

Revival 1311

Chapter 1311 - Liu Qi's Past

This is an abandoned school that has been locked down.

A car stopped at the school gate.

Three people got out of the car and stood at the school entrance, observing.

"Why come to No. 7 Middle School? It's been locked down for a year now." Liu Qi was a bit curious, looking at the school's playground covered in weeds, his expression somewhat dazed.

His mind immediately recalled the Door Knocking Ghost incident that his class experienced here.

It was an ordinary day, everyone was having evening self-study, who would have thought a nightmare would descend; although it had only been a short year since, everything has changed drastically now.

"There's nowhere else to go, so I thought of taking a stroll here. It's quiet and undisturbed, good for a chat." Yang Jian said.

"True, I haven't revisited an old haunt in a long time, so it's nice to look around." Liu Qi nodded in agreement.

Zhang Wei stroked his chin and said: "Brother Tui, what do you think about me buying this place? I can remodel it a bit, make it a secret base; it's conveniently located, with few people around since the nearby residents have moved away, plus it's in the city center, making it convenient for anything."

"I didn't expect you to have such a business sense." Yang Jian was a bit surprised.

"Haha, I just feel such a big piece of land is wasted; buying it would definitely be worth it." Zhang Wei laughed and said.

"Let's go, take a stroll inside, then find a place to sit and eat something. Ah Wei, bring the stuff." Yang Jian said.

Zhang Wei said: "Don't worry, the skewers I bought have been well kept."

As he spoke, he went to the trunk and took out a large bag of takeaway boxes and a pack of cola.

The three of them crossed the faded blockade line, walking into the overgrown abandoned school.

"I still remember, Wan Zihao died here." Liu Qi pointed ahead and said with slight emotion.

Zhang Wei said: "Don't mention that fool, if it wasn't for Wan Zihao answering the call and bringing the ghost over, more than just seven of us would have escaped alive at the time. Also, my virgin urine was useful then, wasn't it, Brother Tui?"

He had a deep impression of Wan Zihao.

After all, back in school, this guy was a top student, very proud, leaving a lasting memory.

"Your virgin urine was completely useless except for leaving my hand smelling like urine." Yang Jian said: "The most to blame was Fang Jing, if not for him most of our classmates could've survived; he was too selfish, sacrificing many people to save himself."

"The most regrettable was Su Lei, the class beauty; she was so beautiful, not killed by the ghost, but fell and died." Liu Qi said.

"I fell with Su Lei at the time; she was so unlucky, got pierced through the neck by a steel bar, otherwise she wouldn't have died. I watched her from the side, Su Lei was still alive, still breathing, I really wanted to save her, but despite Ah Wei wanting to save her, there was nothing I could do." Zhang Wei clenched his fists, feeling particularly regretful.

Liu Qi said: "So that's how it was, I only saw you and Su Lei fall together, didn't think she wasn't killed by the fall, but got impaled through the neck."

The three discussed past experiences, seemingly drawing closer together again.

Walking on the silent playground.

Retracing the escape route awakened many memories from back then.

"Liu Qi, you should know, I became a ghost handler during the Hungry Ghost incident, which is why I could take you all out of No. 7 Middle School, away from the Door Knocking Ghost's Ghost Domain. But back then you were just an ordinary person, and now in a year's time, you've not only become a ghost handler but also joined the headquarters and become a candidate captain; what have you been through?"

Yang Jian suddenly stopped, turned to Liu Qi, and asked.

Liu Qi did not hide, and directly said: "I didn't come to the last class reunion not because I didn't want to attend, but because something happened back in my hometown; my grandpa and grandma passed away on the same day, at the same time."

"Same day, same time, both passed away together?" Yang Jian's eyes sharpened: "Were your grandpa and grandma ghost handlers?"

"I actually don't know if they count as ghost handlers, but I can confirm they had some supernatural elements on them; they suffered a curse before but survived, so my grandpa and grandma's lives were tied together; if one died, the other would follow."

Liu Qi said this with a bitter smile: "You can't imagine how terrifying that funeral was; that night, two coffins were placed in the hall, and while I and some relatives were watching over them at night, my grandpa and grandma disappeared from their coffins...They had been dead for several days, but were wandering near the old home."

"Did they become zombies?" Zhang Wei's eyes widened.

Yang Jian said: "Revival of the ghost?"

"Not sure."

Liu Qi shook his head and said: "I couldn't determine my grandpa and grandma's situation at that time, whether it was supernatural revival, zombie awakening, or an invasion by the supernatural taking over their bodies; I just know that as my grandpa and grandma kept wandering around the old home, people in the village started dying one after another from then..."

"The situation escalated, everyone got scared, and some started to escape, but those who managed to leave always ended up back in the village, only returning as cold corpses, their eyes, noses, and mouths bleeding, a horrifying sight."

"The scariest time was when dozens of people in the village became corpses, just standing in the fields, staring at us."

Upon saying this, traces of fear appeared in Liu Qi's eyes.

Once again narrating the most terrifying thing buried deep in his heart, he felt somewhat uneasy.

"Looks like your grandpa and grandma are roaming the village, constantly killing people."

Yang Jian said, "So, your grandparents probably weren't ghost handlers. If they were, they would've been prepared for such things. They wouldn't have left their affairs unattended, letting their descendants experience this horror while mourning."

"You mentioned before that your grandparents had been cursed. I can guess that when they were young, they encountered a supernatural event and had no choice but to be tainted by a curse to stay alive. They probably thought the curse would end with their deaths, not anticipating this chaos."

"Your analysis is spot on. I thought deeply about it afterward, and it indeed seems so. My grandparents survived despite being cursed by the supernatural, and it was harmless while they lived. But the curse spiraled out of control after their deaths, turning into this terrifying supernatural event," Liu Qi nodded.

Zhang Wei said, "Oh my god, you got trapped in the village by your grandparents, who chased after you. That's just outrageous! So, how did you resolve it? Don't tell me you knelt down and kowtowed to them."

"At that time, I was the only one in the village who experienced the supernatural event. The Door Knocking Ghost incident had a huge impact on me, but it also taught me a lot, like the three sentences Zhou Zheng mentioned."

"Ghosts cannot be killed."

"Only ghosts can deal with ghosts."

"Observe the patterns of ghosts."

Liu Qi continued, "We survived back then because of those three sentences. So, after calming down, I began treating the situation as a supernatural event that needed to be addressed. I had to identify the ghost's killing pattern to survive as an ordinary person."

"Though there were some dangers along the way, I was lucky to find the reason."

"The reason my grandparents kept killing was because the curse was off-balance. My deceased grandfather was looking for my grandmother, and vice versa, even though they were in the same funeral hall. They never met, so they started killing people. The farther one got from the village, the more likely they were to be targeted."

"And the solution was simple: let my grandfather find my grandmother, so they could hold hands together. Then their bodies would stop moving."

"Luckily, you succeeded," Yang Jian said.

Liu Qi nodded painfully, "Yes, I succeeded. I buried my deceased grandparents together in one coffin, and that's when the supernatural event ended. But too many people died, many of my relatives perished in the village..."

He was unwilling to elaborate on the situation back then.

It seemed that he paid a heavy price to have his deceased grandparents buried together hand in hand.

After all, the people in Liu Qi's village were ordinary. Resolving a supernatural event as ordinary people meant risking their lives, and someone had to be willing to take that risk.

Liu Qi survived because someone dared to risk everything to do it.

The ones who would risk their lives for Liu Qi were most likely his parents.

Yang Jian remained silent and didn't ask further questions.

"Don't be too sad; it's all in the past. We have to keep striving to live," Zhang Wei walked over to comfort him, patting his shoulder.

Liu Qi, however, stepped aside, "Don't touch me, stay at a distance. Otherwise, ordinary people could easily die. I don't want to inadvertently harm you."

"Damn, you should've said so earlier," Zhang Wei quickly stepped back several paces.

"So, you became a ghost handler after that incident?" Yang Jian asked.

Liu Qi continued, "No, not immediately. After that incident, I realized that with the frequent occurrence of supernatural events in this world, I had to harness supernatural powers to survive and protect the people around me. I can bear all the pain, but I can't watch my family sacrifice for me again. That sense of helplessness and despair is something I never want to feel again in my life."

"So, after that incident ended, I went crazy looking for traces of the supernatural."

"Fortunately, supernatural traces aren't hard to find. I started actively engaging with the supernatural, aiming to become a ghost handler like you, Yang Jian."

Yang Jian said, "Becoming a ghost handler is coincidental. For an ordinary person to actively engage with the supernatural, it's very dangerous."

"I know, but I had no other choice."

Liu Qi said, "My only advantage was knowing that there are patterns to supernatural killings. Also, handling fierce ghosts requires not tackling ghosts that are too terrifying. One must act right when the supernatural first manifests a sign of itself... I faced several dangerous situations, but fortunately, I succeeded in the end." READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT [NOVEL\(F\)Ire.net](http://NOVEL(F)Ire.net)

"At a place where supernatural traces appeared, I finally harnessed a fierce ghost and became a ghost handler."

"But I know that was only the beginning. To grow, I must continuously engage with the supernatural. So, I didn't stop but continued participating in supernatural events, gleaning new supernatural powers from them and constantly improving."

Liu Qi said, "That's why I was out of contact for a while. Later, when I had some downtime, I learned from Zhang Wei that you joined Headquarters and became the head of Dachang City, so I decided to join Headquarters too."

"I must say it was the right decision. After joining Headquarters, I gained much knowledge about ghost handlers, learned ways to delay the resurgence of fierce ghosts, and continued resolving supernatural events while containing fierce ghosts, seeking a new supernatural balance. Perhaps because I was too immersed, by the time I came to my senses, I was already nominated as a candidate team leader."

Though he spoke in short phrases, it was easy to imagine.

At that time, Liu Qi had driven himself mad, constantly dealing with the supernatural. Certainly, it wasn't only for survival—an even greater reason was likely to numb himself with one supernatural event after another, to lessen the inner torment, and to vent his anger upon the fierce ghosts.

Time and again, he faced trials of life and death, surviving each encounter.

In just one year, Liu Qi indeed reached a remarkable height.

This was quite similar to Yang Jian's own experiences.

Except that Yang Jian faced even more dangerous events, while Liu Qi, being more cautious, dealt with remarkably minor supernatural incidents, with comparatively lower risks.

