

Revival 101

Chapter 101: Controlling the Second Ghost

Yang Jian could be very certain that at least two ghosts resided within the body of the old woman before him.

The Headless Ghost Shadow he had personally released at the beginning... and the corpse water from Ye Jun's body.

As for whether there was a third ghost inside her body, Yang Jian could not confirm.

Because he had only seen the characteristics of two kinds of fierce ghosts; he hadn't seen those of the third, and it seemed there was no chance to see any more under the current circumstances.

The paper made from human skin on the ground was devouring the old woman.

The old woman, who had fallen to the ground, was expressionless and numb, her withered palms clutching at the ground as if she didn't quite want to be dragged into the paper.

If ghosts could feel fear, the Headless Ghost Shadow was definitely panicking right now.

Finally freed from the golden box, it had obtained a body, had taken control over other ghosts, only to be forcefully devoured by the paper made from human skin.

However, such struggles were futile.

The human skin paper seemed to be the nemesis of fierce ghosts: it could absorb a ghost upon contact.

This old woman's Terror Level could no longer be considered C; the Headless Ghost Shadow, having taken control of other ghosts, had a Terror Level of at least B, or even A.

After all, just now, the old woman was able to enter Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

"Even if I raised a ghost of this level, can it not resist this human skin paper? My previous doubts and wariness towards the paper were correct," thought Yang Jian as he looked at the seemingly harmless paper, feeling an inexplicable chill and fear.

He had been wary of the paper everywhere before, fearing that it was too bizarre and terrifying.

But in the desperation of the moment, he had to make this deal with it.

It was just that.

Yang Jian was afraid: what change would occur to the human skin paper after it had absorbed other ghosts?

After all, this was what the paper had always been pursuing.

"And why, with such terrifying power, has it remained peaceful by my side? I also have a ghost eye in my body; I am also a ghost. It should be able to consume me as well... Or is there some kind of limitation? If so, what exactly is that limitation?"

Yang Jian watched the old woman getting gradually sucked in, his face showing changing expressions.

He didn't dare close the Ghost Domain at this moment.

The situation now was more complicated than before.

Because there was now an unknown terror.

It didn't take long.

Half of the old woman's body had already been absorbed into the human skin paper, and she was still struggling.

But it was of no use.

Yang Jian felt the human skin paper was like a ghost-trapping trap, with the old woman as the prey that had fallen into it, about to be captured.

It seemed that even the powers of a fierce ghost had no effect on this paper.

Just like that.

The old woman was pulled, bit by bit, into the paper, and all her struggles were in vain.

Yang Jian did not offer help, only watching the event unfold with a touch of chill.

Because whether it was the Headless Ghost Shadow or the human skin paper, he had personally released them.

The event unfolding before him was also facilitated by his own hands.

He could only try this method to cope with the upcoming events in Huanggang Village.

Otherwise, there would only be death ahead.

"I can only try to trust the human skin paper this time; I have no other choice now. Although the balance has been restored, it's not under my control, but under the control of the Headless Ghost Shadow," Yang Jian's face showed changing expressions.

“This balance is not what I want, whether it is the Headless Ghost Shadow, that mysterious Vicious Ghost, or... that Sick Ghost, all are beyond my abilities to handle.”

“Three ghosts of such level in Huanggang Village, it’s simply despairing. So I have to create a breakthrough with the Headless Ghost Shadow, seize back some initiative, to ensure my safety, and the possibility of leaving this place. What worries me now is whether the human skin paper will cooperate with me or not.”

Although trusting the human skin paper was a foolish thing to do.

In desperate situations, one’s choices were truly limited.

At that moment.

The entire body of the old woman had entered into the human skin paper, leaving only her head outside... and as the paper continued to devour, even that head completely disappeared.

It, fully entered into the human skin paper.

Without leaving a trace.

As if it had completely left this world, entering an unknown place.

“This scene looks as if the ghost has been... completely eaten,” muttered Yang Jian as he took a cold breath.

Still, the same old saying.

So terrifying!

Wait a minute?

Yang Jian suddenly realized he had forgotten something and his expression darkened, "Before, I agreed to make a deal with the human skin paper, to give it just one ghost; but now, it has obtained at least two ghosts, maybe even more. The benefit it gained is a bit too much; can the deal still go on?"

Uncertain.

The initiative was no longer in his hands, but in those of the human skin paper.

However, right now, the human skin paper that had devoured the old woman seemed to show no special changes.

There was still a dark brown human skin, lying quietly on the ground.

There was no sound, nor any anomalies.

And now, the time in the Ghost Domain had crept up unnoticed.

