The curse had transferred to the clothes, sparing the old man from the risk of death by curse.

Pulling off her coat, the woman had another coat underneath, similar in style but with different colors and patterns.

It's unimaginable how many coats this woman was wearing, yet she didn't look bulky.

"My things aren't so easy to take." Yang Jian retreated, grabbing the thrown spear, landing on the water's surface not far away.

He still did not sink.

"If this continues, someone will really die," Boss Liu said. "You're facing us four alone, there's not much chance of winning, it's about time to stop. Dealing with this lake should be the priority now."

He refrained from taking action earlier because he felt the situation hadn't yet become irretrievably serious.

Chapter 1117 - Evil Hound Leaping Out of the Water

After a brief encounter on the small black boat, neither Yang Jian nor the group gained any advantage.

Obviously, the opposing entities weren't the kind that could be easily taken down. Although these people didn't use any particular methods, they managed to block his six-layer Ghost Domain and had some understanding of the Firewood Knife, knowing how to counter it.

He suspected that the Firewood Knife in the hands of the tall male corpse at the Caesar Hotel was perhaps quite famous in the supernatural realm back then.

It seemed like the previous generation of ghost tamers were quite familiar with it.

"The four of them aren't united; some want to take us down, while others are unwilling to get involved in this mess. Otherwise, they would have all attacked at once just now."

Yang Jian gathered a lot of information from the probing encounter.

The Faceless Person and the mediator did not make a move. The woman had the most determined attitude, and the one-eyed man was hesitant at first but leaned towards taking action.

"These older generation ghost tamers are indeed not simple. It's rare to see Yang Jian not gaining any advantage when making a move." Cao Yang, observing from a distance, said in a low voice.

He and Yang Jian were old acquaintances.

They met after the Hungry Ghost incident in Dachang City, back when Yang Jian was still a rookie, only recently joined the headquarters.

However, knowing him well, Cao Yang understood that when Yang Jian takes action, he's not one to test waters; he aims to take the opponent down. If someone survives, it definitely wasn't because Yang Jian held back, but due to the opponent's ability to withstand the attack.

But there's one thing to know.

Now, only a few can withstand Yang Jian's attacks in the supernatural circle. Even Cao Yang wasn't confident he could fully withstand it.

"We can step in when necessary. I won't hesitate this time." Ah Hong said calmly and decisively.

Cao Yang signaled, "No rush, let's wait a bit more. There are still those who haven't taken action. If we move now, we'll only cause trouble. Our intervention will only make a decisive impact at the right moment."

He wasn't impulsive.

At this point, holding off was more effective than acting. The others were certainly wary of him and Ah Hong.

"Imaginative young man, the makeshift supernatural weapon carries a certain deadly curse, a deterrent from easy capture? It's a pity, you acted alone just now, whereas we have four."

The curse on the one-eyed elder had dissipated, and he wasn't dead, but a solemn look appeared in his eyes.

This young man wasn't at the same level as the paper-mâché intruder at the shrine earlier today.

This youth was more dangerous; an oversight could indeed lead to his demise. It seemed he was the leader of this group.

"In the supernatural circle, numbers never determine victory." Yang Jian stood on the cold, silent lake holding the cracked spear, glancing slightly at the spot touched by the one-eyed elder.

A handprint was left; the medium had formed.

Yet, the elder noticed this subtle gaze, and his face changed instantly, shouting, "Attack..."

"Noticed, eh? Too late, though." Yang Jian moved the Firewood Knife in his hand once more.

The black Ghost Shadow covered the cracked spear.

The medium was triggered.

The figure of the one-eyed elder materialized before him. Just one slash, and the elder would be dismembered by the knife's curse, a strike impossible to block.

But just as Yang Jian was about to slash down, his hand froze, and his lifted arm rigidly halted in midair.

The knife that was about to hit the medium couldn't fall.

"Don't ignore others. You got too close to me just now. If that slash didn't kill this old woman, you'd be the unfortunate one." The woman spoke coldly.

At some unknown time, Yang Jian's clothing started to lose its color, changing styles into apparel resembling burial garments, and as this transformation continued, his skin tone darkened rapidly, turning black, a stench of decaying corpses permeating.

In that moment.

Yang Jian felt as if he were embraced tightly by a malevolent ghost, his body unable to move, resembling sleep paralysis.

"He won't survive, wearing a dead man's clothes, shrouded in a dead man's shroud."

The woman said, "This is my fiercest garment; it needs washing every other day, or the ghost within will escape. I put a lot of effort into tailoring this garment."

No one knew when this death shroud had been put on Yang Jian, or maybe it didn't need to be worn, existing in an incomprehensible way, able to nest in any clothing.

"What a pity." Boss Liu sighed upon seeing this.

Such a cursed garment on such a youth, indeed deadly.

Though it seemed he had the advantage initially, in the end, the youth didn't understand their methods and fell for it.

"Can it kill?"

The one-eyed elder fixed his pale eye on Yang Jian.

"What, don't trust my garment?" the woman said coolly.

The elder didn't speak further. He needed to observe more; he wouldn't relax until death was confirmed.

"Yang Jian..." From afar, Ah Hong called out, ready to act.

Cao Yang signaled, "It's not over yet; what's the hurry?"

At this moment under Yang Jian's ghostly gaze, he saw that the garment he wore wasn't clothing at all but a malevolent ghost, fashioned into a garment, tightly wrapping him as if a corpse was entwined around him in a grotesque manner.

The sight was spine-chilling.

"Just a garment, and you think you can take me down?"

Yang Jian strained his neck, squeezing out these words.

"Facing death and still mouthy, once on it never comes off."

The woman sneered, "Even if you bear it, how much strength do you have left to deal with us?"

"Do you wonder why I'm on the lake fighting you?"

As Yang Jian spoke, his body began to slowly sink.

He quickly submerged into the lake water.

