

Revival 1161

Chapter 1161 - Slaughter in the Room

The door of the VIP room was not even locked; it was a wooden double door that could be pushed open easily.

However, Zhang Zhi slammed into it hard, but the door didn't budge at all, as if a mysterious force was intervening with everything in the room, making it unusual.

No one else was surprised by this situation.

If it were that easy to break open the door and leave room 707, it wouldn't be infamous as the room one can never escape.

"Yang Jian, you truly are a madman."

Lok Sheng's face was very cold at this moment, staring at him without blinking: "You actually dragged us into 707 together, what are you planning? Are you afraid we'd run away? Or are you so confident you think you can ignore the influence of room 707 and walk out anytime?"

"Is it really impossible to exit here?"

Yang Jian said calmly, "You didn't fight to the death just now, which suggests there is a way to leave room 707, I guess that since this room number can be hung here, turning it into the haunted 707, it can also be removed to lift the supernatural limitations, so the solution is not inside but outside."

Lok Sheng didn't speak, but his face remained cold.

"You are absolutely right, the only way to lift the limits of 707 is to act outside." Sun Ren candidly admitted that Yang Jian's guess was correct.

At this moment, there was no need to cover up.

"You've all known this for a long time, so that's why you're bold and fearless. But he seems to lack confidence and wants to get away early." Yang Jian glanced at Zhang Zhi.

Zhang Zhi had just collided with the door, causing a dent in his forehead, looking quite frightful, but he himself was unharmed.

Lok Sheng said, "It's normal to be nervous; he's quite afraid of death. After all, room 707 is indeed perilous, even if there's a way to break the curse, whether anyone can walk out alive is still unknown."

"Alright, let's stop with the nonsense; whatever you call room 707, it doesn't matter to me. It's getting late, I need to hurry up and finish you off. I have other matters to attend to, and today I won't continue playing games with you."

Yang Jian slowly stood up from his chair.

"If you have any other allies, call them out now, or it'll be too late, and you'll only end up as corpses."

"You're finally losing patience, aren't you? Although I knew you would make a move, I didn't expect you'd choose to act inside room 707. However, I anticipated such a situation; confronting you face to face is inevitable."

Lok Sheng also stood up, looking extremely grave.

He did not have much confidence in handling Yang Jian.

Yet some things won't have results unless tested.

Zheng Yijing also got up: "Even though I don't want to be part of this, there doesn't seem to be any better option right now."

"Yang Jian, it seems I'm not the only one wanting to deal with you. You're still as detestable as ever. You should really thank the Door Knocking Ghost incident; if not for that, you wouldn't have achieved today's success. But today, this ends for you."

Sun Ren also stood up.

He was fueled with hatred, wishing to settle this grudge here, pouring out all the suffering and torment he had endured these days.

Boss He, on the sidelines, retreated slowly, trying to stay as far away from these supernatural people as possible.

As an ordinary person, he had no stakes in this situation.

"Interesting."

Yang Jian laughed, his laugh was cold: "You naively think that joining forces can truly take down a captain? But it's understandable why you, Sun Ren, think this way; Lok Sheng, as the Da'ao City manager, you also possess quite a few insights, yet you have this mindset."

"But yes, you've encountered few supernatural events, never truly confronted vengeful spirits, let alone managed supernatural incidents, misjudging your capabilities is typical."

"Alright, today I'll give you a lesson, let you know there's a difference even among ghost tamers."

As he spoke.

The cup of water on the table in front of Yang Jian started bubbling up, as if boiling.

Hmm?

Everyone's gaze was drawn to this sudden anomaly, stealing a few extra glances.

They worried it might be a supernatural phenomenon in room 707, so they had to stay cautious.

But in the next moment.

"Bang!"

The cup suddenly exploded, sending the bubbling water splashing everywhere.

Amidst the scattering water, a golden long spear's reflection vaguely materialized.

Suddenly, Yang Jian reached forward, his hand touched the water and submerged into it, as if the splashing water served as a medium connecting to some unknown place.

Splish splash!

The water hit the ground, soaking the floor.

An cracked golden long spear appeared out of thin air in the room, firmly grasped by Yang Jian.

"A weapon? No, it's a supernatural item. Did Yang Jian turn it into a weapon? But why hide it in a cup..." the stranger ghost tamer keenly observed, appearing very nervous.

Yet in the next instant.

The long spear in Yang Jian's hand suddenly vanished.

Without warning, in just a blink of an eye.

"Watch out."

Lok Sheng realized something, immediately shouted low: "That's the Coffin Nail, once nailed, it's over."

"Bang!"

But before he finished speaking, a loud crash echoed through the room.

A cracked long spear directly pierced through the stranger ghost tamer's body, nailing him to the wall behind.

The whole process was so rapid, there wasn't even a moment to react. My Virtual Library Empire (

No, Yang Jian simply didn't give them the chance to react.

"Am I the one being targeted?"

The unfamiliar ghost handler looked down dazedly at the spear piercing through his chest. He attempted to struggle but found his strength drained, rendering him immobile.

What scared him the most was that the supernatural power within his body vanished completely at that moment.

Without the support of supernatural powers, a ghost handler immediately reverts to being an ordinary person.

But in his current physical state, reverting to an ordinary person is fatal.

He began to decay at a speed visible to the naked eye, a strong stench of rot emanating from his body. The light in his eyes, which still held some vitality a moment ago, dimmed instantly to a deathly gray.

In just a few seconds.

Without the support of supernatural powers, he had turned into a severely decayed corpse, looking nothing like someone who had just died.

"Not even a chance to fight back."

The eyelids of several others twitched, the unease in their hearts magnified once again.

"You only have one Coffin Nail, while there are four of us. We might not lose," Zheng Yijing said, reminding the others not to be frightened.

As long as they could withstand Yang Jian's initial assault, it might be possible to keep him in Room 707.

Now there was no retreat; hesitating now would be too foolish.

Take action!

After Yang Jian killed one person, instead of intimidating the others, they saw it as an opportunity. The greatest threat, the Coffin Nail, was no longer in his hands, so they could unleash their methods without restraint.

Immediately.

Yang Jian felt a chilling aura hovering around Sun Ren, and then it drifted toward him.

Within sight, there was nothing in that direction.

But under the gaze of the ghost eye, a blurry figure was seen.

It resembled a female corpse—cold, pale, seemingly unclothed.

Just by approaching, Yang Jian felt his body stiffen, unable to move.

Moreover, as the corpse continued to draw closer, this feeling grew stronger, even his eyelids felt heavy, compelling him to close them.

"A terrifying female corpse."

Yang Jian slightly furrowed his brow. He could sense that the corpse entangled with Sun Ren was unusual, even extremely terrifying, not just a simple malevolent ghost.

Lok Sheng also took action. It seemed something inside his body was falling, strands of red thread stained with blood, spreading in numbers from few to many, converging toward Yang Jian at an incredible speed.

Zheng Yijing also activated his malevolent ghost power; his skin was melting, making him resemble a wax figure.

But behind the melting skin was another face, eyes shut, deathly silent, like a corpse placed in a coffin.

Who knows what method turned this corpse into a wax corpse, the outer wax layer in Zheng Yijing's likeness, while the interior was another form.

No, that's not right.

The wax continued to melt, leaving nothing behind.

Ultimately, all of Zheng Yijing's face disappeared, leaving only the deathly still corpse.

There was no Zheng Yijing.

The real Zheng Yijing was that wax corpse, a mystery lasting for who knows how long.

At this moment, the wax corpse opened its eyes.

Those eyes were dim and black, devoid of any gleam, the body filled with a decaying aura, an indescribable sense of ancientness, seemingly existing as this wax corpse for some years, contrary to its young outward appearance.

"These guys are each so terrifying..." Boss He, hiding in a corner, was scared pale at this scene.

His whole body couldn't stop trembling.

At this moment, he finally understood a small iceberg tip of the supernatural world.

Zheng Yijing's wax corpse made no attack moves, just walked stiffly towards Yang Jian at a fast pace.

"You all seem quite formidable, which makes sense; you wouldn't dare bother me without some confidence. But this alone isn't enough," Yang Jian remained expressionless, without any internal fluctuations.

This level of attack was indeed scary, but not to the point where it could eliminate him.

Suddenly, the ghost eye opened.

Everything around was shrouded in red light.

The sixth layer of the Ghost Domain activated.

All the supernatural attacks suddenly slowed, entering a momentary stasis.

Whether human or ghost, all were affected.

But Yang Jian still noticed that the terrifying female corpse beside Sun Ren was still moving. Although its pace had slowed, it was the only malevolent ghost unaffected.

Next was Zheng Yijing.

His black eyes turned, similarly not completely stopped, only greatly impaired, unable to move normally.

But this time was enough for Yang Jian.

Chapter 1162 - The Nonexistent 707

The six-layer Ghost Domain, even the supernatural is affected.

Although the terrifying ghost isn't enough to completely halt its actions, delaying its movements is already enough for Yang Jian right now.

"The biggest threat is Sun Ren, but the one who deserves to die the most is Lok Sheng. As the person in charge of Da'ao City, he actually wants to team up with others to kill me." The scarlet eyes on Yang Jian's body restlessly rotated.

The ghost eyes are the only presence in the six-layer Ghost Domain that remain uninfluenced.

At this moment, after scanning around, the ghost eyes finally locked onto Lok Sheng. Compared to the more threatening Sun Ren, eliminating Lok Sheng seemed more important.

The next moment.

Yang Jian vanished from the spot, using the Ghost Domain to relocate himself.

One second... two seconds.

Only two seconds, very brief.

The influence of the six-layer Ghost Domain had already ended.

It wasn't due to lack of support, but because there was no need.

Immediately.

The surrounding red light receded, and everything in the VIP room returned to normal. The previous attack continued unabated.

But Yang Jian was no longer there.

"Yang Jian is gone, he disappeared?"

Like a wax corpse, Zheng Yijing suddenly halted. His blackened eyeballs slightly turned and discovered Yang Jian was no longer in sight, as if he had vanished into thin air just a moment ago.

"This is room 707, Yang Jian can't get out..."

Sun Rui said, but his words were abruptly cut off when the corner of his eye caught something.

He noticed that the previously nailed-down rotting corpse on the wall had now fallen to the ground.

The cracked long spear that killed it had also disappeared.

"He... he is behind you." The cowardly Zhang Zhi pointed with a face full of terror behind Zheng Yijing and Sun Ren.

With a sudden shock.

The two of them immediately looked back.

At once, their pupils couldn't help but constrict.

At this moment, Yang Jian stood beside Lok Sheng, but in his hand, he held a dead man's head, and beside him stood a headless corpse. The corpse was gushing blood, with red threads incessantly spilling out, extending towards the severed head as if trying to reattach it, appearing extremely eerie.

"When did you make a move on me?"

Lok Sheng's head continued to stare at Yang Jian, both alarmed and enraged. He wasn't dead yet, living thanks to the Supernatural Power he possessed.

Even though Yang Jian had severed his head, he could still survive despite the separation.

"Some things are hard to explain to you, but you make me uneasy, so ending you first seems more prudent. As it turns out, you're not easy to kill, still alive even after this."

Yang Jian said expressionlessly, the Firewood Knife in his hand dripping with blood.

Disassembling the body, suppressing with the Ghost Hand, yet still failing to kill that head.

"But I'm really curious if you can still live after being nailed with a Coffin Nail."

After finishing, Yang Jian casually dropped Lok Sheng's head to the ground.

The cracked long spear in his hand lifted, ready to pierce through Lok Sheng's skull and pin it to the ground.

But at that moment, a dead cold hand suddenly grabbed Yang Jian's wrist, freezing his whole arm.

"Yang Jian, I know you're strong, but disregarding us like this is too arrogant. In this situation where we're all ghost wielders, I refuse to believe it doesn't affect you at all."

Zheng Yijing, bearing a face that had been dead for some time, suddenly appeared by his side like a corpse, taking the opportunity to grab Yang Jian and preventing him from finishing off Lok Sheng.

Upon mere contact, Zheng Yijing's hand seemed to melt, sticking to Yang Jian's skin.

And even more strangely, this melting speed was accelerating, within seconds, their arms had grown together like conjoined twins, inseparable.

Zheng Yijing and Yang Jian's bodies got closer and closer.

