

Revival 1121

Chapter 1121 The Last Piece of Clothing

Yang Jian altered the landscape to keep Ghost Lake near Zhongzhou City, preventing the spread of the supernatural.

The effect was there, but not as effective as imagined. Ghost Lake's water wasn't just ordinary water; it was a supernatural product, and once it mixed into the rivers, it could pollute the waters. Retracting it through ordinary means wouldn't work; supernatural methods were needed.

Ah Hong disguised herself as Wei Jing and used the power of a Ghost Envoy to reverse the flow of the lake water.

Yang Jian went further by using the supernatural power he had stolen from Ghost Lake to curb its spread.

With this, the effects finally began to show.

But as a price, the supernatural power Yang Jian controlled had already spread out, entering various water bodies and polluting many areas.

This was something unavoidable.

If he didn't do this, Ghost Lake would go out of control.

Therefore, rather than letting the supernatural power from Ghost Lake spread, Yang Jian opted to spread it first to block Ghost Lake.

"Such a large-scale terrain alteration affects reality; the impact on me is still too significant, not to mention that I used a reboot once and a six-layer Ghost Domain before." Yang Jian felt the skin on his forehead twitching.

An uncontrollable anomaly appeared in the Ghost Eye.

The inherently dangerous Ghost Eye was suppressed only with the help of Ghost Shadow and the quota from a Ghost Hand, showing no signs of resurrection, allowing him to open the Ghost Domain to the seventh layer, reaching the point of rebooting himself.

But even so, it couldn't withstand such prolonged and large-scale use.

A ghost, after all, is a ghost, an uncontrollable existence.

But now wasn't the time to stop.

Yang Jian stood expressionless in the sky, still observing the surroundings' every move, continuing to modify the terrain and straighten river courses.

At this moment, Ghost Lake was stably rising, but correspondingly, its range expanded, beginning to submerge Zhongzhou City and Taiping Ancient Town.

Yang Jian didn't want to move Zhongzhou City; this city was already severely corroded by the supernatural. No one dared to live there, fearing future hauntings, so he decided to sink Zhongzhou City into the lake altogether.

Taiping Ancient Town was quite special; within it was a Ghost Street, and it held some secrets from the past.

But Yang Jian couldn't move this ancient town and could only leave it be, whether it would be submerged or sink into the lake depended on the future.

The action to block the spread of Ghost Lake lasted nearly half an hour.

Ah Hong was the first to give in.

She crawled out of the river, soaking wet, with her makeup completely ruined, revealing a horrifying face. The skin was rotten, incomplete, and colorless from being soaked in lake water, looking like a face chewed by a dead person, terrifying at first glance.

This was a side effect of ghost makeup.

The more frequent the makeup, the greater the corrosion on herself. Her face had already started decaying; the abnormality wasn't apparent daily because she re-applied makeup on the decayed parts to look like her previous self.

But now.

Ah Hong had reached her limit; her makeup was entirely ruined, showing her true self.

"Yang Jian, I can only help you this far."

She painfully covered her face on the ground, enduring the agony of her face decaying.

"Enough, it's already enough, you take a good rest." Yang Jian nodded, affirming her effort.

His Ghost Eye also restlessly moved.

His condition was deteriorating too.

However, he said not a word more, for now, he was the only one who could do all this; nobody else could control this Ghost Lake as he did, even if other captains used a Ghost Domain.

With part of the supernatural power from Ghost Lake stolen, Yang Jian had to shoulder the corresponding mission.

"Ah Hong seems a bit off," Cao Yang glanced over at Ah Hong's miserable state, thinking silently.

But he was powerless.

Supernatural corrosion, ghost resurrection, such issues had always been a nightmare for ghost handlers.

"But this still doesn't solve the supernatural incident. Although the spread of Ghost Lake has been stopped, it hasn't been solved. The ghosts are still there, and those soaked in Ghost Lake are also breaking free."

Cao Yang was well aware of the current situation.

It was certainly quite dire.

Just not utterly hopeless.

Forty-five minutes later.

Yang Jian felt he had reached his limit; he couldn't continue recklessly using supernatural powers. The Ghost Domain that covered a hundred kilometers was retracting, and the terrain was no longer changing dramatically. However, the time he spent had shown its results, leaving the rest for time to calm.

Slowly descending from the sky.

Yang Jian appeared with the others on the rooftop of a high-rise in Zhongzhou City.

Ghost Lake had spread, completely submerging Zhongzhou City. The water had reached a height of ten floors and was still rising.

"Yang Jian, has Ghost Lake been successfully sealed?"

Feng Quan, who had been watching everything from the rooftop, hurried to ask.

"No, although it hasn't spread, it's destined to be out of control, and in the coming period, ghosts will intermittently emerge from Ghost Lake. Those are ghosts that Ghost Lake can't restrain, which will be terrifying, but let's not worry about them now." Yang Jian said, "How is Ah Hong's condition?"

"The supernatural has invaded her body; her face is almost completely decayed, but she's not going to die just yet. However, after this incident, she likely won't be able to take on missions anymore."

Cao Yang checked Ah Hong beside him, frowning.

Ah Hong's one eye was blind, her eyebrows gone, all eroded by the remaining ghost makeup.

"Being alive is good." Yang Jian glanced, expressionless.

"I need to dive into Ghost Lake now to retrieve Li Jun and Leuk San. I can't let them sink to the bottom without any response since they're not dead yet."

Cao Yang hesitated, "That's too risky; the ghosts in Ghost Lake are still there, and it's currently out of control. If you encounter danger, you'll die in there."

He didn't support Yang Jian doing this.

"If Li Jun and Leuk San aren't brought out, we can't handle the forthcoming matters; we lack manpower."

Yang Jian said in a deep voice, "Moreover, besides dealing with Ghost Lake, we have to keep an eye on those few enemies."

He glanced inadvertently at the three people on the distant black boat.

Even though the Evil Hound suddenly appeared and bit one of them to death, the remaining three were still the most threatening and couldn't be taken lightly.

"It's decided then, Feng Quan, Cao Yang, you two stay with Ah Hong and keep an eye on them."

Yang Jian said, then slowly took out an iron ring from his pocket.

Though the ring was iron, it seemed to be polished from a ghastly white human bone.

This was a supernatural item Yang Jian made before coming to Ghost Lake, and he named it Ghost Ring.

Once worn, as long as the surrounding number of people reaches three, you'll never be discovered.

However, to ghosts, he couldn't be sure if it was effective.

Nonetheless, having it was better than nothing, even if it had a slight effect.

As soon as the ring was worn.

Yang Jian was clearly still standing in place, but in the eyes of Feng Quan and Cao Yang, it was as though he had already disappeared, directly ceasing to exist.

Without saying a word.

He leapt down, plunging directly into the Ghost Lake from the tall building.

"Splash!"

A huge splash echoed.

Though no one was seen, this massive disturbance said it all.

Boss Liu, on the black boat, was initially puzzled upon seeing this scene, then he understood: "That young man has gone into the Ghost Lake himself again. This time, probably to retrieve the person who sank to the lake bottom before. They are short-handed, and the ghosts in the Ghost Lake are freeing themselves to leave, once a few remarkable ghosts emerge, they will be hard to handle. So now he's organizing the team to enhance the strength."

"Taiping Ancient Town is already inundated. Perhaps this is the last chance."

The state of the one-eyed elderly man recovered considerably; the wound on his neck had almost healed.

However, the dismembered supernatural within him had not recovered so quickly.

Seeing Yang Jian voluntarily enter the Ghost Lake, he hesitated again.

Boss Liu said, "Rules shouldn't be broken time and again. He managed the Ghost Lake and reversed the situation, which means the words of the previous elders were correct. I understand your desire to save Taiping Town; to be honest, so do I, but what's happened, has happened. We are already old, with not many years left, disappearing quietly will suffice. We shouldn't block the path of the young."

"If you really decide to act, I will stop you."

The one-eyed elderly man glanced at him: "You are not my opponent."

But just as he finished speaking, the Faceless Person who had been motionless turned around at that moment, extending his hand to block the one-eyed elderly man, his attitude clear without words.

Boss Liu chuckled, "See, he disagrees too."

"So be it."

The one-eyed elderly man stared at the gradually submerged ancient town in the distance, his eyes somewhat hazy.

A place he guarded for a lifetime had become an obsession.

Today, it was to be swallowed by the Ghost Lake; he couldn't accept this. Not to mention Yang Jian, even if the great king of the heavens came, he'd risk his life.

The outside world had nothing to do with him; he only wanted to guard this little plot.

Yet this era could no longer accommodate him.

Even the last two residents of the ancient town wanted to oppose him.

Silently for a long time.

The one-eyed elderly man bent down to pick up the small paper boat, then drew a match from his bosom, which seemed a bit special, igniting with a gentle swipe on his finger.

The paper boat burned, emitting thick smoke.

He threw the paper boat into the distant air.

Thick smoke rolled, thicker than imagined.

The paper boat soon burned to ashes, and amid the smoke, a massive wooden boat emerged, as if supernatural power was unleashed, and illusion turned real; finally, this huge wooden boat plummeted onto the lake surface with a crash, splashing waves.

"The young won't use the paper boat, so I might as well help them. Hopefully, the situation in the Ghost Lake will improve," the one-eyed elderly man said.

After doing this, he squatted down, silently gazing at the laundry woman's corpse, tossing the half-burned match onto it.

In the cold, damp body unexpectedly ignited in an instant, bursting into fierce flames.

"Ahem, why burn the corpse here?" Boss Liu waved his hand, slightly spreading his fingers.

On the small wooden boat, the distance altered; the small boat clearly only a few meters long was forcibly stretched to several hundred meters, allowing the burning corpse not to disturb nor cause fire injury.

The laundry woman's corpse gradually blackened in the flames, her clothes quickly turning to ashes, while the flames carried shrill screams.

Each piece of clothing seemed to host a fierce ghost, eerily chilling.

Yet this fire was peculiar, capable of burning supernatural, even more terrifying than the Ghost Flame controlled by Li Jun.

Or perhaps, this fire was deeply connected to the Ghost Flame.

But all this was irrelevant now.

The laundry woman's corpse, along with the eerie clothing, burned down, the firelight gradually fading, smoke swiftly vanishing.

From the ashes, the one-eyed elderly man reached in.

Only one piece of clothing remained.

This clothing couldn't be burned any longer, featuring grotesque faces, twisted bodies, charred torso imprints, as if multiple fierce ghosts were lodged in it, extremely perilous.

"This is Taiping Town's last stitched piece, also its finest work, surpassing the funeral garment," the one-eyed elderly man shook off the ashes, looking at the masterpiece with a trace of nostalgia.

Taiping Town's tailor shop was gone today.

Boss Liu said softly, "What do you plan to do with this garment?"

"Naturally keep it for Taiping Town's people, not outsiders," said the one-eyed elderly man.

"Taiping Town has no one left; even the last one died in the lake," Boss Liu stated.

The one-eyed elderly man replied, "Then find a way to pull her out of the lake; we old folks can vanish, but the younger generation can't be entirely eradicated; we must leave at least one."

"What methods do you have?" asked Boss Liu.

The one-eyed elderly man remained silent, clutching the garment without a word, gazing at the eerie, cold lake surface.

At this moment.

Yang Jian had already sunk into the Ghost Lake, his ghostly eyes peering into the cold, dark waters, capturing everything around him.

The Ghost Lake was terrifying, but for someone who had stolen part of its supernatural power, it had little effect on Yang Jian.

So long as the Ghost Lake didn't reclaim that puzzle piece, Yang Jian could move within it.

But such movement was exceedingly perilous.

Mere moments passed.

Yang Jian felt the surrounding waters changing; he vaguely saw a haunting figure roaming near, elusive because it was a fierce ghost entirely formed by the lake water, sometimes solidifying, then dissipating, melding with the lake.

"The ghost is searching for me."

Yang Jian touched the Ghost Ring in his hand.

Clearly, this supernatural item was effective.

The ghost in the Ghost Lake knew he was there but couldn't pinpoint his exact location.

This was due to nearby corpses, not ordinary bodies, but fierce ghosts suppressed by the Ghost Lake, now motionless.

"Indeed, ghosts count as numbers; yet treating a ghost as one number makes interference less effective than imagined." Yang Jian dared not make unnecessary moves.

Wet black hair waved by his ear, at his back, atop his head.

The ghost was near, searching for him.

Once found, Yang Jian would be assaulted.

Chapter 1122 Searching for Someone in the Water

The second time Yang Jian entered the Ghost Lake, he was searching for the whereabouts of Leuk San and Li Jun.

They were not very fortunate; they didn't manage to escape when the Ghost Lake was divided, leading to them still being trapped in this body of water. Additionally, the current situation requires manpower to handle the malicious spirits gradually freeing themselves from the lake's restraints. Both Leuk San and Li Jun are extremely important allies in this regard.

One possesses a large number of paper dolls, while the other can connect to Shangtong Tower and open the ghostly painting world.

At this time, they cannot afford any losses, no matter what.

Otherwise, the upcoming scenario will be difficult to manage.

Yang Jian's condition was also deteriorating; the previous use of the Ghost Domain had a significant impact on him.

Having become an anomaly, he once again felt the risk of a certain ghostly revival.

Indeed.

Becoming an anomaly is not perfect—it still harbors some potential risks, which only time will gradually reveal.

"I'm not the only one who embarked on the path of becoming an anomaly. People from the Republic of China period must have taken this path too. That one-eyed old man outside is also an anomaly, but anomalies are far from perfect..."

Upon realizing this, Yang Jian felt an inexplicable breath of suffocating despair within him.

The existing methods of mastering ghosts seemed all wrong.

Balance, the ghost master will ultimately die.

Curse, those cursed will be killed by malicious ghosts.

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Now, Yang Jian thought this seemingly perfect path of becoming an anomaly was not so flawless; the only difference is in which methods allow one to live a bit longer.

As for longevity, it seems Old Qin lived the longest among the ghost masters.

"So that's it, there's no perfect method to master fierce ghosts, nor a right path for ghost masters. It's all about survival—the one who lives the longest, his method is the correct one. If mastering two ghosts allows you to live indefinitely, then that method is right."

"If becoming an anomaly keeps one alive, then becoming an anomaly is the right method."

"It's not about the process, it's about the result."

Inside the Ghost Lake, while searching for Li Jun and Leuk San, Yang Jian felt something amiss in his own condition. Recalling all his past experiences, he suddenly had an epiphany.

"Therefore, the older generation of ghost masters from the Republic of China period left no methods of mastering fierce ghosts because they didn't know whether their methods were right or wrong. It was better to start anew; perhaps a new era, new collisions could bring about an entirely different path. Repeating the old path holds no meaning."