Despite his immobilized state and the restrictive death garment on him, it didn't stop him from sinking.

Very soon.

Yang Jian was completely immersed in the cold lake water.

Ripples spread across the lake surface.

But Yang Jian had already vanished.

No one knew how deep he sank, only that he had completely disappeared from sight.

"Sunk into the lake?" Boss Liu hesitated, glancing at the Faceless Person beside him.

The Faceless Person remained motionless, offering no opinion.

The leading one-eyed elder squinted, seemingly sensing that this wouldn't end so simply, that the youth wouldn't be disposed of so easily.

"This is bad."

Suddenly, the woman realized something, her face changing drastically: "He's trying to use the lake water to remove the death garment."

In normal circumstances, it's impossible to take off the ghost clothing.

But right now, it's not normal circumstances.

Yang Jian was sinking into the lake, continuously going deeper until he was almost at the lakebed, and then the ghost clothing on him began to change.

The clothes that were tight on him started to loosen up, and the buttons on the clothes undid themselves.

The clothes no longer restrained him.

The fierce ghost entwined around his body also stopped corroding him at this moment.

In the lake, even fierce ghosts can sink, let alone this human-made ghost clothing.

Soon.

Yang Jian took off the clothing in the water and permanently left it at the lakebed.

This thing was indeed dangerous; it couldn't be left unattended or returned to the woman.

"Splash!"

A moment later.

Ripples appeared on the calm lake surface as Yang Jian surged out of the water again, soaked all over, yet the ghost clothing was nowhere to be seen.

"Let's continue."

Yang Jian raised his spear once more.

The medium was triggered, and this time he swung down again.

This time, there were no unexpected occurrences; the medium of the one-eyed old man had its head chopped off directly.

In an instant.

The one-eyed old man standing on the black boat sensed a strong feeling of crisis.

"Is it aimed at me again?" The one-eyed old man squinted slightly; he could feel Yang Jian had acted against him, but he couldn't retaliate.

Because such a supernatural attack couldn't be stopped; he could only withstand it with his body.

The next moment.

A hideous slit appeared on the one-eyed old man's neck, then this slit tore open violently.

Blood splattered.

A human head lost its support and fell right off the neck.

"Damn it."

Boss Liu's pupils constricted upon seeing this, hurriedly reaching out to catch the falling head to prevent it from dropping into the Ghost Lake, where it would be unretrievable.

"Indeed, an incredible slash that can even dismember fierce ghosts, but it's merely dismemberment."

However, although the one-eyed old man's head was detached from the neck, it could still speak with its eyes wide open, staring at Yang Jian while the blood flowed from the body.

"You won't die from this? As expected, you are an anomaly too." Yang Jian's neck also showed a crack.

The curse is reciprocal, but he could use the Ghost Shadow to stitch his body, thus offsetting the side effects.

"If it was so easy to get killed, I would have been dead long ago; living long, I've got some methods."

The one-eyed old man said, "Put my head back and see which of us recovers faster."

Boss Liu's face changed slightly and immediately placed the head back onto the body.

The blood continued to flow, but the flesh around the wound started to squirm as if healing, astonishingly growing back.

Without using the Ghost Shadow, the repair speed of this one-eyed old man was comparable to the Ghost Shadow.

"Take the boat over; he himself was slashed and isn't feeling well. This is an opportunity. If he has other methods, use your clothing to block it; this youngster is indeed fierce, and I'm not confident I can take him down for sure." The one-eyed old man said in a low voice again.

"Alright." The woman sneered.

The black boat swayed, surprisingly moving towards Yang Jian's direction.

"Get ready to act." Cao Yang signaled to Ah Hong.

If the other side crossed the line, he and Ah Hong were going to act; they couldn't let them do as they pleased.

However, just as the boat was about to tread the waters where Yang Jian was.

Suddenly.

An odd sound broke this tense atmosphere.

"Woof~!"

A low growl of the Evil Hound suddenly echoed over Ghost Lake.

"What?" The four people on the black boat paused immediately.

Unbeknownst to anyone, a huge reflection appeared beneath the lake where Yang Jian was, not of a living person nor Yang Jian himself, but the silhouette of a black Evil Hound.

There was clearly no Evil Hound on the lake surface, yet beneath the surface, there was the reflection of an Evil Hound.

This anomaly not only surprised the people on the opposite side but even Yang Jian himself was taken aback.

However, soon enough, Yang Jian realized something.

"A dog's bark? Wait, could it be the dog from the Ghost Dream?" He immediately recalled the experience from his hometown.

Looking down.

Beneath the lake, his reflection had somehow turned into a black Evil Hound, this hound baring its teeth and growling with fierce intent.

"This is a dog that can only appear in dreams, an entity that harnessed the Ghost Dream. Although the Ghost Dream doesn't exist in reality, it can invade reality from the dream through a medium like water. Could it be that this dog has succeeded?" Yang Jian's expression fluctuated uncertainly.

He himself couldn't even understand why this dog suddenly appeared here.

He was unaware of the events that had taken place in his memory.

"Splash!"

But the next moment, Yang Jian's speculation became reality.

Accompanied by splashing water, what was only a reflection leaped out of the water, appearing in reality.

This Evil Hound was massive, like a calf, its entire body pitch black, eyes eerie and vicious, glaring at the four people on the black boat.

"A dog?" Boss Liu's eyes widened, seemingly witnessing something extraordinary.

At this moment, the Faceless Person moved his finger to write a sentence: "This is a ghost."

"An incredible piece of work."

Although the one-eyed old man's neck was still bleeding, he looked at the Evil Hound on the lake with suspicion and surprise.

"It's just a beastly hound, nothing more. Can it really become a menace?" the woman said coldly.

Chapter 1118 - Forced Dream Entry

The sudden appearance of an Evil Hound was beyond everyone's expectations.