This attack resembled an invasion, Zheng Yijing attempting to infiltrate Yang Jian's body, turning it into a new shell for the wax corpse.

"People only believe in what they know; they never believe in what's beyond their understanding, so you always think there's a chance of winning when ghost wielders fight."

Yang Jian ignored Zheng Yijing's attack, his gaze coldly fixed on him.

The erosion continued.

Half of Zheng Yijing's body was now stuck to Yang Jian's, and he felt he could gradually control this half.

If the invasion succeeded, Yang Jian's body would be completely replaced and become the new Zheng Yijing.

But seeing Yang Jian so confident, Zheng Yijing wasn't at ease. Even with over half invaded, he wasn't happy, knowing Yang Jian had means beyond this.

Indeed.

As the invasion proceeded, Zheng Yijing noticed something unusual.

He suddenly felt extremely heavy, his body inexplicably damp, the invasion speed drastically slowed, a moist chill spreading incredibly fast.

Water was spilling from beneath his feet, quickly puddling around.

"What's happening..."

Zheng Yijing panicked, his body slowly sliding, peeling off from Yang Jian and sinking into the water, futilely resisting.

This water was more terrifying than imagined, capable of engulfing everything, even ghosts.

"Trying to erode my body is sheer stupidity. My body harbors the Ghost Lake Water, an S-level supernatural power. Do you think you can fight such a level of supernatural power by yourself?" Yang Jian spoke slowly.

With the appearance of the Ghost Lake's supernatural power.

Not only did water appear underfoot, but the room's walls, ceiling, and even chairs were seeping water droplets.

The seeped water didn't vanish but accumulated in the room, gathering more and more, as if it intended to flood and engulf everyone inside.

"Ghost Lake Water? Impossible, Ghost Lake's operation wasn't successful. How could you wield power of this scale?"

Lok Sheng's head, also soaked, said in disbelief.

With wet hair, looking as if he'd been pulled from the water, Yang Jian stood on the water, untouched. His raised arm moved slightly, regaining sensation, and the spear aimed at Lok Sheng's head lowered, ready to pierce his skull.

Lok Sheng faced being engulfed by water and the horror of the Coffin Nail dropping from above.

He even sensed Yang Jian hadn't gone all out, not even in a hurry to kill him.

Yang Jian was like a cat toying with a mouse, making him experience despair. This copy was generated from content at MV|LEMPYR.

"No, isn't this room 707, why can your supernatural power affect this room? In theory, you shouldn't be able to use the Ghost Domain here. This room's supernatural power should affect everyone, and it has been eerily calm from the start, unusually quiet."

At this moment, looking at the water-soaked walls, Sun Ren realized something.

"Room 707? Sun Ren, why do you think this is room 707?" Yang Jian frowned.

Hm?

Being engulfed by water, Zheng Yijing and Lok Sheng with a floating head, and even Sun Ren were all stunned.

"This isn't 707?"

Sun Ren gasped: "How is that possible? The room was clearly affected earlier. He Yuelian should've hung the room number sign on the door by now."

"You know nothing and still think you can win against me? Truly adorably naive."

Yang Jian remained composed: "Why do you think I entrusted the room number sign to an ordinary person, having her do such things?"

"Because ordinary people are too fragile, easily influenced by the supernatural. In her cognition, one plus one equals three. Do you think her action of hanging the room number sign would be the same as what we understand? This room was always within my Ghost Domain's influence."

"There was never any 707, the real supernatural haunted room never unleashed. As you said yourself, no one ever left that room alive."

"It was incredibly easy for me to simulate a supernatural room unknown to you."

Upon hearing this, Sun Ren was dumbfounded.

Lok Sheng also realized, laughing: "So that's it, that's how it is. You influenced He Yuelian during your previous interaction, right? You had prepared long ahead; I was wondering why you agreed to Zheng Yijing's bet so readily. Now I understand."

"Understanding or not, the result is the same. You're inherently no match for me, just lacking self-awareness, always believing you can achieve the impossible." Yang Jian said.

The water accumulating in the room during the time he was speaking had already merged into a pool, submerging everyone's ankles.

The water wasn't deep, but it was already enough at this moment.

This pool of water was connected to the Ghost Lake, dangerous and terrifying.

Within this water, the vague silhouettes of corpses began to appear, cold and pale as if they had soaked in water for decades, yet none of the corpses were bloated or decayed.

The corpses kept floating up, grabbing Zhang Zhi, who stood on the water, pulling his legs deeper into the water.

"No, let me go." Zhang Zhi screamed in terror, struggling with all his might.

But it was to no avail.

Thud!

He plunged into the water, his body sinking at an incredible speed, disappearing beneath the surface in the blink of an eye.

Another person was dead.

But this situation continued, and now Lok Sheng, who only had a head left, was also submerged halfway up his skull. His headless body was sinking rapidly, and the red threads extending from the corpses seemed suppressed, no longer moving, sinking along with him.

Whether it's corpses or ghosts, entering the Ghost Lake leads to the same result.

"The gap is too big; we have no chance at all. Acting this time was a mistake."

Zheng Yijing also fell from Yang Jian's body, dropping into the water.

Half of his body was melting, the other half intact.

But Zheng Yijing's body was soaked; he failed to corrode Yang Jian and was instead corroded by the lake water within Yang Jian. Now, with a supernatural imbalance, he was being suppressed.

Currently, only Sun Ren remained unscathed. He was uninjured but refrained from acting as well.

This situation gave him a suffocating feeling.

Acting, no chance.

Not acting, it meant waiting to die.

Escape?

Even more impossible.

So at this moment, Sun Ren could only stand there, bewildered.

"Yang Jian, I didn't intend to act against you now, but when the opportunity came, I couldn't resist. Of course, you are more terrifying than I imagined, but this isn't over. You've been targeted, no, to be precise, all the captains at headquarters have been targeted. I hope you can be careful enough in the coming period, or you'll lose your life at any moment."

At this moment, Lok Sheng's head spoke again.

As he spoke, cracks began to appear on his head and body, increasing in number as his body rapidly disintegrated and fell apart.

Chunks of flesh scattered, varying in age, with countless red threads woven within.

These threads stitched all the flesh together, forming Lok Sheng.

But now that the body was disintegrating, and the red threads lost their supernatural power, Lok Sheng quickly turned into a pile of flesh, almost unrecognizable as human.

"This is a stitched flesh puppet, combining supernatural elements to create a fake body? Like a marionette, the real you must still be alive."

Yang Jian's ghost eye rotated, observing Lok Sheng's condition, finally coming to a conclusion.

"Keen insight, your analysis is spot-on." Lok Sheng's still intact mouth spoke.

Yang Jian nodded: "Now I understand why you dared to collaborate with these people against me; you were just taking a chance. So you lured me to Da'ao City, ready to act if there was an opportunity, and disappear if there wasn't. Unfortunately, Boss He and Sun Ren became your pawns."

"But you couldn't have done this alone. Who's supporting you from behind? Never mind, you wouldn't say even if I asked."

Finishing that.

The Coffin Nail in his hand descended, piercing through Lok Sheng's shapeless head completely, causing all the flesh to scatter.

The accumulated water stained red, countless flesh chunks floated on the water.

Soon, the blood and flesh sank to the bottom, disappearing, leaving only the red threads floating on the water.

Yang Jian picked one up for a look.

The red threads began to rapidly fade and decay, vanishing completely within moments.

Clearly, with the dispersal of supernatural power, these red threads couldn't be preserved.

"Lok Sheng, this guy, played me."

Meanwhile, Boss He in the corner was trembling all over, unsure if it was from fear or anger, only now understanding Lok Sheng's intentions.

"That bastard." Zheng Yijing was cursing as well, but now it was too late to say anything.

Pale hands stretched from the water, pulling him down.

He could only watch helplessly as he sank into the water, surrounded by countless waterlogged corpses, dragged into a cold, dark abyss, uncertain where he would end up.

"You're the only one left, Sun Ren. I deliberately left you for last, after all, classmates for a time. Even when sending you off, you should be last, those unrelated people should go first. That way, it wouldn't be in vain for us to have known each other for years."

Yang Jian looked at the last person, his high school classmate, Sun Ren.

"It seems this time I was naïve and got used, choosing the wrong moment to face you. Originally, there was a possibility of mutual destruction. I never thought you'd even toy with room 707."

Sun Ren took a deep breath.

His whole body trembled slightly, unsure if it was fear or chills.

Perhaps he was accepting the inevitable death, causing his body to react.

"I'm not reconciled. I've struggled desperately to survive, finally reaching this point, gaining the ability to avenge, and I'm not reconciled to failure."

Sun Ren gritted his teeth, his eyes still filled with hatred and resentment.

"Even if I'm the only one left, I won't give up, and I'm not convinced I'll lose to you. As long as it exists, I still have a chance to turn the tables."

Like other ghost handlers, his will to survive was strong, somewhat mad.

Even though all other allies were dead, and knowing this was a trap by Lok Sheng, Sun Ren still wanted to make a final desperate struggle.

"I give you the chance to avenge. Go ahead and try; I'll ensure you die with no regrets."

Yang Jian stood on the water, holding a cracked spear, gesturing.

"You're so confident, beware you might mess up." Sun Ren retorted coldly.

Yang Jian said: "If I mess up, isn't that even better? Not only will you have your revenge, but you'll also survive. You might even obtain some of my supernatural items. Then, you could appear openly, and no one would dare to come after you. Everything would be reborn."

"True, killing you is the only way to be reborn."

Sun Ren said.

The water around him began to ripple, prints and splashes appearing as if something was swiftly approaching him.

Yang Jian squinted slightly, through his ghost eye seeing a nude female corpse walking towards Sun Ren.

Even the accumulation of water in Ghost Lake couldn't swallow that female corpse.

This was one of the few ghosts unaffected by Ghost Lake's supernatural effects.

Ghosts of this level had extremely high terror levels.

However, Yang Jian had anticipated this, and from the start, he determined Sun Ren was the biggest threat with great potential.

So Yang Jian wasn't overconfident; he held the spear.

The Coffin Nail was already prepared, ready to end Sun Ren with one strike, to settle this grudge.

"The corpse overlapped with Sun Rui."

In the ghost eye's vision, something strange occurred.

The female corpse walked in front of Sun Ren, overlapping with him.

At this moment, Sun Ren's body started undergoing an eerie transformation; his skin turned ashy, his clothes aged and faded, his hair gradually falling out...

"Bang!"

As the transformation occurred.

Suddenly.

The cracked spear seemed to appear from nowhere, directly piercing Sun Ren's body, scattering water with a loud splash, pinning him to the water.

"Yang Jian, you cheated."

Facing this sudden attack, Sun Ren couldn't help but curse.

"Sorry, you're a wanted criminal."

Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

Chapter 1163 - The People Involved

The cold, accumulated water rippled.

Sun Ren was pinned to the ground, bleeding profusely. He tried to struggle and resist, but it was futile.

The cracked spear pierced into the ground, like an iron pillar welded to the earth, unmovable. Yet, he was not dead, still capable of movement, though now he was nothing more than an ordinary person without supernatural power.

"Your physical condition is quite impressive. Even after being nailed by a coffin nail, you're still conscious, neither dead nor asleep," Yang Jian observed the blood constantly seeping from Sun Ren's wound and understood.

He hadn't been a ghost handler for long, nor had he participated in any paranormal events, leaving his body largely untainted by the supernatural. His mental and physical states were superb.

Basically, there wasn't much difference from a normal person.

The suppression of the coffin nail only worked on ghosts, not on the living, so Sun Ren now suffered external injuries.

"Yang Jian, you bastard, how despicable. You've been deceitful," Sun Ren cursed, struggling in pain.

"Opposition in the paranormal circle is always a life-or-death matter. Didn't you set a trap to lure me into Room 707, also intending to kill me? We're all the same, so you have no right to curse me, moreover I did indeed give you a chance, you just missed it," Yang Jian remained indifferent to such insults.

"You are the most dangerous among these people. Even Ghost Lake couldn't sink the ghost by your side, it's very peculiar. Yet despite that, I'm the last to act. If you had any guts, you would've fought me earlier instead of waiting until now."

"Thus, while studying I may not be as good as you, but in this line of work, you aren't as good as me, and dying by my hand is actually a good outcome for you. At least I won't harm your family."

