

## Ghost 127

Chapter 127: the shaman crimson veil

The ghost alley trembled behind them as Lian An, Wei Rong, Li Shen, and Fen Yu stepped out into the normal street again. The market noises returned—vendors shouting prices, children running, shopkeepers arguing over vegetables.

It was a world of sunlight and life.

But the four of them had just crawled out of darkness.

Fen Yu still clutched the Empress's sleeve, trembling from the fight. Wei Rong kept glancing behind, checking if the thief ghost dared return. Li Shen floated next to the Empress like a silent guardian.

Just as they were about to leave the alley completely, a cold wind swept across their backs.

Every ghost stiffened.

A woman stepped directly into their path.

She wore a long dark red robe embroidered with silver threads. Bones were tied in her hair—small charms rattling gently in the wind. Her eyes were unnervingly clear, like polished obsidian stones capable of seeing through skin, bone, and soul.

She smiled faintly.

"I have been waiting for you."

The Empress froze.

Wei Rong instantly stepped in front of her, spear shimmering into existence.

"Shaman," he hissed. "Stay away."

Li Shen's talismans fluttered like butterflies, ready to strike.

Fen Yu shrank behind the Empress, shaking.

"Shamans... I hate shamans..."

Shamans were known for trapping ghosts, binding wandering spirits, and ripping souls apart.

The woman laughed softly.

"Calm down. If I wanted to kill you, you would have died in the alley."

Her voice was light, but every ghost flinched.

The Empress narrowed her eyes.

"What do you want?"

Instead of answering, the shaman took one slow step forward—and looked directly at Wei Rong.

"You," she said softly, "died in battle. Betrayed. You still seek justice."

Wei Rong stiffened.

Her gaze moved to Li Shen.

"You died protecting someone... and you regret leaving words unsaid."

Li Shen's eyes widened.

She turned to Fen Yu.

"You died frightened and alone. You just wanted to be loved."

Fen Yu burst into tears instantly.

The shaman then turned to the Empress.

"And you..."

The Empress felt her throat tighten.

The shaman's smile deepened.

"You are not from this world."

The three ghosts SHOUTED at the same time:

"WAIT—WHAT—?!"

Wei Rong stepped forward aggressively.

"Don't trust her! Shamans LIE to manipulate humans!"

Li Shen frowned. "And you cannot see us. No one can see all three—"

Then the shaman raised her hand lazily—

BOOM!

Three ghosts were blasted backward like leaves in a storm.

They hit the wall so hard the wooden planks cracked.

Fen Yu: "UWAAAAA!"

Wei Rong: "THIS—WOMAN—!"

Li Shen: "She is using a high-level spirit force!"

The Empress gasped.

"You... you can see them?"

The shaman dusted her sleeves elegantly.

"See? Touch? Push? Break? Trap? Yes, yes, yes, yes, and yes."

She flashed a smile that was somehow both kind and terrifying.

"I see ghosts better than you see living people."

The three ghosts scrambled to hide behind the Empress.

Fen Yu peeped, whispering:

"She's scarier than that dungeon ghost..."

The Empress stared.

"How do you know I'm... from the future?"

The shaman tilted her head thoughtfully.

"Your soul doesn't match your body."

Wei Rong muttered,

"Oh. We noticed."

She continued.

"You have a future soul—powerful, clean, and untainted. That's why you can see ghosts."

Li Shen blinked.

"That explains her spiritual sensitivity."

The shaman clasped her hands behind her back.

"But there's a problem."

The Empress stiffened.

"What problem?"

The shaman leaned close enough that her cold breath touched the Empress's ear.

"You are far too weak for what is coming."

Wei Rong swung his spear.

"Explain."

The shaman sighed dramatically.

"Ghosts are breeding with humans."

Everyone froze.

Fen Yu: "WHAT?!!"

Li Shen: "Impossible—ghosts cannot—!"

The shaman raised a finger.

"They can. And they have."

She traced a circle on the ground with her foot, and dark energy rose like mist.

"Human—ghost hybrids. Powerful. Undetectable. And deadly."

The Empress felt her stomach twist.

Wei Rong stepped in front of her again.

"Is that why you approached her?"

"Yes."

The shaman nodded.

"Because only someone with a future soul can destroy them."

Li Shen frowned.

"Only her?"

"Only her," the shaman said. "And only if she upgrades her spiritual power."

Fen Yu whispered, wide-eyed:

"Upgrade...? Like cultivation?"

The shaman smiled.

"Yes."

Without warning, she walked deeper into the alley.

The Empress didn't even realize she was following until Wei Rong grabbed her sleeve.

"Wait! She could be lying!"

The shaman called behind her,

"If I was lying, your Empress would already be dead."

Fen Yu fainted a little.

Li Shen pinched the bridge of his nose.

"She... has a point."

Without realizing how, the Empress and all three ghosts found themselves following the shaman.

Every step made the air colder.

Every step made the shadows sharper.

Finally, the alley opened into a hidden courtyard.

Inside stood a house unlike anything in this world.

Crystals hung from the ceiling, glowing white-blue. Skulls—animal and human—lined the walls. Ash symbols covered the floor. Wind chimes made of bone clicked gently.

The house pulsed with spiritual pressure.

Fen Yu hid behind Wei Rong.

"This looks like a horror drama..."

The shaman snapped her fingers.

A sigil on the ground lit up in faint orange.

"You four stand here."

Wei Rong scowled.

"Why should we trust—"

"Because," the shaman cut him off,

"if you don't, the hybrids will kill thousands."

Silence.

The Empress stepped first.

Then Wei Rong, reluctantly.

Li Shen followed.

Fen Yu clung to the Empress but stepped inside too.

The shaman placed four crystals—one in each of their palms.

"Hold them."

They did.

The shaman lifted her hands.

And began chanting.

Low.

Deep.

Old.

The language wasn't from this era. It wasn't even of this world.

The sigil flared—

ORANGE. BRIGHT. BURNING.

The ground shook.

Fen Yu screamed.

Li Shen floated involuntarily several feet into the air.

Wei Rong grabbed his spear but couldn't move.

The Empress's eyes widened as energy surged through her chest, her arms, her legs—

Her soul felt like it was being pulled from her bones.

The sigil rose beneath them like a floating circle of fire.

The crystals in their hands glowed brighter—

Melting into pure spiritual light.

The shaman shouted the final incantation:

"SOUL—WAKE!"

A shockwave rippled through the room.

And then—

Silence.

The Empress's vision went white.

Her senses evaporated.

And suddenly—

She was standing in a peaceful, endless world of white blossoms.

The ghosts floated next to her, dazed, glowing faintly.

Wei Rong whispered,

"Where... are we?"

Fen Yu twirled with a gasp.

"Pretty..."

Li Shen adjusted his glasses habitually.

"A spiritual realm."

The Empress touched her chest—

Her soul felt stronger.

Lighter.

Awake.

But before she could understand...

The shaman's voice echoed across the realm—

"WELCOME... TO THE BEGINNING OF YOUR AWAKENING."

And the world of blossoms brightened even further—

As if preparing them for something great.

Something terrifying.

Something destiny had planned long before she ever transmigrated into this world.