As everyone knows, the conflicts in the supernatural circle are always between fierce ghosts and fierce ghosts. At this time, a dog suddenly mixed in, appearing completely out of place, because in everyone's experience, pets simply couldn't exist in the supernatural world.

This is because animals lack intelligence and cannot wield supernatural power; only the living can maintain the balance among supernatural forces.

"This, this dog is actually a ghost? How is that possible? How could there be an Evil Hound riding a fierce ghost in this world? Could the collision of supernatural forces have created such an anomaly?" On the black wooden boat, even the knowledgeable Boss Liu was shocked at this moment.

This scene somewhat overturned their worldview.

The leading one-eyed old man still showed some astonishment in his eyes: "This isn't an accident from the clash of supernatural forces. This Evil Hound was artificially raised. Its appearance is meant to protect that youngster. If it were an accident, this Evil Hound would have attacked indiscriminately long ago, so this is an unprecedented masterpiece. Someone successfully allowed a dog to ride a fierce ghost."

"That's absolutely impossible." Boss Liu still couldn't believe it.

"The fact is as it is, anything is possible in the supernatural world." The one-eyed old man, although disbelieving, couldn't help but accept the undeniable truth.

Yang Jian also stared at the Evil Hound on the surface of the lake.

It didn't sink into Ghost Lake because if this Evil Hound had truly mastered Ghost Dream, then it wasn't a physical entity. Even now, invading reality, it's merely a physical manifestation of a supernatural phenomenon; the real ghost only appears in dreams.

Even if the Evil Hound on the lake surface were killed, Ghost Dream would remain.

He had experienced it and knew in his heart that Ghost Dream was an Unsolvable Level supernatural event, even the fierce ghost in the dream couldn't be confined.

"The appearance of this Evil Hound means it has succeeded in replacing Ghost Dream. Now it is Ghost Dream, equivalent to a real fierce ghost. But is the appearance of such an Evil Hound a blessing or a curse?" Yang Jian didn't dare to act rashly at this moment.

His scarlet ghost eye focused on the black wolfhound pacing on the lake, feeling a sense of dread.

This is the monster Yang Jian raised with the help of his father who had died many years ago.

Back then, Yang's father said that once this Evil Hound was fully raised, it would come looking for Yang Jian, but he didn't explain how to control or ride this Evil Hound.

"Can it really listen to me like this?" Yang Jian felt uncertain.

Looking at this calf-sized, pitch-black, fanged eerie Evil Hound, even ghosts might be intimidated by it, let alone humans.

"That youngster seems unaware that he has such an Evil Hound by his side." The woman continued, "And besides, how powerful can a mere animal be? We don't fear ghosts, so why fear a dog?"

The small black boat kept approaching, not stopping because of the appearance of that black Evil Hound.

At this moment.

The small boat drifted and swayed, having crossed the boundary in the middle, directly reaching the part of the lake under Yang Jian's control.

Perhaps, in their view, the supernatural lake managed by Yang Jian was far less dangerous than Ghost Lake, and coming here perhaps stemmed from some apprehension regarding Ghost Lake.

"A dog, though unusual, isn't sufficient to intimidate these old things. We're ready to take action." Cao Yang quietly said at this moment, giving Ah Hong a meaningful glance.

Ah Hong nodded, and somehow a red makeup box was in her hands.

The makeup box contained various brightly colored paints, emitting a strange scent akin to fresh blood, corpse stench, and an indescribable exotic fragrance. She applied these paints to her face.

Soon, Ah Hong's face became unrecognizable, no longer her own, as if she had become someone else, not even a woman, instead appearing as a man.

She quickly disguised herself as a man, but this required some time.....

However, after the boat crossed the boundary, the first to be stimulated wasn't Yang Jian, nor was it Cao Yang and Ah Hong.

It was the black Evil Hound wandering on the lake surface.

"Woof!"

A warning growl sounded, the Evil Hound's fierce eyes glared viciously at the people on the boat, baring its teeth, then rushed directly towards them.

The Evil Hound raced across the water's surface.

Unable to sink into the lake.

But a strong sense of crisis surged in their hearts.

"Very good,"

However, seeing this scene, Yang Jian was suddenly pleased.

No matter whether or not he could control this dog, whether it could distinguish friend from foe, at least now the other side was targeted by this Evil Hound.

"Stop this dog," the one-eyed old man immediately commanded.

He chose not to take action, and it wasn't just about his dismembered state impairing his ability, even his supernatural abilities would be severely disrupted. Before his wounds healed, he was unable to fight, but he wasn't alone at this moment, as there were four of them; he was still formidable.

"Old Liu," the woman urged.

Boss Liu's expression changed; he didn't want to get involved in this pointless matter, but seeing that Evil Hound rushing towards them, it seemed dangerous if he didn't act.

"Sigh."

He sighed inwardly, realizing this situation couldn't be ignored.

Boss Liu raised his hands, then clamped them together, ten fingers pointing upwards, making his hands look peculiar—withered, shriveled, like an old man's hands, although he was just over fifty, seeming incongruous with his age.

The ten upraised peculiar fingers aimed at the approaching Evil Hound.

Accompanied by this, Boss Liu slowly splayed a few of his fingers, bringing about an astonishing effect: the lake surface ahead elongated, forcibly altering the distance.

This changed distance was extreme. Though initially just a dozen meters apart, it now seemed separated by hundreds of miles, giving the feeling of being both near and yet thousands of miles away.

"Supernatural alteration of distance? This man merely splayed three fingers, yet separated the distance by at least three hundred kilometers. He's no ordinary person. If all ten fingers were completely splayed, the distance could stretch to a thousand kilometers, maybe even further..."

Yang Jian's ghost eye peered, even his sight became blurry.

It seemed that the other person stood too far away, it was already impossible to see clearly.