Chapter 1312 - The Found Axe

Although Liu Qi talked about his past terrifying experiences, he was smart enough to blur over details involving specific supernatural powers and not disclose them, obviously keeping it confidential, even with Zhang Wei and Yang Jian being old classmates, he remained on guard.

This is normal behavior.

Yang Jian did not probe into what kind of supernatural power Liu Qi had mastered.

The three chatted, sitting on the abandoned school playground, eating grilled skewers, drinking cola, as if it were a normal class reunion.

"Liu Qi, what are your plans next?" Yang Jian asked after taking a sip of cola.

"Actually, I don't have any grand ideas. Initially, I only thought about acquiring stronger supernatural powers, always dealing with the paranormal. Now that I've stopped to rest, I don't quite know what I should do. However, I'm a city official now, living a wealthy life with a high status. The only regret is having few relatives left around me."

Liu Qi's lips showed a hint of bitterness, appearing quite helpless.

None of this was what he wanted; sometimes, there really is no choice. Since the moment he encountered the paranormal, he was destined to be unable to free himself.

"Then be a responsible official, you can come to Dachang City to gather when you have time. We are colleagues now, so we'll often have chances to meet," Yang Jian said.

"Actually, among all the people I've met, the one I admire most is you, Yang Jian. Some things only truly make sense after experiencing them. The weight of being a captain—your captain—that's not something everyone can understand. I've seen your records. The paranormal events you went through; any one of them, if it were me, I wouldn't know how many times I'd have died."

Liu Qi showed nothing but admiration for Yang Jian.

Actually, his experiences were quite similar to Yang Jian's, but because they were similar, he found Yang Jian's experiences and achievements unbelievable.

"It's all just to survive. If possible, I wouldn't want to become a ghost rider," Yang Jian said.

"Yeah, there's no choice,"

With some emotion, Liu Qi then smiled slightly and said, "But I'm not unlucky. I have an old classmate like you at headquarters, to be honest, I'm quite happy. If in the future there's something I can help with, just let me know; ha ha, I almost forgot, you're the Enforcement Captain, if you really need help, you could just requisition, and I can't refuse."

"Liu Qi, you didn't come to me just to attend the class reunion, right? Is there anything you need help with? For the sake of our old classmates, I'm willing to help you." Yang Jian said calmly.

Liu Qi replied, "No, Yang Jian, you've misunderstood. I really don't have anything that needs your help. This time I came just to attend the class reunion. The city I'm responsible for does have some troubles, but I can handle them. I value the relatives and friends around me greatly. We are classmates who have experienced life and death together, and I don't want our relationship mixed with any interests."

"Sorry, I was overthinking it." Yang Jian apologized.

"No, Yang Jian, you're not wrong. With your current status, countless people will seek interests from you. Actually, I've had similar experiences." Liu Qi shook his head, indicating understanding.

While they were chatting, they suddenly realized that Zhang Wei, who was wandering nearby, was gone, missing for some time now.

"By the way, where did Zhang Wei go? He was just here." Liu Qi reacted, searching around.

Yang Jian opened his ghost eye to glance casually, "He's over on the playground. He seems to be... digging a hole? Wait, there's something going on with Zhang Wei over there, let's go take a look."

His expression moved, having seen something peculiar, and he immediately stood up.

"Is he in danger? But I don't feel any paranormal presence nearby." Liu Qi curiously asked.

"He's not in danger. Let's go over and see." Yang Jian didn't say much and immediately walked toward the other playground.

Soon.

They found Zhang Wei. At this moment, Zhang Wei had somehow found a shovel and was digging a hole vigorously.

He was sweating from his forehead, and as he dug up a muddy hole, an old, cold wooden stick gradually appeared before their eyes.

"Zhang Wei, what are you doing?" Liu Qi asked.

Zhang Wei stood up, wiped his sweat, and said, "You're just in time. I don't know what I've eaten that's gone bad; I have a bit of diarrhea. I was going to go to the bathroom, but you know, it's been so long since the bathrooms here were used, it's scary, so I decided to solve it in the middle of the playground. After all, the air is fresh here, the view is wide, and it's clean and sanitary, a great place to squat."

"As I walked on the road, I stumbled over this thing. Thankfully, I'm nimble, or I would have tripped hard. This fiery temper, no way I can stand it, there must be payback, so I went to find a shovel in the school, planning to flatten this thing."

"But who knew this thing is indestructibly sturdy, I couldn't flatten it, I had no choice but to change tactics and dig it out instead. The deeper it gets, the more it seems like I'm getting nowhere."

While speaking, Zhang Wei grumbled unwillingly, handing over the shovel, "Brother Tui, you have the strength, you dig. We must flatten it, or if I come back to use the bathroom here, I'll trip again for sure."

Yang Jian took the shovel, glanced again, and before he could speak, Liu Qi said, "This doesn't look like a rotten stick; rather, it seems like some kind of handle, and this isn't an ordinary item."

"What's this thing?" Zhang Wei asked.

"It has a supernatural aura, involving paranormal activities. Otherwise, a swing of the shovel would've broken this wood into two pieces."

Yang Jian did not deliberately open his ghost eye to look; he already sensed supernatural interference with a casual glance.

Liu Qi said, "No. 7 Middle School should have been checked more than once, why is there still this thing? Was it left behind during the Door Knocking Ghost incident or traces from the Hungry Ghost event?"

"No, my Ghost Domain has scanned here more than once. I'm sure this thing appeared recently, but judging by its burial, it seems to have been around for years. However, we don't need to guess, let's pull it out and see." Yang Jian said, proceeding directly to grab the old wooden stick with his charred ghost hand.

His strength was enormous, beyond the scope of a living person.

With applied force, the ground instantly bulged, and he pulled out a dirt-covered axe, painted with red lacquer, from the underground.

"It's an axe?" Liu Qi's eyes narrowed, "And it's a supernatural item."

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian gave a forceful shake, and after the dirt fell off, looking at the eerie, cold ax, his mind was immediately filled with some memories.

He had seen this thing before, back when he was inside the ghost painting at the post office, he saw a ghost handler in the oil painting wielding this axe to chop people.

However, the paranormal items in the oil painting world are all drawn and cannot be taken out of the painting, or they will immediately dissipate.

But things that appear in the oil painting must have real-world counterparts.

"A supernatural axe? Isn't this a windfall?" Zhang Wei's eyes lit up, and he was instantly delighted.

Liu Qi found it inconceivable; this time, he was truly enlightened: "I really didn't expect you to find a paranormal item just walking down the street, and this supernatural weapon seems very stable, without signs of paranormal loss of control."

"So, can I use it too?" Zhang Wei asked.

"Generally speaking, using a supernatural weapon comes with a price, which ordinary people cannot bear. It's not recommended to use it, but it depends on the situation. Some supernatural weapons have a small price for using them, such that even ordinary people can bear it. But don't rush, let Yang Jian check it out first, investigate thoroughly, after all, he's the paranormal expert." Liu Qi said, advising Zhang Wei not to act impulsively.

Sometimes, even for an ordinary person, just touching a paranormal item could be lethal.

After holding it for a while, Yang Jian felt that the ax became increasingly heavy over time, a weight seemingly endless, until you couldn't lift it anymore.

But after putting the ax back on the ground, it was fine again.

This weight was clearly not real but a supernatural burden.

As for what the ax's function was, Yang Jian had not used it and could not judge, but he was sure touching it would definitely not cause harm, as there was no apparent curse on it.

"You're right, this is a supernatural item, and what's more, it's a weapon. I didn't find any curse on it, but when I held it just now, it felt increasingly heavier, and eventually, I had to let go and put it down. However, after letting go and picking it up again, the feeling of heaviness started to accumulate once more."

"It seems this supernatural weapon can't be held tight for a long time."

Yang Jian stared at this red ax, contemplating more about why this thing appeared here, but the ax's weight increased again, forcing him to put it down.

"Since there's no problem, let me play with it for a bit, Brother Tui." Zhang Wei couldn't wait, he came over and seized the ax from the ground.

"Zhang Wei, it's dangerous, don't mess around," Liu Qi hurriedly shouted.

However, he didn't touch Zhang Wei, not daring to stop him temporarily.

Zhang Wei held the ax without any discomfort; he even weighed it in his hand and said, "This thing is really light, not heavy at all, I don't feel anything."

The ax in his hand seemed as light as a small wooden stick, ridiculously light.

"It seems the more supernatural you are, the heavier the ax becomes when you hold it."

Yang Jian watched Zhang Wei, ready to restart and pull Zhang Wei back from the brink of death.

But he was bouncing around, untouched by any curse.

"But Liu Qi is right, paranormal items are very dangerous, don't mess around. I'll study it in depth later and understand the situation before deciding. If it's suitable for ordinary people to use, you can keep it; otherwise, it can only be stored in a safe box." Yang Jian said.

Zhang Wei said, "How long does this research take? I think this thing is really nice, I want to take it out and chop some ghosts."

In that moment, his confidence inflated, wishing to ax down fierce ghosts.

"It will probably take about a week to study it thoroughly. Dr. Chen from the company is an expert in this field, and his research is more thorough." Yang Jian said, deciding to let Dr. Chen decrypt the supernatural aspect of this red ax.

In the coming days, he needs to keep an eye on the Wishing Ghost that might appear at any time, so as not to be distracted.

"Alright then, I'll take this ax to Dr. Chen later." Zhang Wei was still playing with the ax in his hand, chopping some nearby weeds, feeling particularly smooth.

Seeing nothing happened, Yang Jian didn't stop him much, just said, "Don't mess around, study it thoroughly before playing. If it's suitable for ordinary people to use, you can keep it; otherwise, it can only be sealed in a safe box."

"Yang Jian, is he always this lucky, or is today just an exception?" Liu Qi looked envious at this moment.

That's a supernatural weapon, extremely precious in the paranormal circle.

"He's probably always this lucky." Yang Jian sighed.

"Really makes one envious."

Liu Qi clicked his tongue, wanting to ask Zhang Wei for it, but he really couldn't bring himself to, and Zhang Wei wouldn't likely give it to him either.

"Stop being envious, I've patrolled here countless times, never finding anything unusual, until today when Zhang Wei found it." Yang Jian was also speechless.

He felt that patrolling the city through the Ghost Domain every so often was actually of no use at all.

