

Revival 106

Chapter 106: The Man in the Portrait

Although Yang Jian wanted to know a lot, Feng Quan seemed willing to patiently explain to him.

This kind of verbal communication was the best way to resolve misunderstandings.

After all, they had indeed been out to kill each other before, and to survive in this village, or even to leave it, they had to clear the air of any hard feelings.

Otherwise, it would be detrimental for the cooperation that lay ahead.

Zhang Han's reminder made the two men immediately look outside the house.

The sky outside was beginning to darken again. Although it wasn't darkening as quickly as before, in less than ten minutes, the village was going to enter another pitch-black night.

"That ghost is going to come. It won't pass up this chance. As long as I reveal myself, it will definitely appear. It's always been like this; its obsession with the coffin runs deep," Feng Quan said, his usually cold face showing some gravity.

"Previously when I made the entire spirit hall disappear, it was to keep it from taking the Ghost Coffin."

Yang Jian said, "If that's the case, then you might as well keep hiding. Why show up at all?"

"Hiding is useless. The coffin, the village, me, and that ghost are all closely linked. We've achieved a delicate balance with this Ghost Coffin. As long as the balance exists, there won't be a problem. But the balance was disturbed by the ghost you released; I was forced to show myself."

"Now, I have no way out, either I detain this ghost, or I die here with the two of you," Feng Quan said.

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed slightly.

He was driven out by the Headless Ghost?

Indeed.

The Headless Ghost that possessed the old woman, even capable of entering the Ghost Domain, probably wouldn't have much trouble finding this spirit hall.

But right now, the old woman had been swallowed by the human skin paper, and the Headless Ghost Shadow was under my control.

So the situation had changed again.

Wait.

No, that's not right.

Yang Jian's eyes suddenly twinkled, "If the ghosts in this village really do grow stronger with the increase of other ghosts, then why didn't the release of the Headless Ghost Shadow become that ghost's aid but instead suppressed it?"

What's the difference here?

Could it be that only the ghosts directly taken by that ghost could become its strength?

If so, there's no reason why the Vicious Ghost couldn't handle even the Headless Ghost Shadow.

All the secrets, they're all in this Ghost Coffin.

Yang Jian unconsciously glanced at the coffin again.

Now, this was the only mystery left unsolved. If the abilities and function of this Ghost Coffin were known, then all the unreasonable matters would be explainable.

It's just...

The Ghost Hunter, Feng Quan, in front of him seemed not inclined to reveal the information about this Ghost Coffin to him, preferring to conceal all the important information about the coffin.

"His concealment undoubtedly proves that this Ghost Coffin must have a very significant function; otherwise, there wouldn't be the shadow of the state behind this task, and that company wouldn't conceal all the information, even going as far as to edit the international Ghost Hunters' files..."

"Feng Quan was right; this mission wasn't really about rescuing him, but to acquire this Ghost Coffin," he thought.

At this thought, a shiver went through him.

Concealing all information, tampering with files—it was like reducing the survival rate of the Ghost Hunters involved in this event to the lowest, and the potential casualties were imaginable.

But still, they would keep the secret at any cost.

"So this coffin is really that important?" Yang Jian found it somewhat unbelievable.

Though he didn't know the use of this coffin, the information available led him to infer that its value was absolutely, incredibly immense.

At that moment,

Feng Quan was no longer sitting inside the coffin but walked out of it. He seemed to have been in the coffin for a while, walking very stiffly and even somewhat like a person who had just learned to walk, tottering and liable to fall at any second.

Once out of the coffin, Feng Quan went ahead and closed the coffin lid.

It was almost as if he was preparing for a last stand, as he had cut off any retreat.

“No matter what happens outside, do not leave this spirit hall. That ghost will come to us on its own; we don’t need to seek it out. Be ready with the containers for containing—that could be a suitcase or a body bag, as long as it can detain that ghost,” Feng Quan instructed.

“Once it’s successfully detained, the paranormal events of Huanggang Village will come to an end, and we three will all be able to leave here alive.”

“Forget about any way out; we have none left,” he continued.

Feng Quan kept talking.

Meanwhile, the sky outside grew darker and darker, and those who were sensitive could already faintly sense some sort of activity going on out there.

“Don’t split up too much. There are some abilities of that ghost I haven’t fully grasped. I just know that if you’re alone, it will kill you in an instant without leaving any room for resistance. Even I would be the same. Last time, I didn’t die only because I was lucky and found a slim chance of survival. But now, that’s no longer possible,” Feng Quan said.