Sun Ren gritted his teeth, saying, "Coming this far is all because of you. You have the audacity to talk. Back then, Fang Jing was right to want to kill you. If you don't die, it's us who suffer."

"Don't blame your unfortunate experiences on others. At the very least, I let you walk out of No. 7 Middle School alive. After that, you got involved in a paranormal event, targeted by a ghost, and that has nothing to do with me. This world was already rife with paranormal events. Compared to others, your fate isn't bad; at least you didn't die stupefied in some paranormal event."

Yang Jian walked through the accumulated water, coming to Sun Ren's side, and stared at him indifferently.

Under the ghostly gaze.

The naked female corpse overlapping with Sun Ren also fell into a slumber, unable to move.

His speculation was correct.

The best time to act was when the female corpse overlapped with Sun Ren, then the corpse could use Sun Ren's body as a medium to make contact.

Under normal circumstances, that female corpse didn't exist in reality, and the coffin nail likely couldn't make contact.

"Yang Jian, don't bother explaining. Don't think I don't know. The Door Knocking Ghost incident was caused by you, you're the real culprit. Fang Jing was anxious to kill you because of this. If he killed you, the Door Knocking Ghost wouldn't come to No. 7 Middle School, and none of this would have happened. Everyone could still live a normal life."

Sun Ren endured the intense pain, speaking, his face pale and on the verge of passing out from blood loss; dizziness overwhelmed him.

In a moment, he would close his eyes entirely and pass out.

Yet, he remained unwilling to yield, thinking back to Yang Jian in school who was just a poor student, while he himself was excelling academically and came from a good family.

Why, after the No. 7 Middle School incident, did everything become like this?

Sun Ren didn't want to endure these experiences; he only wanted to return to a normal school life, which made him resent Yang Jian for bringing him pain.

"You're right. I inadvertently triggered the Door Knocking Ghost's killing pattern, then got targeted by the ghost. That's why the Door Knocking Ghost came to No. 7 Middle School. It was there for me. During that time, Fang Jing's urge to kill me wasn't wrong. Killing me would make the Door Knocking Ghost lose its target and leave for somewhere else."

Yang Jian didn't deny it, admitting to past events.

"It's good you have the face to admit it," Sun Ren panted, feeling his brain lacked oxygen.

But the cold surrounding water again stimulated him, reviving his spirit somewhat.

Yang Jian continued, "But what does that prove? The occurrence of paranormal events is unpredictable. I was merely an ordinary person dragged into it. You all have the right to survive, and so do I. You blame me for inviting the Door Knocking Ghost, but who would want to face all this voluntarily?"

"Nowadays, paranormal events emerge endlessly. Ordinary people are swept into them continuously, no different from my past experiences. It's just that I was lucky and survived till now, hence becoming the culprit in your eyes."

"Moreover, I saved you back then, so others have the right to blame me, but you do not."

He talked with Sun Ren about past events, revealing some of the truths behind the Door Knocking Ghost incident.

As former classmates, Yang Jian wanted Sun Ren to die with a clear understanding.

"Ha, you speak some truth. Perhaps I shouldn't blame you, but who should I blame then? I should've entered a prestigious university and become a successful elite in society... Why, why did it turn out like this? I don't want to encounter those ghostly things, not at all."

Sun Ren sneered first, then angrily growled, his emotions heightened.

His state seemed off, like a flash of vitality before death, his spirit appeared unusually strong.

Remember, he had been impaled by a lance, losing a considerable amount of blood. A normal person would be weakly unconscious by now, but Sun Ren wasn't.

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Perhaps his survival instincts were exceptionally strong, or his body had subtly changed under supernatural erosion, rendering him less likely to die.

Yet no matter how much he struggled, human limits existed.

The water around Sun Ren's body once more rippled crimson; his whole being instantly withered, then his head powerless sank into the water.

He slowly closed his eyes.

But he continued to stare at Yang Jian with strong resentment.

Despite reaching this point, he hadn't anticipated losing so completely.

"There is no 'why.' From the moment paranormal events emerged, we could only face this cruel and cold world, regardless of our willingness," Yang Jian remarked to Sun Ren, uttering the final words.

Sun Ren closed his eyes.

He lost consciousness, his breath gradually fading.

At this moment, though he hadn't breathed his last, there was still a chance for rescue, yet Yang Jian wouldn't allow him to live.

Currently, Sun Ren was a substantial threat. If not eliminated this time, should he master the ghost beside him next time, handling him wouldn't be this easy again.

He stood there for several minutes.

Yang Jian gradually withdrew his gaze.

Sun Ren was dead.

He wasn't killed by supernatural powers; he drowned due to excessive bleeding caused by a coffin nail piercing his body.

Thus, another one of the classmates from No. 7 Middle School who survived back then died.

And he was the only one killed by Yang Jian's own hands.

"Boss He, is it your turn now?" Suddenly, Yang Jian turned his gaze to a corner of the room.

Boss He stood nervously and fearfully in the accumulated water, trembling all over, unsure if it was from fear or because the water was too cold.

But as an ordinary person, he hadn't died or been affected by the previous supernatural events.

Of course, this was also due to Yang Jian's deliberate influence.

Because Boss He posed no threat, there was previously no need to pay attention to him.

"Yang, Captain Yang, don't, don't kill me. Everything is open for negotiation if you spare me. I can give you anything—money, I can give you all my money, leaving none behind, at least ten billion. Oh, and I can also give you my illegitimate daughter, He Yuelian. I know you're very interested in her; you can take her and study her slowly in the future."

Boss He's throat moved, swallowing hard, as he hurriedly pleaded for his life.

He had seen everything that happened just now.

Several people he usually considered formidable were defenseless in front of Yang Jian, killed in the blink of an eye. Even Lok Sheng, the person in charge of Da'ao City, had his head chopped off in an instant.

Bloodbath, violence, eeriness.

After seeing Yang Jian in action, Boss He clearly understood how terrifying Yang Jian truly was.

"I'm not interested in those things. The reason I want to kill you isn't because of your money or because my people were tricked by you, but because you colluded with those in the supernatural circle to try to kill me. Do you understand the consequences of attempting to murder a captain?"

Yang Jian said coldly, "However, I'm a reasonable person. After killing you, I won't involve your family. They can still inherit your estate and continue living as wealthy people in Da'ao City."

As he spoke, Boss He was startled when a pair of pale hands suddenly grabbed his feet in the water.

He looked down to see a corpse floating in the water.

Despite appearing dead for quite some time, it clung tightly to his feet, refusing to let go.

Boss He widened his eyes, overwhelmed by terror.

The corpse beneath the water was sinking, and his body was sinking along with it...

"Captain Yang, no, you can't kill me. You're interested in He Yuelian; she is connected to someone. I know that person, I can help you..." Boss He cried out in terror, attempting to exchange clues and secrets for his life.

Yang Jian said, "There's no need. What you know, I also know now."

His Ghost Shadow flickered on the water's surface, directly invading Boss He's body to obtain his memories.

Ordinary memory retrieval was easy and almost encountered no obstacles.

Before long, Yang Jian had acquired Boss He's memories, and this person completely sank into the water, disappearing from the world forever.

"Let me see, who exactly was involved with Boss He twenty-some years ago, and why does the daughter he had resemble the Specter in the ghost painting so closely." Yang Jian was searching through memories, trying to uncover that scene from over twenty years ago.

The scenes in the memory might be blurry even to Boss He himself, but once Yang Jian found them, they were crystal clear, as if they had just happened.

Soon enough.

A memory sealed for a long time was found by Yang Jian.

At that time, Boss He was indeed quite young, only in his early twenties. He happened to encounter someone on the streets of Da'ao City. That person was... Zhang Xiangguang.

The third administrator of the Ghost Post Office, Zhang Xiangguang.

"It's him?" Yang Jian pondered with a hint of surprise.

Twenty-some years ago, Zhang Xiangguang looked exactly the same as the one in the post office painting; his appearance hadn't changed.

However, eerily enough.

Yang Jian saw Zhang Xiangguang in the memory, and it seemed Zhang Xiangguang in the memory also saw him, eerily staring at him standing on the bustling, old street.

But then.

In the memory, a large black dog emerged from nowhere beside Yang Jian.

The Evil Hound growled and roared.

The Zhang Xiangguang in the memory returned to normal, and that eerie feeling disappeared.

"This guy is somewhat frightening..."

Yang Jian snapped back to reality, feeling a bit creepy.

Recalling the past, only to have someone from his memories eerily staring back at him.

If not for the Evil Hound stored in his memory, he might have suspected that stealing this memory from Boss He would lead to trouble.

Fortunately, the Evil Hound eliminated the threat, dispersing the hidden supernatural element in the memories.

"So the person He Yuelian is connected to is Zhang Xiangguang. Just whether the one in the painting knows about it is unclear, but based on current insights, Zhang Xiangguang seems to know the secret of the ghost painting. It's just uncertain whether this guy is still alive after over twenty years."

Yang Jian mused to himself quietly.

Chapter 1164 - Taking the Doorplate

Unexpectedly, Yang Jian found traces of Zhang Xiangguang from Boss He's memory.

This person was deeply involved with the Ghost Post Office in the past, but based on the clues in memory and He Yuelian's appearance, it seems Zhang Xiangguang also had a connection with the Ghost Painting.

However, these are all lingering supernatural traces from the past. Yang Jian just noted it down without dwelling too much. He would look into it if he had the chance in the future, as he didn't have the time to pursue such matters now.

With Boss He disappearing from sight, the conflict this time seemed to have come to an end.

But Yang Jian was not satisfied.

He fished for a long time, only to attract a few insignificant ghost handlers.

Lok Sheng is still alive; he survived. His actions were merely tentative, so the hidden threat remains, and Yang Jian was particularly concerned about what he said.

It seems there is a hidden force within the supernatural circle targeting the headquarters' captains. What he encountered might not be unique, and other captains might be experiencing similar situations.

"Could there possibly be someone trying to eliminate all the captains? At this time, when supernatural events are frequent, captains are key figures in handling them. The death of one means a whole area loses its control over supernatural events. If all captains are lost, the consequences would be unimaginable."

"Wait."

Yang Jian seemed to realize something: "Lok Sheng didn't want to kill me; he wanted to trap me in room 707, making me disappear. So, what they're targeting is not the captains themselves, but the fact that the captains' existence is hindering them in some ways, which is why they're taking various actions against the captains."

"As for actions, it's nothing more than those few types: inducement, warning, assassination, entrapment..."

He calmly thought at the moment and, following Lok Sheng's previous words, Yang Jian roughly had some guesses.

But whether it's accurate still needs some time.

Soon, there should be news from the headquarters or even from other captains.

The waterlogged room was now rapidly draining.

The supernatural was dissipating, and everything was reverting to its previous state.

As for the bodies left behind, they disappeared with the water, leaving no trace, except for Sun Ren's body.

Because Sun Ren's body was pinned by a Coffin Nail, the ghost within him was not simple. Even the Ghost Lake couldn't sink that ghost. Although Yang Jian controlled only four-tenths of the Ghost Lake, it was enough to show the ghost's terror.

So pinning it was safer.

"I need a gold-crafted box to enclose Sun Ren's body. Go to Lok Sheng's place and see if there's any. As the person in charge, he would generally have prepared a few boxes like this." Yang Jian thought to himself.

He quickly found Lok Sheng's place and discovered special boxes there.

After obtaining one, Yang Jian put Sun Ren's body inside.

"The Coffin Nail must be removed, but doing so poses a risk. Once removed, the fierce ghost might break free. A ghost that even the Ghost Lake can't contain must be very special."

Yang Jian frowned, hesitating as he looked at Sun Ren's body inside the box.

A ghost too ferocious needs to be sealed together with the Coffin Nail, just like the Hungry Ghost back then.

But Yang Jian couldn't abandon the Coffin Nail to leave it on Sun Ren's body.

"Perhaps if I'm quick enough, the ghost won't manage to escape. If worst comes to worst, I still have two layers of insurance."

Yang Jian reached out to grasp the cracked spear, and the Ghost Shadow underfoot moved to cover the box's opening.

The black shadow enclosed the entire box like a seal.

The Ghost Shadow only needed to restrain the fierce ghost for one second, and Yang Jian could extract the Coffin Nail and close the box.

If needed, he would use the six layers of the Ghost Domain to directly halt the ghost's actions.

Immediately.

Yang Jian extracted the spear.