Such a supernatural weapon was right under his nose and he didn't notice.

"Let's head back. From Zhang Wei's look, you can tell he's not in the mood to sit around, I'll take him to Dr. Chen, you also come along, I'll give you a tour of the company." Yang Jian said.

"Alright." Liu Qi nodded, not refusing.

Three people set off again to leave.

Chapter 1313 - Baishui Town

After Yang Jian returned to the company with Liu Qi and Zhang Wei, the first thing he did was to find Doctor Chen and let him study the axe in Zhang Wei's hand.

This supernatural object is quite special. If the supernatural power residing on it can be understood, it might be of great help in the future.

However, what piques Yang Jian's curiosity is why this thing appeared at No. 7 Middle School.

The Door Knocking Ghost incident occurred there in the past, and after the incident was resolved, the place was thoroughly investigated several times. Even when Yang Jian conducts his regular patrols of Dachang City, he keeps a special eye on locations where supernatural events have previously occurred, and his ghost eye has surveyed the place multiple times, so he can be sure this supernatural object hasn't always been at No. 7 Middle School.

It must have appeared at No. 7 Middle School recently.

Because lately, Yang Jian has been out on business frequently, either dealing with Ghost Lake or handling the Caesars Grand Hotel, or fighting with Zhang Xiangguang, rarely paying attention to what's happening in Dachang City.

"Old Chen, you must take good care of my axe. It's the key for me, Ah Wei, to rise to power. Once you're done researching it, I'll give you that sports car I bought before; I promise you won't be disappointed."

Zhang Wei looked longingly at his beloved axe being taken away, feeling like losing a dear love.

"Zhang Wei, there's no need to be so dramatic. You're acting like it's a life-and-death separation. This thing is dangerous, and if it's not thoroughly researched, using it could be fatal. Don't rush; take your time and trust Yang Jian," said Liu Qi.

"You are all ghost controllers, so you wouldn't understand the frustration of someone like me with skills but no way to use them. This axe is not only an opportunity for me to rise but also a chance to showcase my talents," Zhang Wei said earnestly and confidently. "Just wait, it won't be long before I can join the headquarters and become a city manager."

"Becoming a manager isn't that easy..." Liu Qi said.

"In my life dictionary, there are no such words as difficulty."

Zhang Wei remained confident. He then asked, "Brother Tui, when is the class reunion? We need to set a date. Miao Xiaoshan is coming tomorrow, but there's no news from Wang Shanshan. You need to urge her to respond; she hasn't replied to my messages in a while, and none of the dozens of red packets I sent have been claimed. That's a bit unusual."

"Noon the day after tomorrow, I have some special situations to deal with in the next three days, and Wang Shanshan's absence has been a bit lengthy..." Yang Jian murmured.

He remembered Wang Shanshan took the Ghost Child away, and the bell around the Ghost Child's neck contains the human skin paper, which he currently needs for some situations he's encountering. It's time to bring Wang Shanshan back.

"It so happens Wang Shanshan's father, Wang Bin, is in the company. I'll go find him and ask," said Yang Jian, wasting no time and taking action.

"Let's go together," Zhang Wei said.

Yang Jian didn't refuse. The three left Doctor Chen's research department and headed to Wang Bin's office.

Wang Bin is the company manager. Although his position isn't high, he has substantial powers within the company, handling almost all of the company affairs big and small. Yang Jian and Zhang Wei are merely figureheads and generally don't manage company matters, only appearing for exceptionally important occasions.

And Wang Bin has indeed been diligent and conscientious, managing the company efficiently with rapid development.

The only time there was trouble was when Zhang Wei's father, Zhang Xiang, lost a large sum of money in Da'ao City.

But Yang Jian didn't blame him, as people make mistakes, and the incident was a deliberate setup.

"Uncle Wang, are you here?" Zhang Wei barged into Wang Bin's office without hesitation.

Wang Bin's desk was piled with documents, and he was currently smoking, frowning at a proposal.

Zhang Wei's arrival interrupted his thoughts, and as he looked up, he saw Yang Jian entering as well. Immediately, he put down his work and stood up.

"Zhang Wei, Yang Jian? How come you have time to come to my office? Is something the matter?" He smiled.

"No problem. Just want to ask about Wang Shanshan. She's been away from Dachang City for some time, and I need her to come back," Yang Jian said.

Wang Bin said, "Shanshan? Didn't she go to her grandmother's house some time ago? I've been busy with work lately, so I haven't paid much attention to the matter. Since it's you, Yang Jian, who needs Shanshan, I'll give her a call to have her return."

"Uncle Wang, I've tried, but the call can't get through," Zhang Wei said.

"How can that be?" Wang Bin said, somewhat surprised.

Yang Jian said, "She took the Ghost Child while leaving, which means she didn't just go to her grandmother's for vacation, but with a purpose. Now that she's missing, it's likely something happened, and not just a minor incident, given the Ghost Child can handle most low-danger level supernatural events."

"Even if faced with a very unusual supernatural event, the Ghost Child can ensure Wang Shanshan's safety, at least help her withdraw from the supernatural domain."

"Shanshan took the Ghost Child with her?"

Wang Bin's expression changed. He knew Shanshan had this thing with her, and had consistently been raising that little ghost, which is why Shanshan mostly didn't stay at home, living in a renovated old Republican-era mansion instead.

But this time, he genuinely didn't know Shanshan took the Ghost Child to her grandmother's house.

He doesn't follow supernatural matters and doesn't want to get involved; he just wants to do his job well.

So Wang Bin thought Shanshan was merely visiting her grandmother's for fun.

"If that's the case, this matter is indeed significant." Wang Bin became anxious, "Yang Jian, what should we do now?"

"I thought you knew something, but I didn't expect you to be as clueless as I am. Since Wang Shanshan has lost contact, I'll have to personally go to fetch her back. Give me the address, and I'll set off immediately. If everything goes smoothly, I'll bring her back by tonight," said Yang Jian.

Wang Bin promptly said, "Shanshan's grandmother's house is in Dashan City, Baishui Town, not too far from Dachang City, only about two hundred kilometers away. Her grandmother's name is Wang Xiuli..."

"That's already enough. Dashan City, Baishui Town, with this address is sufficient," Yang Jian nodded.
"Then I won't disturb your work anymore; I'm setting off now."

"I'm counting on you, Yang Jian, and hope Shanshan is safe," Wang Bin started to worry and became nervous.

After all, their family barely survived the Hungry Ghost incident and just started getting back to normal life, not wanting to be embroiled in weird supernatural events anymore.

"Rest assured, there won't be any problems," Yang Jian comforted him.

The three soon left Wang Bin's office.

At this moment, Liu Qi said, "Yang Jian, let's go together; there must be issues with this Baishui Town. I'll help you inquire about Dashan City's manager."

Finishing his sentence, he picked up the satellite positioning phone, began connecting to the operator.

Soon.

He got Dashan City's details from the operator, and he immediately said, "The manager of Dashan City is named Seow Yang, code-named Ghost Rain. Very coincidentally, he's also lost contact, and the place he lost contact is Baishui Town. That place indeed has issues, but there's no file on Baishui Town's supernatural events at headquarters."

"I think it's not that Baishui Town doesn't have supernatural events, but rather that Seow Yang, who wanted to document them, encountered problems. But the disconnect time is still short; if there's no contact after a few days, headquarters will send a candidate captain to investigate. But under normal circumstances, this matter should be handled by you, Yang Jian."

Yang Jian said, "The Dashan City within two hundred kilometers from Dachang City, according to the jurisdiction of other captains, is indeed under my responsibility, but I have an agreement with the headquarters that I am only responsible for Dachang City, other places are not under my jurisdiction."

"There's such an agreement?" Liu Qi was stunned for a moment, not aware of the insider details.

Yang Jian didn't continue this topic but went on, "Baishui Town has a problem, I'll handle this matter, you stay in Dachang City."

"I am very aware of your abilities, Yang Jian, handling it alone is definitely not a problem, but I think having an extra person means having more help, plus Wang Shanshan is an old classmate, lending a hand is only right." Liu Qi insisted on going along.

"Liu Qi, saying that makes me unhappy, as if Zhang Wei is timid and afraid of trouble, Brother Tui, wait for me a moment, I'm going to retrieve my dual guns, I'll show you what it means to have the power of the dual-wielding gunslinger of Dachang City." Zhang Wei also expressed a desire to go, unwilling to back down.

"Ah Wei, don't get involved in supernatural events, Wang Shanshan with the Ghost Child has lost contact, and even the person in charge might have failed, this is not simple, you stay in Dachang City, Liu Qi and I will go, also Miao Xiaoshan is coming to Dachang City tomorrow, you have to pick her up for me and treat her well." Yang Jian said seriously.

Liu Qi also said, "Zhang Wei, I know you're loyal, but this matter is unusual, stay in Dachang City, wait for us to bring Wang Shanshan back."

"Since you all said so, I'll listen to Brother Tui and stay." Zhang Wei didn't persist, reluctantly remaining behind.

He was somewhat sensible after all.

Yang Jian didn't hesitate, directly opened his ghost eye, releasing the Ghost Domain.

"Liu Qi, don't resist my Ghost Domain, I'll take you on the road..."

As soon as the voice fell, he and Liu Qi had already disappeared from where they were, in just two seconds they had left Dachang City.

"Is this the ability of the top Ghost Domain in the supernatural circle?"

At that moment, Liu Qi felt the terror of Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, easily covering a city, traversing two places taking only a dozen seconds, not even a minute.

In the Ghost Domain, all sight blurred, but he could still judge that his position was being transferred in an unbelievable manner.

When vision returned to normal.

Yang Jian and Liu Qi had already arrived at Baishui Town.

Baishui Town is not large, nor is it well-known, because it is built by the water, with clear water flow, thus called Baishui Town.

"It's raining in the sky."

Yang Jian furrowed his brows, slightly looked up towards the sky.

The sky is dim and oppressive, dense dark clouds covering it like an airtight lid over the entire Baishui Town.

Outside the town the sun shines brightly, inside the town it's continuous gloomy rain.

Even the temperature differs greatly.

The gloomy rain enveloping Baishui Town fills the air with a kind of chill mixed with inexplicable cold, ordinary people living in such a climate, even wearing thick coats would shiver.

"It's not normal rain, it feels like a Ghost Domain enveloping the town." Liu Qi reached out to touch the rain falling from the sky.