Yang Jian began to feel the ghost eye inside his body becoming restless, with a compulsive urge to awaken.

His eyes were already out of control, flitting around inside his body, sometimes tearing open a gash in his chest to burrow out, sometimes stretching the flesh on his back, and sometimes moving down to the soles of his feet... Even so, he dared not retract the Ghost Domain.

The balance, though temporarily restored,

had brightened the sky, and the house that was set up for the memorial service had reappeared as well.

But Yang Jian had not forgotten the curse of certain death when isolated.

Once he left the Ghost Domain, would he just die at the hands of that mysterious Vicious Ghost?

He dared not try, because Yang Jian felt that possibility was very real.

The current situation was at best a return to what it was like before entering the village when the three spirit tamers had died one after the other...

Yang Jian did not want to be the next one.

At this moment, he became somewhat silent, calmly watching the human skin paper before him.

At the same time, the ghost eye in his body was gradually reviving.

So, was he going to die here?

He wasn't afraid, just somewhat unwilling.

After all, having struggled so much, to come to naught in the end was truly unacceptable.

"Zhou Zheng was right, for people like us, death may indeed be a release, struggling to live in this hellish world... is just too hard," Yang Jian looked up, watching the brightening horizon in the distance.

"It's time to start preparing for the afterlife."

He turned around, ready to seal himself into a body bag.

At least to leave a complete corpse, and not to become a Ghost Slave after death and lose peace.

And entering the body bag could also imprison the ghost eye.

Consider it reducing one less danger of a fierce ghost to this world.

If there was still time, he should make a phone call to his mother.

Although the money left was not much, a few million should still barely be enough for his mother's old age.

After so much effort, what was it all for?

He should have died in that bathroom back in school.

Yang Jian sneered bitterly and slightly shook his head.

But just as he had turned around and hadn't taken two steps, he noticed a pitch-black shadow flowing over the ground from behind him like water, slowly merging with his own shadow.

This shadow...had no head.

Headless Ghost Shadow?

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed as he instinctively looked back.

Between the shadows, a line connected him to the human skin paper.

At that moment, a line of text emerged on the human skin paper: I have successfully made a deal with this human skin, and now... I shall begin to control the second fierce ghost.

To control the second fierce ghost?

Yang Jian's pupils contracted.

Did this human skin plan to fulfill its previous promise?

What exactly was it plotting, just a simple aid to himself? Or did it not want to let him just die here?

Regardless of what,

Yang Jian felt,

the Headless Ghost Shadow was beginning to invade his body.

A chill rose from the soles of his feet.

And his shadow slowly began to stand up.

The Headless Ghost Shadow was gradually merging with him.

But, if that were the case, would he control the Headless Ghost Shadow, or would the Headless Ghost Shadow control him?

Normally,

it should be the latter; Yang Jian could not vie with a ghost for the control of his body.

"There must be a way."

He abruptly turned back to the side of the human skin paper.

The writing on it had disappeared once again.

The method to control the Headless Ghost Shadow was revealed.

“Can this... really work?” Yang Jian’s expression became solemn, filled with doubt.

Chapter 102: Shadow

This piece of human skin, after having devoured that old lady, should have made it impossible for the ghost to escape.

Yet, the Headless Ghost Shadow appeared once again.

It ran out from the human skin paper and began to struggle for control over Yang Jian’s body.

If it truly could have broken free, it would not have been captured by the human skin paper in the first place.

The only explanation was that the human skin had actively released the Headless Ghost Shadow.

Just as previously agreed, it was to help Yang Jian subdue this second ghost.

And the method was still displayed on the human skin.

The handwriting was clear and distinct, showing no sign of fading, as if meant for Yang Jian to see.

Yang Jian was also well aware that without sufficient help, he would be unable to control this Headless Ghost Shadow himself. In a struggle over the body, he would certainly be the one to die.

This was why, upon learning that the method to delay the resurrection of the fierce ghost was to control a second one, he did not act rashly.

Merging directly with a second ghost, Yang Jian felt, was no different from seeking death.

Perhaps among a thousand spirit tamers, there might be one exception.

But such success was not guaranteed, it was a fluke.

Yang Jian did not believe he had that kind of luck; if he did, he wouldn't have encountered ghosts in school.

"Regardless of why the human skin wanted to actively release the Headless Ghost Shadow and show me the method to control this ghost, at this point, I have no choice but to continue to follow its guidance. There's no turning back now,"

he felt as if he was being lured step by step by this human skin.

The seed was planted from the moment he had taken it out of school.