"Moreover, the methods of becoming an anomaly are bizarre and some paths are not replicable."

At this moment.

Yang Jian seemed to see the path before him.

Like this eerie Ghost Lake, it was plunged in darkness, devoid of any hope, filled with only darkness and decay, and the menacing ghosts lurking within that darkness.

Fierce ghosts cannot be killed.

In the end, it is always humans who die.

"Stop, I can't think about this any longer; now is not the time to focus on such things."

Yang Jian abruptly withdrew his thoughts, halting his line of thinking, as continuing down this path would unsettle his inner thoughts.

Once despair consumes the heart, everything becomes meaningless.

Yang Jian had never despaired before, but now that he had come to this realization, he felt despair; so what did all of his prior experiences amount to?

"The road ahead is dark, so I'll illuminate it and blaze an unprecedented new path." Yang Jian's mind surged up.

The ghost eye ignored the darkness, reaching straight into the deepest depths of the Ghost Lake.

Finally.

He saw traces of Li Jun.

Li Jun sank to the lake's bottom, not floating in the water as before. At this moment, he was like a deflated ball, shriveled and powerless, with only the eye sockets and the three holes of his mouth faintly flickering with eerie flames.

That was the glow of the Ghost Flame, which hadn't been extinguished even within the Ghost Lake.

The Ghost Flame is a fierce ghost, not a flame in the traditional sense, and even with the suppression from the Ghost Lake, it couldn't be completely extinguished.

"After the paranormal effect of the Ghost Lake dispersed, Li Jun, who was initially floating in the water on the third level, sank to the lake's bottom, indicating that the paranormal energy of the Ghost Lake had weakened, which is why the ghosts could free themselves earlier."

Yang Jian's eyes shifted slightly, and he swiftly rushed over, grabbing the person skin coated with Ghost Flame.

Li Jun's appearance had completely transformed, his skin bore a strange human face, numb and uncanny, depicting a quintessential fierce ghost. Only once Ah Hong had painted Li Jun could he resurrect him.

But in the next moment.

Yang Jian felt the water around him surge, with a chilling aura flooding in.

Scattered, wet hair fell on him, and a pair of ghastly white eyes eerily peered at him.

It was a female corpse that suddenly appeared in the Ghost Lake.

Also the source of the Ghost Lake, a truly terrifying fierce ghost.

"Did it see me?" Yang Jian's eyes narrowed.

"It shouldn't have, the more ghosts there are around me, the better I can hide, making it harder to be found. This is an innate paranormal rule of the Ghost Ring, it shouldn't be wrong. Wait... The ghost is not targeting me; it's targeting Li Jun's skin."

Suddenly.

He realized.

He had hidden himself, but Li Jun's skin hadn't.

"Would this ghost even attack that skin?" A thought flashed in Yang Jian's mind.

The female corpse still drifted nearby, showing no sign of leaving, and unlike before, the ghost had manifested physically, which indicated that it had plans to attack.

Yang Jian took a step forward, and the female corpse drifted a step in pursuit.

Its presence seemed to lower the surrounding temperature.

Even the Ghost Shadow felt a cold sensation.

"If I'm touched by this ghost for even a moment, my body will melt, and right now I can't afford to restart over and over again. The best way is to take Leuk San and quickly get out of here."

Yang Jian glanced at the female corpse and cautiously avoided it before continuing his search.

The Coffin Nail and Firewood Knife had been used before, proving useless against the ghost in Ghost Lake, and he didn't want to waste time.

The female corpse's pursuit made him feel heavily pressured.

Moreover, Yang Jian hadn't yet figured out a way to deal with it and might even get taken out easily by the ghost. If killed multiple times, he couldn't guarantee survival anymore, even as an anomaly.

After all, the supernatural itself is an uncertain thing.

Black hair floated in the water, occasionally wrapping around Yang Jian's body; he instinctively reached out to pull it away several times but soon restrained himself from making such impulsive moves.

Because the female corpse's pale eyes kept staring at him.

Even if Yang Jian took a larger step, he might even find himself close to the female corpse.

The danger was palpable.

"In this situation, finding Leuk San and leaving without being affected is almost impossible." Yang Jian stopped, slightly tilted his body, and dodged the drifting female corpse.

The female corpse wandered irregularly around him, continuously staring, making him uneasy.

"Where is Leuk San?"

The scope of Yang Jian's Ghost Eye was large, and aside from some supernatural obstructions, he could see everything at the bottom of the lake, but he hadn't found any trace of Leuk San yet.

He couldn't help but wonder if Leuk San was yet another paper figure participating in this mission?

If so, after this matter concluded, he would trigger the medium, take up the Firewood Knife, and directly dismember him.

"Yang Jian, are you looking for me? I'm here."

Just then.

Suddenly, a familiar voice drifted over from afar—it was Leuk San's voice.

"He can still talk in Ghost Lake?" Yang Jian's gaze sharpened as he sought the voice.

In his Ghost Eye's vision, numerous corpses were present, and he quickly locked onto a strange one, whose age seemed not more than fifteen or sixteen, yet appeared very old, covered in wrinkles like ravines, resembling crumpled paper.

And its appearance was unfamiliar, completely different from the previous Leuk San.

"Are you Leuk San?"

Yang Jian spent a moment carefully avoiding the female corpse, getting closer.

"It's me. I didn't expect you to ignore Ghost Lake's influence and freely move within it. Unfortunately, I can't do that; all I can do is speak—it's my limit," Leuk San said, indeed audible.

Ghost Lake isn't a lake; it's a kind of supernatural suppression, indicating Leuk San was resisting this suppression to a degree.

To resist to such extent, at least he was far stronger than Li Jun and Cao Yang.

Cao Yang could barely open his eyes and move his eyeballs in Ghost Lake.

"I want to take you and Li Jun away from here. It's out of control outside, and I'll need you to exert your strength," Yang Jian said with a cold face.

He could speak because he wasn't affected by Ghost Lake, but if attacked, he still wouldn't withstand it.

"Rescue me out and I'll solve the chaos outside for you. Also, did you kill that old thing?" Leuk San asked.

"I didn't kill the one-eyed old man guarding the shrine; I don't have time to focus on him," Yang Jian replied.

Leuk San said, "Great, leave him to me—I want to take him down personally."

"Are you certain you can defeat him?" Yang Jian asked skeptically.

Leuk San seemed changed, coldly saying, "When provoked, there's no living person in the supernatural circle I can't take down."

"That includes me?" Yang Jian asked.

"Yang Team, your words are distanced. We're colleagues, comrades, not enemies," Leuk San said, his tone shifting to a slightly chagrined chuckle.

In a life-and-death struggle, he was confident in taking down anyone currently in the supernatural circle, but Yang Jian wasn't an enemy, and his means were abundant. The result of such an encounter was uncertain; it would have to be attempted to know, but it couldn't be tried.

"Having such thoughts is normal. Everyone who acquires ghostly power thinks they can take down anyone," Yang Jian expressed understanding, not dwelling on Leuk San's words.

"We'll see your performance upon leaving, just like before—you know what I will do."

He then issued a warning.

"Yang Team, before you take me out, won't you handle the corpse sneaking up on you, eavesdropping on us?" Leuk San said.

Yang Jian said, "That's not a corpse—it's the source ghost of Ghost Lake."

"What?"

Leuk San was shocked, feeling his heart tighten.

This female corpse was the source that created the Ghost Lake event?

He observed closely and realized the female corpse remained close to Yang Jian, drifting around while eerily surveying the surroundings—not merely a simple female corpse.

Even Yang Jian was cautious, avoiding contact, frequently adjusting his body to avoid it.

Chapter 1123 Face as a Canvas

"With the ghost constantly following you, how do you plan to rescue me out? Once you're targeted by a ghost, maybe we'll all die here."

Leuk San was very apprehensive of the female corpse floating around Yang Jian.

Because he knew that under normal circumstances, Yang Jian would absolutely not allow such a fierce ghost to linger nearby.

The only explanation for the current situation was that Yang Jian had no way to deal with this fierce ghost.

"Taking a risk is better than waiting here to die." Yang Jian said calmly, "If you don't want to leave, just say so. I'll let you stay in the water waiting for your death."

"Captain Yang, please don't be angry. I'm just worried about the subsequent actions. Honestly, I'm very grateful that Captain Yang is risking himself to save me this time. In the future, if there is anything you need help with, just let me know. I'll do what I can to help." Leuk San said.

Yang Jian stopped arguing with him and reached out to grab Leuk San: "Let's go."

Immediately.

He, under the pressure of the fierce ghost beside him, took Li Jun and Leuk San and began to ascend, intending to quickly leave Ghost Lake, to avoid any unforeseen risks.

"I'm a bit curious, I used supernatural means to hide myself, even the fierce ghost in Ghost Lake could not pinpoint my location, how did you find me?" Suddenly, Yang Jian asked a question that troubled him.

Leuk San said, "No, I didn't find you, Captain Yang. I just saw the spear in your hand and Li Jun's skin, then tried shouting out, and sure enough, you responded. With such obvious evidence, if I still didn't know it was you, wouldn't that mean there's something wrong with my brain?"

"..."

Yang Jian looked at the spear in his hand.

Supernatural can't affect Gold, this thing is indeed conspicuous, anyone who sees it would know he's around.

The speed of ascent was a bit slow.

It wasn't because of any interference, but rather the floating female corpse became increasingly difficult to deal with.

With two people in tow, avoiding any contact with the female corpse was extremely challenging.

Yang Jian's ghost eyes had already opened several, capturing all directions with no visual blind spots, yet despite this, some minor unexpected situations still arose.

The female corpse's strands of long black hair, during their drifting, wrapped around Leuk San's leg.

Upon this contact, those strands of black hair tightened like water weeds in the lake.

"Not good." Leuk San detected it, his face suddenly changed.

Before he could think further.

The next moment.

The female corpse seemed to suddenly awaken, her pale eyes rotated slightly, finally resting on Leuk San, her stiff face slowly showing a rigid smile.

"Yang Jian, move quickly." Leuk San shouted loudly.

His body unable to move, he could only urge anxiously.

Although the killing pattern of Ghost Lake was understood, don't forget there still exists a potential indiscriminate killing pattern when facing some fierce ghosts, even some potential killing methods.

Thus, the closer one gets to a fierce ghost, the higher the probability of being targeted by it.

"Not good, the body is disintegrating..."

Leuk San's pupils shrank intensely at this moment, he saw his own legs gradually showing signs of dissolving, as if to become part of this lake water.

"Just a lot of fuss over nothing, endure it yourself, it's just a little injury." Yang Jian was unmoved, he merely accelerated the pace of action as Leuk San was attacked.

Leuk San's body seemed quite resilient, temporarily enduring even when targeted by the ghost in Ghost Lake.

This was related to the fact that he didn't have a living body.

If it had been a living human body, the moment of contact would have led to complete dissolution instantly, as Yang Jian had personally attempted before.

The female corpse at this moment was completely focused on Leuk San, more hair entwining around him, and furthermore, the female corpse slowly lay on Leuk San's back, extending her cold arms to strangle his neck.

Under such circumstances, Leuk San had no way to break free.

"Yang Jian, are you trying to save me or harm me..." Leuk San exclaimed with shock and urgency.

But he stopped abruptly halfway through his sentence.

The female corpse's pale head was close to his face, slightly open-mouthed, bringing forth a series of whispered voices.

This sound wasn't speech, nor was it a tone a living person could produce, very peculiar.

Upon hearing the ominous words uttered by the fierce ghost, Leuk San seemed to be suffering from a most dreadful curse, his whole body convulsing, while blood flowed from his nose, ears, mouth, and even eyes, thick and dark, not normal fresh blood, but congealed blood of the deceased.

Yang Jian also heard this sound, he abruptly turned to look at the female corpse, revealing an expression of amazement.

Because at this moment, not only was Leuk San affected, but by just overhearing a few odd phrases, Yang Jian's head was ringing, his consciousness slightly scrambled.

If a normal person heard it, they might have dropped dead on the spot.

Not daring to hesitate any further.

Yang Jian at this moment raised the spear in his hand and slashed towards the fierce ghost lying on Leuk San's body.

Without any incident.

The head of the female corpse was sliced off by Yang Jian.

Even in Ghost Lake, the Firewood Knife was still terrifying.

The eerie whispering vanished at this moment, while the female corpse's body began to quickly disintegrate, turning into a puddle of water merging into Ghost Lake.

But immediately afterward.

The surrounding waters stirred.

The chilling female corpse appeared once again, its lost head returning, restored completely.

And this time it seemed different from before.

More than just one female corpse appeared.

A second female corpse appeared.

A third female corpse also appeared.

The appearances and clothes of the three corpses were different, yet all bore that stiffly smiling expression.

"The number has increased." Yang Jian's face slightly changed.

This was a completely different situation from before, earlier when he faced the female corpse, the number hadn't increased.

This change occurred after the fierce ghost whispered into Leuk San's ear just now.

Those brief whispers seemed to trigger some unpredictable change.

"Leuk San, what exactly did that fierce ghost say to you?" Yang Jian quickened his pace while asking urgently.

The lake's surface was getting closer.

"How would I know? I was disoriented then, only strange sounds by my ear." Leuk San replied miserably, not knowing what had happened either.

Surviving the attack without dying already spoke to his tenacity.

Had it been someone else, they'd be dead already, let alone able to speak.

"Forget it."

Yang Jian looked at the near surface of the lake, ignoring the surrounding fierce ghosts, and crashed through the female corpses, breaking through the water.

"Splash!"

Just emerging briefly from the lake surface, the chilling feeling rapidly subsided.

A ship?

He saw an enormous wooden ship floating on Ghost Lake, and its style seemed familiar, wasn't it just like the one Yang Jian had previously bought from the paper store on Ghost Street?

"On the boat."

Yang Jian did not hesitate, he needed to find the nearest place to get ashore, and since the boat was right in front of him, he might as well board it directly.

His ghost eyes emitted a red light, gazing at the wooden ship.

A rigid, black ghost hand appeared out of thin air, fiercely gripping the wooden boat. Then, his entire body leapt up, completely escaping from Ghost Lake.

Splash!

A few people landed heavily on the deck of the wooden boat, their entire bodies soaked through, with water persistently oozing out, resembling drowned corpses.

"Did they succeed?"

Upon witnessing the commotion here, Boss Liu on the nearby black boat had his eyes light up in surprise.

"Success? This is just the beginning. They've been entangled by the ghosts in the lake, this is the most fatal," the one-eyed elder said grimly.

In his pale eyes, he saw Yang Jian, Leuk San, and the shriveled human skin of Li Jun, each followed by a female corpse. That female corpse wasn't real, it was illusory, their forms adhered together as if cursed, all sealing them with Ghost Lake's mark.