Without the suppression of the Coffin Nail, the supernatural power within Sun Ren's body reawakened, especially the unreal shrouded corpse, which resumed action.

Yang Jian could sense it. This is a sample from My Virtual Library Empire. Read the rest on

The Ghost Shadow was rolling, writhing; silhouettes of palms and faces emerged, as something inside seemed to desperately struggle to break free.

Even in just an instant of confrontation, Yang Jian felt the Ghost Shadow couldn't restrain this entity, couldn't even stop it forcibly breaking through.

"This thing is ferocious."

Yang Jian frowned, although the Ghost Shadow struggled to suppress, it at least bought some time.

In that brief moment, he immediately sealed the box, then let the Ghost Shadow retract from the gap, and for extra security, he even activated the six layers of the Ghost Domain.

Yes.

For the first time, six layers of the Ghost Domain were used on a single box.

During this suspension, the box was completely sealed.

The fierce ghost remained inside, unable to escape.

However, Yang Jian's expression was still not good.

Because the box in front of him began to shake violently, even accompanied by a dull banging and knocking sound.

"The box isn't sturdy enough; Lok Sheng skimmed on materials. A box for this entity must be specially made."

Yang Jian felt it was somewhat unsafe, so he went back to Lok Sheng's place to relocate again.

He came back with two more boxes and encased this box within them.

Layered it threefold.

Only then did the noise from the box significantly quiet down, though there were still intermittent thudding sounds inside.

The fierce ghost was still attempting to break free.

Unfortunately.

Gold is unaffected by supernatural power; to escape, the fierce ghost can only physically destroy it.

But Yang Jian reinforced it thickly enough that physical destruction should be impossible.

"Better bury it; this thing can't be taken back to Dachang City. Keeping it is a disaster; it should no longer appear in this world. Deep burial is a good way to handle it." Yang Jian finally decided to bury it deeply underground.

The Ghost Domain spread, affecting reality.

In the next moment, the ground collapsed.

The box rapidly fell downwards.

Yang Jian buried it at a depth of five thousand meters underground.

This location is beyond the reach of many ghost domain controllers, making the chances of retrieval very small. Plus, only he knows the exact position, making it extremely secure.

After handling all this, he leisurely exited the VIP room.

"Creak!"

The door opened.

A few people were standing outside the VIP room, seemingly waiting for things to wrap up. Among them were Boss He's eldest son, He Long, and He Yuelian, who hadn't left yet, along with the security manager and others...

Yang Jian had stolen Boss He's memory; he recognized all these people.

But when these people saw only Yang Jian emerge from the empty VIP room, many were stunned, even a bit unsettled.

"Captain Yang, where are the others..." He Yuelian's expression was grave, with a bad premonition.

"Dead," Yang Jian coldly replied.

Dead?

He Long's eyes shrank; before coming in, he knew how many unusual figures were in this VIP room, including Lok Sheng, the person in charge of Da'ao City.

Could all these people be dead?

He Yuelian fell silent, understanding the meaning behind Yang Jian's words.

It seemed all the people in the VIP room had been killed by Yang Jian himself.

"I see, they lost, and you're the final winner." He Yuelian couldn't help but take a deep breath, trembling slightly.

"This was the inevitable outcome; you should be thankful you weren't in that room earlier."

Yang Jian remained indifferent: "However, your survival has value too. Hand over the room plaque of 707; I want to retrieve this supernatural item."

He Yuelian looked a bit dazed. Her memory seemed to be skewed; she forgot some things, remembered others, and under some supernatural influence, she pulled out a cold plaque from her ample chest.

Room plaque for 707.

As Yang Jian said, she hadn't hung the plaque after leaving but had hidden it.

Yang Jian grabbed it and said, "Be cautious of a man named Zhang Xiangguang. If you encounter him someday, you can inform me; I'd like to meet him."

"Zhang Xiangguang? That's quite an unusual name; I'll remember it." He Yuelian nodded.

"You don't seem sad, very calm, nor do you hate me. It appears the disappearance of Boss He hasn't affected you much."

Yang Jian initially found this attitude somewhat normal, but it wasn't the attitude of a child.

He Yuelian scoffed: "I had no emotional attachment to him; my existence was just a tool he utilized. Why should I be sad for someone like that?"

"Is that so? You truly are heartless. If Boss He were still around, hearing your words, he would be greatly disappointed. Sadly, I won't witness that."

Yang Jian said: "Though his eldest son, He Long, also seems quite calm."

He glanced over.

The man under thirty, wearing a suit and exuding the aura of a successful person, He Long, kept glancing over seemingly intentionally.

There was uneasiness in his eyes, and his heart was wavering, yet he endeavored to maintain his composure in front of some employees, and when looking at Yang Jian, he displayed a flattering smile.

"He's waiting to inherit the family fortune; sadness? Just not thanking me face-to-face is already good enough." He Yuelian said.

Yang Jian nodded: "A filial father and loving son, not bad."

Having said this.

He ignored these people and turned to leave.

For three minutes after Yang Jian vanished, no one dared move.

It was only five minutes later, when they confirmed Yang Jian was far enough away, that He Long finally sighed and said, "Little sister, is the matter here really over? Father's also vanished?"

"Why ask me when you already know?" He Yuelian said.

"You seem to have a good relationship with Captain Yang, does he have his eye on you? If so, then this is an opportunity for you; now that Father has vanished, nothing restrains you. You can live as you wish, without anyone stopping you." He Long said.

He Yuelian sneered: "You're just afraid that I'll stay in Da'ao City and share the inheritance with you, wishing I'd cozy up to Yang Jian, enabling you to leverage his power and expand the entertainment city business. It's a win-win situation for you."

"This isn't a bad deal for you, is it? He's someone from the supernatural circle, a captain from headquarters, far heavier than Lok Sheng. Besides, for the entertainment city's business to thrive, such backing is indispensable; otherwise, trouble will arise soon enough."

He Long smiled, not feeling embarrassed at having his intentions laid bare.

"You better put away your little schemes. This Yang Jian is different from others; no, you can't even consider him human. In his eyes, there's no desire, no emotion, only coldness and eeriness."

He Yuelian said: "Moreover, he used supernatural power to influence me; now when I calculate one plus one, it equals three—my cognition is messed up, and that's just what I know; there's lots I don't know."

"He left a trump card on me, I can feel it."

Hearing this, He Long's face subtly changed, instinctively stepping away from He Yuelian.

He did not want to get close to people from the supernatural circle.

His father had fallen here due to getting too close to people from this circle, a typical case of playing with fire and getting burned.

Now, to carry on the business after inheriting it, he has to avoid following his father's path.

But the entertainment city cannot do without care from the people in the supernatural circle.

"By the way, I'll remind you again, the people Yang Jian brought are still playing at the entertainment city. It's been over two hours already. If they win too much money and you can't pay out, watch out for trouble from Yang Jian." He Yuelian tossed her hair and, striding her long, beautiful legs, turned away.

This reminder left He Long restless.

The people Yang Jian brought were obviously there to cause trouble. If he doesn't handle this properly, he might go bankrupt today before inheriting the family fortune.

"Let's go check the hall." He Long hurriedly said.

Chapter 1165 - A Familiar Recording

Yang Jian returned to the casino hall as if nothing had happened.

At that moment.

Xiong Wenwen, Zhang Wei, and the others were still unaware that a confrontation had ended. They were still playing in the hall.

Around a table, many people gathered to watch.

Xiong Wenwen stood arrogantly on a chair with a huge pile of chips in front of him. Across from him, the dealer had cold sweat on his face; he knew this kid was here to cause trouble. From the beginning, every game he played, he won, and he had already emptied the credit of several tables.

Now it was his turn.

Moreover, this kid bet heavily on every hand, winning at least over a billion despite the limit.

"What are you looking at Daddy Xiong for? Deal the cards," Xiong Wenwen glared at the dealer and said.

The dealer had no choice but to continue dealing cards.

As expected, Xiong Wenwen won again, without any suspense.

"If this kid keeps winning like this, he's going to bankrupt this place," people on the side started discussing.

"Bankrupt? I don't think it's that easy. I just saw Boss He show up in the hall, and he hasn't shown his face since then, which means the house can still hold. The billions lost probably don't affect it much."

"That's because the hall has limits, so they're not playing big. If there were no limits, Boss He would have to declare bankruptcy and jump off a building tonight. Who could withstand winning dozens of hands consecutively?"

"I heard this kid started playing with only a thousand points, tsk tsk, he just became rich," someone added.

Jiang Yan, standing nearby, also smiled with squinting eyes. She earned a lot riding on Xiong Wenwen's winning streak. If this trend continued, she would leave Daxing Entertainment City tonight as a small fortune holder.

"Alright, stop playing. Something unexpected happened just now, and things here are over," Yang Jian came over at this moment.

Xiong Wenwen looked at him in surprise: "Oh, it's Xiao Yang. Where did you go earlier? You were nowhere to be seen. Look at your Daddy Xiong, impressive right? I won a heap of chips from them. Auntie Jiang roughly counted beforehand, and it's at least over a billion. Your goal set earlier was too small; I surpassed it."

He raised his head confidently and arrogantly.

"Isn't that what should be done?"

Yang Jian said calmly, "If you could foresee and still lose, I'd have to wonder if something's wrong with your brain."

"Nonsense. Daddy Xiong was the top student in class. Everyone said I was smart. You must be jealous of me," Xiong Wenwen replied.

Yang Jian didn't continue to argue with him and instead asked, "How much has he won?"

Jiang Yan said, "Should be around 1.5 billion points. But earlier, I heard from others that Zhang Wei won even more elsewhere, but his old habit kicked in, giving out rewards, wasting who knows how much."

"That's enough. Combined with Zhang Wei's, we should have recovered what we lost earlier. There's not much point in continuing," Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan, feeling a bit indignant, said, "I don't think we should let them go. We might as well go all out and bankrupt this casino. Hmph, dare to bully me; I won't let them off easily."

Influenced by Yang Jian, she'd developed a streak of ruthlessness.

"Boss He is dead, and with his death, the debts are written off. This account is settled; no need to involve others," Yang Jian said with a calm demeanor. "Let's end it here."

He was principled.

"Alright, since you said so, I'll let them off this time. I'll go contact Zhang Wei and tell him to stop playing," Jiang Yan nodded.

"As for others, if they want to continue playing, let them. But Xiong Wenwen and Zhang Wei should not be involved," Yang Jian said.

Xiong Wenwen immediately interjected, "Nonsense, how could Ah Wei compare to your Daddy Xiong? Is he as good as I am?"

"The others are ordinary people, unrelated to the supernatural circle, so there's no need to restrict them," Yang Jian said. "You're different; you're involved in the supernatural and need to be restrained."

"When did Ah Wei become part of the supernatural circle? At best, he's from the entertainment circle," Xiong Wenwen said. "An entertainment streamer, at that."

Yang Jian didn't elaborate further.

Only he knew that Zhang Wei had been resurrected by the Ghost Mirror once, and those resurrected by the Ghost Mirror inevitably had some supernatural traces. The most obvious feature was that Zhang Wei's left and right were reversed because the person in the mirror was also inverted.

"That's how things are decided. I have some other matters to attend to; I'll come find you later."

After instructing them, Yang Jian turned and left.

He walked out of the casino and headed to a private villa in Da'ao City.

The security here was very high, with patrols everywhere and surveillance cameras installed all around. However, to Yang Jian, they were all as good as nonexistent.

"This is Lok Sheng's private residence. If there's anyone behind him, they would definitely meet here," Yang Jian stood in the empty living room.

Though it was opulently decorated, it was cold, dead silent, eerily quiet.

Yang Jian's footsteps echoed as he stepped on the tiles in the villa.

But after only a few steps, he stopped. He gripped a cracked long spear in his hand, and the Ghost Shadow behind him began to spread out like a dense ink blot, gradually covering all directions.

He intended to use the Ghost Shadow as a medium to find out who was connected to Lok Sheng.

Soon.

The empty villa hall was immediately filled with dense shadows. These shadows were phantom-like, transparent, as if an image appeared before Yang Jian.

The medium could only be seen by someone holding the Firewood Knife.

Yang Jian's ghost eyes rotated slightly as he quickly scanned, distinguishing to find the suspicious person.