Yet reality forced Yang Jian to compromise with the human skin.

It was like a demon, constantly whispering in your ear; one day you would be unable to resist falling into the abyss, walking a path of no return.

"Since I have no choice, then let's do this. Control the second ghost and stay alive to leave Huanggang Village." Yang Jian gritted his teeth and once again looked at the Headless Ghost Shadow.

At that moment, the Headless Ghost Shadow tried to stand, but it seemed to be forcefully held back by something.

No matter how it struggled, it was like a shadow under Yang Jian's foot, unable to move freely.

Looking closely, one would notice a black thread, shadow-like, connecting the shadow to the human skin.

It was helping Yang Jian suppress the Headless Ghost Shadow.

Like a beast tamer subduing a wild beast, it prevented the shadow from recklessly taking control of Yang Jian's body and breaking free, transforming into a ferocious ghost.

However, at this moment, Yang Jian did not feel fear.

Instead, he resolutely extended his hand.

He was going to deliberately make contact with the Headless Ghost Shadow.

But Yang Jian was keenly aware of the risks of contact; this ghost could easily remove your limbs, attaching them to itself. One misstep, and Yang Jian's arm would be handed over to the ghost.

But the situation was much better with the suppression from the human skin.

"The arm I cannot give you, but ghost eyes I have seven. I'll give you one." Yang Jian's palm split open, revealing a ghost eye.

The restlessness of the resurrection became even more apparent.

The other eyes were uncontrollably moving around in his body; he could barely control one ghost eye.

If the last one becomes uncontrollable, that would probably be the moment the fierce ghost resurrects.

Careful and cautious.

Thus, the eye on his palm made contact with the black Headless Ghost Shadow for the first time.

Chilling and bone-piercing, it carried a formidable coldness.

The touchpoint between his palm and the ghost shadow instantly lost sensation.

The field of vision from that ghost eye disappeared as well. Yang Jian could feel that eye being stripped from his body, entering the dark shadow.

Quickly.

The hand retracted.

Yang Jian checked his palm... The ghost eye was gone.

A blood-red ghost eye appeared on the Headless Ghost Shadow, and as the eye opened,

the Headless Ghost Shadow suddenly seemed to be nailed in place, instantly distorting at one point.

As if a calm surface of water suddenly dipped in.

Yang Jian, now missing one ghost eye, distinctly felt the restlessness of the resurrection in his body slow down considerably. Although it didn't stop, from this feeling, he judged that he could hold on for at least another ten minutes without problem.

"The lost ghost eye didn't grow back," Yang Jian started to feel worried.

After one ghost eye was taken by the Headless Ghost, he was left with six, and their number did not increase.

“Is this how I extend the resurrection of the fierce ghost? To give the ghost eyes to this Headless Ghost Shadow? If that’s the case... then surely one eye is not enough,”

Yang Jian took a deep breath.

He repeated the process, extending his hand once more.

As the ferocity of the ghost’s resurrection was mitigated, he gradually gained control.

In a short while, a second Ghost Eye was stripped away.

The Ghost Eye appeared on the Headless Ghost Shadow.

The agitation of the ghost’s resurrection subsided once again; at this moment, Yang Jian felt that his Ghost Domain could be maintained for fifteen minutes without any issue.

Then, he continued, giving a third Ghost Eye to the Headless Ghost Shadow.

The sensation of resurrection was no longer present.

At this moment, he felt as if he had returned to the time when he first acquired the Ghost Eye.

In this state, Yang Jian thought he could live another three months without any problem.

However, the method on the human skin parchment told Yang Jian that he had to give away five eyes in total to control the second ghost.

So, the action continued.

After the fourth eye was given away, Yang Jian no longer felt the abnormal presence of the ghost within his body.

It was as if he had become a regular person, and if he did not use the power of the ghost in the future, he might even live for several more years.

When he gave away the fifth Ghost Eye,

Yang Jian suddenly felt that he seemed to be able to control the Headless Ghost Shadow and also to dominate the Ghost Eye.

Was this considered controlling two ghosts?

A delicate balance had emerged.

The writing on the human skin parchment erased itself, and new words appeared: "I actively gave five Ghost Eyes to that Headless Ghost Shadow, which delayed the resurgence of the Ghost Eye, and the Headless Ghost Shadow was also suppressed... but I must not let my guard down, absolutely must not let the Headless Ghost Shadow possess another body, otherwise, it will control the Ghost Eye and instantly turn the tables."

"At that time, I will surely die."

"But I also have a way to suppress it..."

Upon seeing this, Yang Jian's face changed.