“Because we need to guard this Ghost Coffin right now and prevent it from falling into the hands of this vicious ghost, feel free to use whatever abilities you have later—don’t worry about the vicious ghost resurrecting,”

Zhang Han muttered, “Easier said than done.”

Yang Jian remained impassive, not affected by the comment.

He had now taken control of a second ghost, which meant the vicious ghost's resurrection was greatly delayed. As things stood, using the ghost's powers a couple of times wouldn't have any impact on him at all.

It seemed that this Feng Quan was unaware of this fact.

He could only know what happened within the village.

Things like Yang Jian controlling the Headless Ghost Shadow, releasing the human skin paper, and consuming that old lady... all took place within his own Ghost Domain.

In other words, some of his secrets were still safe.

"Tap, tap, tap~!"

As he pondered, the outside had finally darkened. While it wasn't pitch-black to the extent of not seeing one's own fingers, the nearby houses were now just vague outlines. At that moment, footsteps suddenly echoed from the alleyway behind the house.

In the dim night.

It was as if someone came walking from the inhabited village.

It looked rather strange, but in reality, that was exactly the case.

The footsteps were neat and uniform, sounding exceptionally clear in the dead silence of the village. At this point, all three people in the hall pricked up their ears and heard it.

“It’s appeared, that ghost is outside,”

Feng Quan said in a hushed voice while his numb gaze fixed on the direction of the door.

“Although there are some doubts and unwillingness, it is indeed best to collaborate and imprison this ghost before anything else,”

Yang Jian took a slight breath, dispelling the clutter in his mind.

Meanwhile, the headless shadow behind him stretched very long... The Ghost Domain also opened.

Out of caution, he only enveloped the house with it, not extending it over to the ghost outside, to avoid the ghost targeting him first.

“Hmm?”

Feng Quan seemed to sense the presence of the Ghost Domain, glancing over at Yang Jian with that numb look in his eyes.

But he said nothing and did not inquire further; instead, he turned his head back again.

As for Zhang Han.

He was now the only survivor among the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club’s ghost controllers, but he had not noticed the spread of Yang Jian’s Ghost Domain.

The footsteps grew closer.

Yang Jian watched a wall.

The footsteps were on the other side of the wall, now circling around from the side of the house toward the direction of the main gate.

“Quite the rule-follower, knowing to use the front door, never thought to come straight through the door,” he commented to himself.

Moments later.

Finally.

A figure emerged from the darkness.

It was a handsome, young man with a pale complexion devoid of any color, looking strikingly handsome... exactly like the person in the portrait from before.

If his ghostly nature wasn't confirmed,

One would never suspect his existence walking down the street; he could probably even get picked up by women in nightclubs and bars.

For now.

This was the ghost that looked the most human.

So good-looking yet choosing to be a ghost, he deserved to be dealt with today.

At this moment,

The man from the portrait stopped abruptly as he reached the front gate, no longer moving forward.

Because moving any further would be entering Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

Was it wary of it?

Or was it concerned about Feng Quan's presence?

Or perhaps, it was just as previously deduced: the three people together did not satisfy the Vicious Ghost's condition for killing, and it was waiting for an opportunity to strike.

Chapter 107:

After all the puzzles were unveiled, the only thing left in front of the three people was one matter.

Imprisoning the ghost before their very eyes.

Solving the paranormal incident in Huanggang Village and then living to leave this place.

No matter what conflicts they had before, no matter what schemes were in their hearts.

But from the moment the ghost appeared, all of that became unimportant.

And they had no way out.

"It has stopped, it seems it doesn't plan to come in, so what do we do now?" Zhang Han said in a hushed voice,

from which one could tell that he was very nervous.

Yang Jian's expression was serious. At this moment, the whole house was shrouded within his Ghost Domain, the front door marking the boundary line, clearly separating the village and the spirit hall.

But that pale-faced, bloodless, and handsome man was standing motionlessly at the doorway, neither leaving nor entering, whether he was waiting or guarding the door to prevent anyone inside the house from getting out... This stillness was even more unsettling.

Because you didn't know what other terrifying abilities he might have.

You only knew that being alone in front of this ghost meant certain death, but what kind of death awaited you when alone, you could not tell.

Those who had seen its way of killing were all dead.

"This question should be asked to Feng Quan, he knows more than I do." Yang Jian's gaze shifted to Feng Quan.

Feng Quan was equally pale, bloodless, with numb eyes devoid of spirit. If he and the ghost outside stood together, they could be mistaken for brothers, nothing different except for their appearance.

Equally eerie, equally lifeless.