The rain in the hand was especially chilling, and felt unreal, because the rainwater quickly dissipated.

It didn't evaporate, but seemed to disappear into thin air.

"The rainwater is a manifestation of the supernatural, there's indeed something wrong here." Yang Jian looked at this sky, involuntarily thought of the black Ghost Umbrella.

However, the rain in the black Ghost Umbrella isn't a problem, the rain inside is only a medium, the truly dangerous element is the fearsome ghost lingering within the umbrella.

"The person in charge in Dashan City has the code name Ghost Rain, this rain might be related to him," Liu Qi said, "but no person in charge can sustain this level of supernatural activity for long... so he has probably undergone ghost revival."

"Not necessarily, the rain is somewhat supernatural but not deadly, an ordinary umbrella can block it, only the environment is affected making the entire Baishui Town rather damp and cold."

"If the person in charge in Dashan City has indeed undergone ghost revival, the fall of this rain would be fatal."

Yang Jian said, "But I really dislike the rain, so let's stop this rain first."

Next moment.

He opened the ghost eye, Ghost Domain spread.

Next moment, light appeared in the sombre sky, dazzling and golden, tearing apart the dark clouds, dispelling the gloomy rain, the cold atmosphere in the air quickly dissipated at an incredible speed.

Baishui Town, shrouded in darkness for long, emerged once more under the sunlight.

Continuous gloomy rain was ended at this moment.

"Generally, the supernatural doesn't require action, merely passing by would resolve it," Liu Qi thought secretly in shock.

Only by experiencing it firsthand can one understand the weight of Yang Jian as an Enforcement Captain.

If it were him, he would have cautiously walked into Baishui Town with an umbrella, not daring to enter such a potentially supernatural town so recklessly.

"Don't be careless." Yang Jian spoke.

"?" Liu Qi looked at him with a puzzled expression.

Did he show signs of carelessness? He had been cautious, you are the one who seemed careless.

Yang Jian said again, "What I dispelled was just a normal supernatural phenomenon, the real threat hasn't surfaced yet, I can sense the peculiarity of this town, have the operator pull up the latest map of Baishui Town, I feel some areas don't match Baishui Town's buildings, my sight is distorted there."

"I understand." Liu Qi also didn't waste words, promptly called his operator.

Soon.

The latest map of Baishui Town was sent over.

Yang Jian glanced at it, compared it to the real Baishui Town, and immediately halted his steps.

More than half of Baishui Town was unexpectedly not on the map.

Chapter 1314 - The Sleeping One

Comparing it to the original map of Baishui Town, Yang Jian discovered the strangeness of this town.

Astonishingly, more than half of the buildings in this town are not on the map, and both Yang Jian and Liu Qi, upon entering the town, didn't notice anything amiss, as if the town had always been like this, impossible to resemble the map.

"Unbelievable, such a thing happens? How can reality and the map be different?" Liu Qi fixed his gaze on the map on his phone, then lifted his head to look at the few buildings near the street of the town.

On the map, those buildings don't exist.

But before their eyes, these buildings perfectly matched the surrounding streets, as though they had always been there.

"If this map wasn't sent from headquarters, I'd suspect it was fake, or an old map. But this map was updated only three months ago, and in that time, a county couldn't have changed so drastically."

At this moment, Liu Qi too was filled with doubt.

He looked at the perfectly normal county streets, even after the rain, many town residents walked on the roads, making it hard to associate anything here with the supernatural.

"That's precisely why this place is terrifying."

Yang Jian said with a calm face: "If everything was truly normal, Wang Shanshan wouldn't have lost contact here, and apart from that, the person in charge from Dashan City also encountered issues in Baishui Town. Although the supernatural has not spread, and the people of the town haven't yet started dying en masse."

"But this doesn't mean everything is safe. However, I have a rough guess about the situation here."

"What guess?" Liu Qi asked.

Yang Jian surveyed the area and said: "Baishui Town must have intersected with some supernatural realm. That realm has encountered problems, beginning to infiltrate reality. This infiltration isn't instantaneous; it occurs over a period of time, so initially, many people won't notice anything strange."

"But as time goes on and the supernatural infiltration intensifies, the town will certainly experience unimaginable, terrifying supernatural events."

"Then why does this town still look so normal, without any issues? If that's the case, the supernatural within the town will grow more fierce, causing a massive reaction eventually." Liu Qi remarked.

Yang Jian continued to walk down the town's streets, calmly saying: "It has already caused reactions. The head of Dashan City, that person named Seow Yang, came here, which is the best proof. He seems to have underestimated the danger here, failed to create files or send messages, and just disappeared."

"Headquarters won't immediately send a rescue missionary after the person in charge loses contact, because the supernatural will interfere with communication. Losing contact is commonplace, hence they don't waste unnecessary resources, so during this period of the person's disappearance, no one will monitor Baishui Town."

"Alright, discussing these matters now holds little significance. Since we're already here, we should figure out how to find Wang Shanshan and bring her back."

Yang Jian continued to delve deeper into Baishui Town.

Due to his Ghost Domain, the gloomy rain in the sky was dispelled, the cold town once again basked in light, and the damp conditions improved, though a heavy mist still emanated from the surrounding buildings, carrying a moldy smell that induced discomfort.

It seems to have rained here for a long time.

Yang Jian temporarily dispelled some supernatural occurrences here but couldn't completely alter everything in an instant. Newest update provided by Novel-Fire.net

"Let's first head to Wang Shanshan's grandmother's house. During this time, don't enter any building, since you can't tell which are Baishui Town's, and which are not. In the sight of my ghost eyes, all buildings are twisted and deformed. The supernatural has contaminated the entire town; even I can't discern which buildings have issues, and which don't."

"So it's best to assume that all the buildings have issues."

Yang Jian felt tempted to use the Ghost Domain to set the entire town ablaze but restrained himself.

The supernatural rain here had lasted too long, causing many ordinary residents to absorb supernatural aura. If he set the town on fire, many ordinary people would perish as well.

"It seems the supernatural rain has contaminated the normal water source. In the processes of eating, drinking, and waste, ordinary people inevitably absorbed it. Why would that person named Seow Yang leave things like this? He should know that his supernatural powers affect ordinary people, yet he still did this."

"Clearly, this Seow Yang did it intentionally, as the supernatural held within the rain is controlled finely; it can pollute ordinary people without being fatal..."

"So, was his act done with ulterior motives, or were there other considerations?"

Yang Jian speculated.

Unfortunately, he couldn't get in touch with Seow Yang. Otherwise, he would have asked about the situation.

Liu Qi was on high alert, being extra cautious of his surroundings.

He was startled easily at the moment, as he felt that every passerby had issues, and every building was problematic. This town, in his view, was not a normal town at all but a ghost town.

Only the ghosts hadn't appeared yet.

In contrast, Yang Jian remained much calmer, steadily walking towards the address Wang Bin had mentioned.

However, Baishui Town had changed considerably since before, and the address had shifted somewhat. Yang Jian circled around before finally confirming the location of Wang Shanshan's grandmother's house.

It was a two-story building by the street, quite ordinary.

At this moment, the house's door was half-open, the interior was dim, and only through narrow gaps could one see a huge painting on the wall in the hall—a painting of Guanyin, symbolizing fertility and blessing. But now the painting was covered with mold spots, adding an eerie touch to the image that once symbolized good fortune.

"Creak!"

Yang Jian arrived at the entrance and reached out to push open the door.

In the murky air, there was a strong moldy smell mixed in. Green moss had grown on the walls and corners of the hall, suggesting that this place hadn't been tended to for a long time.

He glanced at the food on the table.

It was also moldy, and who knows how long it had been left there.

"Looks like something has happened here. If Wang Shanshan's grandma was still around, the house wouldn't be left uncared for. Yang Jian, can you find a way to contact Wang Shanshan's grandma? Let's try calling her first." Liu Qi also entered, slightly covering his nose and appraising the scene as he spoke.

"No need for a call. Wang Shanshan's grandma has been in this house all along; she hasn't gone out at all."

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye was open, that restless eyeball rolled around before finally fixing its gaze on the adjacent room.

Liu Qi's expression changed, but before he could think more, Yang Jian was already at the neighboring room's door.

"The door is locked from the outside, seems like someone didn't want the person inside to come out." Yang Jian tried to push it open, but it was futile. Left with no choice, he used a little force and broke the lock.

When the door opened, the moldy odor was accompanied by a faint smell of decay.

On the bed in the room lay an elderly woman, about seventy years old, completely still. Her sagging skin showed a deathly grey color, eyes shut, serene in expression, as if she had passed away long ago.

Yet strangely, her body hadn't decomposed.

In such a dark, humid environment, a corpse should decay very quickly.

"A body saturated by Supernatural Power might start moving again at any moment." Yang Jian raised his hand, and on the charred Ghost Hand, a pale green Ghost Flame flickered.

He intended to cremate the corpse.

With the flame's appearance, the darkness and dampness in the room were immediately dispelled, along with that terrible moldy smell.

Under the glow of the fire, the deathly grey corpse on the bed regained some color, and even showed subtle movements.

Seeing this, Yang Jian frowned and immediately extinguished the Ghost Flame.

"Are you taking into account Wang Shanshan and not planning to cremate her grandma?" Liu Qi asked.

"No, this elderly woman seems not completely dead. She's been invaded by Supernatural Power; though lacking breath and heartbeat, she's somehow kept alive by the supernatural, trapped in a delicate state. The appearance of Ghost Flame dispersed part of the supernatural, causing her to regain some color and showing signs of waking."

"Can such a thing really occur?" Liu Qi was surprised, "Then can we save Wang Shanshan's grandma?"

"No, while Ghost Flame disperses some of the supernatural, the risk is that the elderly maintained by it may ignite; if it continues, she would die for sure, so I extinguished the flame."

After thinking for a moment, Yang Jian suddenly took something from the spreading water at his feet.

It was a sheet of yellow paper.

Though somewhat damaged, it was still able to cover a face.

He went over and placed this yellow paper on the elderly woman's deathly grey body on the bed.

The moment the yellow paper touched her face, it adhered directly to her skin, almost as if it had awareness.

Yet in the next instant.

The elderly woman on the bed suddenly reacted greatly, starting to struggle fiercely as if she were suffocating.