It seemed that controlling the second ghost did not achieve a true balance; it was merely mutual restraint that extended the time for the ghost's resurrection.

But the next time the ghost resurrected, it would not be one ghost, but two ghosts resurrecting together.

As he thought this, the black thread that connected the Headless Ghost Shadow and the human skin parchment,

snapped.

The human skin parchment was no longer helping Yang Jian suppress the Headless Ghost Shadow.

And almost at that instant,

the Headless Ghost Shadow abruptly stood up, pressing itself against Yang Jian's body in a flash.

It wanted to seize Yang Jian's body, to control this human rather than be controlled by one.

Cold, numb, the body stiffened to the point of nearly losing all sensation.

Yang Jian felt his body was being taken away.

"Get lost."

He growled softly.

The five Ghost Eyes on the Headless Ghost Shadow opened all at once, emitting a crimson light.

Immediately,

the standing Headless Ghost Shadow fell to the ground, pinned to the floor firmly by the five Ghost Eyes, struggling in vain like a mere shadow.

The agitation brought by the use of the Ghost Eye was mostly transferred to the Headless Ghost Shadow... after all, the Ghost Eyes were now on its body.

A temporary balance was formed...

“Are Ghost Eyes like nails? Used to suppress a potentially uncontrollable Headless Ghost Shadow at any time,” pondered Yang Jian with a slightly somber expression.

For some reason, he thought of a phrase called “thorn in one’s side.”

But a moment’s upheaval didn’t mean the Headless Ghost Shadow could always resist him.

Yang Jian felt he could control the Headless Ghost Shadow.

As the eyes on the Headless Ghost Shadow gradually closed, it began to change, merging into his shadow like a pool of ink, slowly.

Yang Jian turned around.

Even without sunlight, his shadow stretched out long, and unlike ordinary people’s shadows, Yang Jian’s was pitch-dark and dense... and headless.

Yes, headless.

Even though his head was there, his shadow had no head, as if it had been chopped off clean, the head severed and vanished.

This was the second ghost within his body.

Code name: Headless Ghost Shadow.

Chapter 103: The Opened Coffin

“After subjugating the second ghost, the resurgence time of the fierce ghost has been vastly extended. Even without this transaction, is it that I’ve achieved my goal? If that’s the case, then isn’t the transaction unnecessary?”

Yang Jian furrowed his brows and began to ponder the next steps.

But quickly, he dismissed the idea.

“No, the threat of the fierce ghost’s resurgence still exists, this balance is not firm, it only allows me some respite for the time being, but this equilibrium will be broken sooner or later as I continue to wield the power of the fierce ghost...and maybe then I will be compelled to subjugate a third ghost...the transaction must proceed.”

And furthermore...

Yang Jian looked down at the human-skin paper on the ground.

If that certain company knows the method to subjugate fierce ghosts and this human-skin paper does too,

he would choose that company between the two.

This thing is too eerie, capable of swallowing ghosts, who knows what it might do next.

Should I discard it somewhere?

Such an idea popped up in Yang Jian’s mind.

Though reason told him he should abandon the human-skin paper here, the desire to survive stopped him.

The current matter is not yet over.

Moreover, this human-skin paper might play a critical role the next time he found himself in a dire situation.

Even if it was more bizarre, it was still better than dying.

With this thought, he still decided to keep the human-skin paper.

Only, next time, the transaction would be conducted with utmost caution.

He put away the human-skin paper.

Yang Jian no longer dared to carry it on his person.

Instead, he found the box that previously contained the Headless Ghost and stuffed it inside.

Although the box was somewhat tattered, he would definitely need to rebuild it once he got back.

It was not yet time to relax.

Yang Jian now had to face the incident at Huanggang Village.

Without resolving this event, he felt he couldn't leave just yet.

The Ghost Domain opened once more.

This time, the range of the Ghost Domain expanded significantly, covering an area of fifty meters around, not on the same level as before at all.

It seems that the power of the fierce ghost that a human could wield is indeed limited.

But if it's a ghost subjugating another ghost, then that's a whole different story.

The next moment.

Yang Jian appeared in front of a sports car, from which he dragged out a suitcase...

At that moment, Zhang Han, locked in the suitcase, looked pale and trembled in fear, feeling his escape was futile. After hiding for so long, had the ghost of Huanggang Village finally found him?

"I'm being dragged out by that ghost."

"Damn it, it's going to open the suitcase, the ghost has indeed locked on my position, and now I can no longer continue to hide."

"I'm going to fight you to the death."

The moment the suitcase opened, Zhang Han let out a ferocious roar and charged out.