However, Yang Jian's form was so fuzzy it almost disappeared, seemingly interfered by some supernatural force, only recognizable by the water on his clothes.

"Ghost Lake is only a part of the ghost, the real danger is the malevolent spirit itself. If it were easy to deal with this ghost, we wouldn't have needed a coffin to send it away before."

"This dangerous?" Boss Liu queried.

"When are ghosts ever not dangerous? But this is an opportunity, the malevolent spirit has set its sights on them, so there's a sequence in killing. I must seize this chance to retrieve the corpses," the one-eyed elder said, taking a step forward.

The small black wooden boat shook violently.

"How do you retrieve them? The corpses have disintegrated," Boss Liu asked.

The one-eyed elder replied, "The corpses are all in the lake water. The moment the malevolent spirit appears, the corpses show up. That's when you catch the malevolent spirit and snatch the corpses, it won't guard a single corpse forever, it has enough replacements in the water."

"It's a bit difficult to snatch the corpse from the malevolent spirit, but it's not completely impossible."

After saying this.

The one-eyed elder unexpectedly leapt straight into the chilling lake water.

He, however, grasped a piece of clothing in his hand.

It was the last piece of clothing left by that woman after she died, he needs to use it to counter Ghost Lake's influence.

Based on judgment, this clothing paired with his own supernatural power should withstand Ghost Lake, as some of the ghostly influence has been stolen away, no longer as terrifying.

If judged incorrectly, the one-eyed elder's leap would be suicide.

Yang Jian, amidst the happenings on the black boat, had no time to care; he stood on the deck, removed his ring, revealing himself.

Leuk San lay on the ground, slowly regaining movement.

But the first anomaly appeared in Li Jun.

More precisely, his terrifying human skin.

Freed from Ghost Lake's suppression, Ghost Flame suddenly flared and burned, filling the shriveled skin instantaneously, and the skin abruptly stood upright.

The uncontrollable Ghost Flame burst forth, as if burning the surroundings, and Yang Jian even smelled the scorched stench emanating from himself.

Without Li Jun's control, this was a true ghostly resurgence.

"At this moment, don't cause trouble for me," Yang Jian fiercely flung the Coffin Nail, directly piercing through the hollow eye socket of the human skin, nailing it to the deck.

The resurgent malevolent spirit suddenly returned to deathly silence.

"Ah Hong, bring Li Jun back," he shouted to the distance.

In the top half of a building submerged in water afar.

Feng Quan, Ah Hong, and Cao Yang witnessed the scene taking place.

In the next moment.

Three people vanished directly and appeared on the deck the next instant.

Ghost Domain... yet not Feng Quan's Ghost Domain.

Yang Jian glanced at Cao Yang.

Indeed, this guy also possesses Ghost Domain.

Cao Yang said, "Ah Hong is almost done for, she can't utilize supernatural power anymore."

Ah Hong lay on the ground, in a coma, her face already decayed, inflicted with various strange dyes.

Yang Jian frowned.

He retrieved the Deceiving Ghost's necklace.

Supernatural influence alters reality, trying to restore Ah Hong's body.

However, the necklace could affect Ah Hong's body but couldn't swiftly repair her face.

Ah Hong had applied makeup too many times, entangled deeply with the supernatural, though the necklace played an effect, the outcome was too slow, such restoration would take at least half a day.

But the situation here cannot wait for half a day.

"Should I use Ghost Shadow to splice her body, rip off her face, and replace it with a new one? No, won't do, post face swap, Ah Hong wouldn't be herself anymore," Yang Jian recalled a supernatural experience before, Tong Qian nearly died from a face swap back then.

"Who's there?"

Suddenly.

Feng Quan shouted, looking towards the direction of the cabin.

At some unknown time.

A tall but faceless man stood there, facing this way, silent.

"Is it that Faceless Person from the small boat?" Feng Quan, gripping the shovel, prepared to confront.

The Faceless Person could not speak, gesturing, "I can save her."

Yang Jian's eyes shifted slightly, "Feng Quan, let him save Ah Hong."

He chose to trust once.

For if the Faceless Person intended harm, he would have acted sooner, not suddenly appeared now.

Feng Quan stared at the Faceless Person, ultimately chose to step aside.

The Faceless Person walked over.

His towering figure emanated a kind of oppressive aura, as if nothing could stand in his way.

The Faceless Person approached Ah Hong and extended his hand.

Both hands covered Ah Hong's face, completely concealing her decayed facial features.

Very soon.

As he opened his hands, all defects on Ah Hong's face vanished, but similarly... Ah Hong's face was gone.

Ah Hong had become a new Faceless Person.

"What are you doing? You've taken her face away," Cao Yang said with a sullen expression, immediately questioning.

The Faceless Person did not speak, merely took the makeup case in Ah Hong's hand and handed it to Yang Jian, then gestured, indicating her face wouldn't rot anymore but needed a new face.

"Drawn face?" Yang Jian's eyes glinted, realizing swiftly upon seeing the makeup case.

If Li Jun can be drawn, why can't Ah Hong?

So he promptly took the bizarre makeup case, opened it, and began painting on Ah Hong's faceless face.

"Yang Jian, do you know makeup? What if the drawing is unlike, wouldn't that be bad," Cao Yang said.

"I can do everything."

Yang Jian skillfully outlined eyebrows, eyes, nose, mouth for Ah Hong.

And the drawing was remarkably refined, much like a makeup artist's work, astonishingly beautiful.

But just at that moment, tucked on one side, Leuk San suddenly heard a familiar, eerie whisper beside him.

His body seemed to become extraordinarily damp.

Chapter 1124 Entangling Curse

Yang Jian used the dye from the makeup box in Ah Hong's hand to apply makeup on her faceless face.

His makeup skills were excellent, at a top master level.

Soon, the makeup was complete.

A delicate face appeared in front of everyone.

This face was entirely drawn with strange pigments, and although the colors were somewhat unnaturally vibrant, the entire face was flawless. However, for some reason, this slightly rich makeup looked like the makeup of a dead person no matter how you looked at it.

It wasn't that Yang Jian's skills were lacking; it was just the feeling this dye gave.

Like a mortician applying makeup to the dead, there was always a sense of eerie lifelessness.

"It's identical to Ah Hong's original appearance, very high degree of restoration."

Cao Yang glanced and commented, "This way, after the supernatural power takes effect, it shouldn't turn her into someone else."

If the makeup was done incorrectly and judged to be someone else, it would mean big trouble. Ah Hong might die because of that unfamiliar face.

In the next moment.

Ah Hong, without any warning, suddenly opened her eyes.

Her eyes showed no sign of spirit, revealing an unusual emptiness, but as time passed, a hint of human emotion began to appear on her face.

"Was I unconscious before?" Ah Hong looked at the few people beside her.

Seeing Yang Jian, Cao Yang, Feng Quan, and others around her, she felt slightly relieved.

"The supernatural invaded your body, almost causing your face to rot completely and affect your life. We saved you through some methods, but your face couldn't be restored." Yang Jian said calmly.

Hearing this, Ah Hong was suddenly startled and instinctively reached out to touch her face.

But Cao Yang grabbed her hand nearby: "Don't touch it randomly. Your face is painted on now, and you know very well the characteristics of ghost makeup. Once the makeup smudges, you're done for."

"I see." Ah Hong was startled, her hand trembled, and she dared not touch her face.

Even though ghost makeup has many advantages, the drawbacks are also significant. It cannot be touched or smeared casually, even by an ordinary person, as the makeup can be easily messed up.

At that point, the supernatural effect of the ghost makeup would fail.

"You should be fine now, but it's not the time to rest. I've already retrieved Li Jun's human skin. Go and bring Li Jun back. Ghost Lake is slipping out of control now, and we need manpower here." Yang Jian said, pointing to the dead man's skin nailed with a coffin nail over there.

Once nailed, the fierce ghost fell into a deathly silence, unable to revive and kill.

The makeup could only be done in such circumstances. Otherwise, the skin and ghost flame would not wait for you to finish painting before they kill you.

"I understand." Ah Hong nodded.

The supernatural event wasn't over, and Ghost Lake wasn't completely handled yet. The danger remained, not the time to slack off and rest.

"How are the two of you doing? Don't tell me you can't move by now." Yang Jian then cast his gaze toward Cao Yang and Leuk San.

Cao Yang replied, "I soaked in Ghost Lake for too long before, and the impact was significant. I still have that lake water in my body, and it needs some time to be expelled, but if we need to move now, I can manage."

His whole body was still wet, and occasionally, water stains flowed out.

"I'm feeling a bit off; my body keeps getting wetter, and there's a strange voice in my ear, like a woman whispering next to me."

Leuk San's face was gloomy at this moment, and he raised his hand to look at the back of his hand.

Drops of water were on his hand, like someone sweating profusely in the summer heat.

"Could it be..."

Cao Yang furrowed his brow at that moment: "Leuk San, I need a strand of your hair."

"What are you up to?" Leuk San became cautious.

"I suspect there's a curse of a fierce ghost on you, and I need to verify it." Cao Yang said.

Leuk San hesitated, initially unwilling to agree, but sensing the strangeness of his body, he finally tore off a crumpled paper stuck to his face, reached inside, and pulled out a few strands of hair.

The hair was long, like weeds, as if buried in the soil for a long time without decaying, with a peculiar odor.

"Still a paper man?" Yang Jian understood when he saw this scene. Leuk San's body was still a paper man, with his real body hidden inside.

But how big of a person could hide in this paper man?

It might only fit a child.

Cao Yang, not worried about Leuk San's situation, took the hair and pulled out a rusty pair of scissors, wrapping the hair around the handle.

As he worked, he explained, "Hair is a medium. With the help of the Ghost Scissors, you can see curses invisible to anyone else. Curses include many situations; the killing method of a fierce ghost is one. If targeted by a fierce ghost, using the Ghost Scissors in time can cut short that connection and interrupt the fierce ghost's killing."

"This is one use I've figured out, but using the Ghost Scissors requires a price to be paid. The curse cut wasn't dissipated, just stored on the scissors. Carelessly, it can make you susceptible to previous cut curses, attracting other fierce ghost attacks."

Cao Yang explained in detail, both to dispel Leuk San's doubts and to inform Yang Jian.

Because the Ghost Scissors were to be returned to Yang Jian after all, and Cao Yang was just using them temporarily.

"Cutting the curse, interrupting the fierce ghost's killing method?" Yang Jian's eyes shifted slightly.

Speaking of such invisible curses, he thought of the little girl Zhao Xiaoya he encountered with Gao Ming before.

In the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian's ghost eye had glimpsed thread-like connections, tying Zhao Xiaoya and the fierce ghost together. He wondered if this was a manifestation of curses?

But those threads couldn't be snapped.

Could it be that the Ghost Scissors can cut those cursed threads?

After wrapping Leuk San's hair, Cao Yang held the eerie scissors.

In the next moment.

His vision underwent a bizarre change, the surrounding light dimmed abruptly, and all sorts of terrifying things began to appear around him.

On the ground, a Dead Man's Head stared at him, severed limbs lay beneath his feet, sticky blood dripped on his shoulder, and footsteps crept closer... These weren't fierce ghosts; they were the killing methods of fierce ghosts, left by previous Ghost Scissors users after cutting curses.

Each curse represented a fierce ghost.

If you get tainted, it means you've been targeted by a fierce ghost for no reason.

Of course, unless you're lucky and the fierce ghost wanting to kill you was confined, it wouldn't matter then.

Otherwise, as long as the fierce ghost is still around and not confined or restricted, it will come to kill you regardless of where you are.

Cao Yang ignored these supernatural occurrences, focusing his gaze on Leuk San.

The Ghost Scissors allowed him to see an unbelievable scene.

Behind Leuk San, a long-haired, cold-breathed, pale female corpse was eerily clinging to him, with wet hair dripping water. The water dripped along the hair, wrapping around Leuk San's body like vines, binding it tightly.

Impossible to break free.

The most horrifying thing was the female corpse's face lying on Leuk San's shoulder, whispering in his ear.

"So, this is the curse of Ghost Lake..." Cao Yang's eyes narrowed.

Now he understood why Leuk San previously said his body was wet, and felt as though someone was speaking next to him.

After hesitating for a moment, Cao Yang gritted his teeth, stepped forward, and approached Leuk San.

He raised the scissors in his hand, trying to cut short those invisible black hairs, sever the female corpse's limbs, and separate the curse from Leuk San.

But just as Cao Yang slightly moved the scissors to cut a strand of the wet black hair.

In the next moment.

The cold female corpse suddenly turned her head to look at Cao Yang.

"What a joke, just a curse, and it sights me?"

Cao Yang was startled, instinctively stepping back a few steps, creating distance.

"Cao Yang, your method worked, the voice in my ear stopped."

Leuk San was slightly delighted at this moment, thinking it had succeeded.

Cao Yang's face looked grim as he said, "No, I didn't succeed. I saw a fierce ghost clinging to your body. It's a terrifying curse, and using this pair of scissors to remove it is incredibly difficult, the most challenging I've ever encountered, without exception."

The curses he's seen before mostly involve a line connecting the ghost to the living, which can be cut to break the curse.

Occasionally, some ghost curses involve contact with the living, and it's just a matter of cutting off the part where the ghost and the living touch, such as the ghost's hands or feet.

This cutting can't harm the ghost, just interrupts its supernatural attack.

But now, the entire body of the ghost is lying on Leuk San, which means this ghost isn't just a simple curse anymore.

It's more like... an intrusion.

Leuk San has been invaded by a ghost from the Ghost Lake.

"At least I'm better now than before," Leuk San said.

He couldn't see the curse, so he didn't know that at this moment, the ghost from the Ghost Lake was lying on him, whispering in his ear.

"You're wrong. If you can't sever your connection with the ghost, your condition won't improve at all," Cao Yang said.

As his actions stopped, the cold female corpse stiffly turned her head back and continued whispering in Leuk San's ear.

"You were right, the voice is back," Leuk San's expression changed slightly.

The familiar eerie voice resurfaced beside his ear, truly like a leech on his bone that couldn't be shaken off.

Yang Jian was curious now: "Leuk San, what kind of terrifying curse did you see that even you don't dare to act?"

Cao Yang didn't speak, just said, "Yang Jian, give me one of your hairs, I want to check your situation."

"You suspect I'm in the same situation as Leuk San? Alright, let's verify it first."

Yang Jian's eyes moved, and he immediately handed over a few strands of hair.

Cao Yang wrapped the hair around the handle of the scissors and then looked over.

Immediately.

His pupils shrank, and he was again taken aback; "Yang Jian, there's a female corpse lying on you too."

"The curse of the Ghost Lake?"