Most of those leaving the medium were ordinary people, including security guards who came and went, maids working in the villa, Lok Sheng himself, and some social elites...

Yet as Yang Jian continued to differentiate and investigate.

Suddenly.

In the Silent villa, a rustling sound abruptly emerged, similar to the prelude of an old tape recorder.

With the appearance of this sound, the lights in the villa flickered chaotically, indicating that the electricity was being affected by something supernatural.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian immediately released the Firewood Knife, making all mediums vanish. He refocused and quickly looked in the direction where the sound came from.

There was a speaker, of modern design, not an antique object.

However, the sound it emitted revealed something unusual.

"Yang Jian, I know you're at my residence right now. Don't bother; you won't find the clues you seek here. Stop wasting your efforts. Additionally, this is a pre-recorded message that plays automatically if you stay here for more than ten seconds. After listening, you'll fall into a deep sleep."

Lok Sheng's voice came from the speaker,

"A recording?" Yang Jian frowned.

It seemed familiar, as if he had encountered a similar supernatural event before.

When was it?

Ah, he remembered. It was when he had just become a ghost tamer, dealing with the former CEO of Shangtong Tower, a foreigner named Paul, where he encountered a tape recording.

That person claimed to be a missionary, a foreign ghost tamer. To s&u+p+por-t our w-o#r%k!, pl&e^as^e rea@d on M. |.V!|LE+_M\$P+Y#R-..

But Yang Jian didn't listen to the entire tape. He threw it along with the speaker into the Blood Pool on the outskirts of Dachang City.

The Blood Pool was formed after Yan Li's death, when Ghost Blood surged, suppressing anything supernatural that fell into it, making them fall into slumber. To some extent, the Blood Pool's suppression might even be stronger than the Ghost Lake's.

"The recording is a curse, deliberately disseminated, but the other party seems not too confident. Otherwise, they wouldn't set just a sleep curse; they'd eagerly curse me to death."

Yang Jian approached the speaker.

He wasn't worried about the curse now; he just wanted to see what kind of supernatural curse it was.

While approaching, Yang Jian held another supernatural item in his hand.

A red pair of scissors wrapped in hair.

The Ghost Scissors could let you see the curse, but the cost of use was high. Yang Jian didn't plan to use it, only to determine his own situation.

Sure enough.

He saw it.

A non-existent thread appeared before his eyes, connecting him and the speaker.

The line was peculiar, a dark grey and untouchable, a manifestation of the curse.

"It is indeed the missionary's recording. It seems Lok Sheng is connected to foreign ghost tamers," Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly.

"You were too late to notice, Yang Jian. The curse has already begun. Good luck to you."

Lok Sheng's eerie voice emerged from the speaker. It was unclear whether it was his voice or the ghost's, as it could hear Yang Jian's voice and respond.

Chapter 1166 - The World of Nightmares

The appearance of the recording curse made Yang Jian realize who his enemy was.

When Lok Sheng proposed using Shangtong Tower to offset the debt, Yang Jian should have thought of this, because the former owner of Shangtong Tower, Paul, was backed by a ghost handler with the codename "The Preacher."

It's just that after Yang Jian took down Paul, the Preacher didn't take any retaliatory actions, so the matter settled down.

Unexpectedly, more than a year later, vengeance came knocking again.

"That Preacher had a grudge with me in the past, so it's normal for him to find a chance for revenge today. However, he should also know that I'm not easy to deal with, which is why Lok Sheng didn't make any great investment this time; it was just a tentative attack. If it succeeds, great, if not, then so be it."

"Moreover, they think it's too difficult to kill me. Trapping me, making me fall asleep seems more feasible."

Yang Jian now understood these people's thinking.

Glancing at the radio on the table, he walked over without hesitation, extended his blackened Ghost Hand, grabbed it, and squeezed it hard.

The radio instantly shattered into a pile of debris.

But the rustling sound continued to echo, not fading despite the radio's destruction.

"If you don't use Ghost Scissors to cut off the curse, you can only endure it," Yang Jian calmly stood in place, waiting for the curse to manifest.

Soon.

The rustling sound gradually diminished, as if the signal was dwindling, and after just seven or eight seconds, all the sounds within the radio disappeared, followed by the spread of an invisible curse.

At first, Yang Jian didn't feel anything special.

But as time passed, he began to notice something was amiss. His head grew heavier, a wave of drowsiness surged, making his consciousness gradually blur, as if about to fall into a deep sleep.

This situation felt familiar to him.

It was like being forcefully pulled into a Ghost Dream, as sudden drowsiness hit him.

"The opponent is very experienced in dealing with ghost handlers. They know that using normal supernatural means to kill me is difficult, so they targeted my consciousness, because most ghost handlers' consciousness is fragile. Once the consciousness dies, no matter how intact the body is, death follows."

Yang Jian shook his head and moved to sit on the nearby sofa.

The drowsiness was growing stronger, and he felt a bit unsustainable.

This drowsiness could not be resisted merely with willpower; it stemmed from a Supernatural Curse and required corresponding supernatural power to counteract.

But for now, the Evil Hound in the dream had not appeared.

It seemed that the Evil Hound did not want to prevent Yang Jian from falling asleep.

"There's no need to resist this drowsiness. Since they want me to sleep, I'll go along with their thinking and take a nap here. The Evil Hound stored in my memory ensures I'm safe even when asleep, but some precautions outside are needed."

Just before falling asleep, Yang Jian opened his Ghost Eye, releasing the Ghost Domain.

The entire villa disappeared in an instant.

Yang Jian had moved the villa to a hidden underground location where it couldn't be easily found. Here, he was safe to sleep.

After taking precautions, Yang Jian closed his eyes and lay down on the sofa to sleep.

He succumbed to the curse, falling into a deep slumber.

He was like Sleeping Beauty in a fairy tale world - without some special means to wake him, he might remain asleep forever, never able to awaken again.

But the reality was that after falling asleep, Yang Jian entered a dream.

The world within the dream was dark and oppressive, filled with an eerie chill all around, and surrounded by nothing but emptiness, save for a large European-style castle in front of him.

Yang Jian stood at the gate of the castle at this moment.

The iron gate was half ajar, rusty, with overgrown weeds and vines, as if it hadn't been maintained for years. Thanks for reading—brought to you by M|VL|EMPYR.

"This is not my dream. My dream does not have such a castle; this is someone else's constructed dream....." Yang Jian raised his hand to take a look.

He remained silent.

Because one of his hands was missing.

The missing hand was the Ghost Hand.

The Ghost Hand couldn't enter the dream, indicating that Yang Jian was now in the Ghost Dream World.

"Could this castle be the manifestation of the Preacher's curse in the dream? No, that's not right. The Preacher's curse recording can only spread the curse and has no ability to draw people into a dream. His curse should have merely made me fall asleep. Once that's done, the recording's supernatural effect is lost."

"Entering the dream must be a second supernatural power, with the recording curse first putting someone to sleep, and then pulling them into a dream afterward, hinting that the Preacher possesses two kinds of supernatural powers."

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, recalling another supernatural power that was quite similar to a Ghost Dream.

Previously, there was a ranking on a supernatural website; that supernatural incident had the code name... Nightmare.

"Could it be that the opponent harnessed the Nightmare?"

This thought emerged in his mind, and it seemed highly plausible, because Yang Jian hadn't heard any news about the supernatural incident codenamed Nightmare going out of control.

So it's possible that the Nightmare was controlled and harnessed by foreign ghost handlers.

After all, hadn't he himself harnessed the supernatural power of Ghost Lake?

Similar things Yang Jian could do, so could others. Many people in the world have similar experiences, and everyone has their own opportunities; Yang Jian is not unique.

"If that's really the case, then today is indeed a bit dangerous. In the Nightmare world, I am just an ordinary person, devoid of supernatural powers. With one misstep, I might end up like the Ghost Dream incident, dying in the dream."

Yang Jian thought to himself, suddenly becoming particularly vigilant.

He had no weapon in hand; when he entered the dream before, he had entered with a cracked spear.

And since supernatural items couldn't be brought into dreams, Yang Jian was not only unarmed but also crippled.

Looked around.

Yang Jian couldn't find anything handy, so he could only pick up a stone from the ground for self-defense.

He couldn't remove the iron bars from the iron door either, after all, his strength wasn't that great at the moment, just an ordinary person's strength.

"I can't act rashly now, there are ghosts in the Nightmare World, I must wait until my Evil Hound arrives, it will take some time to counter-invade, and by then, whether the Ghost Dream World or the Nightmare World wins is still uncertain."

Yang Jian was very calm, he didn't act impulsively, but quietly waited.

Taking advantage of this time, Yang Jian observed the European-style castle in front of him.

This castle was dilapidated, desolate, the windows dark and hollow like eye sockets without eyeballs, revealing a sense of death and horror, the courtyard overgrown with weeds, a few withered trees scattered around, their leaves long fallen.

But the castle's main gate was well preserved, closed at the moment, not open.

"The Ghost Dream World I experienced was a village, and now this Nightmare World is a castle, which shows that the ghost projects real-life scenery into the dream, it seems this haunted place abroad is the castle." Yang Jian thought to himself.

But right at this moment, the darkness outside the castle began to wriggle, starting to devour the nearby roads, as if some supernatural force was interfering in the dream, trying to force people entering here to move closer to the castle.

Yang Jian turned to look, frowned, with no choice but to step over the half-open iron gate and walk into the castle.

"This is not a good sign, it means I have been targeted." He stared into the darkness behind him.

The darkness was blocked by the iron gate, unable to continue invading inside.

The castle at this moment became the entire world, nothing else remained.

"I hope the Nightmare is really being controlled by someone, I don't want to face this kind of fierce ghost again, if it's controlled by a human, it's somewhat safer, because people can't fully utilize the supernatural powers, but ghosts can."

Yang Jian walked through the ruined courtyard, gradually moving towards the castle.

He felt that the other side wouldn't let him stay quietly in one place, there would definitely be various supernatural means to drive him.

Soon.

Yang Jian's guess was proven correct.

The ground behind him began to collapse bit by bit, the collapsing area was a stretch of darkness seeming to swallow everything, all except the castle in the courtyard quickly disappeared.

Yang Jian didn't want to fall and could only speed up his pace forward.

Finally, when Yang Jian reached the position of the castle's main entrance, the collapse behind ceased.

Yet in a blink.

The courtyard returned to its original state.

Still so dilapidated, desolate, as if everything just now had been an illusion.

"Sure enough, the Nightmare has been controlled."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered: "A ghost wouldn't behave like this, driving me into the castle, as long as I'm within the influence range of the fierce ghost, it would kill, without needing to deliberately guide me

somewhere, only a ghost controller would do so, because the closer, the larger the things he can influence and the easier for him to move."

"Creak!"

The castle's main doors opened at this moment.

Contrary to the outside situation, although old, the inside of the castle wasn't dilapidated, the floor covered with red carpets, dim candlelight flickering on the walls, though the air was filled with a decaying smell, there were still traces of life.

"Come out, don't hide, going to such great lengths to pull me into a dream, then hiding from being seen, it's somewhat rude." Yang Jian boldly stepped into the castle, speaking as he walked.

The sound echoed within the castle, trailing deep inside, eventually fading away.

The empty castle remained deathly silent, no one responded.

Yang Jian sneered again: "Can't understand Chinese, need me to speak English?"

The voice continued to echo.

At this moment, there was a response.

A voice came from deep within: "Even in a dream, you're still Ghost Eye Yang Jian, it's best to be cautious."

This voice was very familiar, it was Lok Sheng.

"This is a dangerous place, we can't afford to be careless."

This was another voice, but the Mandarin wasn't standard, with a clumsy accent, likely a foreigner.

"The fact that the Nightmare World was mastered by you is no small feat, quite impressive how you pulled so many into the dream." Yang Jian slowly spoke, unable to help but give a compliment.

"You really guessed that this is the Nightmare World. I knew with your judgment and experience, you'd understand what happened once you dreamt in. The title of the head captain isn't just boastful."

A third voice emerged, also speaking in Chinese, but the accent wasn't noticeable, not like a foreigner's.

Seeing these people speaking without showing themselves, Yang Jian sneered: "Afraid of death to this extent, how pathetic not daring to stand forward in your own place, no wonder you guys only resort to underhanded tricks, pulling me in here just to get rid of me, not to chat."

"Not making a move, how to get rid of me then?"