Yet, when he saw Yang Jian standing outside, his expression instantly shifted from ferocious to shocked, then to doubt, and finally a hint of joy.

This rich array of facial expressions all took place within two seconds, unspeakably splendid.

Even the best actors couldn't compare with him.

"Keep up your performance, and whatever you have to say can wait until after you're done," Yang Jian gestured with his hand and said.

"You, you're not dead?" Zhang Han exclaimed.

Yang Jian said, "Like you, I was lucky and survived. Your move was the right one, hiding in this gold suitcase, escaping the deadliest situation this village had to offer. The situation has now changed, the crisis is temporarily resolved."

He let Zhang Han out because he needed a companion.

Otherwise, that "solitary death" condition would be triggered.

"Is, is this true? Are we safe for now?" Zhang Han asked, looking around with a mix of fear and disbelief.

Still in the village.

But dawn had broken, the dark moments passed.

However, when he saw the house with the ancestral hall setup reappearing, his pupils involuntarily constricted.

"No, only we are safe for now, the others, who can say? That Zhang Yiming... he most likely didn't make it." Yang Jian said, "I'm not sure if he is dead or not, but now, you must come with me."

"Where to now?" asked Zhang Han.

"The ancestral hall."

Yang Jian pointed to the house not far away and said, "Everything stems from that coffin. To resolve this matter, we must go there. We took a wrong turn earlier because of you, leading to the needless deaths of two ghost controllers. We can't hesitate any longer."

"I can't be sure how long this balance can be maintained."

"Once night falls again, we're truly doomed, so let's not waste any more time and start cooperating with me immediately."

"Okay, okay."

Zhang Han almost subconsciously nodded.

Just the fact that Yang Jian could turn such a desperate situation around and save their lives made Zhang Han dare not question his actions anymore.

This young man was far more capable than the other members of the club.

If they had trusted him earlier, perhaps things wouldn't have gotten this bad, and maybe more ghost controllers would have survived.

"Let's go."

Yang Jian waved his hand, and the two of them were already at the entrance of the ancestral hall.

This sudden change of location was eerie, but Zhang Han was not surprised.

Because he had seen Yang Jian use this ability before.

“You don’t need to ask about other things. Just listen to me about the situation in the village. Based on my earlier assessment, there should be two ghosts in this village, one roaming around the village, killing any ghost controllers who are alone without restraint, and the other one is inside this coffin.”

Yang Jian glanced at Zhang Han and then pointed towards the coffin.

“Now you have to act with me, we’ll open this coffin and let out the ghost that’s inside.”

“If something goes wrong, there’s nothing else to say, we’ll have to fight for our lives. At that moment, the suitcase in your hands and the body bag in mine will become the containers for these two ghosts.”

“I... I understand.”

Zhang Han was on the verge of tears.

He had just begun to think there was a glimmer of hope for survival, but now he had to do something this terrifying again.

He truly hoped that heaven would let him leave Huanggang Village alive.

“Start opening the coffin.”

Yang Jian found the crowbar that had been left in the ancestral hall and threw it to Zhang Han.

However, right as they were about to begin.

“Cough, *cough cough*.”

A weak, consumptive cough suddenly sounded again.

But this time, the voice didn't come from beside them.

It was... from inside the vermilion coffin before them.

With the cough subsiding,

The next moment,

The coffin, which Yang Jian couldn't open with all his might before, now began to slowly crack open following a series of sounds.

A bloodless, pallid hand extended from inside the coffin.

"Yang Jian~!"

Zhang Han cried out, his face covered in cold sweat.

Chapter 104: The Identity of Sick Ghost

Originally, they had planned to pry open the coffin to begin imprisoning the ghost inside.

However, neither Yang Jian nor Zhang Han had expected the coffin, which had been sitting undisturbed in the hall since they entered the village, to open on its own at this moment.

Accompanied by a weak, powerless cough.

The lid of the coffin was being slowly pushed open, and a crack appeared before them.

Through that crack, a bloodless, pale hand was stretched out.

All these signs indicated.

The ghost inside the coffin... was about to come out.

“What’s going on?” Yang Jian’s face involuntarily tensed up at this moment.

This situation wasn’t something he had taken into account; according to his calculations, the ghost inside the coffin was unlikely to come out.

Because earlier, when he tried to open the coffin, the ghost had clung tightly to the lid, preventing him from opening it.

This suggested that the ghost was presumably unwilling to come out.

But now, what was the reason for the ghost to go against its usual behavior and actively open the coffin to come out?

“Yang Jian, what do we do now?” Zhang Han’s face turned pale with fear.