However, Feng Quan merely said, "I failed my first mission and hid in this Ghost Coffin. It's already fortunate that I've survived until now. If I had any understanding of this ghost, I would have escaped long ago and wouldn't have had to wait until now to come out."

Yang Jian's face darkened.

He didn't believe the ghost stories from Feng Quan. Surviving for so long in this place and having had close encounters with the ghost on numerous occasions, it would be impossible not to discern some patterns—how could he know nothing at all?

He must be unwilling to speak.

“Being alive until now amid such abnormal people is truly a miracle. It seems none of the ghost controllers are the least bit normal.”

He took a slight breath.

There was no other way.

Since Feng Quan was playing dumb, and Zhang Han didn’t dare to act rashly, and the ghost outside stood there refusing to leave or enter,

it was up to him to take action and break the deadlock.

“Hiss~!”

The next moment.

The lights in the spirit hall flickered once, and suddenly everything changed color.

A layer of red halo enveloped the place.

He revealed his Ghost Domain.

There was no longer any fear of exposing his abilities at this time.

After the red light covered the spirit hall, it gradually extended outside, like a beam of light shining from inside the house to the outside.

Crawling across the floor slowly.

Yang Jian tried to draw the ghost into his Ghost Domain. If he managed to do so, he could at least use some relatively safe methods to test the ghost's abilities or even imprison it directly.

"Be careful," Zhang Han couldn't help but remind him.

Although Yang Jian was the one probing, he was also ready to take action at any moment.

Soon.

The red light reached the side of the ghost outside.

It remained motionless.

Based on past experiences confronting the Headless Ghost Shadow, the Ghost Domain should be able to draw other ghosts into it.

However, the next moment, Yang Jian suddenly discovered.

The Ghost Domain that overlaid everything else met resistance, like water flowing against a rock.

It failed to cover him, it could only bypass and continue ahead.

The red light engulfed the outside, the Ghost Domain expanded, with everything around already inside the Ghost Domain.

Only the place where the ghost stood outside the door remained as it was, unaffected by the Ghost Domain.

"Has the Ghost Domain failed?" Yang Jian furrowed his brows.

It seemed that relying solely on the Ghost Domain to deal with this ghost was clearly unrealistic, for here was yet another ghost that could resist the Ghost Domain.

But his actions seemed to have provoked the ghost outside.

The person who had been standing motionless outside the door, with a deathly pale complexion and not a hint of blood color, suddenly moved.

It took a step forward, unhurriedly.

That step landed squarely within the range of the red glow.

Just like the old woman before, it forcibly walked into Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

However, unlike when the old woman entered, Yang Jian had not felt anything unusual then, but now it was different with this ghost... his Ghost Domain had lost control.

Yes, as if the powers of some fierce ghost had been stripped away, Yang Jian found himself completely unable to control the Ghost Domain anymore.

"What... is going on?"

He widened his eyes, looking in shock at the ghost that had entered the Ghost Domain, walking in from outside the house.

The Ghost Domain failed to affect it; instead, it had affected the Ghost Domain.

"Yang Jian, your abilities have no effect on it?" Zhang Han felt that something was very wrong and said urgently.

The ghost had already entered the hall of spirits.

Although the three of them were well-prepared, they all felt a spine-chilling fear.

The dimness outside was deepening by the moment as the Black Night gradually enveloped, beginning to affect the inside of the house as well.

At this moment, the red glow covering the inside of the house seemed to be severely suppressed, showing signs that it might extinguish at any moment.

"It's very strange, be careful, it might be the most terrifying ghost we've encountered since becoming ghost controllers." Beads of cold sweat involuntarily formed on Yang Jian's face.

The distance between each other and the ghost was closing.

There was no turning back now.

"Then let's fight it out."

By this time, Zhang Han, gritting his teeth, had made up his mind.

"Alright, let's give it our all and go at it together," Yang Jian also roared in a low voice.

"That works," Feng Quan nodded.

Overcome by extreme fear, Zhang Han had lost some of his reason, and, before he even finished speaking, he was the first to charge forward with a ferocious expression.

Something brutally tore open his clothes from behind in an instant.

Tattooed on his skin at the back was an image of a person, a person dripping with blood, as if skinned alive, and the tattoo was so vivid it seemed as if there truly was such a person standing behind him, following him always, eerie and horrific.

Yang Jian was fully seeing the tattoo on Zhang Han's back for the first time.

But as he channeled the power of the fierce ghost, that blood-soaked person in the tattoo suddenly started to move, and blood began to seep out from the area of the tattoo.