Yang Jian wasn't afraid, just frowned.

"There's no mistake, both you and Leuk San are tainted by the curse of the Ghost Lake; the fierce ghost has set its sights on you." Cao Yang said.

Yang Jian said, "No wonder I felt a bit wet, thought it was because I just came out of the lake, but turns out it's not."

"But Yang Jian, your situation is much better, the female corpse lying on you isn't whispering in your ear, and there's no movement yet." Cao Yang explained in detail what he saw.

Yang Jian looked at Leuk San; "This is a matter of priority, he was targeted first, I suppose I'll have to wait until Leuk San dies before it's my turn."

"Yang Captain, your words are a little scary. I'm not that easy to kill." Leuk San quickly said.

"I hope so."

After Yang Jian finished speaking, he said, "The Ghost Scissors can handle curses, in that case, give it to me, I'll try to get rid of this female corpse on me."

"Be extremely careful using the Ghost Scissors, each use might attract other curses or be targeted by other fierce ghosts. It's not a very good supernatural item, so you have to weigh the good and bad of removing a curse. Don't provoke a more vicious ghost for a trivial curse."

Cao Yang didn't hesitate much and handed the scissors to him.

This Ghost Scissors was originally from Fang Shiming in the circle of friends. After Yang Jian killed Fang Shiming, it was Cao Yang who handled Fang Shiming's corpse, hence the supernatural item ended up in his hands.

However, the headquarters had promised to return this Ghost Scissors to Yang Jian as compensation after Fang Shiming's corpse collection was completed.

"I roughly know how to use it." Yang Jian nodded.

Cao Yang's detailed explanation greatly reduced his exploration time, which was indeed something to be thankful for.

Of course, this time Yang Jian saved Cao Yang, so it was mutual.

Once he got hold of the Ghost Scissors.

Sure enough.

Everything around changed; previously invisible curses were instantly revealed.

This was somewhat similar to the Firewood Knife.

But the Firewood Knife kills through a medium, while the Ghost Scissors interrupts the medium, breaks the curse. Their functions are not the same.

At this moment, Yang Jian glanced slightly at his own body.

Strands of wet hair hung in front of him, a pale, cold hand rested on his shoulder.

But these had no physical presence, it was merely a manifestation of the curse.

"So, this is what Cao Yang saw earlier." Yang Jian tried to use the scissors to cut off the pale hand.

The scissors seemed rusty and useless upon contact with the curse, but in reality, it was sharp as the Firewood Knife against fierce ghosts, severing the female corpse's wrist with a single snip.

The severed hand of the female corpse dropped to the ground, but it didn't disappear, still visible to Yang Jian.

However, the female corpse leaning on him decreased its area of contact.

Yet, it was far from enough.

The female corpse was almost entirely on him, and to completely rid of it, it would take at least a dozen snips.

But as Yang Jian prepared for a second snip.

Something seemed to collide with his foot.

He looked down.

A severely rotten dead man's head had rolled over from somewhere and hit his leg.

Yang Jian tried to kick it away.

But it was to no avail.

The severely rotten dead man's head was a curse residing in the scissors, not tangible, and could only be dealt with by cutting it with the scissors.

But the more times you use the scissors, the more likely you are to catch other curses.

Therefore, it's a low-cost-effective action.

Unless there's a way to completely remove all the curses on the scissors, the strong effect of the Ghost Scissors is hard to leverage.

Just like the drawback of the Firewood Knife, a method to offset it must be found for it to be used.

"What do you think, Captain Yang, I wasn't wrong, was I?" Cao Yang said, "I don't want to use this thing, nor do I dare to. The more it's used, the faster you might die."

"Understood."

Yang Jian nodded, "Need to find a way to wash off the accumulated curses on the scissors before they can truly be useful. For now, as long as my curse hasn't impacted me much, I can ignore it."

"That's what I think too," Cao Yang said.

Yang Jian didn't say much, just put away the Ghost Scissors.

This issue had to be dealt with later; there was no time to bother with the curse now.

"Captain Yang, it's done." Suddenly, Ah Hong's voice came from the side.

"Very well, let's resurrect Li Jun then, and the few of us captains will team up to deal with these ghostly things." Yang Jian walked over and pulled up the spear nailed to the skin of the dead man.

Without the suppression of the Coffin Nail.

The Ghost Flame inside the human skin reignited, swelling like an inflating balloon.

A strange person stood before them.

The unfamiliar face on the skin disappeared, replaced by another familiar face, though it was drawn.

But undeniably.

Ghost Flame Li Jun had returned once more.

Chapter 1125 Learning and Growth

Even though Yang Jian previously used the Ghost Domain to alter the terrain and used a portion of the supernatural power from Ghost Lake that he had stolen to prevent its supernatural spread, it was merely a temporary solution.

The spread of Ghost Lake was halted but came at a price.

The price was that the fierce ghosts previously submerged in Ghost Lake through the black boat were now escaping.

Fierce ghosts that even Ghost Lake cannot confine have unimaginable levels of danger.

The only salvation is that the freed fierce ghosts are just a very small portion of Ghost Lake; most of the supernatural phenomena remain submerged within Ghost Lake.

But the danger must be dealt with.

Otherwise, once the issue with Ghost Lake is resolved, terrifying fierce ghosts will continuously wander near Zhongzhou City, turning the area into a truly desperate place.

Splish!

A splash sounded from the lakeshore in the distance.

The fierce ghost that had sunk in Ghost Lake has come ashore.

The lake water cannot imprison it, and the Ghost General roams freely.

This escaping fierce ghost is also completely drenched, like a drowned person, but its clothing is peculiar, not the attire of this era, instead it wears an old-fashioned Chinese robe, now only worn by people performing crosstalk.

The wide sleeves hung empty, it's unclear if there were arms inside.

Long, wet hair scattered, covering the entire head, obscuring its features, making it impossible to distinguish gender.

The fierce ghost did not stray far, pacing back and forth along the lakeside.

Aimless as if it was a mentally deranged patient at first glance.

But it's not a patient, rather a terrifying fierce ghost that has been unchanged for decades while soaking in lake water.

The reason it wanders aimlessly is that no one is around, with no one to trigger the ghost's killing instincts, so it has no target, and the horror has not surfaced.

Not only that.

Elsewhere, bubbles frothed on the lake surface, as the surrounding water became turbid, a body floated up, the body was peculiar, tightly bound by a chain of black iron, but it did not remain still, twitching slightly, struggling to break free.

The iron chain clattered, gradually being thrown off.

An eerie figure covered in mud, dirty and foul-smelling, slowly crawled onto the shore. Once ashore, the figure of the fierce ghost swiftly disappeared, seemingly hiding quickly.

Other incomprehensible supernatural phenomena also emerged.

These could be seen with the naked eye.

And some unseen as well.

Yang Jian himself could not confirm how many terrifying fierce ghosts had escaped while retrieving Leuk San and Li Jun from Ghost Lake.

"What's the situation now?"

Li Jun had recovered, his face stiff and numb, with Ghost Flame flickering in his hollow eye sockets, observing everything around him.

"The Ghost Lake is out of control, fully invading reality, uncontrollable, while the fierce ghosts imprisoned in Ghost Lake are escaping," Feng Quan quickly summarized what he observed.

"The situation isn't too severe, as long as it's handled well afterwards, there will be no problem," Li Jun said, then looked at Cao Yang.

"Once Cao Yang is rescued, we will have the numerical advantage, and by joining forces, we can handle any fierce ghost."

He wasn't boasting, but this time they unknowingly gathered many captain-level figures.

Yang Jian, Leuk San, Cao Yang, Li Jun, and the mysteriously disappeared Shen Lin.

A total of five captains, plus Feng Quan and Ah Hong, two top-tier ghost handlers, in such a scenario, if they still can't manage it, no team in the world could handle the current situation.

However, Yang Jian said, "It's not that simple; the fierce ghosts capable of escaping Ghost Lake are extremely terrifying, and if careless, a captain could end up dead, don't forget how Shen Lin disappeared. He hasn't appeared to this moment, it's likely hard for him to return."

"The people of Taiping Town are both foes and friends, while the ancient town conceals too many secrets, but the only good news is that it was submerged by Ghost Lake."

After saying this, he glanced again at the black boat and the ancient town swallowed by the lake in the distance.

"He just saved Ah Hong, so he shouldn't be an enemy," Cao Yang glanced at the Faceless Person standing nearby motionlessly.

"I hope so too, but three people remain from Taiping Town, each is not simple, had the situation not been reversed by the Evil Hound biting one to death, you probably wouldn't fare well, I can't determine the stance of the remaining two, especially the one-eyed old man in charge," Yang Jian said.

The Faceless Person didn't respond, just quietly standing on the boat without any action, seemingly neither fearing a sudden attack by Yang Jian and others nor thinking they could kill him.

Since his attitude was rather amicable, Yang Jian naturally did not fear him too much.

However, as they were discussing.

Suddenly.

Waves surged near the black boat, something seemed to be happening underwater, but before they could ponder further, someone burst from the water. The one-eyed old man, soaked and disheveled, emerged, grabbing the black boat, then flipping heavily into the cabin.

"Hmm?"

This scene immediately grabbed Yang Jian's attention.

"Incredible, he actually swam up by himself after jumping into the lake," Cao Yang's face changed abruptly seeing this.

"After we submerged, we couldn't move, though the pressure from Ghost Lake seems weaker now than before, a ghost handler swimming up is almost impossible, this lake can submerge anything," Leuk San showed a puzzled expression.

"That robe is very special, it didn't even seem to get so wet, the water stains on him quickly drained away," Yang Jian noticed this detail using his ghostly eyes.

Li Jun then said, "Not only that, he is holding a female corpse in his other hand."

"Whether the female corpse entangled him or he retrieved it from the lake for debate," Yang Jian remarked.

On the black boat.

Boss Liu hurriedly helped the one-eyed elder up: "What's the situation now, was it a success or a failure?"

"The corpse has been retrieved, but reviving her is still difficult. I need to return to the ancestral hall; only then can she be brought back to life." The one-eyed elder was expressionless, merely glancing at the female corpse beside him.

The female corpse appeared to be around her twenties, quite young, but her body seemed to be filled with an unknown amount of lake water, continuously leaking large amounts of moisture as she just lay there.

"The ancestral hall is now submerged." Boss Liu said.

"As long as the items are still there, it will be fine." The one-eyed elder stood up but almost stumbled again as if he was affected by something.

However, the moisture on the one-eyed elder's body had already disappeared; only his clothes had changed, transforming into a woman's jacket covered with bizarre, supernatural patterns.

Without this piece of clothing, he couldn't have swum up from the lake's bottom.

"Let's go; there's nothing more for us here. If we don't leave now, we might really die at the hands of these young ones. Besides, their people have arrived, and I believe they can handle the situation here. If they can't, staying means death for us too."

The one-eyed elder coughed again, spitting out a mouthful of silt mixed with lake water.

Boss Liu nodded: "We shouldn't have come this time. Not getting involved in this matter might have saved at least one life."

After saying this.

The black boat swayed once more, carrying them slowly away.

"They're leaving? That old bastard nearly killed me; I can't let him just walk away." Leuk San took a few quick steps forward, ready to take action.

"Enough." Yang Jian reached out to stop him.

Leuk San paused: "You must have dealt with them before; letting them go could be a future threat. Eliminate them now to prevent endless trouble later."

"If you want to kill them, do it after this is over. There's no point in acting now, and we might lose a few people fighting them," Yang Jian said.

"Together, we could take him down in a few seconds." Leuk San was adamant, still trying to persuade Yang Jian to act.

Because the black boat was drifting farther and becoming increasingly blurred, it seemed ready to disappear on the lake surface.

"It might've been seconds before, but not now. The one-eyed elder has an extra piece of clothing now, and he can swim up from Ghost Lake. If we really fight, do you think we'll only face him? Do you want to force the other two to change sides and fight us?" Yang Jian reminded once more.

Cao Yang said, "Yang Jian is right, Leuk San. If others choose to leave, it implies they don't want more conflict. Moreover, they saved Ah Hong and even gifted us such a big boat, giving us a foothold in Ghost Lake. Plus, they lost someone, too—the situation is settled."

"If there are personal grudges, settle them later, not now."

He supported Yang Jian's approach.

Though Yang Jian was impulsive and quick to act, he wasn't brainless. At this critical moment, sparing the trouble would be better, allowing these people to leave would save us from guarding against them later.

So their departure is a good thing.

If action must be taken, wait until after the Ghost Lake affair ends to find an opportunity, not messing about now.

Leuk San just wanted to speak when his gaze suddenly tightened, turning toward Zhongzhou City's direction behind him.

"It's appeared."

Cao Yang and Li Jun also sensed something, immediately looking over.

Zhongzhou City was already submerged, yet many high-rise buildings still protruded over the water, but among these, appearing at unknown times, were female corpses, disheveled, all with eerie smiles.

These female corpses appeared before windows, continuously walking from deep within the buildings, with their numbers steadily increasing.

No, they had been increasing all along, just previously unnoticed.

In mere moments, every exposed building in Zhongzhou City had traces of these female corpses.

"This hadn't happened before; why suddenly now?" Cao Yang was most surprised.

Because he had dealt with Ghost Lake before.

Yang Jian frowned, proposing a theory: "I'm afraid Leuk San's ability was stolen by the ghost in Ghost Lake. A similar incident occurred with Shen Lin before... He was eroded by the ghost, taken over, then the ghost infiltrated my memories trying to kill me, but it failed."

Leuk San stiffened, his face, already grim, turned even grimmer: "No, it's not stolen. Paper figures are crafted through supernatural means, so they need materials even after being stolen."

"It's not theft, but the difference is minimal. This ghost has a way to acquire others' supernatural powers."

Yang Jian added, "Moreover, did you notice these female corpses wear clothes now?"

Clothes?

"The female corpses wore clothes before." Li Jun said.

Cao Yang said, "Those victims who died in Ghost Lake were not the spirits in Ghost Domain. When the ghost appeared, it resembled a female corpse, but without clothes. It's different now; all female corpses have clothes, the same style, very much like that elder's jacket."

"It learned quantity from Leuk San, learned clothing from that elder. Is that the idea?" Li Jun understood now.

Leuk San said, "Yang Jian, you were attacked too, why weren't your powers stolen?"

"I first seized Ghost Lake's supernatural power; perhaps that's one reason I wasn't affected," Yang Jian replied.

"Cao Yang was previously in Ghost Lake too; he seemed fine."

Cao Yang replied, "To be honest, I wasn't directly attacked by the ghost. I accidentally fell into Ghost Lake after discovering the ghost's killing pattern."

"..." Leuk San was speechless.

So just bad luck for me?