Lok Sheng's voice arose: "Captain Yang, we actually don't want to eliminate you, we just want to keep you here, your death isn't beneficial, but your prolonged stay here is the best outcome for us."

"Trapping a captain is much safer than killing one, and I never expected to bring you in here so smoothly."

"That broadcast was merely an attempt, considering at the moment it sounded, you totally had the chance to escape this curse. As expected, you were too confident, standing there awaiting the curse's appearance. However, the more so, the more I suspect you might be fishing again."

"Thus, we better not meet, just stay here quietly, let the outside you sleep for a few years, I'll come see you when everything is settled."

He learned his lesson.

Or perhaps was too scared from Yang Jian's previous fishing.

In this Nightmare World, he didn't plan to show himself, even if Yang Jian had methods, they couldn't be used.

Chapter 1167 - Fishing Again

Unexpectedly, the other side is so timid, not even daring to show their face, planning to trap Yang Jian in this Nightmare World, keeping him in a perpetual sleep outside, unable to wake up.

A clever method.

But to keep a top-notch ghost handler trapped for a long time is somewhat naive.

Or perhaps they have special confidence in this Nightmare World, believing nothing unexpected will occur.

"Interesting, if you want to trap me, give it a try, but don't forget, every supernatural event has its source, and so does the world of nightmares. Once I find the source, you should be careful," Yang Jian said calmly.

A strange voice continued from deep within the castle: "Mister Yang, rest assured, you will only be forever lost in this castle, impossible to find the source."

"Seems you have used supernatural power to alter the structure of the castle, hiding the source in a very safe place," Yang Jian said.

"You're smart, but even knowing some information and clues, you're still powerless. Here, you're just an ordinary person," the voice said.

Yang Jian sneered, "Since you know I'm an ordinary person, why not show up and kill me? Wouldn't my death make you more assured?"

However, the voice inside the castle fell silent with no response.

"Really not planning to show up? I've never seen such a coward," Yang Jian waited for a while, but there was no movement, so he had to give up.

And deep within this castle.

There is a hall.

In the middle of the hall stands a round table, resembling a conference room.

At this moment, four or five people are sitting in this conference room. They are both male and female, but their faces are unfamiliar, and several have foreign appearances. Lok Sheng blends in among them, appearing unremarkable.

"This is an opportunity. I think we should take this chance to kill Yang Jian in the nightmare world. If successful, we will have successfully resolved a captain. We shouldn't miss this opportunity."

A man with sunken eyes and sharp eyes tapped the table, lowering his voice.

"It's difficult to trap a captain for a long time. If any accident happens in between, there will never be such a good opportunity again."

So they are discussing how to deal with Yang Jian, who is already in the Nightmare World.

"I think we should ignore him. Just trap him. As long as Yang Jian doesn't appear outside for a long time, even if it's a month, our plan can succeed. If we try to kill him now, once failed, it will have a huge impact on us. If we really want to make a move, it should be after a month," Lok Sheng said. After coming into contact with Yang Jian, he has some understanding and believes Yang Jian must have some means he hasn't used yet.

With his cautious nature, how could he easily set foot in the Nightmare World without confidence?

"You're too timid, Mister Lok. Here, no one can use the power of a fierce ghost, so the Nightmare World is the safest place. Now we have many people, while Yang Jian is just a weak student. We can beat him to death together."

"This is a great opportunity to take him down."

Lok Sheng said, "This is also a great opportunity for him to take us down. Yang Jian's fishing trick before is not unknown to you. If you showed up then, he would have wiped you all out."

"Mister Lok, what you said is incorrect. Yang Jian is indeed not simple, but he absolutely cannot block our plan. It's just that the timing isn't ripe yet; we can't expose ourselves. Dealing with those captains requires breaking them one by one. Their alliance is the biggest problem, a single person can't become a climate."

The man with sunken eyes and sharp eyes said seriously.

"I think everyone should be straightforward and vote to decide whether to take action against Yang Jian here or keep him trapped. I believe that the missionary himself would also strongly agree with my proposal."

The five people present looked at each other.

Then two people raised their hands.

Lok Sheng and a woman don't agree with taking action now.

But three people agreed, making their opposition futile.

"You will regret it." Lok Sheng looked at them, somewhat annoyed.

"We would regret not acting now."

The man with sunken eyes and sharp eyes stood up: "Everyone, don't waste time, let's go now. Don't keep our guest waiting too long."

"Let's go, hunt down this bastard Yang Jian together."

"Here he's just a weak monkey, watch me twist his neck."

A strong foreign man clenched his fists, showing a smile.

However, they didn't prepare anything and picked a few weapons from a nearby shelf. All were medieval swords and iron hammers.

Even though they can't bring supernatural weapons into the Nightmare World, they can bring ordinary weapons in, similar to the world of Ghost Dream, although more complex things such as guns and grenades cannot be brought in.

Because a dream world is still a dream world; things too complex seem unable to manifest.

They also attempted to disassemble a gun and bring it into the Nightmare World.

It turned out the parts could enter, and the gun was successfully assembled, the bullet was chambered, but when pulling the trigger, the bullet misfired, unable to discharge.

Investigation revealed gunpowder cannot ignite in the Nightmare World.

Likewise, weapons like bows and crossbows are also ineffective because the bowstring doesn't have enough elasticity.

Seeing these three people really intend to kill Yang Jian, Lok Sheng didn't say more, lest he says too much and they think he's helping Yang Jian, making it difficult for himself when suspicion arises.

"Well then, let these people try again, see if Yang Jian is bluffing or really has other tricks. Getting his cards out now is better than suffering losses against the Confused Valley later."

Thinking of this, he followed them.

Not to help, just to join the fun; once he sees things are wrong, he'll leave the Nightmare World.

"Aren't you going to take a look?" Lok Sheng asked a woman sitting on a chair.

The woman had beautiful blonde hair, sexy lips, and healthy skin. She definitely didn't look like someone who tamed an evil ghost.

Maybe in this Nightmare World, they can present themselves as living beings rather than having a grim appearance.

The woman said, "I'm not interested in the fight between you guys. You go ahead and watch."

Lok Sheng nodded, said no more, and immediately chased after them, catching up with the three people ahead.

Although the castle was very large and complex.

For someone familiar with everything here, it was not a problem.

Yang Jian was not wandering around the castle at the moment. Roaming on someone else's territory was a very foolish act, so he stood in the hall of the castle, not far from the main entrance. Although he was in a very dangerous environment now, as long as he could endure this moment, everything would improve once the Evil Hound arrived.

"Why hasn't my dog arrived yet? Does it really take that long to invade the Nightmare World?"

He was somewhat anxious, but still appeared very confident.
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Who knew if someone was observing him in secret, so he had to maintain confidence at this time.

Very soon.

A series of footsteps suddenly echoed from the end of a dark corridor.

The sound grew nearer, and then a few figures emerged.

Yang Jian looked in the direction of the sound and saw three people: one with an Asian face, and two Western men.

They were actually holding swords, a hammer, and were striding towards him.

"Are they here to kill me?"

Yang Jian's expression tightened as he stood calmly watching the three approach him.

"Yang Jian, as you wished, we have come to deal with you. You are an unstable factor in this Nightmare World, and the only way is for you to die."

The man with sunken eyes and a sharp gaze said in a deep voice, carrying a long sword in his hand, which seemed very sharp, capable of easily chopping off a person's head.

The two foreigners beside him also showed a few cruel smiles.

"Not a bad choice. Instead of waiting passively and being trapped, they might as well take the initiative to kill me in the Nightmare World."

Yang Jian nodded: "If it were me, I would do the same, after all, such opportunities are rare."

"You aren't scared to see us coming? You're just an ordinary person here." The man from earlier frowned at this moment.

Yang Jian said: "Why be afraid? If I'm an ordinary person, are you not? If I will die, won't you die too? Besides, if it comes to a real fight, maybe it will be you who dies, not me."

He remained confident, even though he only had one hand left now.

"Liu, don't be impulsive, Yang Jian might really just be baiting you." Lok Sheng, who had followed them, whispered a reminder from behind.

"Yang Jian, I think you're bluffing. You might scare Lok Sheng, but you can't scare me," the man named Liu stared at Yang Jian and said.

These words were meant for himself, and also for Lok Sheng.

Yang Jian did not respond to him, instead, he looked at them and walked straight towards them, his steps determined and without hesitation: "Is that so? If you think I'm bluffing, then so be it."

Seeing a person walking towards them empty-handed, the man named Liu suddenly sensed something was not right and immediately stopped in his tracks.

The two foreigners beside him also froze for a moment.

They had seen bluffs before, but never someone bluffing so boldly, walking up to them as if he intended to take them down.

"Could it really be a trap?" Liu's expression changed involuntarily, thinking Lok Sheng's words might be true.

Lok Sheng also stopped, observing Yang Jian's every move. He didn't see anything strange beside Yang Jian at this moment, nor did he have any weapons in his hand, it was just himself, and even then only with one hand.

"No, no, it shouldn't be a trap, maybe he really is bluffing. If Yang Jian really had means, he would definitely turn and flee, pretending to be scared, but now his confidence actually makes me doubt him."

"Liu, trust yourself, kill him."

Lok Sheng made a judgment and immediately shouted.

But Liu didn't do so, he indicated: "Wait a moment, don't get close to Yang Jian, we need to observe a bit more, he might really have some preparation."

At this moment, he hesitated.

Because if you die here, you really die.

"Liu, what are you doing, didn't we agree to make a move? What's the point of stopping now?" Lok Sheng said.

Liu responded: "Now that he is already in the Nightmare World, we can make a move anytime, I need to make sure his condition truly has no problems before acting, and what Yang Jian said just now is true, he will die here, we will die too, we can't be rash."

"I feel he's stalling for time," Lok Sheng said.

"Impossible, entering the Nightmare World, stalling for time is useless," Liu shook his head.

Then, he indicated, and the three stopped advancing, instead maintaining a distance and continuously retreating.

A few murderous individuals, surprisingly, were really scared off by Yang Jian alone.

Yang Jian laughed, halted his steps: "If you're afraid to come near me, how can you kill me? What, are you going to spit on me from there and hope it spits me to death? With this attitude, and you want to take on the captain? You better save your energy, think about how to survive longer in the supernatural circle, don't dig your own grave."

"Bastard, shut your damn mouth, I'm no coward, today I'm going to smash your head."

That foreigner's temper flared up, unable to bear Yang Jian's provocation, relied on his strong body, grabbing a hammer, and charged right up.

Seeing this, Yang Jian turned and ran without hesitation, moving very agilely, quickly leaving them far behind.

What, ran away?

Seeing this scene, the others were dumbfounded.

Especially the man named Liu, who reacted immediately, his face turning red with anger.

They had been played.

This Yang Jian was just bluffing and didn't dare to confront them head-on.

Chapter 1168 - Collision of Dreams

"Yang Jian, stop running, stand still for me."

"You think I'll just stand still because you tell me to? Then why don't you all just drop dead when I tell you to?"

Yang Jian retorted as he ran, not bothering to look back.

In the deserted, dimly lit castle, a few individuals wielding swords and hammers chased after Yang Jian, gasping for breath, intent on killing him.

But Yang Jian ran too fast. Although he was unarmed and not strong, he was agile, which was an advantage.

"You, as a leader, are such a coward, not daring to face us head-on, but instead turning and running away like a coward. Do you not even have the courage to fight to the death?" someone taunted loudly.

"Catch up with me first if you can, and then talk. If you can't outrun me, how do you plan to kill me? Dream on."

Yang Jian retorted without hesitation.

The man named Liu was infuriated and lost his cool: "Who's going to circle around and trap him? We know the ways better here. No matter how he runs, he can't get out. Once we catch him, he's dead."

Surrounding him was a good idea.

But no one dared to agree.

Because they were also ordinary people, albeit armed, their advantage wasn't significant and they could easily be counter-attacked by Yang Jian.

"We don't have many people. Together, we are stronger; if we split up and the trap fails, we could end up isolated and killed. I don't agree with this plan."

The burly foreigner outright rejected the idea.

"Liu, don't be impatient. He can't escape from here. If we take a little time, we will definitely catch up with him, and then we can torment him however we want. Now we've realized he's just a coward without real skills, so there's no need to worry." My Vir-tu@al. Li#b^r*ar%y E#mpi*r&e (M|@V^|#LE-1M@PY*R*)& t&h!ank%s you for r#e&adi&ng at the source%.\$

"That's right; we're the hunters now. Patience is needed to handle the prey."