A bloody arm suddenly extended from his back, clutching tightly to the flesh beside it, causing Zhang Han so much pain that his expression turned savage.

But that wasn't enough... Another bloody arm stretched out soon after.

Once both bloody arms were out,

Yang Jian could see that the Evil Ghost in the tattoo was trying to climb out.

In the end, the blood-soaked Evil Ghost didn't quite emerge completely.

But it was close, with two arms, a head, and half a torso already out, leaving just the lower body still within the tattoo; it was probably just one more use of the fierce ghost's power away from leaving Zhang Han's body completely.

The blood-soaked corpse that crawled out from his back didn't make much movement, merely lying on Zhang Han's back, allowing him to carry it.

As the ghost outside moved towards the coffin, Zhang Han, with the half-carcass still draped on his back, suddenly blocked its path.

Up until that moment, the half-corpse had been motionless, but then it suddenly raised its head and reached out its bloody arms to grab the ghost's body, stopping its advance.

At almost the same time,

Feng Quan also made his move, rushing right up to the ghost, his numb gaze showing no fear, only a kind of desperate madness.

Yang Jian didn't hesitate either.

The Headless Ghost Shadow, which had been lying like a shadow on the ground, swiftly stood up and appeared behind the ghost, intending to wrench off its head and completely dismember it.

The joint efforts of the three seemed to pose a threat to the ghost.

At that moment, the ghost's steps suddenly halted.

Chapter 108: The Unsolvable Ghost

At this moment, the three ghost controllers acted together, unleashing the ghostly powers within their bodies.

They were not considering whether they would die from the excessive use of power and the resurgence of the fierce ghosts; the only thought they had was to imprison the ghost before them.

Yang Jian controlled two ghosts.

But due to the previous probing, he had lost control over his Ghost Domain and now could only use the Ghost Shadow.

Although the ghostly ability within him had been enhanced, it seemed that even with the control of two ghosts, he was noticeably inferior compared to the man in the relic before him.

Zhang Han, who made the first move, reached out with the skinless, blood-drenched ghost on his back, attempting to grab the man before him.

However, there wasn't the expected suppression.

Zhang Han suddenly felt a tearing, intense pain on his back.

The blood-drenched ghost clinging to his back lost control and began to be forcibly pulled out by the man from the relic.

"Ah~!"

A painful and mournful scream echoed as the skin on Zhang Han's back split open, and the ghost that had been clinging to him was being taken away by the man before him.

It was being brutally ripped from the tattoo on his back.

At this time, however, the Ghost Shadow that had risen behind him grabbed the man's head from the front.

The black hand, condensed from the shadows, could easily decapitate anyone's head and even dismember other ghosts.

However, when Yang Jian felt the Ghost Shadow try to take its head, he encountered a terrifying resistance.

Its head remained unmoved on its neck.

At the same time.

The Headless Ghost Shadow suddenly froze, just like the Ghost Domain earlier, losing control and standing still.

“What on earth is this thing?” Yang Jian’s expression changed drastically.

Even the power of the second ghost had no effect on it. Could it be that this ghost is truly unsolvable, with no weaknesses and no methods to imprison it?

But at this moment, Feng Quan suddenly moved.

A layer of grey mist surged around his body, and within that mist, Feng Quan’s body began to fade away... In a short while, he was completely absorbed into the mist, and his figure could no longer be seen clearly. Only a vague human outline was visible, indistinguishable as either a man or a ghost lurking in the dark mist.

“Cough, cough cough.”

A weak cough came from the mist, sounding like someone on his deathbed, deeply ill,

This sound was strange and malevolent, sending chills down one’s spine.

And after this sound emerged,

The complexion of the man from the relic began to turn black, and then his skin and flesh started to fall off, emitting a foul stench of decay as if the body had reached its limit of use and was beginning to collapse.

“It works.” Yang Jian’s expression became stern.

Feng Quan indeed had the ability to affect this ghost.

And judging by his appearance, he must have controlled more than just one ghost.

That eerie fog, the hair-raising cough hidden within the mist... If Yang Jian wasn't mistaken, these should be the powers of two ghosts.

"First restrict its movements, don't let it approach the Ghost Coffin; you're doing very well in this regard. This ghost can completely nullify the abilities of another fierce ghost, no matter how powerful that ghost might be... Once it seizes another ghost, its power strengthens. Now, it can fully suppress up to... three ghosts, which explains why you were doomed if you were alone at the beginning."

"Incapable of using the ghost's power, you're merely ordinary humans in the face of this ghost. That's what makes this ghost both unsolvable and terrifying."