Chapter 1126 Elimination

As Yang Jian and others successively sank into the Ghost Lake and then escaped, it seemed to trigger some unforeseen change.

The fierce ghost in the Ghost Lake seemed to have learned some sort of supernatural ability from a few of them.

This should not be theft, because Leuk San himself said that his supernatural power could not be stolen, and all the paper figures were made using some supernatural means. Without materials, there was no way to create new paper figures.

So the fierce ghost in the Ghost Lake is more like a kind of mimicry.

But the Ghost Tamer is limited by various reasons in exerting their supernatural power, while the fierce ghost is not.

"That thing seems to be getting out of control, and its numbers are increasing."

At this moment, Ah Hong noticed more and more eerie female corpses emerging from the buildings on the water surface, and an uneasy expression appeared on her face.

"At least a few hundred of those things." Cao Yang's eyes moved slightly, "This fierce ghost has learned an extraordinary ability, and at this rate, the number will soon exceed a thousand. These things will exhaust us just by consuming our energy, and they cannot be ignored. If we ignore them, once these ghostly things scatter everywhere, it will not just be a matter of sealing off dozens of miles, the area for hundreds of miles will be affected."

"Leuk San, your paper figures shouldn't reach this level, right?"

Leuk San's face remained gloomy, "Do you take me for Jesus? If I had over a thousand paper figures, why would I be heartbroken over losing just one? There wouldn't be any supernatural incident I couldn't handle."

"With so many, it surely isn't real ghosts, most likely ghost slaves or something. It should be easy to resolve, like those ghost infants in the Hungry Ghost incident." Li Jun said, "Why not simply burn everything with a flame?"

"I think this time is different from the Hungry Ghost incident with those ghost infants." Yang Jian's expression was somber.

His ghost-eye peered through, and every female corpse interfered supernaturally with his sight, while his physical intuition told him that these appearing fierce ghosts were ferocious, unlike those ghost infants he could easily deal with before.

"No matter what, this thing cannot be ignored, let's act directly. The truth will be clear after we start."

Ghost Flame in Li Jun's eye sockets was flickering violently, and flames were already emerging nearby.

The nearest building exposed above water was instantly ignited, shrouded indifferently by the eerie green Ghost Flame, including those bizarre female corpses continually emerging from within.

This time he wasn't reckless but made an exploratory move.

Yang Jian touched his forehead and closed his ghost-eye. He had used too much supernatural power today, and the ghost-eye already showed signs of resurgence. Once it fully resurges, the ghost-eye will be out of control. At that time, he perhaps won't die, but his life will be worse than death.

No one knows better than him how terrifying an out-of-control ghost-eye can be.

The Ghost Flame's burning can destroy some supernatural phenomena and eliminate ghost slaves and supernatural derivatives. Although it cannot kill fierce ghosts, it can suppress them.

However, at this moment,

An unexpected phenomenon occurred.

In the building, the female corpses standing motionless were allowed to be burned by the eerie Ghost Flame, but when the flame got about ten centimeters away from the female corpses, it could no longer approach, as if an invisible supernatural power resisted the flame's erosion.

And this phenomenon was not limited to one female corpse; every single of them was like this.

The female corpses were scattered throughout the building, forcing Li Jun's Ghost Flame to retreat.

The Ghost Flame could only flicker in places without female corpses, but that was entirely ineffective.

"What? How is this possible, not even a single female corpse can be burned?"

Li Jun, although his eye sockets were without eyes, showed an expression of disbelief on his face.

The others froze as well.

They were well aware of the fearsome capability of the Ghost Flame, which could burn the supernatural and suppress fierce ghosts, effective in any supernatural incident, never failing as it did today without any effect.

"The worst has happened." Yang Jian vaguely guessed something and glanced slightly at Leuk San.

At this moment, Leuk San said with a sombre face, "If the fierce ghosts in the Ghost Lake have really mimicked my paper figures, then the situation is worse than imagined."

"Why?" Ah Hong asked.

"My paper figures are used to distribute the supernatural power to delay the fierce ghost's resurgence, but correspondingly, the supernatural power each paper figure possesses is actually the same, except for those few paper figures I specially made." At this moment, Leuk San finally revealed some of his intelligence information.

He has always been tight-lipped, but today he made an exception.

"So, if one ghost can't be dealt with, the others are the same?" Ah Hong asked.

Leuk San said, "No, it gets worse. My paper figures can distribute supernatural power, but the ghosts in the Ghost Lake aren't paper figures. They don't need distribution, so each female corpse is likely to individually have the full power of the source fierce ghost. If there really are a thousand female corpses, then there are a thousand fierce ghosts."

"What a joke, that's impossible." Cao Yang's tone changed upon hearing this.

"I'm just speculating. Whether it's right or wrong, a direct confrontation will make everything clear."
Leuk San said, "Yang Jian, what do you think?"

He finally looked at Yang Jian.

Not only him, but also Cao Yang, Li Jun, Feng Quan, and Ah Hong all looked at Yang Jian.

Truthfully, among these people, Yang Jian was the only one with the capability to lead the team.

Although he lacked authoritative leadership, no one could match his performance in supernatural events. His ability alone was enough to command respect.

"At present, the people from Taiping Town have all left, eliminating worries. Cao Yang and Li Jun also returned from the Ghost Lake. At this moment, the Ghost Lake has invaded reality again." Yang Jian calmly said, "There are no other options; naturally, it's necessary to confront the fierce ghosts face-to-face. Whether the Ghost Lake incident can be quelled depends on this confrontation."

"Let's not forget, there are other fierce ghosts in the Ghost Lake trying to reach the shore and leave."
Feng Quan reminded.

Yang Jian said, "The fierce ghosts that have left can be dealt with later; the current problem with the number of female corpses is greater."

Feng Quan nodded, "Right, the Ghost Lake issue is more pressing."

"Handle them individually, don't stray too far from each other. Start clearing from the nearest building, and remember to support others promptly." Yang Jian said.

As a measure of caution, it was clear they couldn't directly penetrate to the center of Zhongzhou City. They could only start clearing from the buildings on the outskirts of the lake, and they must not be too far apart. If an issue arises, delayed rescue could result in casualties.

The others understood Yang Jian's plan and nodded in agreement.

"Set off."

With a command, the group instantly vanished from the massive wooden boat.

Li Jun and Ah Hong first rushed into the building engulfed by Ghost Flame. This building, after being flooded, had floors full of accumulated water, the air was exceedingly damp, the walls were covered with water stains, and even the ceiling constantly dripped water.

A series of eerie female corpses stood in the water, some motionless, while others walked eerily through the water.

However, as the two approached, the wandering female corpses in the building instantly stopped their actions.

Then all the female corpses twisted their rigid necks in unison, staring at Li Jun and Ah Hong with ghostly pale eyes.

Ah Hong appeared anxious, holding a red Ghost Candle in her hand, ready to ignite it at any moment.

Li Jun, with the Ghost Flame in his eye sockets, scrutinized the cold female corpses, despite standing in accumulated water, he felt no fear.

Having no heart, he no longer had any emotion of fear.

His face was only expressionless and stiff.

"Here they come," Ah Hong whispered.

The next instant,

The water underfoot rippled, and in the dim building, one after another, terrifying and cold female corpses appeared from all directions, constantly approaching Li Jun and Ah Hong. These female corpses wore vintage women's coats, appearing disheveled, but their faces were distinct from one another.

No two female corpses shared the same face.

"Don't waste time, send all these ghostly things away at once," Li Jun opened his palm, and the Ghost Flame in his hand suddenly expanded.

Amidst the flames, a desolate building appeared,

He connected the Ghost Domain to the ghost painting, once again opening this forbidden area.

After all, that building wandered with the most terrifying ghost painting and Ghost Envoy, two unsolvable-level fierce ghosts known so far.

In another building.

Leuk San stood on a large wooden boat, thinking to himself. He was better off being cautious, considering the situation. However, the next moment, a head of black hair floated in the water under the desk, and a female corpse with a disturbing smile on her face emerged from the water.

And it was not just this one.

The strange sounds echoed through the floors of the building, and from the adjacent corridor came the sound of corpses walking in water.

A number of female corpses gathered.

"More of them? I have plenty of mine as well." Leuk San's expression was indifferent.

Soon after, throughout the entire building, other footsteps were also heard. These footsteps were dense and appeared from all directions.

A group of people, identical in appearance and actions, appeared from somewhere, or perhaps they were hiding in the building, waiting for Leuk San's arrival to awaken them. These identical people gathered through various doors and passageways.

The number was large, at least thirty of them.

These paper entities looked at each other, then all turned their gaze to Leuk San standing on the desk.

The Leuk San on the desk did not look the same as the other paper entities, but it still was not his true identity. It was merely his second layer of identity to prevent his true self from being exposed once the paper entity's identity was discovered.

No one has seen the true appearance of Leuk San, nor does anyone know who the real Leuk San is.

Even his name was fake.

"This time, things are going to get real." Leuk San slightly lowered his head, stretching out his hand to tear the skin and flesh from the back of his hand.

A piece of scarlet flesh was torn off alive and then carelessly thrown aside.

No.

That was not flesh.

It was actually a piece of paper, merely with camouflage marks, making it look like a piece of living flesh.

One by one.

Leuk San tore all the paper from his hand, with blood continuously flowing.

Quickly.

A pair of more bizarre and terrifying hands were revealed.

They were a pair of emaciated arms, somewhat damaged and decayed, with nails that were blackened, like a corpse exhumed after many days.

These were no longer human.

These were truly the arms of a ghost.

And this was merely a small part revealed after tearing off the camouflage of paper from the paper entity's body.

It's hard to imagine what terrifying things are hidden inside once the paper entity is fully torn open.

After Leuk San's horrifying arms were revealed, changes occurred on the arms of the other paper entities as well. In a short moment, the arms of all the paper entities were eroded by supernatural forces and transformed into the same existence as Leuk San's.

A cold female corpse suddenly embraced one of the paper entities from behind.

The paper entity's body began to melt.

Yet at the same time, the paper entity spoke, "Courting death."

The emaciated, decayed arm suddenly grabbed the female corpse's neck and directly pulled it away.

The female corpse instantly froze.

And from that neck, an indescribable eerie aura spread, wherever it passed, the female corpse's pale skin started to turn black, then began to decay, followed by the flesh beginning to slough off... In just a brief moment, the female corpse thoroughly decayed and then completely lost its movement.

"Clear this building," Leuk San commanded in a suppressed voice.

He didn't need to direct the paper entities.

Because each paper entity was him, and each him was a paper entity.

All the paper entities began to combat the numerous female corpses.

Leuk San utilized a kind of incomprehensible terrifying supernatural power, easily restraining even the fiercest ghosts, and ghostly entities in the Ghost Lake were powerless against it.

However, even though the clearing was proceeding smoothly.

An unpredictable change was occurring.

The first entirely decayed, blackened female corpse that fell in the pool of water began to rapidly recover. The decayed body quickly healed, the blackened skin color faded away, returning to the former waterlogged white appearance, and finally, the female corpse's deathly pale eyes opened once more.

Although Ghost Slaves could be eliminated, a true ghost could not be killed.

It seemed that Leuk San's previous words were being confirmed...

These female corpses weren't some supernatural anomalies but rather real fierce ghosts.

At this point, Leuk San hadn't noticed this.

Elsewhere in the building.

Yang Jian and Feng Quan teamed up.

"Bang!"

A spear flew over, directly penetrating four female corpses and pinning them firmly to the wall.

The female corpses instantly lost their ability to move, closed their eyes, and then their limbs hung limp, with no further abnormalities.

"The corpses haven't disappeared?" Yang Jian strode through the water, frowning as he realized this.

If it were Ghost Slaves, they would surely die, and if they were supernatural anomalies, they would directly disappear.

But neither happened.

In front of Feng Quan, a large grave mound appeared; it emerged mysteriously, seemingly crafted by his own hands, with a few pale arms and strands of black hair visible outside the ancient grave. He had to pick up a shovel and continue filling it with soil for burial.

In that old grave, he buried three female corpses.

A bit greedy.

Ideally, an old grave should only house one fierce ghost; otherwise, if there are too many, the grave would not be able to suppress them, and the ghosts would break free from the grave soil and walk out.

Thus, Feng Quan enlarged the old grave to prevent accidents from happening.

He wasn't in a hurry to clear the female corpses on his own because it wasn't his entire responsibility; he was merely patching up.

"In that case, I might as well trigger a medium and see if I can dissect all the female corpses in one go."

Yang Jian's ghost shadow behind him wavered, and the shadow extended its hand to grasp the hand of the female corpse pinned to the wall.

He pulled out the spear, activating the medium.

A phantom of a fierce ghost image emerged in sight.

Without hesitation, he slashed down with the Firewood Knife, cleaving the fierce ghost's image in two.

But in the next moment.

An unexpected situation occurred, surprising Yang Jian.

The female corpse on the wall was abruptly dissected into two halves, but the other female corpses remained unaffected, standing there intact.

The curse of the Firewood Knife succeeded but also failed.

It couldn't extend to the other female corpses.

This situation indicated a possibility, each and every female corpse existed independently, neither supernatural anomalies nor Ghost Slaves.

Only in this way would the curse of the Firewood Knife target only one individual.

He suddenly turned around.

Yang Jian observed the varied faces of the female corpses, and a terrible suspicion formed in his heart.

Chapter 1127 - Leather Bag (Thanks to Mr. WV for the silver)

"Each female corpse looks different, and the curse of the Firewood Knife cannot spread to them, even when nailed with the Coffin Nail they don't disperse... Without a doubt, every female corpse is a fierce ghost. Leuk San's previous speculation was true, but it isn't just that."

"If there was only one fierce ghost in Ghost Lake, then I would have dismembered all these female corpses with a single cut."

Yang Jian looked at the eerie female corpse in front of him, which was split into two parts, and remained silent.

A gruesome wound also appeared on his body, penetrating him completely.

The curse of the Firewood Knife is terrifying.

Yang Jian could only endure it, unable to resist. He could only use the Ghost Shadow's characteristics to slowly wait for recovery, or use the Ghost Eye to restart. It wasn't about endlessly using this supernatural weapon.

He slowly backed away.

The thought in his mind gradually matured.

Yang Jian began to understand what kind of entity the ghost in Ghost Lake really was, and why it had never shown itself, why Captain Yinzi's likeness was in the coffin in Ghost Lake, and why Shen Lin was being corroded by Ghost Lake.

His brief contemplation was interrupted.

A wet, cold hand grabbed Yang Jian's wrist, and merely a touch caused his flesh to dissolve into corpse water that dripped continuously, pooling in the water beneath his feet.

Yang Jian reacted suddenly, extending the Ghost Hand to seize the female corpse.