But while the ghost eye's sight was affected, the sight of an ordinary person was normal, this feeling was simply bizarre.

However, the Evil Hound wasn't a supernatural entity in reality, its appearance was merely a supernatural projection.

The real Evil Hound was in the dream.

In a dream, distance is useless.

Therefore, even though the distance was extended to a sufficiently safe range, the Evil Hound was still not disturbed at all.

"Can't stop it, this dog isn't in reality."

After realizing this point, Boss Liu exclaimed in surprise.

"What?" The one-eyed old man was also stunned.

Just now he clearly saw the Evil Hound leaping out of the water and invading reality, how is it not in reality now?

Failed to stop it.

The Evil Hound had already leapt to.

Low growls and roars sounded, this Evil Hound, the size of a cow's belly, had already charged onto the small boat, pouncing up.

Boss Liu realized something was wrong, he had already fumbled out a seven-yuan note in his hand.

As long as he gave this to the Evil Hound, this Evil Hound wouldn't attack him anymore.

The one-eyed old man's pale eyeball was restlessly rotating rapidly, he took no actions, the curse of the Firewood Knife was still on him, unable to be removed in such a short time.

"Put on the clothes, this beast can't hurt us." At this moment the woman quickly draped an overcoat over the one-eyed old man.

The second piece of clothing taken off, and the woman even had a third piece, only her body was slightly thinner.

The Faceless Person at the stern merely raised the oil lamp slightly, then turned away from the Evil Hound, as if this bizarre behavior was also using some sort of supernatural method.

The few individuals stared with widened eyes as they watched the Evil Hound descend.

Yet the moment the Evil Hound plunged down, it vanished...

Like an illusory scene, it flickered and disappeared.

The four individuals were startled, feeling somewhat restless.

"Gone, gone?"

Boss Liu froze for a moment, then realized something, quickly spread his palm to look.

That colorful seven-yuan note had already disappeared somehow.

"Where's the dog?" The one-eyed old man was doubtful and hesitant, his pale eyeball searching for abnormalities around.

But saw nothing.

The dog had disappeared.

This disappearance made people feel uneasy, giving a sense of impending doom.

Yang Jian stood silently at a distance, squinting, he understood what was happening.

The Evil Hound had already invaded someone's dream.

If nothing unexpected happens, someone will soon be killed.

No one can resist this Evil Hound in the dream, because the person pulled into the dream is just an ordinary person, no matter how powerful a ghost handler they are, they will be bitten to death by this Evil Hound, no exception.

The only method is not to sleep.

However, the Ghost Dream pulls people into a dream, whether you are sleepy or not, if you are targeted, you will be forced to sleep. Yang Jian experienced this deeply back then, even with high alertness, he inexplicably entered into a dream, unless you can harness an Insomniac ghost, allowing you to never sleep.

Without supernatural interference disturbing your sleep, the Evil Hound's invasion is completely unrestrained.

Bang!

The next moment.

That woman suddenly went limp, collapsing onto the small boat, she lost consciousness, falling into a deep sleep.

Yet the Evil Hound's attack wasn't limited to just one person.

Boss Liu was fine because he was short of a seven-yuan note, the moment of contact with the Evil Hound, the seven-yuan note had an effect.

The leading one-eyed old man's one eye had already closed, seemingly entering a slumber, yet his pale eyeball was still open, seemingly half drawn into the dream, but still half awake.

The oil lamp in the hands of the Faceless Person at the stern went out.

Also, just now he turned away from the Evil Hound, he likely used some method to avoid being targeted by the Evil Hound.

"Such an evil dog, capable of doing this."

The one-eyed old man spoke as if dreaming, gritting his teeth slightly, his facial muscles twitching, as if the half of him already asleep was experiencing an unfathomable nightmare.

In the nightmare, the other half of his consciousness was actually being chased by an Evil Hound, and in the dream, he was just an ordinary old man, running slowly, neither nimble nor quick.

Chapter 1119 The Out-of-Control Lake Water

The black boat drifted on the cold, silent lake.

The four people from Taiping Ancient Town on the boat were severely injured by the sudden appearance of an Evil Hound. The woman was directly pulled into a dream, the leading one-eyed old man had half of his consciousness asleep, Boss Liu lost seven dollars but managed to stay safe, and the Faceless Person somehow temporarily avoided the attack.

No matter the process, the result was terrifying.

Yang Jian watched this scene unfold, understanding what it all meant.

The Evil Hound forcibly entered the dream—who could withstand that?

But these four people were indeed extraordinary. Although severely injured, most of them survived and weren't instantly annihilated.

Such results were already quite good.

The woman on the black boat was now asleep, but she was having a nightmare.

In the nightmare, she found herself in Taiping Ancient Town.

The Taiping Ancient Town in the dream was very desolate, empty and lifeless, with only her standing bewildered on the old street.

It wasn't until the low growl of an Evil Hound sounded that she snapped out of her confusion.

"This isn't Ghost Lake, this is in my dream, so that Evil Hound didn't just disappear suddenly, but forcibly dragged me into the dream?" The woman wasn't clueless, quickly realizing her current situation.

She shivered inexplicably.

She felt a trace of coldness.

Looking down, she discovered all her familiar clothing had disappeared, leaving only a tattered undergarment riddled with holes, letting the cold wind seep through and making her shiver.

How many years has it been?

How many years since she last felt the cold?

"Not good, it seems I can't bring my supernatural power into the dream." The woman realized something, her expression drastically changing.

But a large, fierce Evil Hound baring its teeth had already found her and was quickly rushing toward her.

"Damn it."

The woman cursed and turned to flee.

Without supernatural power in the dream, she was just an ordinary person, and an ordinary person couldn't deal with something like an Evil Hound.

She tried her best to run, relying on her familiarity with Taiping Town, constantly taking shortcuts through alleys in an attempt to shake off the hound.