Liu only nodded slightly, but his expression was displeased. He understood in his heart that these guys were just afraid of dying, unwilling to surround Yang Jian, and their words were just excuses.

But he didn't break it down, because he also had some concerns.

If an accident happened when they split up to circle around, it would be disastrous. After all, they had the upper hand now.

They had no choice but to keep chasing Yang Jian.

The group was panting heavily but maintained a distance, unable to successfully catch up.

After a while, they finally ran out of stamina and couldn't help but stop, bending over and gasping for air.

"Can't...run...anymore. Let's rest for a bit."

"Damn it, how can this guy run so much? Look at him, obviously exhausted and panting over there. But as soon as we move, he can keep running again, as if he's playing with us."

"We're carrying weapons, which slows us down, so he has the advantage. I really wish I could twist that agile monkey's neck."

They glared angrily at Yang Jian, not far away.

Yang Jian, breathing heavily, watched the few people behind him. He was exhausted too, but he dared not stop. If these people caught up with him, he might be beaten to death on the spot, so he had to keep running. Fortunately, his opponents seemed unable to physically outpace him, so he was temporarily safe.

"These guys have been chasing me for so long. The Evil Hound should be here by now. At this critical moment, it better not fail me."

Inwardly, he was urgently hoping the Evil Hound would arrive quickly.

Even though this was the Nightmare World, Yang Jian believed his Evil Hound could definitely invade it, though he wasn't sure how long it would take.

The process of supernatural confrontation could be either brief or prolonged, and all he could do was delay as long as possible.

"Yang Jian, there's no point in your running. We already know you're just bluffing. Even if you survive today, what about tomorrow, or the day after? We could go back and bring more people into the Nightmare World, and by then, you won't have any escape. So why not just give up and beg for mercy now, maybe we'll spare your life."

Lok Sheng said, panting while walking over.

"I just ran so long, and you still couldn't catch up. I've discovered something new: although you can enter the Nightmare World, you don't seem to fully control this supernatural power. Otherwise, you could manipulate the dream world to block my path, and there would be no need to run circles with me."

Yang Jian took a deep breath and voiced his speculation.

"In my opinion, the ghost master controlling the Nightmare must have a problem themselves."

"You've got it right, Ghost Eye Yang Jian. Even while escaping, you have time to analyze the situation. Indeed, the Nightmare World isn't that easily controlled, but it's enough for now. We only need to pull ghost masters like you, who can't be defeated, into it, then we can easily kill them."

Lok Sheng spoke bluntly, not worrying about leaking any information.

Anyway, Yang Jian was as good as dead today. If by some fluke he wasn't, he'd be forever trapped here with no chance of escape.

And during this conversation, the others caught up once more. Having rested a bit, they had regained some energy and could continue the chase.

"Talk to me again when you really can kill me; saying tough words now is useless."

Yang Jian let out a cold laugh, and without another word, turned and ran again.

They were well-rested, and he had almost caught his breath too.

When it comes to stamina, Yang Jian has a slight advantage.

But this time, during his escape, Yang Jian was suddenly attracted by the scene outside the window. He had run around this castle several times, and the scenery outside the window had always been fixed, but now it had changed.

Not far outside the walls of this castle, he actually saw a forest, and outside the forest was a dead silent village. Although that village was shrouded in darkness and not very clear, Yang Jian could immediately tell that it was just like his hometown.

He was very familiar with the layout of each building in the village, so he would not mistake it.

"That is another dream world, the world belonging to the Ghost Dream. So, Ghost Dream and Nightmare World have collided?"

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly: "That Evil Hound must have already successfully invaded here. Although it took some time, the result is as I anticipated."

The scenery outside the window flashed by, but at this moment, he felt a growing confidence.

The best time for the opponent to act had already passed, and now the Evil Hound could show up at any time. Once it arrives, these people will face a lifelong nightmare.

Thinking of this, Yang Jian no longer continued to circle around the castle but instead changed his route to run down a corridor.

Previously, during his escape, he dared not wander aimlessly, fearing a wrong turn, but now he was deliberately taking the wrong path.

Unfortunately, this route was not a dead end, so Yang Jian had no choice but to change course again.

After two or three tries, constantly changing routes, Yang Jian finally ended up in a dead end.

The end of this passageway was a wall, and there were no doors on either side. Yang Jian had no way out.

He gasped for breath and finally stopped.

The others caught up and, seeing a dead end ahead of them, burst into laughter, laughing heartily.

"Yang Jian, you really are foolish to the core, taking unnecessary detours with us, and now you've run into a dead end. But this was inevitable; since we've already acted, we'll certainly succeed."

The man named Liu stopped and said with a cold laugh.

In his heart, there was an unexplainable sense of pleasure.

A top captain of headquarters was driven into a corner by him today.

"Stop talking nonsense with him. I can't wait to smash his head open." The foreign brute was exhausted, but still clutched an iron hammer in his hand. Seeing his chance now, he was even more impatient to rush up.

Liu stopped him: "Don't rush, catch your breath first. You're so worn out that you can't even stand steadily, how could you make a move? He could counterattack at any moment, and it would be too great a loss if one or two of us were accidentally taken down."

The foreigner felt it made sense and stopped to take a rest.

"Letting Yang Jian rest now? What are you thinking? You're tired, and you think he isn't? Let's all attack now and take him down so he doesn't slip away over time," Lok Sheng said urgently from behind.

He currently felt a strong unease in his heart.

This unease arose when Yang Jian changed his route.

Yang Jian was always so cautious and careful. Without a reason, he would not have changed his route and trapped himself in a dead end in such an unfamiliar place.

Liu frowned: "Stop with the nonsense. You've been contradicting us this whole time, saying Yang Jian was baiting us when we wanted to act, but your judgment was wrong; Yang Jian was just pretending.

Now he's cornered, and you want to rest and recover energy, but keep insisting we act immediately. Do you think it's too easy for us to succeed and want to add some trouble for us?"

Lok Sheng, hearing this, was left speechless.

At this moment, Yang Jian spoke: "Whether you rest or not makes no difference to me. It's you who will have the nightmare today."

"What do you mean?" Liu asked, his face cold.

"Take a good look behind you, what's really there?" Yang Jian pointed behind them.

Liu said: "Is this trick supposed to work? Do you think we're children to fall for such childish antics?"

"What do you lose by looking back? Just two seconds. Do you think I can escape within those two seconds?" Yang Jian said.

Liu frowned, suspicious, and immediately looked behind him.

The passage behind was dark and oppressive, with old walls on both sides, and the red carpet on the ground, which had been laid for an unknown length of time, was now dark and dull. But in this very passage, without anyone knowing when, stood a large, entirely black Evil Hound. The Hound let out a low growl, showing its sharp white fangs.

This Evil Hound looked like a monster; its sheer size was enough to instill fear in anyone.

"Xie Te."

The foreigner was stunned, instinctively letting out a sound.

Chapter 1169 - The Despair-Inducing Evil Hound

The scene before them left Liu, Lok Sheng, and the few foreign men completely dumbfounded.

They never dreamed that there would be such an Evil Hound in this castle. It's important to know that this is the Nightmare World, and it is under their control. Not just anything can enter at will.

"My God, why is there such a big dog in this damned place."

"What the hell is this thing, damn it."

"How is this possible, a dog suddenly appearing in the Nightmare World."

After a brief shock, when they regained their senses, fear immediately took over. Everyone couldn't help but step back several paces, wishing to distance themselves from the Evil Hound in front of them. They swore that even if they searched the world over, they would never find such a fierce and terrifying dog.

The size of it, those fangs, it already surpasses the realm of a dog. Perhaps it's a wolf, no, even a wolf can only be a subordinate before this thing. Maybe only a male lion or a tiger could compare to it.

The Evil Hound's original form is a wolfdog, but having replaced the Ghost Dream as a fierce ghost, it has somewhat shed its original image long ago.

In the dream, it can easily tear anyone apart. Even Yang Jian was daunted after seeing it, let alone these people encountering the Evil Hound for the first time.

The Evil Hound slowly approached with its steps, baring its teeth, growling lowly, eyes glowing faintly red, constantly surveying the few people in front.

Sweat broke out on the few of them; they dared not act rashly, even though they held weapons, they were so frightened they kept backing away.

But Lok Sheng also came to his senses at this moment. He said in a hushed voice, "Such a dog absolutely should not exist in the Nightmare World. It must have something to do with Yang Jian. He must have used some means to bring a dog into the Nightmare World, but there is no need to be afraid. We have weapons in hand, killing this dog shouldn't be too difficult."

"Handle Yang Jian first, deal with the dog afterward. Don't be afraid, just a dog won't affect the situation."

The man named Liu also calmed down, saying coolly.

"I don't want to be bitten by this dog. Did you see its fangs? I feel like that thing could easily pierce through my neck," said the burly foreigner beside, somewhat fearfully.

Another foreign man urged, "Make a decision quickly, are we dealing with the dog first, or take out this Yang Jian first. I feel like it's already set its sights on me."

"Deal with Yang Jian."

"Handle the dog."

Several people spoke simultaneously, and there was a division of opinion.

But division is normal. The pressure from this Evil Hound is too strong. If they deal with Yang Jian, a few might end up being bitten to death. However, dealing with the dog first would waste some time since Yang Jian is the real enemy, and this dog is just here to stir things up.

But the Evil Hound would not give them the time for this hesitation.

In the dream, it acknowledged only Yang Jian. Everyone else besides him was an enemy.

"Bite them to death." Yang Jian immediately gave the command.

"Xie Te, it's charging over!"

"Damn it, forget about Yang Jian now. If you don't want to be killed by this thing, deal with this beast first."

The Evil Hound received the order and immediately charged with a low growl, like a ferocious beast. And the rest quickly unanimously took up their weapons, poised for attack, confronting the Evil Hound head-on.

The quickly approaching Evil Hound targeted the burly foreign man, ignored the others, and lunged directly at him.

Its massive body knocked him to the ground, immediately launching into a frenzy of biting.

The foreign man cried out, struggling fiercely, trying to push the Evil Hound away. But the Evil Hound's strength was too great, biting down on his shoulder directly. Its fangs were sharp and long, unceremoniously piercing through his skin as if it intended to penetrate his whole body.

He could even hear the sound of his scapula being bitten to pieces.

"Get off me, you damned dog."

Others immediately came to his aid, slashing at the Evil Hound with their knives and swords, leaving deep cuts. Still, it couldn't stop the Evil Hound's biting.

"Help, damn it, someone move this dog off me. It's already bitten me," he kept calling for help, but blood was already spilling from his mouth. The Evil Hound's fangs had pierced into his chest and heart, striking a vital spot.

The strength to struggle was slowly waning, his body couldn't help but twitch.

"It's bad, he won't make it."

Despite the other people's desperate efforts to save him beside them, even having slashed the Evil Hound several times, penetrating its belly, they still couldn't stop this frenzied beast.

The burly man was eventually bitten to death alive like this.

But his death was not in vain, at least he withstood this Evil Hound with his life, giving others the opportunity to act.

Lok Sheng, Liu, and another foreign man continuously attacked with their weapons and finally saw results.

The Evil Hound eventually collapsed to the ground, unable to bite the next person.

"Thank heavens, this thing is finally dead."

They trembled slightly, gasping for breath, their whole bodies splattered with blood. Although it was thrilling, they managed to jointly take down this ridiculously fierce dog.

"Damn it, how could this happen out of nowhere? We killed this dog, but Buck is dead, bitten to death by this thing. We've suffered heavy losses."

Liu's face was somber and he didn't speak, gritting his teeth as he stared at Yang Jian on the other side.

And from just now until now, Yang Jian had merely been standing on the side watching the show. He spoke just now, "You did well, teaming up to kill a dog. It's just a pity you've lost a person, but that's already the best outcome; after all, you saw that my dog is indeed insanely vicious."

"Sure enough, you were behind the appearance of this dog, but unfortunately, if you had cooperated with that dog earlier, you might have had a chance to survive. But now, we have to send you on your way," Liu indicated with a glance.

At this moment, Lok Sheng didn't dare to wait and see any longer. Continuing to drag on might lead to more unexpected incidents, so he decided to take action.