Yang Jian was unmoved; beside him, Liu Qi coldly watched the scene unfold.

Because they saw, as the elderly woman struggled, the deathly grey began to dissipate, transforming back to normal skin.

Finally, all the deathly grey was gone, the elderly woman was entirely restored to a normal appearance.

But concurrently, she ceased her struggle, appearing to suffocate to death, becoming completely motionless.

"It seems ineffective?"

Liu Qi looked at Yang Jian with some doubt.

"I never intended to awaken this elderly woman; the purpose of the yellow paper is to put her into slumber yet keep her from death, similar to the previous situation. It's simply that I don't trust an unknown supernatural to sustain her life; rather than that, I'd prefer using my method. But the supernatural still lingers on her body. Only by resolving the source of the supernatural will this power dissipate; now the yellow paper has merely suppressed it temporarily. Once removed, she'll revert to her previous state." Yang Jian replied.

"Let's move along, check elsewhere. This town still hides many unusual places; we might have our hands full."

After giving the elderly woman on the bed a glance, Yang Jian turned and left the room.

Liu Qi followed and left too, not forgetting to lock the door again before departing.

Chapter 1315 - The Town at Night

After Yang Jian and Liu Qi left Wang Shanshan's grandmother's house, they began to re-examine this county town.

Reality and supernatural blend, the living and the dead coexist.

It seems normal, but in fact, it is filled with eeriness everywhere. Although danger hasn't manifested yet, Yang Jian vaguely feels a sense of unease.

Even though with his current abilities he can fight against most of the supernatural, including vengeful ghosts, this doesn't mean he can navigate through paranormal events effortlessly. Who knows when a terrifying ghost might suddenly appear.

"The county town is so big, where should we look for Wang Shanshan and them?" Liu Qi is a bit bewildered at the moment, unsure of where to start.

Investigation and finding people aren't his strengths.

"Go to places that seem unusual to search, although this county town is larger than before, it's still within an acceptable range, at most just spend a little more time." Yang Jian said.

He walked deeper into the county along the street.

On the path he walked, he can basically confirm there's no danger, so he has to venture deeper into the county.

Currently, there's not a single car on the street.

The pedestrians on the road seem to have become sparse, occasionally one or two people pass by. Those passing pedestrians look abnormal, some pale, covered in paranormal rainwater, unknown if they're alive or dead.

"I'll go stop someone and ask about the situation." Liu Qi said.

At the moment.

A middle-aged man approached, wearing a raincoat and rain boots, soaked as if just drenched by rain, his face somewhat pale, his expression dazed.

Yang Jian did not refuse Liu Qi's proposal.

"Excuse me, brother, may I ask you about the situation here?" Liu Qi asked politely.

However, this middle-aged man in a raincoat seemed not to hear, still continued walking on his own, showing no change on his slightly pale face.

Yang Jian stared at the eyes of this middle-aged man, discovered a thin layer of vapor over his eyes, like fog on glass, this vapor obscures light, causing the man's eyeballs to look somewhat dark, but this anomaly is quite subtle, not easy to notice.

"Wait." Liu Qi reached out to stop him.

The middle-aged man continued to walk forward, ignoring Liu Qi's obstruction.

But just as he was about to contact Liu Qi, Liu Qi withdrew his hand with a frown.

He worried that his interference might harm the person.

"This person's eyes are covered by a layer of vapor, most likely bewitched by the supernatural, causing hallucinations. Without careful observation I wouldn't have noticed. Now it seems not only this person, but everyone in this small town may be like this." Yang Jian said.

"No wonder, despite such changes in the town, there are still normal people walking on the streets, turns out they've all fallen for hallucinations." Liu Qi realized.

Yang Jian walked up at this moment, grabbing the middle-aged man in front of him.

The charred Ghost Hand has the ability to suppress a ghost.

Just a touch, the paranormal clinging to this middle-aged man rapidly dissipated, the vapor in his eyes quickly vanished.

Soon.

This middle-aged man regained his senses from bewilderment and stupor.

But when he regained his senses, his eyes immediately filled with horror, his whole body intensely struggled, trembled, as if witnessing something utterly terrifying.

"Ah!"

The middle-aged man couldn't escape Yang Jian's grasp, letting out a desperate scream.

"A grown man scared like this is really disgraceful." Yang Jian casually threw him to the ground.

The man fell heavily, perhaps from pain, perhaps from Yang Jian's words, he calmed a bit, reducing his terror and gaining some reason.

"Dead, dead, all dead... Quickly leave here, quickly leave here, there are ghosts here, can't stay, ghosts everywhere, many people died." The man sat paralyzed on the ground, shouted loudly, his demeanor somewhat hysterical, seemingly recalling terrifying events.

Liu Qi stretched out his hand at this moment, put on gloves, then slapped the man heavily in the face: "Stop yelling, we're not ghosts, we're here to save you."

"Really troublesome." At this moment, Yang Jian couldn't help but want to extract this person's memory to avoid wasting words asking.

After being slapped heavily by Liu Qi, the middle-aged man finally calmed down completely, but instead became somewhat angry: "How dare you hit me? Do you know who I am?"

Liu Qi coldly slapped him again: "We are responsible for handling paranormal events from headquarters, no matter who you are, if you don't cooperate with us properly, shooting you here is quite reasonable."

After saying this, he directly took out a pistol and pressed it against this middle-aged man's forehead.

"Big brother, I'm sorry."

The cold metal touching his forehead, scared the middle-aged man into shivering, the threat at hand surpassed his fear of the supernatural.

"I ask, you answer, don't hide anything." Liu Qi then withdrew the gun, speaking coldly.

"Okay, okay." The middle-aged man promptly nodded.

Liu Qi continued the questioning.

This middle-aged man is named Zheng Xiaorong, a local of Baishui Town, operates a restaurant in Baishui Town, considered a rather small to medium-sized business owner.

"You say the town is haunted? Where specifically is it haunted?" Liu Qi asked.

"At night, ghosts wander the town, many, very terrifying. At first, I thought someone was deceiving me until later I saw with my own eyes... people kept dying, then Baishui Town started raining, many wanted to escape here but couldn't get out, everyone was trapped in the town."

This man named Zheng Xiaorong revealed with some fear the horrifying events on the small town.

"It's Seow Yang's doing, his Ghost Rain covers the town, supernatural infused everyone, rainwater turns into vapor blinding the eyes of the living, causing them to hallucinate, wandering endlessly in the town." Yang Jian said calmly.

Liu Qi nodded and continued to ask: "After it started raining, what else did you see?"

"Not, not clear, I just found this rain unusual, so wore a raincoat and tried to escape Baishui Town, but walking in the rain I later lost consciousness, wandered dreamily, not knowing how long until suddenly woke today." Zheng Xiaorong said.

"Right, before I tried to leave Baishui Town I saw many people appearing in the rain, those people didn't use umbrellas, didn't wear raincoats, they only appear at night, I suspect those who don't use umbrellas in the rain aren't humans, all are ghosts, here is too terrifying, ghosts everywhere, mixed among people, indistinguishable."

He then remembered something, hurriedly added.

"Ghosts appear at night? Or because of the paranormal rainwater ghosts in the town manifest." Yang Jian pondered.

"So we have to wait until nighttime?" Liu Qi said.

Yang Jian replied: "Perhaps nighttime is when supernatural and reality intersect, if that's the case, waiting a few more hours is no problem. You are Zheng Xiaorong, right? While it's not dark yet, you should leave Baishui Town now, follow this road straight ahead, you will leave here smoothly."

He pointed in a direction, indicating for him to leave.

Upon hearing this, Zheng Xiaorong hurriedly got up and ran, but after a few steps, he suddenly ran back, knelt down with a thud, begged: "My wife is still in Baishui Town, I beg you to save her, let me leave with her."

"I didn't hear you mention you had a wife before," Yang Jian said.

"I was too nervous and scared to remember," Zheng Xiaorong said with some embarrassment.

"The incidents that have occurred in the town involve more than just your wife. If you want to save her, do it yourself. I won't wander around Baishui Town just for her. You have about three hours to find her. Once night falls, the choice won't be yours anymore," Yang Jian said coldly.

Zheng Xiaorong's expression changed upon hearing this. He contemplated for a moment, gritted his teeth, and stood up to run towards the outskirts of Baishui Town once more.

Liu Qi watched indifferently, accustomed to people like Zheng Xiaorong leaving in such situations.

In paranormal events, this kind of thing is not unusual.

He had experienced such things himself and had witnessed much of the darker side of human nature.

Yang Jian and Liu Qi decided not to continue investigating the anomalies within the town; they would act after night fell.

Meanwhile,

Without Yang Jian's Ghost Flame burning, the previously dispersed dark clouds had, at some point, begun to gather again, and a cold drizzle now fell continuously. The town, which had briefly enjoyed sunshine, returned to its previous state.

With the weather turning foul once more, night seemed to approach the town swiftly.

By just after five o'clock, the town was already as dim as night.

"It officially turns to night at six," Yang Jian said suddenly as he and Liu Qi sheltered from the rain under the eaves of a house, glancing at the time.

"At six? That matches the time of the Ghost Post Office?" Liu Qi remarked.

Though he hadn't visited the Ghost Post Office, he had seen the files and paid special attention to paranormal cases related to Yang Jian.

Yang Jian said, "In most paranormal events, night doesn't begin at midnight; it starts at six in the afternoon. So Baishui Town likely enters nighttime at six as well."

"Day and night reverse, reality and paranormal intertwine. Be careful not to accidentally die here. If you regret it, I can still get you out of Baishui Town; don't be reckless."

Liu Qi said, "I know my limits, don't worry."

Yang Jian nodded, saying no more.

Then six o'clock arrived precisely.

Although there had been some light previously, enough to see the surrounding buildings clearly, as soon as six struck, the illumination seemed to disappear, entering total darkness.

Simultaneously.

"Buzz! Buzz!"

A sound like electrical current resonated, and neon signs on the nearby buildings suddenly flickered on, shining in the darkness.

The colorful lights spread out, slightly dispelling some of the darkness, ensuring that the Baishui Town was not pitch black.

The rain continued to fall from the sky.

On the rain-covered streets, shadows turned from ethereal to real, appearing before one's eyes in moments.

One, two, three... Shadows filled the streets, standing in the rain, heads slightly bowed, walking down the roads.