However, no matter how she ran, the hound kept closing in, and the distance between them grew smaller.

"I can't shake it off. If this continues, it will catch up to me soon. I have to find somewhere to hide."

Cold sweat broke out on her, her heart pounding, her entire being shrouded in immense fear.

In the end, she attempted to enter the old ancestral hall in the dream to find a place to hide, thinking perhaps there might be a turning point there, but her strength failed, and she collapsed at the entrance of the hall.

"Woof~!"

The next moment, the Evil Hound pounced, its pale fangs sinking deeply into her shoulder, biting fiercely.

"Ah!"

The woman screamed, her shoulder a mess of flesh and blood as a large chunk was brutally torn away.

She tried to fight back, kicking and punching to shake off the hound, but to no avail; the hound continued its frenzied biting.

Pain, fear, long-forgotten emotions surged in her heart.

At that moment, she was no longer a ghost handler, just an ordinary woman who could bleed, feel pain, experience fear, and even die.

"Don't bite me, don't bite me, get away... help, ah!"

Her screams echoed in the silent, empty Taiping Town.

The hound tore more and more flesh from her body, worsening her injuries, the blood flow ceaseless, with even her struggles and resistance growing weaker.

The Evil Hound, its mouth full of blood, ferocious and brutal like an Evil Ghost, continued mauling her, showing no intent to stop.

"Creak!"

Yet at this moment.

The door of the ancestral hall in the dream opened, revealing a slightly hunched, one-eyed old man at the entrance.

"Save, save me."

The woman stretched out her partially mutilated hand, eyes filled with a glimmer of hope, pleading for help.

However, the one-eyed old man, after a brief pause, quickly limped away, ignoring her plea.

"Ah!" The woman screamed in despair.

Not long after.

The screaming stopped.

The woman was dead, her body a bloody, mutilated mess, with flesh and bone debris everywhere, even rows of teeth marks on her skull.

The black Evil Hound, covered in blood, its eyes red, teeth bare, tongue hanging out, radiated intense ferocity, evoking terror at a glance.

After biting someone to death, the Evil Hound didn't end the nightmare there.

The old man was still alive.

The Evil Hound moved again, following the scent, running to pursue.

Taiping Ancient Town wasn't small.

The world in the dream was large, yet no matter how vast it could not escape the hound's pursuit.

To end this nightmare, there are only two possibilities: either kill the hound in the dream or be killed by the hound. However, even if you manage to kill the hound in the dream, it only ends that night's nightmare. By the next evening, the nightmare resumes, with a new hound beginning the second night's hunt.

Endless, until you die.

This is a nightmare that never ceases.

"She's dead."

At this moment, on the black boat on Ghost Lake, Boss Liu saw that the woman lying in the cabin somehow now had many wounds from the Evil Hound's bites and had lost all signs of life, even wearing multiple layers couldn't protect against such a bizarre attack.

"In her dream, she was bitten to death by that Evil Hound," the one-eyed old man spoke in a low voice.

He still had an injury on his neck, bleeding, and half of his consciousness was dragged into the dream where he witnessed the horrific death of the woman.

"This..." Boss Liu shivered involuntarily upon hearing this.

I see.

This is an Evil Hound invading people's dreams.

"Couldn't even withstand a nightmare for a day, you are just so-so." Yang Jian saw this and sneered coldly, his body had recovered at this moment.

The curse of the Firewood Knife disappeared.

At this moment, he walked over the lake again, holding the cracked long spear in his hand: "Today, I'll wipe you all out here, making Taiping Ancient Town just history, thoroughly buried."

The one-eyed old man fell silent for a moment, then spoke: "The appearance of that Evil Hound was beyond my expectations, but wanting to wipe us all out is a bit overconfident, we can easily retreat, and besides, the Ghost Lake has already invaded reality, do you want to exhaust yourself chasing us, or handle the Ghost Lake?"

Yang Jian suddenly stopped in his tracks, his eyes narrowed.

He used his ghost eyes to peer around.

At this moment, he saw Zhongzhou City in the distance, saw the starry sky, and saw the high-rise buildings on the outskirts.

During the confrontation, the Ghost Lake had somehow detached from the supernatural domain and truly reached reality.

"Yang Jian, how does it look over there? The Ghost Lake has invaded reality. If you don't find a way to solve it, it's going to lose control." Feng Quan's shout came from afar, he was standing on a nearby high-rise, looking over, and he immediately shouted when he saw Yang Jian.

The lake water was no longer calm.

The lake surface was collapsing.

The supernatural lake water was flowing in all directions, beginning to blend with the rivers, spreading further away.

The water systems across the country were interconnected.

If this continues, all rivers will be eroded, leading to unimaginable consequences, and this is not the scariest part.

As the lake water poured in all directions, the surface level quickly dropped, and the terrifying ghosts submerged in the lake showed signs of revival as the water level fell.

The corpses floating in the first layer of the Ghost Lake had now surfaced and were washed onto the nearby wasteland.

"The balance of the Ghost Lake was originally broken because you stole part of the supernatural power. We came here to kill you and return that part of the supernatural power to maintain the Ghost Lake's original state. Now that you are still alive, the terrifying ghosts submerged in the lake can no longer be suppressed after losing part of the supernatural power."

"The entire Ghost Lake overflowing into the real world, with those ghosts reviving inside, is a terrifying disaster."

The one-eyed old man said solemnly: "Otherwise, why do you think us old folks who have never met you would want to kill you on sight? Your appearance is the biggest mistake."

"Sigh." Boss Liu beside him sighed.

The worst-case scenario happened.

The Ghost Lake lost control.

The elders from the Republic of China period couldn't solve this problem, and now that it has erupted, the younger generation can't solve it either.

"So that's how it is." Cao Yang, who was about to act from a distance, was stunned.

He finally understood why these elders from Taiping Ancient Town would join forces to get rid of them indiscriminately.