Yang Jian waved his hand to signal and said, “Stay calm, don’t panic, we were always going to confront the ghost, whether sooner or later, prepare my body bag, let’s see if we can capture it.”

“Okay, got it.”

Zhang Han swallowed nervously and hurriedly picked up the body bag from the ground.

“Once it comes out, you cooperate with my actions,” Yang Jian’s forehead now displayed a ghostly eye.

This eye stared intently at the slowly opening coffin.

Another ghostly eye appeared at the back of his head, staying alert for the Headless Ghost Shadow behind him while ensuring no second ghost would appear.

As the coffin was gradually being pushed open.

Yang Jian's shadow extended rapidly to the side of the coffin like a pool of flowing water, then the shadow's pair of arms stretched out incredibly long, slowly rising from the ground.

The hands of the Headless Ghost Shadow were getting closer to the opening of the coffin.

Just waiting for the ghost inside to emerge, it was ready to strike, prepared to dismember the ghost in an instant by taking its arms and head.

"Cough, cough cough."

Another set of weak, powerless coughs resonated from the pitch-black interior of the coffin, a second ghastly pale arm stretched out, resting upon the shifted coffin lid.

With both arms pushing, a "person" seemed to be about to sit up from inside the coffin.

"Damn."

Zhang Han cursed under his breath, knowing that it was time to grit his teeth and get on with it.

The Evil Ghost tattoo on his back was awakening.

His body began to stir, as if something was trying to crawl out from the flesh on his back...

The two readied themselves, their nerves stretched tight, prepared to take action.

They prayed in their hearts.

Hoping the fierce ghost wouldn't be too terrifying, still within the range they could handle, otherwise, they would all truly die here.

The "person" inside the coffin now propped up the lid and sat up.

Half of his body was exposed.

It was the figure of a man with a deathly pallor, as if he had been dead for several days, who now opened his eyes and looked ahead, radiating a sense of torment, pain, and numbness.

Yang Jian was ready to act that instant, but when he saw what the man was wearing, his pupils suddenly contracted.

This "person" who had sat up from the coffin was actually wearing a manager's uniform.

"Cough, cough cough." This "person" coughed a few more times, weak, as if at death's door.

"Yang Jian, aren't you going to act?" Zhang Han urged, sweating coldly.

He discovered that at this moment, Yang Jian actually hesitated for a moment.

"Wait, wait a second."

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed, and he gestured with his hand; "Don't be hasty to make a move."

This man in uniform, if he wasn't mistaken, should be the first ghost hunter from Dachang City, as well as the person responsible for establishing the archives of the supernatural events in Huanggang Village... Feng Quan.

"Feng Quan?" He tried calling out.

To see if this "person" would respond.

Ghost hunter Feng Quan went missing in Huanggang Village, but if a ghost hunter really went missing for several months, he should've been dead by now, his body probably decayed.

Yet, the person suspected to be ghost hunter Feng Quan actually sat up from this strange coffin.

In that case, Yang Jian couldn't help but doubt... Feng Quan might not have died.

But, is this Feng Quan now human or a ghost?

Yang Jian needed to confirm it himself.

"You shouldn't have come to rescue me, cough, cough cough." This "person" turned his head, his eyes dulled and dimmed by pain as he looked towards Yang Jian, while letting out a few weak coughs.

It spoke?

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed.

He, is really the ghost hunter Feng Quan, not a ghost?

"What, in the end, is going on here, the ghost is speaking." At this moment, Zhang Han was in a state of extreme tension, somewhat flustered by the situation.

Continue the conversation.

Yang Jian remained vigilant, his Ghost Shadow still lurking near the coffin, waiting for a chance to strike.

“Are you really Feng Quan? I am Yang Jian, also from headquarters.”

Feng Quan’s numb eyes moved slightly: “I know you, I’ve known since you entered the village. You shouldn’t have come here, nor should you have come to rescue me. In my condition, it’s not worth the headquarters expending such a great effort to save me. Your rescue will only make things more chaotic.”

What? Rescue you?

Yang Jian’s expression changed slightly.

Could it be that this was the real purpose of the company sending them to resolve the supernatural events in Huanggang Village?

Not to imprison the Evil Ghost.

But to rescue this ghost hunter trapped in the village, Feng Quan?

If that was truly the case, then had those coughing sounds that appeared in the village been from this Feng Quan?

Was he the Sick Ghost?

“Do you think we wanted to come? We were also kept in the dark. Tell me, was that Ghost Shadow coughing in the village you?” Yang Jian suddenly felt somewhat annoyed.