The suppression of the Ghost Hand was still present.

Yet the female corpse remained motionless, but the melting process did not slow down.

"Get off."

Yang Jian swung the cracked long spear with his undissolved hand.

The female corpse was directly struck and flung away, then crashed heavily onto the ground.

A mere touch triggered the Fatal Curse.

The female corpse that was knocked over lay motionless, with ashen gray skin. It lost all movement, but this loss of balance and Fatal Curse is lethal to the living; however, it is not so for fierce ghosts.

After the pallid skin turned ashen, it started to retreat rapidly, and in a moment, the Fatal Curse would completely disappear, allowing the fierce ghost to regain mobility.

Ghosts cannot be killed.

This fact applies to the female corpse as well.

"Yang Jian, something's wrong. The number of female corpses doesn't seem to be decreasing, and many methods aren't effective against them," Feng Quan said, building a new ancient grave nearby.

Two chilly female corpses were buried within the ancient grave.

The buried female corpses lost their motion, plunging into a permanent sleep unless the grave soil was uncovered, ensuring they remained slumbering inside.

But this situation did not improve, as the sound of footsteps echoed through the surrounding corridors, new female corpses emerged stepping through the water, appearing stiffly and eerily near them.

One increase and one decrease, indeed the quantity of female corpses in this building hasn't greatly changed.

"Each female corpse is an independent fierce ghost, but the female corpse isn't terrifying by itself—only dissolving upon contact, temporarily lacking other supernatural means. Yet even so, their quantity alone could pile up and kill us." Yang Jian's eyes flickered as he took several steps back.

He swung the long spear in his hand as if wielding a stick, smashing it directly onto the female corpse's head.

The female corpse's head shriveled, splitting open, and her pallid skin promptly turned ashen and fell heavily to the ground.

The Fatal Curse continues to trigger, allowing the female corpse to temporarily cease activity.

Yet from the corner of Yang Jian's eye, he saw the first female corpse touched by the Fatal Curse sitting up, twisting her stiff neck, directing her bleached eyes toward them.

The Fatal Curse was fierce.

But it came as swiftly as it went, and once the Fatal Curse vanished, the ghost awakened.

Thankfully, triggering the Fatal Curse requires no cost.

"Therefore, continuing to stay here is futile? Even if we clear all the female corpses in this building, we can't handle Ghost Lake," Feng Quan remarked.

"You have to think the opposite. If these ghosts exist independently, then their quantity cannot increase indefinitely; there must be a limit." Yang Jian briefly cleared the area of female corpses and caught his breath.

"But the scariest part isn't that. It's that I believe the ghost in Ghost Lake doesn't exist."

Doesn't exist?

Upon hearing this, Feng Quan was immediately stunned, then widened his eyes, looking at Yang Jian.

"Why did you reach this conclusion?"

Yang Jian replied, "Ever since we encountered Ghost Lake, has any ghost shown itself? I've entered Ghost Lake twice. The first time I opened the coffin at the lakebed, it showed the long-missing Captain Yinzi. The second time I submerged into Ghost Lake, the fierce ghost resembled another woman. This time, all female corpses have different appearances."

"Therefore, I have reasons to determine the ghost in Ghost Lake doesn't exist; it's merely a supernatural phenomenon. To begin with, Silver's disappearance, and the other female corpses, were simply the objects invaded by Ghost Lake."

"Ghost Lake invades whoever, and whoever becomes the ghost, possessing ghostly traits."

As these words were spoken.

The female corpses lying in the water around them started twitching again, and the previously seated female corpses stood up again, drawing closer toward Yang Jian and Feng Quan.

"Damn it, they're coming again." Feng Quan gritted his teeth.

He already had three soil graves around him, burying at least eight female corpses, but their quantity hadn't decreased.

Whenever they thought they had emptied them, new footsteps emerged from all directions, replenishing the chilling female corpses around them.

Although Feng Quan could still use supernatural powers now, if this continued, even with three ghosts at his disposal, he would be drained.

"Ghost Lake is the fierce ghost invading the living, so it invades the female corpses, turning them into fierce ghosts? Is that right?" Feng Quan asked.

"Yes, that's correct. As for why it chooses female corpses instead of male corpses, I don't yet know the reason." Yang Jian replied, "But that's not the most despairing aspect. The most despairing part is that each time the fierce ghost invades and attacks those who control ghosts, they learn a supernatural power from them, and the other female corpses can possess it, though this ability should be relatively weak, not comparable to the owners."

"Ghost Lake is like a mirror; whatever you possess, it reflects."

"However, Ghost Lake has learned the one supernatural power that shouldn't be learned, which is Leuk San's paper puppets."

"Thus, the number of fierce ghosts spiraled out of control."

From his own experience, coupled with the current situation, Yang Jian analyzed the true terror of Ghost Lake.

In truth, Ghost Lake only has one supernatural invasion method, and that is invasion.

After the invasion of a living person, the person's body dissolves, melting into a pool of water, then gathering in the Ghost Lake. When that person reappears in the Ghost Lake, they are no longer human but have become a true ghost, part of the Ghost Lake, with the characteristics of a ghost.

As for why the killing pattern is to close one's eyes and touch the supernatural lake water, which will drag them into the Ghost Lake, this probably has to do with ghost tamers who died here previously.

Surely some unlucky person was attacked by the Ghost Lake, died themselves, and had the so-called supernatural rule of killing with closed eyes stolen.

"If that's the case, then the Ghost Lake must still have another invisible killing pattern. If we find it, although it won't help deal with the ghosts in the Ghost Lake, at least we won't be targeted by ghosts." Yang Jian quickly thought it over.

He knew that facing this situation head-on would surely result in defeat.

The Ghost Lake was too special.

It cannot be contained, cannot be restricted, the only flaw is that its killings are not scary enough, the captains can withstand it, but if one day the ghost in the Ghost Lake grows beyond this limit, he'll face not merely dozens of female corpses but dozens of S-class ghosts.

"Yang Jian, analyzing more now is useless, we must think of a new way to fight, we can't continue like this. Didn't you say before on the ship that you stole the supernatural power of the Ghost Lake? If the Ghost Lake can do something, then logically, so can you." Feng Quan said.

Afterwards, he raised a shovel and struck a female corpse.

The female corpse fell to the ground, then was dragged and buried in an old grave by him.

Exactly!

Feng Quan's words reminded Yang Jian, he suddenly remembered he had stolen the supernatural power of the Ghost Lake. If the Ghost Lake can invade living people and turn them into ghosts, then he should be able to as well.

Perhaps it won't address the root issue, but at least it should handle the current situation.

"You're right, I should try, give me a few minutes, I need to make an attempt, you hold on for now."

Yang Jian finished speaking and threw a ring to Feng Quan: "If you can't hold on, wear it. The more ghosts are around you, the less likely you are to be noticed."

He feared Feng Quan wouldn't hold during the time he was away, so he lent him the Ghost Ring.

"Alright, I can certainly last for a few minutes." Feng Quan was confident, he didn't believe he couldn't hold on for a few minutes in this situation.

Yang Jian left swiftly without another word.

Although the Ghost Eye had a stirring for revival, using the Ghost Domain for a moment was still easily manageable.

Inside the last building.

Cao Yang, expressionless, sat on a chair. Around him, all the female corpses were frozen, staring at him with hollow eyes, but taking no other action.

Who knows what kind of supernatural power can suppress these ghosts so they can't act?

"No way to thoroughly solve these ghostly things." He frowned, feeling the pressure.

Under the reflection of accumulated water, every female corpse strangely carried someone.

It was a terrifying ghost.

This ghost had appeared before, but not on Cao Yang, it appeared on Fang Shiming previously.

This is Ghost Suppression.

Anyone taller than Cao Yang, whether human or ghost, will be pressed down by this ghost, unable to withstand will be directly crushed to death.

After Fang Shiming died, Cao Yang tamed this ghost, simultaneously obtaining the Ghost Scissors.

"I can only suppress them to lose their ability to act, and the limitation period cannot be too long, I can't afford this delay, find a way to pack these things up." Cao Yang at this moment reached for an old leather bag from his body.

This looked like it was sewn from human skin.

Actually, this wasn't a human skin bag, but a human skin lantern, the same supernatural item as Li Jun's Ghost Flame.

But the Ghost Flame inside the lantern was taken by Wang Xiaoming, creating Li Jun as a ghost tamer, leaving the human skin lantern to be processed into a human skin bag.

The human skin bag was bulging, looking like something inside was squirming, occasionally showing handprints, footprints, even an outline of a face.

As if the ghosts inside were struggling.

But no matter how they struggled, they couldn't tear this eerie human skin bag and escape.

Cao Yang stayed silent, he approached a female corpse, without a word he opened the human skin bag and placed it over the female corpse's head.

At the moment the human skin bag was opened, countless arms immediately reached out from inside.

Some arms were rotten, some were cold, some were thin, some were tender... the ghosts inside the human skin bag all struggled to get out, making one's skin crawl.

The female corpse became the unluckiest sacrifice.

It was grabbed by countless arms, pulled apart, torn, and then swallowed into the bag.

After the female corpse was consumed, the terrifying arms stretching out from the bag did not retreat, those arms waved, grabbing anything around, trying to escape.

Cao Yang stared at this dangerous human skin bag, he only tightened the mouth, using this opportunity to pack all the immobilized female corpses nearby inside.

The bag was like an abyss, seemingly never full.

However, after all was done, the ghost inside still struggled to get out, Cao Yang even saw half a head already poking out from the bag.

Cao Yang was prepared, he raised a lit Ghost Candle and tossed it into the bag.

Candle glow lit up inside the bag.

All the ghosts were attracted by the candlelight, those bizarre arms all retreated back.

"Without the Ghost Flame, the ghost inside this human lantern can escape anytime. It's a very dangerous thing, but Li Jun's use of the Ghost Flame is also not unlimited, so he's unsuitable for this thing." Cao Yang watched those ghost arms retreat, then quickly tightened the bag.

The crisis was temporarily resolved.

Although the process was perilous, dealing with ghosts was never without danger.

Supernatural items are fundamentally difficult to control, the more terrifying, the greater the side effects.

The human skin bag that can contain countless ghosts is naturally no exception.

After cleaning out this building, Cao Yang glanced at another place: "What happened? Why is their handling speed so slow, Yang Jian is unexpectedly missing, only Feng Quan is left there, what is Leuk San doing, is he actually crafting new paper figures?"

He possessed the Ghost Domain, seeing the situation occurring with others.

Li Jun first cleared out the female corpses in that building, Yang Jian wasn't present, Feng Quan was too slow, Leuk San seemed rather leisurely.

His paper figures unexpectedly tore paper from nearby figures and pasted it on the female corpses.

It seemed this method would consume the female corpses.

Chapter 1128 - The Person Who Fights Against

The female corpse possessing vengeful ghost traits is extremely difficult to handle; it cannot be killed, cannot disappear, and once touched, it will cause you to melt into a puddle of water.

Attempting to fight against such a group of female corpses without fleeing seems almost hopeless.

However, the captains cannot flee; they must deal with the present situation.

Despite the difficulties, they still found a way to solve the issue.

"The ghostly stuff in this building is finally dealt with. Every female corpse couldn't be burned by the Ghost Flame and could only be thrown into The World of Ghost Drawing. Truly difficult to handle." Li Jun extinguished the Ghost Flame again at this moment.

The Ghost Domain connected to Ping'an Tower disappeared.

Everything around returned to normal, yet his face seemed to have melted, the whole face was distorted, and if supernatural power was used further, his ghost makeup would completely vanish.

Ah Hong came over to reapply makeup for Li Jun.

Despite this being somewhat troublesome, working together, the two could exchange minimal cost for maximum supernatural power, a worthwhile trade.

"I also can't connect to Ping'an Tower for too long; otherwise, the vengeful ghost in the Ghost Drawing might leave Ping'an Tower and come here. Once it escapes, the Ghost Drawing incident will replay, which is not permissible."

Li Jun calmly stated as he continued applying makeup.

"You should worry more about yourself now." Ah Hong remarked while putting on makeup for him.

Li Jun's tone remained unchanged and expressionless: "I have nothing to worry about; the real me is already dead. I'm merely a person resurrected supernaturally. The reason for choosing to draw me is because I'm suitable to maneuver around this skin, handle Ping'an Tower; a person already dead won't die again."

"What I can do now is desperately handle supernatural events until the moment I can't stand anymore. I've burned everything; what's left is only this determination."

Though the words were calm, they conveyed a sense of unstoppable resolve.

Ah Hong opened her mouth, wanting to say something but held back.

She knew the Li Jun before her had no emotions left; fear of life and death wouldn't appear in him, nor would any sorrow.

"Wait, there's movement again." Suddenly, Li Jun turned his head and glanced at a hallway door within the building.

The sound of water accompanied by footsteps echoed in the dead, damp building.

A strange aura spread, the supernatural had not dissipated.

Next moment.

A ghastly pale female corpse, clothed in old-fashioned outerwear with hair drenched all over, suddenly walked out and numbly looked at Li Jun and Ah Hong.

"How could this be? Earlier, all the female corpses in this building were dealt with and thrown into Ping'an Tower." Ah Hong's eyes narrowed, incredibly astonished.

Li Jun slightly lowered his gaze: "Half the building is submerged by lake water here, connecting to Ghost Lake. It's likely other female corpses approached from elsewhere; this way, it's good, no need to clean up Zhongzhou City, as here we can wait for all the ghosts to attack us, saving us from finding them."

Saying that, Li Jun struggled to stand up again.

"Wait, your makeup isn't finished yet." Ah Hong said.

Li Jun expressionlessly replied: "No rush, it's not too late to redo the makeup after handling things, can save you some energy, keep your state intact."

However, while speaking.

In the stagnant water on the floor, a female corpse actually rose slowly from the water.

It is unbelievable, for that water merely touched the ankles, not deep, yet the new female corpse just rose from the water.

This scene seemed familiar.

Previously, at headquarters, there was a ghost rider named Lin Shan who died due to vengeful ghost resurgence, and after death, Lin Shan formed a strange stagnant water, though the water barely reached the knees, it could swallow people, sinking them into a bottomless water area, disappearing from the world.

Perhaps, the vengeful ghost he controlled and Ghost Lake had some connection, or rather, the ghost Lin Shan controlled was precisely a dead corpse in Ghost Lake.

And not just one female corpse, nearby one after another, new female corpses rose from the stagnant water, and this time in a quantity exceeding before, surrounding female corpses reached a very dense level.

Ten, twenty, no, fifty, sixty... eventually, it became impossible to count how many new female corpses emerged from the stagnant water.

"Earlier, they were all dealt with, how suddenly so many appeared again? How could this be, are the ghosts in Ghost Lake endless?"