Feng Quan, shadowed in the thick mist, spoke.

His voice was weak and feeble, portraying a sense of imminent demise.

"You obviously knew all along, yet you said nothing before, and now you speak up; quite crafty of you," Yang Jian accused.

"If I'd told you earlier, who among you would have dared to make a move? Besides, the amplification of its ability was brought about by you. I am considering the bigger picture here. Without me in the village, this ghost would have escaped long ago," Feng Quan replied weakly.

"Such a grandiose claim of considering the bigger picture. Maybe without your meddling, we ghost controllers might have already imprisoned this ghost," Yang Jian replied with a cold laugh.

Feng Quan said, "For the country, some sacrifices are necessary. You're too young to understand these things."

"Whether it's for the country or for yourself, only you know the truth," Yang Jian said, staring at him.

“This is not the time to argue about this,” Feng Quan retorted.

This ghost can suppress three ghosts.

That is to say, Yang Jian’s Ghost Domain, Headless Ghost Shadow, and the ghost inside Zhang Han’s tattoo had all been subdued by the man in the relic, rendered powerless.

Accordingly, it seems this ghost must have killed Ouyang Tian and He Sheng to strengthen this insoluble ability.

As for the ghosts inside Ye Jun and He Yiming, they must have been taken by the Headless Ghost Shadow that was released earlier.

Three against three, hence the balance being restored. No wonder the Headless Ghost Shadow was so recklessly wandering around the village without any issues.

“The ghost within Ye Jun wasn’t taken by this man, but rather appeared in the Headless Ghost Shadow, which means Ye Jun’s death... harbors some oddity,” Yang Jian said, his expression growing stern.

Yang Jian gave a deep look at Feng Quan, who was hidden in the thick mist.

In secret, this guy had probably done a lot of unspeakable things.

Maybe there was an intention to help himself and the others, but it wasn’t without plans to harm them as well.

Fortunately, Yang Jian’s earlier move to release the Headless Ghost Shadow had turned the tide.

Otherwise, they would have certainly been doomed.

The man in the portrait before them could render the powers of three ghosts ineffective, and now that the number was satisfied, Feng Quan could take it on.

He had been waiting for this opportunity all along.

This opportunity to take control of the situation.

“You’ve outsmarted me, and I’ll admit my bad luck, but we’ve already finished taking the lead,” Yang Jian said, no longer willing to risk his life and instead retreated to the back.

He moved next to the coffin.

If Feng Quan failed, he would immediately enter this Ghost Coffin.

Although he didn’t know what purpose this coffin served,

if Feng Quan entered and wasn’t killed by a ghost, then he would be safe too.

So, Yang Jian unapologetically secured his escape first.

“...”

Feng Quan, in the mist, couldn’t help frowning deeply at this action.

This guy was cleverer than he had imagined.

Had he already guessed some of the uses of the Ghost Coffin?

“You don’t need to look at me; it’s your turn to perform. Of course, if you find my strategy improper, you can try to kill me. I’ve lost the power of the vengeful ghost and am now just an ordinary person...

But if I die, the vengeful ghost revives, the balance is broken, can you handle it?" Yang Jian said with a taunting smile.

He was ready to push open the lid and lie inside at any moment.

Feng Quan wanted to quietly reap the benefits, but Yang Jian was not going to be polite and instead planned a preemptive strike.

Zhang Han had been completely restrained and couldn't move; he now lay on the ground, struggling and wailing in pain.

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain and the Headless Ghost Shadow were also suppressed, but he had found a way to survive and escape.

Now, the only one who could face the ghost head-on was Feng Quan.

Help?

Out of the question.

Feng Quan seemed to understand that Yang Jian was not going to help anymore; he had to confront the ghost on his own.

Without delay,

the mist around his body began to disperse, and then slowly started to fill the spirit hall.

A layer of dusky mist arose in the spirit hall.

It was like a heavy shroud of gloom.

All visibility was obstructed, and Feng Quan's figure completely disappeared.

On the spot,

Yang Jian could only vaguely see the man in the portrait standing there.

But as the mist thickened,

the man in the portrait was gradually swallowed up too.

It became so dark around them that you could not see your hand in front of your face.

"This mist... it's somewhat like the Ghost Domain,"

Yang Jian said, surrounded by it, not feeling harmed by the mist, but rather a sense of being lost.

Even inside the building, it was as if he would get lost.

"I can't see anything around me; who knows if that ghost will appear next to me? If Feng Quan uses it to set me up, that would be bad."