In the silent, shadowy environment, slightly messy footsteps could be heard.

"My, my," Liu Qi's eyes narrowed in shock at this.

So many figures wandering in the rain? Are they human, or are those malevolent ghosts?

This was a truly unsettling sight.

"Creak."

Suddenly,

The door of a street-side shop beside him slowly opened, the interior pitch-black, but faint strange noises could be heard coming from inside.

Not just one shop opened.

More than half the stores along the street opened their doors, and some windows even glowed with a yellowish light.

The previously deserted Baishui Town suddenly came alive at night.

"A terrifying county town," Yang Jian squinted, his Ghost Eye perceiving nothing but paranormal interference.

The entire town seemed constructed from supernatural forces, with no normal parts to it.

If an ordinary person wandered here by mistake, their chances of leaving alive would be slim.

Liu Qi seemed to notice something at this moment, looking down slightly.

Through the gaps of the drainage grate, a pair of bloodshot eyes stared fiercely at him, eyes so wide they seemed to crack. Get full chapters from Nov3lFire.net

Liu Qi's expression changed dramatically, and he instinctively stepped back.

"Bang!"

The drain cover made a sound, as if pushed open by something, and a bruised, rotting arm suddenly extended out from underneath.

The arm stretched long, pressing against the ground, reaching towards Liu Qi.

Yang Jian noticed this, opening the Ghost Eye, the flickering Ghost Flame igniting the eerie arm.

The ghost's arm retreated, burned by the Ghost Flame, but the bloodshot eyes in the dark drain didn't disappear, instead venomously staring at Liu Qi.

"A ghost haunting the sewers, but apparently unable to attack people far from the drain," Yang Jian said, seeing no further actions from the ghost.

Liu Qi said, gravely, "It seems this place truly is filled with danger at every turn; this really is a ghost town. No wonder Wang Shanshan lost contact after coming here; the residents of Baishui Town likely faced the same fate."

"Can Wang Shanshan and the others truly survive in such circumstances?"

"Don't underestimate the Ghost Child by Wang Shanshan's side; she's definitely still alive. I'm sure quite a few people in Baishui Town have survived," Yang Jian said, glancing at the wandering people on the roads.

Most of these people are alive.

But they're in a peculiar state, similar to Zheng Xiaorong and Wang Shanshan's grandmother before, in an unconscious state, showing no signs of life but kept alive by some paranormal force.

In this ghostly town, this state turns into a form of protection.

If he guessed correctly, this was the doing of the Dashan City official responsible.

The ghostly rain doesn't harm but protects the living.

Chapter 1316 Familiar Clothes

The night in Baishui Town was filled with continuous rain.

Near the dimly lit street, colorful neon lights flickered, and on the silent road, groups of people walked in the rain with their heads down. In the deep sewers, bloodshot eyes were peering at the approaching living, everything seemed so eerie, giving a sense of fear, making one eager to escape from here.

However, having arrived at a paranormal place, how could one leave here so easily.

Yang Jian and Liu Qi were walking on the dim street, observing the abnormalities around them.

This had already become a Ghost Town.

Any danger could appear. Fortunately, they were ghost handlers with the ability to combat the paranormal; otherwise, ordinary people would find it challenging to survive here.

Passing by a roadside shop with a flickering neon sign, Yang Jian glanced slightly.

"Inn Lodging."

The neon sign displayed these four characters. The inn's door was open, and at the entrance, there was a bar counter. Behind the counter stood a person, a woman with wet hair as if she had just been rained on. Her skin was ashen, resembling a corpse standing still.

Yang Jian's gaze seemed to catch the woman's attention.

Suddenly.

The woman abruptly turned her head to look at Yang Jian.

At this moment, it was clear to see. The other half of her face seemed to be melting, with flesh dropping down bit by bit. Her empty eyes had no life, but the corners of her mouth revealed a slight smile.

The expression on her entire face seemed predetermined, appearing bizarre and terrifying.

"A fierce ghost?" Yang Jian's eyes moved slightly but he just passed by without entering the inn.

However, out of the corner of his eye, he saw the sign inside the inn.

Lodging three yuan.

Three yuan?

Yang Jian immediately thought of Ghost Money, as only Ghost Money had a three-yuan denomination.

"This is a ghost inn, does anyone dare to stay here?" Liu Qi couldn't help but shiver.

Yang Jian said, "Maybe the ghost inn is very safe, but if we want to stay, we need to spend money. We don't have money on us now, so let's not mess around."

Both quickly walked past, unwilling to linger at the entrance of this ghost inn.

They still needed to find Wang Shanshan, so they couldn't waste time exploring dangerous places. For some of the discovered fierce ghosts, they could only choose to ignore them, given that there were too many paranormal occurrences here; dealing with them all was impossible.

Continuing to move forward.

More neon lights flickered.

The neon sign read three characters: Noodle Shop.

The noodle shop was not large, with only seven tables inside. Each table was set with a pair of faded bowls and chopsticks, as if exposed to the sun and wind on a grave, appearing somewhat pale. In front of the tables was an old long bench, painted in black oil, which reminded people of the black paint on coffins.

The noodle shop's kitchen was shrouded in darkness, but vaguely there came the sound of a cleaver chopping on a chopping board.

The sound was dull and rhythmic.

"This is not a normal shop either," Yang Jian thought to himself.

He and Liu Qi continued walking forward, not only paying attention to roadside shops but also observing the people in the middle of the street, who, with their heads down in the rain, wandered around like living dead.

Unfortunately, these faces were unfamiliar, and Wang Shanshan was not among them.

No choice.

Yang Jian and Liu Qi could only continue searching.

They passed by another place with a flickering neon sign. This neon sign had the words Clothing Store on it.

Initially, Yang Jian did not intend to pay much attention to these eerie shops.

However, a piece of clothing hanging on a wooden rack in the clothing store caught Yang Jian's attention.

It was an old-style black shroud stained with some kind of filth. Although it hung on the wooden rack, it moved as if alive, as if it wanted to shake off the rack's restraint and leave the clothing store.

"Is that... the Ghost Shroud from the Ghost Child?"

Yang Jian abruptly stopped, staring intently at that piece of clothing.

Aside from the three confirmed Coffin Nails, there almost existed no two identical paranormal items in the realm of the supernatural, especially something like the Ghost Shroud. Since his contact with the paranormal, he had only seen one. Although there were other clothing-type supernatural items, like Sister Hong's red cheongsam, He Yuelian's Ghost Bride's Dress, and He Yiner's old jacket.

But the black shroud was a singular occurrence.

"There's no mistake, I've dealt with the Ghost Shroud for some time. Even if there are similarities, it's impossible for the filth to be identical. This definitely is the very one from the Ghost Child."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered: "What exactly happened, for the Ghost Shroud to leave the Ghost Child and appear here? Could it be that the Ghost Child is dead?"

The Ghost Child, although a supernatural product, was not a true ghost and could potentially die.

Back then, he was worried the Ghost Child might be killed by a ghost, which is why he let the Ghost Child wear the Ghost Shroud.

Liu Qi found Yang Jian stopped and followed his gaze.

When he saw the Ghost Shroud inside the clothing store, he froze for a moment: "Isn't that the Ghost Shroud? It used to be on Jang Shangbai from our circle of friends. After he died, this supernatural item should have been with you, Yang Jian. How did it appear here?"

Liu Qi hadn't seen the Ghost Child, so he didn't know the subsequent matters concerning the Ghost Shroud.

Yang Jian didn't speak, merely with frigid eyes, he strode towards the clothing store: "I need to retrieve the Ghost Shroud. Wait outside, this is my matter, don't get involved."

"Alright, Yang Jian, be careful. If anything happens outside, I'll let you know immediately," Liu Qi said.

Yang Jian nodded, and strode into the clothing store.

As soon as he entered.

The clothing store's door creaked as it slowly closed.

Inside the small shop, there wasn't just the Ghost Shroud. Yang Jian also saw other clothing, including old suits, grayish-white long gowns, and green robes... each piece was not ordinary, with lingering supernatural presence. Yang Jian couldn't be sure if these clothes were supernatural items.

However, Yang Jian, without saying a word, walked towards the Ghost Shroud, intending to take it away.

But just as he reached out and touched the Ghost Shroud,

a stiff voice suddenly echoed inside the clothing store: "Buy one, only seventeen dollars."

Seventeen bucks.

That's the same price as a coffin on Ghost Street in Taiping Ancient Town, very expensive.

"Buy one, it's very cheap..." A stiff voice echoed again.

"No money, I'll take this piece of clothing."

Yang Jian ignored the voice, and with a strong pull, his charred ghost hand snatched it away.

The Ghost Shroud was forcibly taken off the wooden rack by him.

As soon as the clothing was in his hand, it began to supernaturally revive, sticking to his arm and merging with his flesh, as if trying to possess Yang Jian, making him the next host of the Ghost Shroud.

Even though the charred Ghost Hand had the power to suppress a ghost, it couldn't completely restrain the Ghost Shroud.

But this was normal; Yang Jian had attempted to suppress the Ghost Shroud before.

To make this clothing completely calm down, it required the capacity to suppress three ghosts.

Yang Jian didn't worry about it for now, allowing the Ghost Shroud to cling to his arm.

After acquiring the Ghost Shroud, he didn't linger and intended to leave the clothing store immediately.

The act of forced buying and selling seemed inapplicable in this clothing store.

In the next moment.

A piercing scream erupted within the store, like the wailing of the dying, or the long howl of a corpse. The sound was indescribable yet conveyed a sense of danger and horror.

As the scream echoed, the walls of the clothing store began to crumble, revealing a corpse outline matching the color of the walls.

The corpse thudded to the ground, emitting a cracking noise as the bones twisted.

In just a moment.

A ghost, smeared with cement and sealed for a long time, was resurrected, all because Yang Jian took clothes without paying.

The apparition caused the neon signs outside to instantly extinguish.

The store doors, tightly shut, now barred Yang Jian's exit.

At this moment.

The ghost twisted its rigid body, moving toward Yang Jian in a clumsy manner, clearly intent on attacking him.

Yet before the ghost could approach.

Yang Jian, preparing to leave, suddenly stopped, turned his head, and a ghost eye opened. The dimly lit store was flooded with light, tinged with crimson.

The ghost before him froze and couldn't move.

Then.

A cracked spear was raised high, and the side that belonged to the Firewood Knife unhesitatingly fell.