Yang Jian's expression changed, staring at the one-eyed old man, no longer impulsively taking action.

Because the present situation was indeed more important than eliminating these people.

"The Ghost Lake's loss of control is already happening; it is already affecting the outside. It's not something I can change by stealing part of the supernatural power. My arrival only accelerated this process, and you are foolish enough to think killing me would solve the Ghost Lake problem. No wonder you lost to me, too foolish and short-sighted." Yang Jian said coldly.

"I won't kill you now, even though your life won't be long."

He knew he could wipe them out, but it would take time, and now the Ghost Lake was already out of control, it was a race against time, so he chose to stop.

This was for the greater good.

Personal grudges had to be temporarily set aside. If the out-of-control Ghost Lake wasn't handled properly, even if he eliminated these people, what good would it be? The city falls, and a large number of reviving ghosts from the lake surface would be truly devastating.

Yang Jian was not someone who couldn't discern the gravity of things.

"Cao Yang, keep an eye on these people, Ah Hong, as soon as your makeup is done, start acting and cooperate with me to use the Ghost Domain to block Zhongzhou City, change the terrain, and keep the Ghost Lake here." Yang Jian shouted suddenly.

Then all his scarlet ghost eyes opened, a total of nine.

Nine ghost eyes didn't have the risk of revival if they weren't used in overlap; this was Yang Jian's limit.

Then the Ghost Domain expanded.

Yang Jian left the lake surface and soared into the sky directly. His Ghost Domain covered an incredible speed, covering ten kilometers, twenty kilometers, thirty kilometers... until it reached a hundred kilometers and stopped at its limit.

"I've waited for this moment for a long time."

Ah Hong had completely transformed; she was no longer herself but wore the face of a man.

This man was Wei Jing.

Ah Hong had put on makeup to look like Wei Jing. This supernatural makeup allowed her to possess the same supernatural power as Wei Jing for a short time.

The time was short but tremendously terrifying.

Because without taking off the makeup, she was Wei Jing.

Indistinguishably so.

"Within a hundred miles, everything is under my control." Yang Jian took a deep breath.

He rarely used such a scale for the Ghost Domain because it would disrupt the terrain at once.

However, under his view, the Ghost Lake had already polluted the water systems within at least dozens of kilometers.

Rivers, lakes, and groundwater all had traces of lake water.

These traces were invisible to ordinary people, but Yang Jian's ghost eyes could see them clearly.

Yet in the next moment.

The ground was shaking... The terrain within a hundred miles was undergoing tremendous changes.

Rivers were flowing backward, lakes were backflowing, and the originally high-north-low-south terrain had flipped, with the surrounding terrain within a hundred miles becoming high ground, and the only low place was beneath Yang Jian's feet.

Flat land was rising into mountains, and the city's ground was tilting.

Yang Jian stood in the high sky, surveying all around. Within the Ghost Domain, he raised mountains and moved cities, divided land into rivers, and reversed the terrain, attempting to gather the spreading lake water back together again.

Chapter 1120 Yang Jian Manages the Lake

After the supernatural phenomena of the Ghost Lake invaded reality, it became completely uncontrollable. As the lake water spilled, dispersing the supernatural power, the malevolent ghosts originally submerged in the lake now risked escaping and reviving.

Moreover, at this moment, the top layer of corpses soaking in the Ghost Lake had been flushed in all directions with the lake water, and there were pale floating corpses everywhere around.

These corpses began to quickly decompose after leaving the Ghost Lake.

Besides that, the second layer of lake water was also spilling out, and once it dried up, some of the supernatural entities that were in the second layer would be released.

Not to mention the malevolent ghosts imprisoned in the third layer of the Ghost Lake.

Once the third layer of malevolent ghosts is released, it would trigger dozens, even tens of supernatural events in various places. The impact would be even greater than any individual S-level supernatural event.

For this reason, Yang Jian even gave up the plan to annihilate the group in Taiping Ancient Town, choosing instead to release his Ghost Domain to its maximum capacity, attempting to gather the dispersed Ghost Lake again.

The alteration of landscapes by supernatural power is terrifying.

Now, Yang Jian gave his answer.

Within his hundred-mile Ghost Domain, everything became bizarre and fantastical, and the landscape's changes were happening at an unbelievable pace, as if everything in the world was being casually altered.

Several large mountains rose out of nowhere, cutting through the water bodies.

The ground heaved, and dozens of miles tilted directly.

A barren land suddenly bizarrely sprouted a large river, the river's waters reversing direction, converging in a manner defying logic.

This phenomenon did not just occur in desolate outskirts.

The alteration of landscapes within a hundred kilometers is a massive impact. Although Zhongzhou City was blocked off with no residents, people still lived in nearby cities and counties, and Yang Jian's actions were so swift that he didn't even use the Ghost Domain to block these people's perceptions.

As a result, this earth-shattering change was witnessed by many.

In a residential building on the fifth floor of a county town.

A man who couldn't sleep was standing on the balcony with a water cup, eyes wide open, watching the scene before him, unsure whether he was having a hallucination due to a mental breakdown or if he was encountering a mysterious event.

In a place over a hundred meters in front of his balcony, a large mountain had appeared, no, not just one, but a whole range of mountains.

There used to be a river there.

"The buildings, they're all tilted."

The man rubbed his eyes and noticed again that all the nearby houses weren't sitting flat on the ground, but were higher on one side and lower on the other, with an angle of tilt of at least thirty degrees.

Yet it was incomprehensible that under such tilt, no one fell, and the buildings didn't collapse.

People walking on the tilted ground didn't feel uncomfortable.

Such phenomena were not isolated.

People also witnessed the city's landscape changing incessantly within a few minutes, first with the ground tearing into massive rifts like sinkholes, then rivers reversing and flooding like a natural disaster, as if the end of the world was near, but soon the ground closed up, and the rifts vanished.