At this moment, Ah Hong's body trembled slightly, eyes sharply narrowing, both shocked and despairing.

Li Jun also deeply furrowed his brows: "Trying to bury us with quantity? No choice, have to try again."

He took a deep breath, Ghost Flame ignited once more.

With strong will, he doesn't care about repeatedly confronting vengeful ghosts, as long as his state holds.

Such a situation not only appeared in Li Jun's location.

Leuk San faced the same situation over there.

He also found female corpses couldn't be killed, couldn't be handled, so he thought of a very unique method, wrapping female corpses in paper figures, thereby keeping them perpetually dormant within paper figures as long as his paper figures remain intact, these female corpses will never come out to kill.

The emergency measure proved very useful.

Leuk San possessed thirty paper figures, which rapidly dealt with thirty female corpses without spending much time.

However, at this moment, observing the continuously emerging female corpses, in quantities exceeding before, his face suddenly revealed surprise.

"Impossible."

Leuk San's stunned voice echoed inside the lifeless building.

"No, absolutely impossible for this, how could this thing's quantity be unlimited, if each is a vengeful ghost, then no matter how terrifying Ghost Lake may be, it's impossible to endlessly produce new vengeful ghosts."

Facing this outcome, he couldn't accept it.

Because Leuk San could handle thirty, forty female corpses, even fifty, but he wasn't limitless, exceeding his limit he'd couldn't withstand.

Vengeful ghosts though won't give Leuk San time to be stunned.

Stagnant water swayed, the sound of walking emerged.

All those cold female corpses were approaching from all directions, like a white tidal wave, going to engulf Leuk San.

...

The situation seemed to abruptly shift from improvement to despair.

The captain couldn't withstand such dreadful consumption.

Yet elsewhere.

Outside Zhongzhou City, here, a newly appeared river broke out, and Yang Jian appeared, standing on the tumultuous dark river, his feet seeming like they stood on solid ground with no sinking tendency.

This river was formed after he modified the terrain, no longer belonging to Ghost Lake's domain.

This was a water area under his jurisdiction.

Having stolen roughly forty percent of Ghost Lake's supernatural elements, separating through water areas, trapping Ghost Lake within Zhongzhou City's boundaries, remaining supernatural elements spread along various rivers big and small, the impact wasn't particularly large, yet the influencing scope was vast.

This was an unavoidable situation.

His stolen supernatural elements losing control was better than Ghost Lake losing control.

If not done, there'd be no way to contain Ghost Lake.

"Feng Quan warned correctly, the things ghosts in Ghost Lake can do, so can I. If it can make corpses akin to vengeful ghosts appear, then I can too." Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, gripping the Deceiving Ghost Necklace in his hand.

To do so, one must attempt it on living people.

But Yang Jian needn't use living people; he can create living people himself.

Soon.

A fresh, animated body appeared before him.

This person was quite familiar, a messenger previously deceased in Ghost Post Office, Wang Shan.

No mistake, Yang Jian created Wang Shan anew.

No other reason, he's convenient to command, after all, not many possess supernatural experience and knowledge; his Ghost Shadow memory didn't contain many suitable candidates.

Of course, Yang Xiaohua and the eagle were also rather suitable, but given they were already resurrected before, Yang Jian didn't want a second Yang Xiaohua or eagle to appear.

The Ghost Shadow invaded this body, granting it new memories.

Soon, Wang Shan opened his eyes and awoke.

"All the memories are in your mind, take your time to recall them."

Yang Jian didn't want to explain too much; he directly altered and inserted all the subsequent information into Wang Shan's mind.

Wang Shan used to be a messenger, adept at accepting things quickly, his eyes gradually regained brightness: "So that's how it is, you've resurrected me again. I died once exploring the killing patterns of the Ghost Lake for you, and now it's the second time? Seems I'm really unlucky, dying and resurrecting, resurrecting and dying again, it's like falling into hell after death, my soul repeatedly tortured."

"You have no choice." Yang Jian said coldly, "Neither do I."

"I understand, how do you want me to die this time."

Wang Shan sighed, accepting his fate as a tool.

Yang Jian said, "I'll kill you."

The next moment.

Wang Shan slipped into the river suddenly.

As the river water roiled, he was quickly swallowed up, and this water was peculiar, like it possessed some incomprehensible supernatural power, making struggle and ascent impossible.

Very soon.

Wang Shan drowned.

His body rapidly disintegrated.

An ordinary body couldn't withstand the supernatural erosion of Ghost Lake, so the flesh began to dissolve, leaving not even bones behind, completely turning into a watery residue mixed with the river.

Wang Shan's disappearance was unremarkable.

But for Yang Jian, it was a new beginning.

Yang Jian needed to mimic Ghost Lake and quickly grasp forty percent of its supernatural power, only then could he confront the fierce ghost within Ghost Lake.

"Wang Shan's disappearance wasn't true disappearance; he merely integrated into the lake water. Using supernatural power, he will appear again, like those memories stored within the Ghost Shadow."

"What I need to do now is to have Wang Shan, turned into a fierce ghost, appear in front of me."

He touched the rolling river beneath him, a sort of indescribable connection emerged in Yang Jian's heart, this connection had always been present, allowing him to control the lake water.

After some attempts.

Gradually, an incredible scene unfolded, as the river surged, a humanoid silhouette slowly formed within the water.

This wasn't a corpse, but a form purely created from lake water.

Yet gradually, this person became more real.

Finally dripping wet, the corpse pale without any trace of blood, Wang Shan appeared again in front of Yang Jian.

"So that's how it is, so that's how it is.... " At this moment Yang Jian understood, understood what exactly was going on with those female corpses.

Why all those female corpses seemed bloodless.

Because the female corpses weren't pure dead bodies; they were formed by the water from Ghost Lake.

A corpse is merely a mass of lake water.

Ghost Lake is the fierce ghost; even if divided into small masses of lake water, it remains a ghost.

Just like the fierce ghost, no matter how dismembered, the remaining limbs are the fierce ghost, still possessing supernatural powers.

But unlike other ghosts, Ghost Lake can disperse and concentrate.

Yang Jian continued to observe Wang Shan within the water; he noticed Wang Shan's eyes first, not the pale white of a female corpse, but crimson, vaguely emitting a faint red glow, while Wang Shan's palms were slightly darkened, completely distinct from the rest of his skin color.

This reflected his Ghost Eye and Ghost Hand powers.

There was even a vague, dim shadow behind Wang Shan.

"The female corpses within Ghost Lake are formed from the fierce ghost controlling Ghost Lake, as a new supernatural entity, so the Ghost Lake I control becomes the ghost formed from me."

Yang Jian didn't find it difficult to understand the scene before him.

It's just that the supernatural power Wang Shan controlled was very weak, because neither the Ghost Eye nor Ghost Hand's supernatural powers belonged to him, they belonged to Yang Jian; he was merely influenced.

But this was already enough.

Because perfect possesses the characteristics of the fierce ghost, unable to be killed.

But correspondingly Wang Shan no longer possessed the consciousness of a living being, merely a supernatural entity formed by lake water.

"This is sufficient, at least to deal with those female corpses won't be a problem."

Yang Jian thought to himself: "But the number is not enough, I need a sufficient quantity. However, to achieve this, new people must die in the lake water; only then can the deceased transform into fierce ghosts within the water."

After realizing this, he still didn't sacrifice ordinary people.

Yang Jian chose to continue using the Deceiving Ghost Necklace.

Creating living human bodies is not a big deal for the supernatural, nor for him, because this isn't confronting fierce ghosts, just simply influencing reality.

The next moment.

One by one, living humans with a dead aura appeared on the river surface.

Ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred... The numbers increased at an unbelievable rate.

The Deceiving Ghost was reviving quickly; Yang Jian had borrowed too much supernatural power at once.

A distorted eerie ghost figure broke free from the necklace's restraints and appeared in reality.

"Obey me and work, don't cause trouble for me." Yang Jian coldly extended his darkened hand and gripped the fierce ghost.

The Deceiving Ghost couldn't erode the Ghost Shadow; it failed in the confrontation with the Ghost Shadow, so it could only be temporarily controlled by Yang Jian, ultimately recklessly borrowing supernatural power.

Two hundred, three hundred, four hundred... The numbers continued to surge.

Indeed, the power of the supernatural is terrifying.

To be safe, Yang Jian relentlessly increased the number to one thousand two hundred before stopping.

This was only the first batch; if insufficient, he would choose to increase it.

The next moment, the Ghost Shadow covered, eroding these living corpses with dead auras, producing new memories, and each memory was different, all those who died in Dachuan City before.

Furthermore, to distinguish from the fierce ghosts in Ghost Lake, this time Yang Jian chose to resurrect only males.

"Out of all those who died in Dachuan City, you are the most outstanding among ordinary people."

Yang Jian gazed at these people: "I resurrected you to make you die for me, only in this way can you fall into Ghost Lake, transform into fierce ghosts, and help me solve this supernatural incident."

"Of course, this is the purpose of our existence."

"After dying, if I can protect other living people, my death won't be in vain, thank you Yang Jian for giving me this opportunity."

"I've already died once, dying again means nothing, take my life, don't spare those ghost things."

A group of eerily resurrected people said no more and plunged into the river.

The river roiled, quickly swallowing them up.

Yang Jian stood expressionless and silent on the roiling river, watching these people disappear before him.

A cruel world always breeds cruel people.

It's not the world changing, but people adapting to this world.

Yang Jian was no exception, watching one thousand two hundred eerily resurrected people disappearing again, feeling no ripple inside.

At least their disappearance will become a new supernatural power, helping him confront Ghost Lake, and also allow other living people in Zhongzhou City to survive safely.

This is worthwhile.

Chapter 1129 - The Consumption of Quantity

Yang Jian watched quietly as his twelve hundred resurrected followers sank into the river, motionless and at peace.

He wasn't just doing nothing.

At the bottom of the river.

The water here was exceptionally frigid, exuding an abnormal aura, and the currents moved in an unreasonable manner. Whirlpools began forming among the water currents, their numbers increasing incessantly, densely scattered across the surface.

Even eerier than that.

Within those river whirlpools, shadowy figures of people who had drowned started to emerge once more.

Initially, the figures inside the whirlpools were just blurry outlines.

But over time, the outlines became clearer. Eventually, each whirlpool revealed a drenched figure with a pale complexion, their eyes emitting a faint red glow.

These figures resembled the water-dwelling fierce ghosts, no.

They were fierce ghosts in the water, terrifying existences that couldn't be killed.

"I don't know if your emergence is right or wrong."

Yang Jian looked down at the river beneath his feet, his gaze piercing through to the riverbed, where he saw the eerie paper figures.

Once out of control.

These fierce ghosts would trigger a horrifying supernatural event. Although each individual ghost was weak, their numbers were enough to suffocate and despair any captain. Fortunately, the Ghost Lake incident erupted now; had it been two years ago, it would have annihilated countless ghost-handler squads.

"There's no time left. I have to lead these fierce ghosts to confront Ghost Lake, or else others definitely won't hold out and will be worn down by it." Yang Jian began to move.

At that moment,

On the river's surface, wet heads began to emerge one after another, revealing faces of varying shades of pale.

In their faintly red eyes, there was only numbness and eeriness, almost like ghost eyes.

The water surged.

These eerie figures walked in the water, heading toward the vast lake not far away.

At that moment.

Within the submerged Zhongzhou City.

In the towering buildings emerging from the water, a fierce battle continued between ghost handlers and fierce ghosts, but in such supernatural confrontations, the living are always overwhelmingly at a disadvantage. Even captains selected from across the country couldn't gain the upper hand in prolonged combat.

In the silent building where Cao Yang was located, he crouched on the ground, his expression particularly grave, because he was surrounded by numerous cold female corpses, a number so overwhelming it nearly blocked his view.

The only safe space left was less than a meter.

Yet, the surrounding female corpses remained motionless, like Puppet People.

These female corpses weren't immobile, but because Cao Yang was crouching, the height of the corpses exceeded his, triggering the terrifying supernatural suppression, limiting their movements.

"If this continues, I'll die miserably. To survive, I must escape."

Cao Yang's face darkened as he listened attentively to the noises around him.

Rustle, rustle!

There was the sound of footsteps in the water, indicating that more female corpses were approaching.

They had already surrounded him in several layers.

The supernatural forces gathered together created intense interference, making Cao Yang feel as if he were trapped in a cage, soon to be confined, yet he wasn't out of options. He still had the Ghost Domain to escape with.

But he hesitated.

Leaving was easy.

But it would mean losing control of Ghost Lake, rendering it unmanageable.

So Cao Yang kept pondering and devising strategies, determined not to flee until the very last moment.

In similar circumstances was Leuk San.

Leuk San deployed thirty paper figures, wrapping thirty female corpses within them to make them fall asleep, but nonetheless, the number of surrounding female corpses showed no signs of decreasing.

The paper figures, including himself, summed up to thirty-one, fighting against waves of female corpses.

Each paper figure held two cold corpses; merely clutching the corpses in their terrifyingly ghost-like hands prevented the corpses from moving.

Not to mention the female corpse inside his body.

One paper figure accounted for three female corpses, and his thirty paper figures cumulatively dealt with ninety female corpses.

Such a number was terrifying, surpassing Cao Yang considerably.

However, the situation didn't improve any further.

More female corpses rose from the murky water, even more than before, seemingly endless and perpetually impossible to completely eliminate.

"It's no use. If this continues, I'll be drained alive here. If I die in such a manner, it would be too suffocating; I must retreat." At this moment, Leuk San conceived the idea of withdrawal in his mind.

This situation had reached a point of utter despair.

Who could have imagined Ghost Lake would launch such a supernatural assault, not using sheer terror but a despairing quantity to wear you down?

The emergence of Ghost Slaves and other supernatural-derived eerie entities was not unusual.

But this time, it was far too unusual.

The female corpses, like real fierce ghosts, couldn't be killed or eliminated, only suppressed and detained.

"Retreat; I've done my best. In this situation, I'm sure I'm not the only one; others will retreat as well."

Leuk San took a deep breath, turning away without a word as he watched the female corpses continue emerging.

All the paper figures dropped the female corpses they held, converging with him to shield Leuk San as they headed to the rooftop of the tall building.

Once released, the female corpses came back to life, watching eerily as Leuk San's group left.

Meanwhile, with Feng Quan.

He sat on top of an old grave, panting heavily, with several female corpses buried underneath him. It was to no avail; he had built five such graves, burying at least a dozen corpses. Yet, compared to the constantly rising numbers, it was insignificant.

"I've reached my limit; continuing the fight is practically pointless."

Feng Quan wore a ring on his finger that was chilly, as if made from ground bone.

Though he was still around, his tracks had vanished.