In an instant.

The ghost's body was sliced in half, and a sticky, foul-smelling blood flowed everywhere, the grotesque corpse fell to the ground, immediately losing all movement.

The suspension of the Sixth Layer Ghost Domain paired with the attack of the Firewood Knife, once effective, could instantly dismember even the most terrifying ghost.

Yang Jian would either not act, or act without holding back.

However, even after the ghost was dismembered, the supernatural presence in the clothing store didn't disappear.

The door remained locked, and the neon lights outside remained off.

"Is there still a ghost?" Yang Jian observed every movement inside the store.

Then, he saw the bizarre style clothing beginning to bulge, with cold arms emerging from the empty sleeves, as if someone was appearing inside the clothes, trying to wear them again.

However, as Yang Jian's ghost eyes scanned, threads of pale green Ghost Flame flickered, appearing in corners all over the store. In just a blink, the Ghost Flame erupted fully.

The firelight filled the entire clothing store, as if to burn it down, engulfing the eerie clothes.

Even the dismembered corpse on the floor was ignited by such intense Ghost Flame, turning into fuel to intensify the burning.

With such burning.

The cold arms extending from the clothing quickly retracted, and the bulging clothes deflated again.

The supernatural was dissipating.

"Creak!"

Not only was the supernatural fading, but the tightly shut door of the clothing store was also slowly opening now.

With an expressionless face, Yang Jian stepped on the blazing flames and turned to leave.

Clearly.

This time, in the confrontation with the ghost, he was the winner.

The ghosts of the clothing store couldn't detain the current Yang Jian, who had the right to force buy-and-sell.

No wonder the old man at the medicine shop suggested to Yang Jian to rob the Coffin Shop.

However, Yang Jian was also restrained and did not covet other clothes; he wasn't greedy for supernatural items, especially unknown supernatural items.

Yet when he reappeared outside the clothing store, he suddenly discovered that Liu Qi, who had been waiting for him outside, vanished...

Yang Jian furrowed his brow, his ghost eye scanning around, soon locating Liu Qi.

At this moment, for some unknown reason, Liu Qi was standing amidst the crowd in the middle of the road, appearing somewhat dazed, as if he had witnessed something unbelievable.

"Liu Qi, come back, don't stay there, a ghost has mingled into that crowd, it's very dangerous." Yang Jian sternly called out.

Liu Qi heard Yang Jian's words, turned his head in disbelief, and said, "Yang Jian, I just saw my grandparents in this crowd."

"That's impossible, you're hallucinating." Yang Jian immediately denied.

Liu Qi previously mentioned he had already buried his grandparents together, and they've been buried for a long time, so there's no way they could be here.

"It's true, I'm not mistaken, and it's not a hallucination." Liu Qi was adamant, though he found it hard to believe himself.

Chapter 1317 - Funeral Couplets on the Door

On the streets of Baishui Town, most of the people walking in the rain are former residents of the town. They are eroded by the paranormal disturbances of the rain, hovering between life and death, thus avoiding attacks by evil entities. If given a chance, they can escape this haunted place.

However, Liu Qi saying he saw his deceased grandparents among the crowd is absolutely impossible.

Liu Qi's hometown is not in Baishui Town, it's very far away, and their bodies have been buried for a long time, confirmed as truly dead, even supernatural means would find it difficult to resurrect them.

"Could it be that I really saw it wrong?" Liu Qi stood in place, drenched by the drizzle, his expression changing unpredictably.

Pedestrians resembling walking corpses slowly passed by him, and he pondered the situation that just occurred.

He firmly believed he did not see wrong.

Earlier, while waiting outside the clothing store for Yang Jian, he saw his grandparents holding hands and moving through the crowd, such familiar relatives could not be mistaken.

But when Liu Qi impulsively ran over, he found that his grandparents had already vanished.

It seemed they had merged into the crowd, going somewhere unknown with the flow of people.

"Don't be so startled, the crowd among which terrifying evil entities mingle might be interfering with you spiritually, seeing familiar relatives is not something difficult to accept. This phenomenon is very common in many cases, but it's most probably a way for evil entities to attract the living, so be cautious." Yang Jian said.

Liu Qi nodded: "You're right, it might be too realistic, causing me to find it difficult to accept for a moment, I'll be more careful next time."

Speaking, he passed through the crowd and retreated.

"I've got my Ghost Shroud now, it's time to quickly leave. The burning Ghost Flame without the maintenance of my supernatural power can't continue, and then the ghosts inside the clothing store are likely to leave the shop and come out to hunt me." Yang Jian looked at the Ghost Shroud in his hand and said.

The faint green Ghost Flame inside the clothing store was still raging, but at this moment the intensity had begun to weaken, soon the flame would surely be extinguished.

"Then we better hurry to another place, we must quickly find Wang Shanshan's location. This place is even more dangerous than imagined, I'm now worried that she might already be dead." Liu Qi said with concern.

"Even if we can't see her, we must find her body, there must be a resolution to this matter." Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

The two did not linger on the street, and continued deeper into the town, heading in the direction from which the crowd was flowing.

And shortly after they left.

Indeed.

The Ghost Flame inside the clothing store extinguished at this moment, except for on the dismembered evil entity where firelight continued to flicker. That entity possessed a body, and the Ghost Flame with furnace characteristics used the bones within the corpse as fuel, so even if other flames extinguished, the flame on this corpse remained unaffected.

But with the absence of the Ghost Flame, the increasingly strange clothes in the store began to stir again.

The shriveled clothes swelled, and from the empty sleeves extended cold arms.

Below the collar, a pale dead man's head peeked out.

This is not a clothing store but clearly a store filled with terrifying evil entities, and each peculiar piece of clothing is disguised as a fearsome entity.

If one were unaware and brought these clothes home, then at night, the clothes within the wardrobe would transform into a terrifying entity, silently opening the wardrobe and wandering in your room.

Fortunately, Yang Jian was not greedy; he only took the Ghost Shroud.

And the Ghost Shroud itself is a supernatural artifact.

Therefore, no other entities are stored within the Ghost Shroud.

Wearing cheongsams, robes, suits, and various other garments, the evil entities now gathered within the flickering clothing store. Their expressions were numb, their eyes vacant, like puppets, slowly walking out of the store.

There are as many as five entities.

The entities leaving the shop did not wander aimlessly but instead moved in the direction Yang Jian left earlier.

All the entities in the clothing store seemed to have set their sights on Yang Jian, aiming to find him in Baishui Town.

At this moment, Yang Jian was unaware of the events happening here.

In this terrifying paranormal place, the intense interference made Yang Jian's ghost eyes unable to penetrate the buildings to observe the surrounding landscape, his vision distorted by spiritual forces, only allowing him to see what his eyes could reach.

Walking along the street.

This seemingly not long street at this time felt as if it was extending infinitely, unable to reach an end no matter how far one walked.

The people lingering on the road in the drizzle appeared endless as well.

Yang Jian looked up, the crowd moving with the road seemed to have no endpoint.

This is definitely not normal.

Recollecting that Liu Qi mentioned seeing his grandparents among the crowd earlier made Yang Jian pay even more attention to this street.

"Is it possible that we are the only two living people here? Baishui Town's so many residents were drawn here, by all rights some should have survived by good fortune, but walking around, all there is are flickering neon signs and those pitch-black houses, not a single living soul to be seen."

Liu Qi carefully observed for quite a while, feeling disheartened at the moment. He felt he was doing something pointless, unable to find a single clue.

And maintaining high alertness for extended periods is unbearable for anyone. IF YOU WANT TO READ

"To find living people, perhaps it's necessary to switch methods. Sometimes the pattern of killings by entities is the most precise guide, capable of accurately finding hidden people around us, this is more effective than our searching." Yang Jian glanced at the incessant drizzle, stopping his steps.

Suddenly, he had an idea.

The next moment.

Amidst the pattering drizzle, the silhouette of an Evil Hound gradually appeared.

Yang Jian summoned the Evil Hound stored in his memory, and at this moment it manifested through the rainwater as a medium into the present.

"Help me find the nearest living person with a clear consciousness." He commanded.

Although the command was somewhat complicated, the Evil Hound seemed to understand.

The next moment.

The silhouette of the Evil Hound rapidly sprinted toward a direction.

"Follow it." Yang Jian's expression shifted, quickly calling out to Liu Qi.

The two quickly ran, chasing after the Evil Hound.

The silhouette of the hound intermittently appeared through the rain, but its speed was not exceptionally fast, it was possible for them to keep up. After all, this isn't a dream realm; those with supernatural abilities have physical stamina and speed beyond ordinary, they do not tire nor pant.

With a turn.

The Evil Hound left the main road, entering an alleyway.

The alley was dark and damp, devoid of light, a stretch of pitch black.

Yang Jian's ghost eyes opened and ghost flames sporadically floated in mid-air, dispersing the surrounding darkness.

After a while.

The Evil Hound charged into the corridor of a four-story building.

As it entered, its figure began to quickly disappear, leaving just a few wet paw prints on the ground.

There was no rainwater in the corridor, and without the medium, the Evil Hound couldn't manifest.

But that was enough.

The paw prints vanished completely on the second floor, but Yang Jian had already stopped in front of a door on the third floor.

A couplet was posted on the door of this residence.

The couplet wasn't red but white, with two lines of large black characters written in ink. The script was in traditional characters and seemed quite old. The couplet read: "In life, do no harm to others; in death, burden no one. Have a clear conscience and leave without regret."

"This is an elegiac couplet, written for the dead," Liu Qi's expression shifted as he reached out to touch it.

But before he could touch the white elegiac couplet, his consciousness wavered, and he suddenly lost awareness, losing any perception of the outside world.

"Liu Qi." Yang Jian shouted.

Liu Qi shivered and then regained his senses, realizing he was already walking down the stairs, about to leave the building.

"What happened to me just now?" he asked, bewildered and surprised.

Yang Jian said, "You lost consciousness as if sleepwalking and headed downstairs on your own. It seems there's something wrong with this elegiac couplet. Since it can affect a ghost master, it can probably influence a fierce ghost too, making it inexplicably turn away when trying to enter this room."

"This elegiac couplet written for the dead is clearly placed here intentionally to use supernatural power to protect this household."

As he spoke, he didn't touch the elegiac couplet but reached out to open the door.