If it was about rescuing someone, that damn company should have said so sooner.

No information given.

Were they sent to rescue someone, or were they ghost hunters sent to their deaths?

Feng Quan said, "Yes, that... was indeed me. I cannot leave this coffin for a particular reason, but through others, I already warned you, told you to get out. It's just that afterward, the situation changed because once night fell... you could no longer get out."

"The coughing sound was deliberately made by me. I wanted to gather all the ghost hunters scattered throughout the village to resist the ghost here because that was your only chance."

"But you never understood my intentions and instead, as more ghost hunters were separated and killed, that ghost's power grew stronger."

"So much so that, in the end, you broke the balance. That ghost in the village began to take full control here, and after that, I was powerless."

Feng Quan glanced at Yang Jian and then at Zhang Han: "I must say you are very lucky. After that ghost took over, you managed to survive, which is... an impossible night to survive, with no chances of survival, even for a ghost hunter."

"If you knew this, why didn't you warn us earlier? What the hell is up with that coughing? You have a mouth, don't you? Why didn't you come out of the coffin and speak?"

Yang Jian said through gritted teeth.

"Even a hint of essential information would have made us avoid being in such a passive situation where we nearly got wiped out. And what's with that old woman's coughing sound?"

"Are you deliberately misleading us?"

Chapter 105: The Truth About the Village

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The person who sat up from the coffin wasn't a ghost.

It was none other than Feng Quan, the first person in charge of Dachang City.

He had disappeared because of the supernatural events in Huanggang Village, and by now, he should have been missing for over three months.

After being missing for so long, Feng Quan was still alive.

This was already an incredible occurrence.

Living alone in this terrifying Ghost Village for such a long period, anyone else would have died by now.

Although Yang Jian did not know how Feng Quan survived, he was not in the mood to care about that at the moment.

But faced with Yang Jian's questioning,

Feng Quan calmly said, "Actually, I have already reported the situation here to headquarters. If you were to take action, you should be able to get that document. Anyone who has seen that document should know my situation... To be honest, with my current state I cannot personally tell you everything, and I can only barely control the villagers to give you some hints. But this kind of control is very fragile, after all, my condition is very bad."

"Moreover, at the beginning, I couldn't be sure what the true intentions of you ghost manipulators were in coming here."

“As for that old lady, indeed, it was I who led her to you. That cough was not meant to mislead you. I simply wanted to remind you that someone was helping you, and that I was not your enemy. I intended for you to focus on that ghost rather than on me.”

“Unfortunately, you misunderstood my intentions.”

Yang Jian expressed his anger, “Don’t think you can just shake everything off that easily. In fact, without your hint, I wouldn’t have known that there was another person like you here. I have read that document, which was redacted, and the critical information was erased.”

“It seemed like you were trying to help me, but in reality, you have led me astray. Originally, I only needed to deal with one ghost. Your presence has made this supernatural event much more complicated.”

“I’m sorry, that was something I did not anticipate,” Feng Quan apologized, but his expression remained as cold as ever, showing no sign of remorse.

Yang Jian continued, “Didn’t anticipate? Or did you deliberately want us all dead? I’ve been to the spirit hall before, and I tried to open the coffin, but you stopped me.”

“You didn’t want me to open the coffin. What are you afraid of? Afraid of being killed by the Vicious Ghost?”

“The only safe place in this village must be inside this coffin.”

Feng Quan looked at him numbly, without offering any explanation, only saying, “The reason I can’t get out of the coffin isn’t that I’m afraid to die, but because I cannot allow the ghost outside to return to the coffin.”

“Once it enters the coffin, its terror level would rise to an unimaginable extent.”

“Not just a village, even a city could fall. If your appearance here means things will turn for the worse, perhaps dying here might be a good outcome. The ghost was right by you when you were trying to open the coffin. I couldn’t take that risk.”

Fear tinged with anger crept into Yang Jian upon hearing this.

So, the Vicious Ghost had been right beside him when he was opening the coffin?

“Impossible, there was no ghost in the spirit hall when I first tried to open the coffin; I checked.”

“Are you sure you really checked?” Feng Quan countered.

Yang Jian suddenly realized something and glanced at the portrait on the altar.

At this moment, the photo was missing from the frame of the portrait... leaving nothing but a blank space. The photo had still been there when he first entered the village.

It was of a handsome, young man.

“That portrait?”

He sharply caught on to this point, staring intently at the empty frame.

“Is the man in that portrait... the ghost?”