"I must be cautious at this time."

Yang Jian kept his palm on the Ghost Coffin to ensure he would not get lost.

"Try lying inside. The outcome of Feng Quan's struggle with this ghost doesn't concern me, but I can't afford to die here cluelessly."

With that thought,

he immediately pushed open the coffin lid and climbed inside.

Without a moment's hesitation.

Chapter 109: Discovery

Among the Thirty-Six Stratagems, what is the best tactic?

Retreat is the supreme strategy.

As soon as Yang Jian sensed something was amiss, he decided to make a quick escape. So what if he had controlled two ghosts?

In front of this ghost's incomprehensible abilities, even if he had controlled three ghosts, he'd still be a pushover with no real difference.

After all the trouble to extend the time before the fierce ghosts revived, and temporarily preserving his life, how could he carelessly die here?

While the hall was shrouded in dense fog, he immediately crawled into the Ghost Coffin.

The interior of the coffin was dark, oppressive.

Beyond that, there were no particular sensations.

It was rather bothersome, as if something was pressed beneath him, making it uncomfortable.

No matter how you looked at it, it was just an ordinary coffin.

“Right, the coffin lid isn’t on yet.”

Yang Jian noticed that the coffin lid hadn’t been placed yet.

The coffin and its lid should match; maybe missing one part would prevent the Ghost Coffin from fulfilling its true purpose.

He immediately covered it with the coffin lid.

“Bang~!”

A faint sound resounded as the lid fit snugly on top of the coffin.

All light vanished.

Lying in the coffin, Yang Jian felt as if swallowed by darkness, unable to see anything even with his eyes open.

“Just like this?”

He then furrowed his brow.

Still, he felt nothing unusual, as normal as ever.

Wait.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian felt something strange.

He realized his body was slowly sinking... as though the coffin he lay on was caving in continuously.

No, that's not right, his body wasn't sinking; it was vanishing.

Yang Jian's body was gradually dissolving, but during this process, he felt no pain, no sense of death, and not the slightest fear in his heart. The disappearance didn't seem real; instead, it was like the beginning of some form of rebirth. He even felt an anticipation for the unknown transformation within.

Quickly.

His body completely disappeared inside the coffin.

Yet the vanished Yang Jian still had consciousness; he could feel he was still inside the coffin.

Merely without a body.

A contradictory sensation.

But it felt so real.

It was as if Yang Jian had left the human flesh behind, slowly becoming another kind of existence.

This other existence resembled one thing very much... a ghost.

"Could it be that this Ghost Coffin can transform a person into a ghost?"

Yang Jian's consciousness was very clear, and he made a bold guess that even shocked him.

If that were true, the Ghost Coffin would be terrifying indeed.

This phenomenon might also explain why the detective Feng Quan could stay inside the coffin for several months without eating or drinking and not die.

If he truly became an outright ghost... a ghost with human consciousness, indeed, he could do just that.

“No, that’s not right; if the person in the coffin became a ghost, then how would they get out? Feng Quan had a body when he left the coffin, not existing in the form of a ghost... This Ghost Coffin must serve some strange and special purpose, I just haven’t figured it out yet, I simply do not know.”

Yang Jian thought to himself.

Although he wasn’t quite clear about what was going on, in this state, indeed, no person could kill him.

No ghost could kill him either.

And it seemed his consciousness could extend outward through the existence of the Ghost Coffin.

It felt as though the body stayed inside the coffin, yet the soul could fly out.

Himself.

In this village, it was as if he were everywhere.

He saw everything that happened in the hall.

The dense fog could no longer obstruct his vision.

However, at this moment,

the confrontation outside seemed to be coming to an end.

The man in the portrait was now highly decayed, only a skeleton remained, with some flesh clinging on, gruesome and terrifying.

Feng Quan was not faring well either.

The excessive use of the ghost's power, and the prolonged confrontation, had also left him in a bad state.

His numb gaze revealed fatigue and pain, his face pale and bloodless, bearing a deep morbidity.

He now resembled a patient in the hospital swallowing their last breath.

Merely witnessing this sight was enough to send chills down one's spine.

"Though this ghost's ability is unsolvable, it has its limits. To deal with that Zhang Han, Yang Jian pushed this ghost to its extremity... No necromancer could stand against this creature one-on-one. Alone, one would undoubtedly face death. But right now, I still have a slight upper hand,"

"However, using the ghost's power for an extended period, even having controlled two ghosts, doesn't bode well for me."

"It's time to bring this matter to a close."

