

## **Ghost 129**

Chapter 129: the birth of ghost hunter

Warm light slowly washed over them.

The Empress, Fen Yu, Li Shen, and Wei Rong felt a soft vibration under their feet as consciousness pulled them out of the dark trial. Their bodies felt lighter, stronger—almost weightless.

Then—

Boom.

A surge of energy hit their chests at the same time.

Fen Yu gasped and clutched her heart.

Li Shen's eyes widened like lanterns.

Wei Rong flexed his fists, stunned at the new strength flooding his arms.

The Empress felt her inner energy swirl like a newly awakened river.

They had grown.

Grown beyond anything they had felt before.

Their souls were no longer weak flickers—

they were blazing flames.

The four opened their eyes together.

They were still standing inside the orange-lit sigil in the old lady's ritual room.

But something had changed.

A soft metallic glow circled in the air before each of them.

The light spun faster... then solidified into weapons.

Swords.

Each unique.

Each glowing with their individual spiritual energy.

Fen Yu squealed.

"A sword?? For ME?? I look so cool!!"

She held the sparkling pink-bladed sword like a warrior princess posing dramatically.

Li Shen bowed solemnly to his long paper-thin scholar-sword with runic markings.

"This is... the Sword of Knowledge."

"It looks like you," the Empress muttered.

General Wei Rong's sword was long, black, and deadly.

Its blade hummed like thunder trapped inside metal.

He smirked.

"Perfect."

The Empress's sword was a beautiful white crystal blade with soft golden engravings.

It vibrated at her touch, sensing her spirit.

She tightened her grip.

"It feels alive."

Before they could admire their new weapons further—

"Concentrate on the crystal."

The old shaman's voice echoed through the room.

She sat cross-legged, eyes closed, still chanting ancient mantras.

A glowing crystal floated before each of them.

"Absorb it," she commanded.

They obeyed.

They closed their eyes.

Held their swords close.

Touched the floating crystals.

Immediately—

A tidal wave of spiritual power flooded into their bodies.

Fen Yu screamed—

not in fear, but excitement.

"Ahhh! I can FEEL the energy! I'm becoming beautiful AND strong!"

Li Shen remained calm, though sweat poured down his neck.

Wei Rong gritted his teeth as the power burned intensely through his core.

The Empress felt her soul expanding, a warm glow surrounding her entire being.

For a moment, it felt like the world spun around them.

Then the sigil's glow dimmed.

And the energy settled peacefully inside their souls.

The shaman finally opened her eyes.

Her irises glowed silver.

"Good," she said with satisfaction. "Your cultivation has risen sharply. You can now sense other ghosts clearly— their aura, their strength, their intentions."

The Empress blinked.

And indeed—

she felt something different.

She could sense Fen Yu's anxious fluttering energy behind her.

Li Shen's calm, methodical spiritual presence.

Wei Rong's stable and heavy aura.

She could even sense the faint ghostly energies floating beyond the walls of the house.

She exhaled.

"I really... can feel everything."

The old lady gave a rare smile.

"Now step out."

They stepped outside the sigil.

The old woman remained in her position, still chanting softly.

"When you battle evil ghosts," she said, "your energy may fluctuate from their corrupted aura. Use the mantra I gave you. It will steady your soul."

She handed them a parchment with intricate markings.

"This is your protection."

Fen Yu clutched hers dramatically.

"Wow... we're officially cultivators!"

The old woman wasn't amused.

"Now," she said, slamming her staff on the ground,

"Let's see what you learned."

The ground trembled.

A bone-chilling wind swept across the room.

The torches flickered violently before extinguishing one by one.

In the darkness—

Eyes opened.

Dozens.

Hundreds.

Ghosts.

Around one hundred shadow figures crawled, floated, twisted into existence with horrible shrieks.

Fen Yu's face turned pale.

Li Shen took a defensive stance.

Wei Rong cracked his neck.

The Empress lifted her glowing sword.

The shaman's voice thundered:

"Fight."

The ghosts attacked first—

shrill screams slicing through the air as they charged.

Li Shen's sword released blinding light runes.

Wei Rong cleaved through the first wave like cutting air.

Fen Yu spun wildly, swinging her sword as if she were dancing.

The Empress moved gracefully, slicing through spirits with clean, precise arcs.

Their swords absorbed the evil energy from every ghost they destroyed.

For two hours—

The old-style wooden house shook.

Explosions of spiritual light illuminated every corner.

The sigils burned hot.

Swords clashed against shadow.

One by one—

ghosts dissolved into sparks.

Until the final ghost collapsed.

Their swords absorbed the last bit of corrupted spirit energy.

Fen Yu fell onto the floor panting.

Li Shen knelt, exhausted but composed.

Wei Rong was sweaty but solid, breathing hard.

The Empress wiped her forehead, still glowing faintly.

The old shaman finally stood.

"You have strength," she said.

"But now comes danger."

She lifted a long scroll.

Her expression turned grim.

"Ghosts are breeding with humans."

All four froze.

Fen Yu shrieked.

"Breeding?! With humans?? That's DISGUSTING!!"

Wei Rong's jaw tightened.

Li Shen's grip on his sword tightened.

The Empress's expression sharpened.

"What does that mean?"

"It means," the old lady said gravely,

"ghost-human hybrids are born. And they are powerful. Destructive. No one else can kill them—only you."

The air turned ice-cold.

She walked slowly to the Empress.

"My work ends here. Yours begins now."

She handed them a sealed parchment.

"When the time comes, this will open. Not before."

Fen Yu gulped.

"What if I open it... now?"

The shaman glared.

Fen Yu hid behind Wei Rong immediately.

"Don't open it," she whispered. "Got it..."

The shaman raised her staff.

"You will walk your path alone. Meditate. Train. Cultivate your spiritual energy. Because your next enemies will not be weak."

Then—

She struck the ground once.

Boom.

Their vision blurred.

The room twisted.

Their bodies spun.

And suddenly—

They were standing in the middle of the city market.

The bright daylight blinded them.

People walked past carrying baskets, fruits, clothes, chatting loudly.

Fen Yu looked around.

"...Did we hallucinate everything?"

Wei Rong checked his sash.

"The parchment is still here."

Li Shen touched his sword.

"It is real."

The Empress exhaled deeply.

They all stared at each other in silence for a long moment.

Then—

Fen Yu burst out:

"We only wanted to take back a STUPID RING! How did we end up becoming ghost hunters with homework?!"

Li Shen sighed dramatically.

"Truly... wrong timing."

Wei Rong massaged his temples.

"We should have refused."

The Empress glared at all of them.

"You all agreed before I did."

Fen Yu crossed her arms.

"You didn't say NO either!"

They all fell silent again.

The Empress looked up at the sky, tired.

"...How did getting my ring back become a whole cultivation mission?"

The three ghosts looked at her.

Then all four cursed in unison:

"WE SHOULD HAVE SAID NO!"

People in the market turned and watched them, confused.

But the four ignored it.

Because now—

They had powers.

They had a mission.

And absolutely no idea how to explain any of it to anyone.