The three of them, armed, quickly approached Yang Jian.

Yang Jian stood motionless: "I choose not to act because there is no need for me to act, as my dog is sufficient to deal with you."

"Your dog is already dead, stop hoping it'll come save you. Although your dog is indeed formidable, that's all there is to it."

Lok Sheng said in a deep voice, still uneasy, he glanced back.

The dog showed no sign of coming back to life, it was dead indeed.

Yang Jian said somewhat puzzled, "My dog is indeed dead, but who told you I only had one dog?"

"Huh?" The others' expressions changed slightly.

At this moment, following Yang Jian's words, there were two more large black dogs baring their teeth, strolling out from the darkness behind him.

These two dogs were identical to the one that was killed earlier, with no difference at all.

"What? Two more dogs?"

Seeing such a situation, the three of them suddenly narrowed their eyes, showing a look of shock on their faces.

Yang Jian continued, "Two dogs don't seem enough to deal with you, so..... five? Ten?"

What happened next was even more despairing for them.

From the darkness behind Yang Jian, more Evil Hounds continued to walk out, and on the passage they had previously come from, packs of Evil Hounds appeared as well. The number was terrifyingly large, making it impossible to discern exactly how many there were, all around there were pairs of glowing red, crimson eyes.

"How, how could this happen? How did you manage to bring so many dogs into the Nightmare World, that's absolutely impossible."

Liu, his voice trembling, ultimately shouted out in disbelief.

Lok Sheng pointed at Yang Jian, both shocked and angry: "You really are fishing."

"My god, we're done for now."

Another foreigner was so scared that he dropped his sword on the ground, his face filled only with terror and despair.

"Seems like the Nightmare World is no big deal. Here I have the advantage, thanks to me having so many dogs."

Yang Jian showed a trace of a smile, a smile tinged with a kind of terrifying cruelty.

A command was issued again: "Bite them to death."

In the dim corridor came the beast-like roars, as all the Evil Hounds rushed towards the three of them.

Liu, Lok Sheng, and that foreign man at this moment had no courage to resist or struggle, only standing there awaiting death.

But just at this moment.

Beside the three of them, a door suddenly appeared, the door opened automatically, and a foreign woman's voice sounded: "Run this way, hurry."

Liu reacted with a jolt, dragging the two along as he rushed over: "Run fast."

They dashed into this door, and with a bang, the door closed, but still, two Evil Hounds chased inside.

From behind the door came urgent sounds of running, fading away, but at the end, seemingly someone was caught, letting out a scream of despair.

Yang Jian stared at the door that had appeared on the wall, his expression tensed: "Seems like someone interfered with the Nightmare World, affecting the layout of the castle, but these are merely tricks. Now, whether this place is governed by the Nightmare or the Evil Hounds is uncertain."

"Find them and kill them, don't let anyone escape."

In the passage, the Evil Hounds roared and scattered, searching throughout the castle in different directions.

For a moment, the silent castle was filled with the sound of dogs barking.

"The castle couldn't stop the Evil Hounds; letting the Evil Hounds inside shows that in the supernatural confrontation process it was the Evil Hounds that won. If we can find the ghost tamer manipulating the Nightmare and kill them, maybe the Evil Hounds can go a step further and harness the Nightmare."

Yang Jian's eyes subtly moved, feeling this might be an opportunity.

The ghost is like a puzzle, both Ghost Dream and Nightmare are supernatural forces within nightmares, perhaps they are pieces of the same puzzle.

Only Ghost Dream pulls people into dreams, having a certain influence range, but Nightmare invades others' dreams directly ignoring distance. If combined, the Evil Hounds could silently appear in anyone's dream and forcibly pull people into dreams regardless of distance to kill them.

Just thinking about it is terrifying.

Chapter 1170 - Escape from the Nightmare World

Sure, here is the translation:

"Hurry up, that dog is still chasing us."

At this moment, Liu and Lok Sheng were sprinting through the castle, gasping for air with expressions of terror. Behind them, a large black hound pursued them relentlessly, growling and snarling incessantly.

Several times they almost got knocked down by the evil hound, but at critical moments, a path would always appear before them, aiding in their escape, allowing them to evade the hound's attacks unscathed.

"Why are there only two of us left? Wasn't there someone else following us just now?"

"He got knocked down by another dog while escaping. He must have been bitten to death by now. It's just us two left. Didn't you notice there's one less dog behind us?"

They were still in shock, unaware of what had happened behind them.

Only when they finally managed to put some distance between themselves and the hound did they have the composure to pay attention to their surroundings.

The castle's layout was being altered continuously at this moment, with doors appearing around them, helping them bypass dangerous areas, take shortcuts, and shake off the pursuing hound.

The effect was quite effective.

"Bang!"

With the sound of a heavy door slamming shut, Liu and Lok Sheng successfully entered through the door, leaving the hound, due to the distance they gained, barred outside.

The evil hound howled and slammed against the door, creating a loud noise, the door shaking as if it might collapse at any moment.

Upon witnessing this, their eyelids twitched, feeling uneasy, thinking this door would not be able to hold the hound back. They could only muster the strength despite exhaustion and fear to run a bit further; not until they couldn't hear the barking did they finally breathe a sigh of relief.

"It seems we are safe now. We successfully shook off that hound."

"I can't run anymore, I'm exhausted, I need to rest for a bit."

Seeing they were safe, the two immediately relaxed, collapsing onto the ground, gasping for air. However, compared to their physical exhaustion, what filled them with despair was the hopeless scene in the passage filled with hounds just now.

If not for the timely appearance of the door, they would have been torn to shreds by those hounds.

Yet even so, they lost two people.

"That Yang Jian is so insidious. He pretended for so long, only launching an attack after luring all of us out. Truly despicable," Lok Sheng couldn't help but curse out loud, though it couldn't mask the fear within him.

Gritting his teeth, Liu said, "There's something wrong with Yang Jian. This is the Nightmare World. How could he bring so many dogs into the Nightmare World? And did you notice, those dogs all look the same, like they've been stamped out of a mold. I even suspect they are just replicas of one dog."

"I already knew there was something wrong with him. I warned you before. This guy was likely fishing, suggesting you ignore him, just trap him here. But you didn't listen and insisted on trying to kill him. Now look what happened, we lost two strong ghost handlers and it's not over yet. Whether we can hold the castle in the Nightmare World is still a problem."

Lok Sheng realized the gravity of the situation.

"How dare you say that? First, you suspect Yang Jian is fishing, then you urge us to act promptly, constantly changing your opinion." Liu frowned, clearly displeased.

Lok Sheng said, "Cursing Yang Jian, dragging him into the Nightmare World, I've done enough. The rest is up to you. What's wrong with me warning you about Yang Jian? It's your fault for failing to assess the situation properly. It's got nothing to do with me. Besides, being a Captain Level figure, especially one famous in the supernatural circle, it's normal to have some cards up his sleeve."

"Even in the Nightmare World, you should've accounted for these things."

Liu understood that this operation mostly fell on his shoulders. Though he was filled with anger, he held it back, saying, "Now's not the time to blame anyone. We need to figure out how to get through this crisis. Did you hear that? There are dog barks around us again, more than one."

Lok Sheng listened for a moment, faintly hearing the sounds of barking around them.

"Yang Jian is sending his dogs after us. The castle is no longer safe with those evil hounds everywhere. If we show up, we're dead. The only way now is to leave the Nightmare World. Once we do, we can escape the hounds' attack."

"No matter how fierce Yang Jian's dogs are, they can only bully ordinary people in dreams. Once back in reality, our supernatural powers make a few dogs no threat."

Liu analyzed the situation and believed the best solution was to leave this place.

"You're right. We can only flee now. Staying longer would be death."

Lok Sheng struggled to stand up again: "We've rested enough. We need to continue escaping. We can't give Yang Jian too much time to search for us. Kelly, open another door and take us to a safe place."

As soon as he finished speaking.

A door immediately appeared on the wall beside them.

The door opened to reveal a conference room, the same one they had been in earlier, having circled the castle, ending up back at the beginning.

"Why bring us to the conference room? We shouldn't meet you here; it will attract those dogs," Lok Sheng said.

The foreign woman named Kelly still sat at the conference table and said, "There's no safe place left. The hounds are all over the castle, but they haven't found here yet. We're temporarily safe."

"You mean this is the only place we can stay now?" Liu's face changed slightly.

He didn't expect the situation to have deteriorated to such an extent. Such a big castle had no safe zones left.

How long has it been, and the hounds have completely occupied here already.

"We can't let Yang Jian find this place, or else you'll be bitten to death by the Evil Hound. Once you're dead, the Nightmare World will lose control, and our losses would be too great," Lok Sheng said.

It turns out that this foreign woman named Kelly is the one who has mastered the Nightmare.

However, her mastery is not perfect, or perhaps there's a flaw, causing Kelly to remain in the castle of the Nightmare World, unable to awake outside. The root of this issue lies in her failure to fully control the ghost in the Nightmare World.

"It's too late. All the dogs controlled by Yang Jian are coming this way. He's smart, progressively searching the castle and narrowing the search area. I can change the layout of the castle, but I can't alter its size, so it's only a matter of time before we're found," Kelly said.

"What should we do now?" Liu's face changed slightly.

Kelly said, "All I can do now is send you away, and then I'll find a place to hide, trying my best not to be found. Once you figure out how to deal with the dogs in this castle, you can come back. This is the best plan. What do you think?"

Lok Sheng said, "Indeed, that's the best idea right now. After all, you're trapped in the Nightmare World too, and it's impossible to leave here. Otherwise, if we could all leave this world, we could survive safely."

While they were talking, the sound of dogs barking was heard again near the conference room, and the number of sounds was gradually increasing. It seemed to have found this area, but they still didn't know the exact position of the conference room.

"You guys go first. Don't stay here any longer," Kelly immediately said.

"Okay."

Liu and Lok Sheng dared not delay. They were terrified of being bitten by the dogs, and now they were still haunted by fear. At this moment, they wished to leave the Nightmare World immediately.

They walked up to Kelly and placed their hands on her shoulders.

"Kelly, make sure Yang Jian doesn't find you. Hide in a safe place while we figure out how to handle Yang Jian."

The next moment.

Their forms gradually blurred, and in the blink of an eye, they disappeared from the conference room.

Kelly is the source of the Nightmare World. Only by making contact with her can they leave. Otherwise, they'd be stuck here with no way out.

After the two disappeared.

Only the foreign woman named Kelly was left.

She appeared calm, not frightened by the barking dogs nearby.

However, she had to make some preparations and find a way to avoid the Evil Hounds because she didn't want to die in this Nightmare World either.

Down the empty corridor, Yang Jian was striding forward.

Several Evil Hounds prowled by his side, like loyal bodyguards protecting his safety in the Nightmare World.

"There's only this last area that hasn't been searched."

Yang Jian stared silently at a wall before him.

This seemed to be a dead end, but the layout of the castle could be changed. A path could appear where there was none, a door where there was none.

"The opponent has altered the layout here, sealing off all the routes, turning every way to this place into a dead end. But the more it is like this, the more it proves there's something wrong here."

Yang Jian glanced at the Evil Hounds beside him and ordered, "Break down this wall."

Without hesitation, the Evil Hound charged at the wall.

"Bang!"

A heavy thud echoed, and the wall before him shook violently with the impact. Several stones fell off the wall, but the Evil Hound was unharmed, shaking its body before standing up again.

"Continue," Yang Jian said.

The Evil Hound kept slamming into the wall.

The wall blocking the way quickly became fragile, not as solid as expected, as if it would collapse at any moment.

Yang Jian knew well that the Evil Hound seemed to be hitting the wall, but in fact, it was a supernatural intrusion.

The castle is a manifestation of nightmare phenomena, so the wall is not a real wall but a supernatural phenomenon.

The Evil Hound was now repelling this supernatural phenomenon, reducing the influence of the Nightmare World.

As long as Yang Jian ordered, the Evil Hound could even easily bite off a few bricks from the wall.

But only the Evil Hound could do this. Others couldn't, as the Evil Hound is a ghost with supernatural power, while others are ordinary people, unable to fight against the Nightmare World.

The sound of impacts echoed, and before long, the wall crumbled to the ground with a loud crash.

Behind the wall.

A spacious conference room appeared in view.