Feng Quan confirmed, “Yes, it is the ghost, and it has always been by the coffin. Wherever the coffin is placed, that’s where the portrait is. I can’t get away from it... so, at the time you were trying to open the coffin, the ghost was watching you, too.”

“It’s just waiting for an opportunity, a chance for the coffin to be opened. Once it enters the coffin, not only will I die, you will too. Everyone here will die. Under that circumstance, if you were me, would you allow the coffin to be opened?”

“Moreover, the reason you sat in the spirit hall all night unharmed wasn’t because the spirit hall is safe, but because I was in the coffin... so at that time, you weren’t alone, and the ghost didn’t find the chance to strike at you.”

“I must admit, you are smart, though your guess was wrong, the outcome was correct. The spirit hall is both the most dangerous and the safest place—the ghost is here, I am here, and as long as you stay here without messing around, you are temporarily safe.”

“I’ve said what I wanted to say. Do you have any more questions? If not, I think we can join forces to imprison that ghost and thoroughly resolve the supernatural events of Huanggang Village.”

“^

Yang Jian’s mood was very complex after hearing all of this.

He didn’t know whether to be angry with Feng Quan or to blame fate for toying with him.

There was no justification for blaming Feng Quan,

since he had indeed reminded everyone to stay together to avoid being picked off alone.

It did have an effect afterward,

but some later cues and hints led Yang Jian and others to misunderstand, thinking that the old lady was the ghost.

In reality, Feng Quan was using the old lady’s presence to remind them that he was on their side.

"I have a few questions; were those villagers we encountered before human or ghost?" Suddenly, Zhang Han, who had been silently listening, immediately asked.

He had confirmed that the body rising from the coffin was human.

But he still had doubts in his mind.

"They were non-existent people."

Feng Quan said, "I don't know how to ascertain their existence, only that these villagers exist solely in this village, similar to Ghost Slaves but not quite the same. Ghost Slaves exist because of vicious ghosts, but they exist because of the Ghost Coffin, and it's not a ghost lying in the coffin, but me. Perhaps that's why they seem more human-like."

"And because I've been lying in the Ghost Coffin all this time, I've been able to influence some of their thoughts, using them to attempt communication and information transfer with you."

"You said this coffin is called the Ghost Coffin; what's its use?" Yang Jian asked.

"I've reported on the Ghost Coffin before, and since you haven't seen it in the records, it means your clearance isn't high enough, or perhaps... you are not yet an international ghost controller. Regarding this, I cannot tell you; it would be leaking state secrets," Feng Quan said.

Yang Jian's expression darkened.

Feng Quan said, "Don't be angry. You will naturally know when it's time. In any case, it's imperative that we three don't let this coffin fall into the hands of that vicious ghost."

"I emerged voluntarily this time because the balance here has been disrupted, its Terror Level increasing with the number of ghosts in this village. It was the death toll among you that led to the ghost completely taking over this village. However, your tactic earlier was impressive, facing almost certain death, yet you managed to think of releasing other ghosts to wrest control of the village ghosts, weakening it."

“Weren’t you also planning to release my ghost?” Yang Jian said.

Feng Quan replied, “No, the man coughing outside the door that night was the villager named Liu Genrong, controlled by me. I just wanted to scare you into grouping up instead of being alone. Afterward, when I lost control, Liu Genrong fell under the control of the ghost here, and then it entered your room.”

“So, at that time, it was trying to take the ghost from your box, not me, but it... just for some reason, it eventually gave up.”

As he spoke, he glanced at the portrait on the altar.

“I’ve said it before; the situation here is unusual. Those people you see are sometimes human, sometimes me, sometimes ghosts... but I can tell you that this village has been devoid of living people for a long time, except for us three. Everything here exists because of this Ghost Coffin.”

“So, our mission on the surface was to resolve supernatural occurrences, but in fact, it was to rescue you,” Yang Jian said.

“That’s one way to put it, but the risks of failure are significant, including the potential to disrupt the balance and cause the ghosts here to lose control. I think you shouldn’t have come to rescue me, but if the higher-ups insist on it, I suspect it’s not for my safety, but for this object.”

Feng Quan pointed at the vermilion-coated coffin.

For the Ghost Coffin?

Yang Jian stared at the coffin for a moment.

It looked like an ordinary coffin.

But even ghosts were competing for it,

It must be quite special.

However, only Feng Quan knew about this uniqueness, and he wasn't inclined to share.

"Have you finished talking? Because I feel like something is off outside," Zhang Han said nervously all of a sudden.

He pointed outside.

The village, which had returned to brightness, was now starting to darken again.

Although it wasn't darkening as quickly as before, it clearly signaled a very ominous development.