Feng Quan walked to the side, picking up the suitcase that was on the ground.

The gold suitcase was very sturdy, perfectly suitable to incarcerate this ghost.

At this moment, the man in the portrait slowly took a step forward.

But the next moment, his body completely collapsed.

Like a stack of building blocks, the bones, legs, feet—all suddenly disconnected from the body and fell to the ground, forming a heap of limbs.

However, the rotting head was still moving.

It had not died.

Feng Quan seemed to have anticipated this. Holding the suitcase, he went over and one by one, picked up the ghost's bones, flesh, hands, feet, skull... and soon stuffed them all inside.

Locking it, sealing it, all in one go.

Once the ghost was imprisoned, the previously suppressed presence was immediately liberated.

Zhang Han's blood-drenched corpse, which had collapsed on the ground, began slowly retracting back into his body.

The Headless Ghost Shadow standing motionless in place turned into a shadow and quickly shrank back, vanishing into an unknown place in the end.

However, the Ghost Domain shrouded in red light was behaving abnormally at this time.

Instead of disappearing, it began to expand outwards rapidly.

This was no longer a matter of covering twenty or thirty meters.

Almost in the blink of an eye, the Ghost Domain enveloped the entire village.

The whole village had fallen within the range of Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

"Yang Jian, it's over,"

Feng Quan spoke gravely, "Hurry up and come out of the Ghost Coffin. That's no place for you to be."

However, at the next moment,

the coffin burst open.

Yang Jian's body once again coalesced out of the darkness, returning to its previous form.

He looked as if he had seen a ghost and abruptly sat up.

"The ghost... it's still here."

Cold sweat beaded on Yang Jian's forehead as he uttered these words.

"What?"

Feng Quan furrowed his brows, "The matters here have been resolved. There is no need for you to be here; leave immediately. I'll contact others to take care of the aftermath."

"I'm telling you, the ghost is still here. Are you deaf?"

Yang Jian hopped out of the Ghost Coffin, saying with a somewhat fierce expression, "You weren't in the Ghost Coffin for balance or to suppress the ghost... Your main purpose was to obtain this Ghost Coffin to turn yourself into a real ghost. Do you think you've just successfully contained the ghost here?"

"I've been inside the Ghost Coffin; based on what I felt, the ghost here doesn't have a physical form at all. It's a consciousness."

"The man in the portrait is a ghost, but his appearance is merely a fusion of all the villagers', no, it should be all the faces of those who died here... That's the most perfect image this ghost can conceive."

"What you've just destroyed is merely one of its forms."

As if to confirm Yang Jian's words,

clear footsteps could be heard once more from the darkness outside the house.

Feng Quan's eyes narrowed, and he couldn't help dropping the suitcase in his hand to the ground with a thud.

Had he misunderstood the existence of this ghost?

Chapter 110: The Way to Leave

Fixed ways of thinking can be lethal.

We always think of ghosts as tangible entities, terrifying but at least visible and touchable.

But Yang Jian fully understood after he entered the Ghost Coffin and merged his consciousness with the Ghost Domain, enveloping the entire Huanggang Village.

The ghosts here are just like his situation lying in the coffin.

They're not ghosts in form, but in concept.

As long as Huanggang Village exists, this ghost will never vanish and cannot be imprisoned.

That's why Feng Quan, after entering the coffin, could control the villagers, and why Yang Jian, after entering the Ghost Coffin, could abandon his physical form to become nearly a purely conscious existence.

In reality, they had only temporarily experienced the existence of this ghost after entering the coffin.

However, Feng Quan didn't think in this direction; he regarded the coffin as a special tool, one that could perfectly transform people into ghosts.

But he was wrong.

Or rather, he was only half right.

The coffin indeed could nurture a ghost, but not Feng Quan, not Yang Jian, but... the ghost of Huanggang Village. This coffin was tailor-made for this ghost.

But now the ghost has left the coffin, and Feng Quan has taken over it.

It can't return to the coffin, and Feng Quan, wary of the ghost's power, dare not leave the coffin either.

So a balance has been formed.

This is actually a stalemate.

After much struggle, three people paid a price to detain this ghost.

But when the sound of footsteps once again came from outside in the Black Night, it brought with it a sense of despair and helplessness.

“How can you be so certain that all of this is as you say? I don’t believe you,” said Feng Quan, his numb face showing a trace of fright and anger.

Yang Jian stared intently at him, “You’ve been here quite a while and could have guessed it; you just really want to become a real ghost and have subconsciously ignored the things you don’t want to think about.”