It seemed as if divine powers from myth were working to stabilize the collapsing sky and mending the cracked earth.

This scene left countless people astounded, some even being kicked awake by others from sleep, dragged to witness such a spectacle.

News spread wildly, disseminating through various channels.

Calls flooded into several departments instantly.

The headquarters were quickly alarmed.

However, upon receiving such news, Cao Yanhua's first reaction was that a supernatural event had spiraled out of control, with an unknown supernatural power affecting reality, even altering the geographical landscape to a significant extent, reaching a scale that couldn't be hidden.

"Vice Minister, a massive supernatural phenomenon is occurring near Zhongzhou City...." someone quickly reported.

Cao Yanhua didn't listen to the staff's ramblings and slammed the table during the emergency meeting: "This is someone using the Ghost Domain to affect reality, and in the supernatural circle, the only one who can do this is Yang Jian. His Ghost Domain can easily cover a city, affecting reality effortlessly."

"Does dealing with the Ghost Lake incident require such drastic measures? Can anyone explain what this is all about?"

The conference room wasn't crowded, but many hurriedly gathered.

"The Ghost Lake is out of control, Yang Jian is altering the landscape to confine the Ghost Lake, but the good news is, Cao Yang has come online." Shen Liang quickly relayed some intelligence, the latest updates from Feng Quan.

Cao Yanhua paused for a moment, and the staff pulled out the latest satellite maps, projecting them onto the screen.

"Vice Minister, these are the latest satellite maps."

Many people glanced at them, eyes widening instantly, and couldn't help but shiver inside.

This—it was no longer the familiar map.

"Oh my, dozens of villages, several county towns, and multiple cities have all relocated, changing their geographical positions."

"What's with that mountain range, it wasn't there before."

"Several more rivers appeared, wait, they're disappearing again...the changes are ongoing."

Even though the headquarters staff had long dealt with various bizarre supernatural events, this was the first time seeing such a situation. The satellite live map displayed all the landscapes near Zhongzhou City, but they were not static; they were constantly shifting.

A moment ago, the map showed that the location was a city; the next moment, the city had shifted dozens of kilometers directly.

Those unaware would think they were watching an animated film.

"What's the range of the impact?" Cao Yanhua's face was particularly grave.

"Centered on the outskirts of Zhongzhou City, the impact range is one hundred kilometers." Someone immediately reported the data.

"What a joke, altering the landscapes within a hundred kilometers exceeds the recorded data in the supernatural circle by tens of times." Cao Yanhua pounded the conference table with his fist.

He wasn't blaming Yang Jian for altering the landscape.

To trap the Ghost Envoy, Yang Jian had also altered the landscape, creating a blockade line in Dachuan City, and had erected a high wall, isolating the old city ghosts.

But the range back then was at most within ten kilometers.

However, this time the scale was so vast, does this imply that the supernatural influence has expanded to such a degree?

The underlying dangers were beyond imagination.

"Should we have Yang Jian stop?" Shen Liang asked, trying to keep his voice low: "If all else fails, we can still have Old Qin take a trip."

"No, let him continue."

Cao Yanhua outright rejected it, his face grim as he watched the satellite map changes.

His hand was slightly trembling.

Whether from pounding the table too hard or the inner turmoil, unable to remain calm.

But Cao Yanhua understood one thing.

The current Yang Jian was no longer someone anyone could command.

This level of supernatural power meant there was basically nothing that could restrain him.

"Has that high schooler under Zhao Jianguo's command grown to this extent?" For some reason, Cao Yanhua felt a bit dazed.

Out of so many ghost handlers in the headquarters archive, one remarkable individual had emerged.

At the same time.

Outside the outskirts of Zhongzhou City.

Yang Jian was still standing high in the air, surveying his surroundings, continuing to alter the landscape. He wasn't changing things randomly and chaotically.

His mind was working quickly, constructing a mental blueprint with various spatial, architectural, geological, hydraulic, and other related professional materials, using a rigorous scientific approach to relocate towns, enabling these areas to avoid the Ghost Lake's impact while also acquiring better inhabitable land.

This was also to prevent the need for a second relocation later.

At this moment.

The Ghost Lake surged, and the speed of the water level's decline slowed, even showing a tendency to flow back in, but it wasn't enough.

Because now, on the lake's surface, quite a few eerie heads had emerged above the water.

Those were the underwater malevolent ghosts, now with the water reduced, the ghosts were about to reemerge.

On the small black boat.

An elderly man with a monocular eye slightly rotated his pale eyeball, seeing everything happening around, his old face also showing emotion: "The influence range of this young man's Ghost Domain is so vast, he intends to affect reality, altering the landscape over dozens of miles to confine the Ghost Lake within this area, minimizing external impacts."

"This is a blockade at great cost."

Boss Liu said: "But this is also the method with the least risk, better than letting the Ghost Lake spiral out of control."

Indeed, in terms of the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian is the most formidable existence in the supernatural circle." Cao Yang also took a deep breath, watching.

He never expected Yang Jian to be so ruthless, directly altering the terrain to restrict the spread of the Ghost Lake.

But such a large-scale action can't be done so meticulously, and some weird things will still be washed out by the lake water and remain outside; that's when someone is needed to fill in the gaps.

Ah Hong sprang into action at this moment.

She disguised herself as Wei Jing and possessed Wei Jing's supernatural power while maintaining the appearance.

At this moment, she also possessed the Ghost Domain.

Darkness engulfed, and the surrounding corpses were swallowed up, then gathered together and sank into the lake once more.

A corpse that had never decomposed for years was carried by the current to an unnoticeable spot on the ground, surrounded by a large pool of water. As the water almost dried up, the corpse faintly twitched as if showing signs of resurrection.

But the next moment, the darkness roamed over.

Ah Hong extended her hand and grabbed the corpse, dragging it directly into the darkness.