The ghost couldn't find him.

The female corpse stood motionless, having lost its target.

This supernatural item was very useful and could save lives.

The only one with a slight advantage was Li Jun.

He ignited the Ghost Flame to open the Ghost Domain leading to Ping'an Tower, throwing all the malevolent ghosts inside. He quickly cleared the building, but after one sweep new female corpses appeared, and Li Jun cleared them a second time, a third time.....

The makeup on Li Jun's face melted again and again, each time being retouched by Ah Hong.

"Li Jun, continuing like this is not a solution. We're going to run out of the makeup box's pigments, and we might not be able to deal with Ghost Lake. This is an insolvable supernatural issue, not something current ghost handlers can fight against." Ah Hong started to persuade.

This was already an unknown number of times they had cleared out the female corpses.

Li Jun stopped at this moment, sensing something unusual because he saw a ghostly figure in red lingering at the entrance of Ping'an Tower.

A malevolent ghost from the ghost painting had appeared.

He couldn't continue recklessly connecting to Ping'an Tower; that ghost from the painting might escape and cause havoc if the Ghost Domain was opened again.

The harm from the ghost painting was no less than that of Ghost Lake.

Stopping.

The female corpses around them were relentlessly closing in, giving the two no breathing space.

"You're right; perhaps even if we perish here, we can't solve Ghost Lake." Li Jun was clear-headed, learning to face reality.

"But this isn't a reason for us to retreat."

He was still holding on, hoping to handle a bit more, which might help in the future.

But reality was cruel.

Even though Li Jun tried to hold on, the malevolent ghosts gave him no chance.

The female corpses marched through the puddles, surging like a tide. Li Jun and Ah Hong were about to be engulfed, and even the burning Ghost Flame felt like a remnant candle in the wind, about to extinguish.

This was paranormal interference, indicating that Li Jun's Ghost Flame couldn't spread. If he didn't escape, even his Ghost Domain wouldn't work.

"Li Jun," Ah Hong urged anxiously, knowing they shouldn't struggle anymore.

"Let's go," Li Jun felt humiliated, gritted his teeth, and grabbed Ah Hong, preparing to retreat.

However, at this moment, the encroaching female corpses suddenly all stopped in unison, their pale eyes turning to look behind them.

The next moment.

The dense and rapid footsteps emerged around them, and the water in the floors churned violently.

As if a large group of people appeared, surrounding all the female corpses.

Subsequently, the female corpses began to collapse, seemingly caught by something, or confronted something more powerful and were pinned to the ground, unable to move.

This change came very quickly; one moment, Li Jun and Ah Hong were in peril, the next, the situation suddenly reversed.

"What's happening?"

Li Jun, who was ready to retreat, temporarily stopped, noticing the shift in dynamics and wanting to see what was happening.

When one of the female corpses blocking his view suddenly fell for no reason, Li Jun finally saw what had happened earlier.

In the dim flooded floors, at some point, strange males were eerily standing there. These men were very similar to the female corpses—drenched, with pale skin, but the only difference was their eyes emitting a faint red glow, standing out in this environment.

A female corpse couldn't resist, being grabbed by a strange man and dragged underwater.

The water churned as the female corpses struggled, unwilling to sink, but the struggle was futile. The male corpse mercilessly strangled it, pulling it away forcibly.

Eventually, the male corpse disappeared, and the female corpse vanished as well.

Numbers counteracted, and the attacking malevolent ghosts were rapidly disappearing.

No, that's not right.

With this cancellation, it seemed like there were more males around.

"Indeed, you can't outlast Ghost Lake, even you, Li Jun."

Yang Jian's voice emerged, his presence unknown in the dim corridor, looking at Li Jun and Ah Hong.

Li Jun understood, "Was this your doing?"

"Yes, there were too many ghosts, so to handle them, I needed more than they had. I stole part of Ghost Lake's supernatural power. Luckily, the attempt succeeded; I can barely hold my own and manage this situation," Yang Jian said.

"What about the others?" Li Jun breathed a sigh of relief, then asked.

Yang Jian replied, "Similar to here."

He glanced at the other buildings.

Feng Quan watched, slightly stunned, as the strange male corpses appeared and forcibly dragged the female corpses away, not worried about being dissolved themselves. No, that's not right; the two seemed the same, unaffected by each other. In a one-on-one mutual exhaustion situation, the male bodies sank into the water, disappearing, the female corpses were pulled away, struggling.

Seeing this scene, Feng Quan realized: "Yang Jian succeeded, using Ghost Lake's supernatural power to fend off this Ghost Lake attack."

"But this took more than just a few minutes."

Checking the time, Yang Jian had been gone for at least twenty minutes.

If it was just relying on his own strength, he couldn't have held on.

Not just Feng Quan, Yuk San on the rooftop also observed this inconceivable scene below, finding it somewhat incomprehensible, "The Ghost Lake is fighting itself?"

But then he understood.

"No, not right; it's Yang Jian's doing. He disappeared for a while before."

Cao Yang also saw this scene unfold around him, exhaling slowly, "Seems like there's no need for me to escape. This must be Yang Jian's work. Although I don't know how he did it, I'm sure of my judgment."

The crimson ghostly eyes of the male corpses were the best proof.

If these things weren't related to Yang Jian, he wouldn't believe it in a thousand years.

Chapter 1130 - The Figure on the Ship

"Splash! Splash!"

In the accumulated water, strange men soaked to the bone walked and wandered, resembling water ghosts, suddenly appearing from unknown origins, only to immediately target the cold female corpses.

A male corpse dragged a cold female corpse, regardless of her struggles, both bodies eventually submerged into the water, disappearing in front of everyone.

The situation seemed to improve.

The number of female corpses was rapidly decreasing.

However, the confrontation between ghosts continued; after the female and male corpses disappeared together, new female corpses emerged from the murky waters.

But once a new female corpse appeared, a male corpse would come and take her away.

This was purely a numbers game, because the terror level of both male and female corpses was roughly the same; after all, these bodies originated from Ghost Lake.

Yang Jian stole the supernatural power of Ghost Lake, using it to combat Ghost Lake.

Though the outcome was uncertain, at least the immediate danger was alleviated.

At this moment.

Li Jun, Ah Hong, Leuk San, Cao Yang, and Feng Quan took this opportunity to escape the flooded, dark, and damp terrifying building, arriving at the rooftop.

They exchanged glances, understanding the current situation instantly.

"Yang Jian, have you found a way to deal with Ghost Lake?" Li Jun sat directly on the rooftop platform, with Ah Hong next to him touching up his makeup.

"If we keep going like this, is it possible to trap Ghost Lake here, preventing its supernatural power from spreading?"

Leuk San said, "The male corpses that appeared just now were unusual, but the female corpses are also terrifying. If this confrontation drags on, we're certainly at a disadvantage. Who knows how many female corpses might emerge from the lake? The original malevolent ghost's solution remains elusive."

Cao Yang said, "Surviving the previous situation was good enough. Without Yang Jian, we would have been worn out here."

He shook his head slightly, feeling somewhat helpless.

"But from the previous confrontation, I've seen that Ghost Lake can't be contained. From the first day of Ghost Lake's loss of control, it was evident that the ghosts here are beyond our capabilities. There's only one way to resolve it: seal off this place, minimize losses, and prevent the malevolent ghosts in the lake from going elsewhere."

Yang Jian stood on the rooftop of a building and said, "Numerical confrontation is only temporarily effective, but to solve Ghost Lake completely, apart from sealing it off, I have another method."

"What method?"

Li Jun's expression shifted, "You're not thinking of sending it into the Ghost Painting, are you? That's not feasible. Two S-class supernatural events together are already troublesome, and adding another, who knows what horrific ghostly thing might result from the supernatural collision."

Yang Jian calmly said, "Since there's no way to handle Ghost Lake, let's find a way to send it away from the real world. There's a captain named Wang Chaling, responsible for Dadong City, and in that city, there's a Republic Era Ancient House, which contains a Supernatural Pendulum Clock that can disrupt the timeline in an area. If we can get our hands on it, we might use that clock to throw this area's timeline into disarray."

"If everything goes smoothly, even if Ghost Lake can't be dealt with, it won't appear in front of us anymore."

Supernatural Pendulum Clock?

Hearing this information, everyone's expressions tightened.

"Such a supernatural item exists? It's incredible." Leuk San was very surprised.

"In the supernatural circle, anything is possible. If that Supernatural Pendulum Clock really is as special as they say, maybe it can solve Ghost Lake." Cao Yang pondered for a moment, nodding, indicating the plan was feasible.

Li Jun immediately said, "The old house I visited last time? That clock couldn't be obtained."

He had been involved in the Dadong City ancient house incident and even fought against a villain named Chen Qiaoyang in there, so he was naturally aware of the pendulum clock.

"That's why it's challenging."

Yang Jian said, "The pendulum clock doesn't exist in reality; it exists in a wrong timeline. To find it, one must constantly calibrate their timeline until they align with the clock's timeline to locate that supernatural item."

"And to achieve this, mastering the restart is essential."

"Restart? That's too difficult," Cao Yang shook his head afterward.

Finding the pendulum clock-restart is only the prerequisite. Truly achieving the goal requires continuous restarts, repeatedly correcting the time, and ultimately hitting the same timeline as the pendulum clock.

"Indeed, it's very challenging, but dealing with Ghost Lake is also very challenging, just in a different way," Yang Jian said.

He watched the numerical struggle between the ghosts within the building.

With the mutual depletion of male and female corpses, the situation is currently evenly matched. However, the strange male corpses Yang Jian controls are not infinite; only twelve hundred. If the status of Ghost Lake doesn't cease before exhausting these numbers, even he would fail in the confrontation.

Li Jun said, "Even going to Dadong City now won't get that Supernatural Pendulum Clock, so let's put that idea aside for the moment and discuss our current situation and what we should do next."

"I can temporarily handle the constantly increasing malevolent ghosts in Ghost Lake, but even that has no effect," Yang Jian said.

Leuk San pondered, "With the ever-increasing number of malevolent ghosts, the sinking Ghost Lake, an existence that can't be contained... This supernatural event is unsolvable, not something us few captains

working together can resolve. Yang Jian, you've already sealed off the area; I think we should leave it at that."

"Abandon it?" Cao Yang asked suspiciously.

Leuk San said, "What else can we do, exhaust ourselves to death here? It's simply not worth it. Yang Jian theoretically only has one option with the Supernatural Pendulum Clock, but that plan's feasibility is low."

Cao Yang said, "I did find one new detail, though. During my confrontation with those female corpses, I noticed a point: regardless of whether it's the malevolent ghosts in Ghost Lake or those perpetually appearing female corpses, none of them have ever left the water."

"Isn't that stating the obvious? The ghost is inside Ghost Lake, and Ghost Lake is the ghost, so it obviously won't leave the water." Leuk San said.

Cao Yang replied, "No, what I mean is that those ghosts always maintain contact with the water. In other words, they only appear where there is water. Without water, those ghosts can't come ashore."

"That doesn't prove much. The ghosts can't come ashore, but Ghost Lake can constantly erode everything around it." Yang Jian said.

Cao Yang continued, "What if there's something that prevents Ghost Lake from eroding? Plus, if the ghosts in Ghost Lake can't come ashore, wouldn't it be possible to trap Ghost Lake here?"

"The only thing that can't be eroded by Ghost Lake is other ghosts. Are you suggesting using Supernatural Power to lock Ghost Lake? It's a good method, at least more feasible than using the Supernatural Pendulum Clock, but it's still pretty difficult." Yang Jian said.

Feng Quan spoke at this moment, "If I can deal with the issue of the ghost's revival, I can use Grave Soil to surround the entire Ghost Lake, blocking its erosion and preventing ghosts from coming ashore."

"That's impossible. Even if your ghost malfunctions, trying to use Grave Soil to encircle Ghost Lake would exhaust you alive." Yang Jian immediately dismissed the idea.

Ghost malfunction isn't absolute; unlimited consumption of Supernatural Power will still be unsustainable.

The group discussed and consulted with each other, trying to find a reasonable way to deal with Ghost Lake.

Direct confrontation is out of the question.

Earlier, the group was almost exhausted to death, and if it weren't for Yang Jian's appearance, they would have fled by now.

In an unsolvable situation, you can only block.

However, Yang Jian's altering of the terrain was just a preliminary blockade. To truly seal it completely, only Cao Yang's proposal and Yang Jian's clock proposal could work.

Unfortunately, neither plan was very feasible. The former was easy but consumed a lot; the latter was difficult but could solve the problem once and for all.

However.

As the group discussed.

In Zhongzhou City's buildings that surfaced above water, the confrontation between the ghosts and ghost numbers gradually yielded results.

As batches of male corpses and female corpses canceled each other out, Ghost Lake underwent an incomprehensible transformation.

The number of female corpses no longer increased.

After the last dozen female corpses were forcibly dragged into the stagnant water by male corpses and vanished, not a single female corpse appeared for a full minute.

Yang Jian noticed this change; he slightly furrowed his brows.

He didn't consider it good news.

Because he only stole forty percent of Ghost Lake's Supernatural Power, he would certainly lose in a numbers game.

Yang Jian had no expectation that twelve hundred strange beings could win against Ghost Lake; he just hoped to have a means to combat the endlessly multiplying female corpses.

"Wait a moment, something seems off. No more female corpses are appearing." Li Jun's empty eye sockets flickered with Ghost Flame; he also noticed the situation inside the building.

Leuk San and Cao Yang also looked over.

Indeed.

Inside the damp, dark building, all the female corpses had disappeared, leaving only some male corpses standing around.

"Did you win, Yang Jian?" Cao Yang looked at Yang Jian again.

"Don't celebrate too soon; I have no confidence in winning against Ghost Lake in numbers. There might be another change..." Yang Jian withdrew his gaze and began quickly searching the lakeside surface of Ghost Lake.

The group realized that this might signal some unknown change in Ghost Lake and remained on high alert.

Suddenly.

A muffled sobbing sound, eerie and lingering, wafted across the deathly still, cold lake surface.

The source of the sound was.

The wooden ship on the lake.

Yang Jian opened his ghost eye and immediately peered over.

In the next moment, his pupils slightly contracted.

On the wooden ship's deck, at some unknown time, stood a bizarre woman. She wore clothes in old-fashioned style identical to the earlier female corpse's; her long black hair hung down, reaching the deck, dripping with water as though freshly washed.

The woman faced away from everyone, making it impossible to see her face.

Yet, the deck's woman was holding a blood-red wooden comb, slowly brushing her wet long hair.

The crying continued to echo, making one feel eerily uncomfortable.

With just one glance, the group could almost conclude.

This was the source of Ghost Lake.

The truly unknown and terrifying ghost.