“What’s wrong with becoming a real ghost? Once I succeed, I’ll be able to control other ghosts, fearless of the Resurrection’s side effects. This city, no... the entire nation, maybe even the whole world’s fate will change because of me. I will be the only conscious, truly terrifying ghost.”

“Do you know what that would mean? It would mean that this psychic disaster could be stopped, even pacified... I would be a hero, a savior,” Feng Quan said, his numb face taking on a strangely crazed expression.

Is this really what he was thinking?

Indeed, it seems quite unbelievable.

“Although your idea is good, reality is cruel. You stay in the coffin for a day, the ghost guards you for a day. You won’t let it enter the coffin, and it won’t leave for a second,” Yang Jian said calmly; “Even if someone sees the value in the Ghost Coffin and sends rescue, it’ll just be one dead body after another. You can’t leave; how can you be a savior?”

“If the ghost is resolved, there will be no problem,” said Feng Quan.

“How will you resolve it? This ghost simply cannot be detained; it can be an amalgamation of all the villagers’ appearances, a weed, a stone, a building... If we’re to be accurate, the entire Huanggang Village is a ghost. You made the file on the Huanggang Village paranormal incident, you should be clear: when the paranormal incidents occurred, the whole village mysteriously vanished for three days.”

“After three days, the village reappeared.”

“By that time, the village was no longer the same village... but a ghost, yet still in the process of gestation and perhaps not perfect in some aspects. So Huanggang Village resumed the life of an ordinary village as before, with no hint of anomaly, which I consider to be a kind of imitative ability, like a child mimicking an adult’s behavior. It can also mimic the operational routine of a village.”

“Having just the village isn’t enough; you need villagers too. Hence, the villagers who had disappeared reappeared, and those ghost villagers, not being controlled, lived according to their previous lifestyles. When someone died, they knew to hold a funeral, set up a mourning hall; when guests arrived, they knew to receive them, greet them, but they would never leave the village by half a step.”

“Because they are already a part of the village, but as you entered the Ghost Coffin, you indirectly gained some control over the villagers. This is actually your influence over the ghost here, so you cannot fully control a villager since they are also a part of the ghost. The influence you have is already the limit; to control, you must dominate the ghost within the Ghost Coffin.”

Feng Quan’s face was changing unpredictably at this moment.

He couldn’t believe Yang Jian’s terrifying conjecture.

Yet, reality was before his eyes, and Feng Quan had no choice but to believe it.

Because, just as he said... the ghost was still there.

Footsteps once again approached from the darkness.

A figure was gradually nearing the spirit hall.

All these signs seemed to announce the ghost’s return.

If there was to be a fight, it would be the second round.

But you people are already severely wounded, while the ghost is fully resurrected.

If Yang Jian and Feng Quan teamed up again to defeat the ghost,

a third round would begin.

A never-ending confrontation,

until all the ghost controllers are worn down and die from the ghost's resurrection.

And as the number of ghosts in the village increases, this ghost's power would also grow stronger.

This has become a deadlock.

"No, even if your guess is right, I still have a chance to turn things around, that is to return to the Ghost Coffin and continue the previous balance..." Feng Quan's numb face was tinged with madness.

However, he didn't finish his words.

A Ghost Shadow suddenly stood behind him.

A hand, condensed from thick ink, grabbed Feng Quan's head.

With a gentle lift,

Feng Quan's head was plucked off, held in the hands of the Headless Ghost Shadow.

“Yang Jian... you?”

Even with his head severed, Feng Quan wasn't dead, but stared at him, both angry and frustrated.

“No matter what you want to do, right now I won't allow you to disrupt my plans,”

Yang Jian said icily, “There's actually only one way to leave this place.”

“That is to send the ghost back into the Ghost Coffin. Only then will everything here disappear, and the supernatural events of Huanggang Village will end. Such a dangerous thing is not something you can control.”

Separated from his body, Feng Quan was immobilized and spoke angrily, “Since you already understand that the ghost needs to return to the Ghost Coffin, what if one day it continues to grow inside the coffin, reaching an unimaginable height of terror before emerging again?”

“Who will be able to deal with it then?”

“You keep the ghost outside for your own sake, so why can't I send it back into the coffin for the sake of my own life?”

“The day that ghost leaves the coffin, that's no longer my concern. By then, I suppose the ghost controlling department will have a solution. If the ghost successfully returns to the coffin, I'll do a favor and send the coffin away for someone capable to worry about it.”

Yang Jian was unmoved: “You should feel lucky, if I weren't worried about the ghost in your body escaping, you would already be dead by now.”