"Splash!"

Immediately, a splash was heard as the corpse on the verge of resurrection returned to the Ghost Lake again.

Collecting corpses is an extremely dangerous task.

It requires someone who can suppress fierce ghosts to take action, and Ah Hong is the best choice so far.

The revival of these corpses happens too quickly, giving no opportunity to detain them, and with too many of them, they can only be dealt with in emergency, throwing them back into the Ghost Lake.

As one corpse after another was recovered, the situation seemed to improve.

But at this moment, Yang Jian looked grave: "The Ghost Lake isn't ordinary water; it can't easily be siphoned back. If this continues, more and more fierce ghosts will escape from the Ghost Lake and revive."

He observed that when the water from the Ghost Lake overflowed, it was incredibly slow to flow back.

Because the overflowing lake water was repelled by the supernatural power of the fierce ghosts in the lake, but there was no supernatural interference in reclaiming it.

"Ah Hong, I need you to clear the waterways and channel all the Ghost Lake Water through these rivers," Yang Jian called out.

Ah Hong was momentarily stunned and then understood what Yang Jian meant.

She nodded, said no more, and plunged into the river.

The next moment, the river surged, and the Ghost Lake Water, influenced by the supernatural power on Ah Hong resembling a Ghost Envoy, was forcibly thrust back, forming a countercurrent trend.

"However, she alone can't influence the overall situation." Yang Jian saw that, even with all her efforts, Ah Hong could only clear one waterway.

He pondered for another solution.

Soon, Yang Jian looked down and saw the lake water beneath his feet.

"I have stolen 40% of the Ghost Lake's supernatural power; against the 60% of the Ghost Lake, I have no chance of winning, but I have the upper hand against the supernatural lake water that overflowed."

Realizing this point.

The lake water beneath his feet surged violently; the ground cracked, and a waterway appeared out of nowhere, connecting to other water bodies.

The lake water belonging to Yang Jian began to invade all water bodies within a hundred kilometers.

At this moment.

The situation reversed.

The lake water in the Ghost Lake was affected, all reversing back in.

The rising tide lifts all boats.

The black boat floating on the lake at this moment was no longer descending; instead, it was rising.

The three people on the boat saw this change.

"He succeeded, the Ghost Lake has been subdued." Boss Liu's sharp eyes caught this change instantly.

If everything runs smoothly, in less than an hour, a new Ghost Lake will form.

Moreover, the impact radius of the Ghost Lake will shrink to within ten kilometers.

"The range is controlled, but with a portion of the supernatural force removed, the ghosts inside might not be entirely suppressed? And by the looks of it, Taiping Town is going to flood."

The one-eyed old man slightly turned his head towards the direction of the ancient town.

Cities can migrate, rivers can be redirected.

But the Ghost Lake cannot be moved, and neither can the Taiping Ancient Town.

Now the Ghost Lake is spreading; the ancient town is too close. With the backflow from the lake, mixed with water from other rivers, the flooding of the ancient town is inevitable.

"I can't let the ancient town disappear under my watch." The one-eyed old man had a somewhat ferocious expression at this moment.

He had guarded it his whole life; how could he stand by and watch as the ancient town drowned in the Ghost Lake?

"You better not act rashly, or your head will roll," Cao Yang warned them sternly, staring coldly at them.

"Just you? A rookie who sunk in the lake?" The one-eyed old man replied angrily.

Cao Yang said: "Yang Jian has already crippled you, I'm enough to take you down."

In his hands appeared a red scissors entangled with black hair.

Boss Liu immediately advised: "Stop, it's no longer the time for us to act rampantly; the youngster above us has given us enough face. Right now, he's fighting the Ghost Lake; if he turns against us, we really would be wiped out here. Don't forget, that dog is still around."

The one-eyed old man fell silent at these words.

He still had some tricks left, enough to take out a few opponents, but as for the Evil Hound... he really had no solution.

This fierce ghost that invades dreams is too restricting for people like them.

He couldn't help but touch his neck.

The flesh on his neck healed, but the wound was still there. Just a touch, and the wound ripped open into a gaping hole, as if his head was about to fall off again.

The impact of the Firewood Knife was still severe and not something that could heal in a short amount of time.

"Indeed, the black boat is filled with bad luck; we can't escape it either," the one-eyed old man said silently.

He knew he had already lost.

Being seriously injured himself, Old Liu was unwilling to take action, and the Faceless Person remained neutral.

The determined Cleaning Lady, however, was bitten to death by the dog.

It seemed the Taiping Town was indeed indefensible.

"It's best to remain still," Cao Yang said, coughing twice again, spitting out lake water.

He had been soaked for too long; even though Yang Jian had fished him out, the supernatural influence of the Ghost Lake remained, preventing him from maintaining peak condition. If he were to act, he wasn't very confident.

The lake water continued to backflow.

The water surface rose, and the ghosts whose heads had appeared above the lake earlier were once again submerged and gradually disappeared from sight.

Cao Yang saw with his own eyes a dead man's head protruding from the water, eyes open, scanning the surroundings, sending chills down his spine.

However, as the lake water inundated, the dead man slowly closed his eyes again and returned to the lake for another sleep.

But.

The Ghost Lake was no longer the Ghost Lake it had been.

Even though Yang Jian had successfully stopped the Ghost Lake's spread, the balance of the Ghost Lake had ultimately been broken.

A corpse's head with disheveled hair, floating on the water, would not submerge no matter how high the water rose.

It was like a water buoy, constantly floating there.

Moreover, it was moving.

Heading towards the shore.

The fierce ghost was breaking free, attempting to escape the Ghost Lake's restraint.

Although such cases were rare, there were several scattered instances.

This fierce ghost, which couldn't be suppressed, was evidently the most terrifying existence in the Ghost Lake.

Thus, the real danger was just beginning.