However, upon touching the door, Yang Jian felt a cold aura rush into his mind.

Yet, soon after, the low growl of the Evil Hound echoed in his mind.

The cold feeling vanished immediately.

Yang Jian's consciousness was not disturbed, and he smoothly opened the door.

As the door opened.

A faint light emerged from the dim interior; the source was a small fire basin in the middle of the room.

Inside the room, many people stared in terror in Yang Jian's direction; most of them were young men and women, with a few elderly and children scattered among them. However, there weren't many—only about twenty—and none of them bore any supernatural aura; they appeared to be ordinary people hiding in Baishui Town.

"Survivors?" Yang Jian opened his ghost eye, glanced around, and immediately understood the situation.

The white elegiac couplet outside the door was protecting the survivors inside this house.

Yang Jian took a step forward, entering the room.

But the survivors became frightened at once, covering their mouths to stop themselves from screaming, even though their fear was at its peak.

Clearly, they mistook Yang Jian for a ghost.

"Don't worry, they're not ghosts; they're here to rescue us." At that moment, a voice reassured everyone.

In the next moment.

A young man slowly stood up; he was about Yang Jian's age, roughly in his twenties, but his slightly immature appearance concealed a sense of maturity and steadiness.

"Who are you?" Yang Jian asked, looking at him.

"You may not know me, but I know you. You're Ghost Eye Yang Jian, one of the captains at headquarters. I should address you as Captain Yang," the young man said, walking over.

"The person in charge of Dashan City, Seow Yang?" Yang Jian asked, looking at him.

Seow Yang forced a faint smile: "It's truly an honor that the renowned Ghost Eye Yang Jian remembers someone as insignificant as me."

"You've been missing in Baishui Town for some time now—headquarters thought you were dead. In a few more days, without any news, you'd be declared deceased," Yang Jian spoke calmly. "I followed living traces to this place, not expecting to find you."

"So, did headquarters send Captain Yang to rescue us? If that's the case, I'm truly flattered," Seow Yang expressed some joy.

He knew that if he dragged on, he would eventually receive support from headquarters. He didn't expect such a significant figure to spearhead the rescue this time—it seemed definite this time.

Yang Jian did not answer but instead said, "A girl named Wang Shanshan, she was my high school classmate and went missing in Baishui Town, which is why I'm here. There's no other reason."

"I see."

Seow Yang's smile didn't fade: "Regardless of the reason, Captain Yang, you're here, aren't you? However, you're a bit late. I did collaborate with the girl named Wang Shanshan for a period, but she went missing later, and now I don't know where she is. The horrors in Baishui Town are countless, and I'm not sure whether she's still alive."

"However, Wang Shanshan was accompanied by a presence known as the Ghost Child. I've seen it in the archives... that's a Second Stage Hungry Ghost. Captain Yang, it's impressive how you have such a terrifying entity by your side."

"Where did she last appear?" Yang Jian asked.

Seow Yang did not conceal and directly said, "She moved against the flow of people on the road with the Ghost Child and vanished in the crowd—perhaps she was searching for someone."

"That road harbors a dreadful supernatural power; some saw their deceased loved ones on the road, others saw their deceased lovers... it's a road frequented by wandering souls."

Liu Qi's expression changed instantly upon hearing this.

So, what he saw of his grandparents earlier wasn't fake but real?

"I've gathered some special information from this supernaturally corrupted Baishui Town; I can't verify its authenticity. It's said if someone could bring back their deceased loved ones from that road, then the deceased would shed the identity of a ghost and revert to being alive again."

"What? Is such a thing possible?" Liu Qi's eyes widened in disbelief.

Seow Yang said, "I've only gathered some information and can't judge its authenticity. Moreover, no one has tried it; some attempted it after seeing their deceased loved ones, but no one has survived to return—they become lost and turn into a walking corpse on the road."

"Wang Shanshan's intrusion with the Ghost Child was apparently due to this unverifiable information."

"Your information is valuable to me; it seems I owe you thanks," Yang Jian said. "In return, I can help you leave Baishui Town."

Seow Yang shook his head: "Actually, for me alone, leaving here isn't difficult. But if I leave, most residents here will perish. Their lives hinge entirely on my Ghost Rain. Without finding a way to evacuate the majority of the residents, I won't leave."

He looked over at the other survivors.

The survivors were all tense, afraid Seow Yang would abandon them and leave.

"Rest assured, I promised not to leave you behind, and as a person in charge, I keep my word," Seow Yang earnestly assured the survivors.

"There aren't many responsible persons like you left," Yang Jian said, looking at him seriously.

Seow Yang smiled: "Don't say that. Though you, Captain Yang, seem cold and act a bit extreme, you've solved more supernatural incidents and rescued more people than I have. I've always believed that ghost masters should be judged by their deeds, not their motives or thoughts; as long as they resolve supernatural events and save most people, they are remarkable."

Chapter 1318 - The 5 People at the Door

Yang Jian learned roughly about the situation through his chat with Seow Yang.

There's some news about Wang Shanshan too.

Unexpectedly, Wang Shanshan disappeared deep in Baishui Town against the crowd on the road, still missing up to now.

When she left, the Ghost Child went missing too.

Finding them back will not be easy.

"What are your plans next?" Yang Jian asked.

Seow Yang said: "I will try my best to take the trapped residents of Baishui Town out, but I can't do it. Every morning at six, it's the time when the supernatural and reality alternate. A ghost master with strong supernatural power can break this boundary and return to reality. I have tried, normally I can barely cross this boundary alone, but others cannot."

"They're trapped here and don't possess strong supernatural power, unable to break the boundary to return to reality. That's why I've stayed here, helping them sustain life so they don't die in this horrible town."

"But my strength is really limited. These twenty-odd people are survivors I've gathered recently. Most of the survivors were put in a living dead state by my use of supernatural power, wandering the streets... I thought this was the right way. Once I break the boundary, they can return to reality, but I was wrong."

"I mentioned the situation on the town's road just now, which is very unusual. When I placed most of the residents there, many evil spirits and wandering souls mixed in. Now I can't distinguish which are evil spirits, which are wandering souls, and which are living dead."

Seow Yang shook his head with a bitter smile, looking very helpless: "My mistake has made the situation very complicated now. I've thought of the remedy, which is to remove the supernatural power left on the living, waking them up from the living dead state, so that the residents of Baishui Town can be filtered out. However, doing so carries risks."

"Once the living wake up, this situation can't be controlled. Then, evil spirits attack and kill, everyone panics and flees. Once scattered in Baishui Town, it's even more impossible to gather them again."

"Besides, I also can't lead so many people to break the boundary between reality and the supernatural, taking them away. Hence, I've been stuck here."

He wants to save everyone but is not strong enough and doesn't want to leave Baishui Town alone. So he has been trapped here, only waiting for headquarters' rescue, seeking external assistance, and then unraveling this deadlock.

Yang Jian's arrival gave Seow Yang hope.

After all, Yang Jian's Ghost Domain is very powerful. Maybe he can break the boundary between the supernatural and reality with everyone at precisely six, turning the situation around and taking everyone out.

"Your plan is good but lacking in strength, and you're very cautious, avoiding many dangers in this town. Otherwise, you definitely wouldn't have survived until now."

Yang Jian nodded: "I understand, now the time is eight twenty in the evening, we set the plan for six o'clock this morning."

"When supernatural and reality converge again at six, I will take the residents of Baishui Town away."

"Yang, it's not that I don't trust you. I think this plan is a bit impulsive. It's best to first rehearse it. If there's a mistake, everyone can't leave Baishui Town at that time, we can only wait for the next day, and most ordinary people can't survive here until the second day."

Seow Yang suggested that Yang Jian could take people out of Baishui Town in batches.

As long as the first batch succeeds, then the second and third day actions can be done later. After all, we've stayed here for so many days, there's no rush.

"I trust your judgment, and you need to trust my ability. If I can't do it, then currently there's no captain at headquarters who can." Yang Jian said.

He had confidence, after all, in the Ghost Domain aspect, he was no inferior to any ghost master.

"But before the plan is implemented, I need to find Wang Shanshan. This is also the main purpose of my trip." Yang Jian said.

Seow Yang asked: "What if Wang Shanshan isn't found before six?"

Yang Jian replied: "Then I will temporarily give up looking for Wang Shanshan and choose to execute the plan, first sending out most residents of Baishui Town."

"Yang, when you say that, I feel relieved." Seow Yang nodded.

But as soon as the words finished, he suddenly noticed something, looking in a direction outside the building: "Yang, did you come to Baishui Town with just you and him? No other companions came along?"

"Just us two, no one else." Yang Jian said.

"I've sensed several strong supernatural powers entering this alley, blocking rainwater erosion... " Seow Yang said: "If they're not ghost masters, then there's only one explanation."

"A few ghosts have appeared in the alley."

Without further ado, Seow Yang immediately walked over and closed the just-opened door: "Though this situation isn't the first time I've encountered it, the couplet outside is pasted by me. As long as it's posted above the door, even if an evil spirit stands at the entrance, it can't attack people inside the room."

"If you're planning to look for Wang Shanshan, I suggest you wait until after this danger passes. I'm able to protect myself, but there are still twenty-odd survivors here, who can't be negatively affected."

"Maybe I should go out, and if there are actually ghosts, they might be after me." Yang Jian frowned as he thought of the incidents with the Ghost Shroud he had robbed earlier.

Seow Yang said: "No worries, I've provoked quite a few ghosts too. Those ghosts circle the door for a while before leaving, then everything returns to normal."

"Since you've said so, I'll wait here. But rest assured, if anything happens, I can handle it, I won't endanger you." Yang Jian finished speaking and assured the survivors in the room.

These survivors had also experienced many dangers. At this moment, although fearful, they were not so desperate, nodding cooperatively.

Very soon.

A series of heavy footsteps appeared in the alley outside the building. These footsteps were chaotic, like a crowd walking, indicating the number of ghosts inside the alley was definitely not small.

Inside the dimly lit house, the only light source was a small burning fire pan.

This small flame provided more psychological comfort than practical safety under these circumstances.

"They're going upstairs." A woman curled up in the corner said, shivering.

The footsteps echoed clearly in the silent hallway, as if a group of people had entered, climbing the stairs step by step without hesitation.

"Unlike the previous times, this time the number of ghosts outside seems unusually high, before there were at most just one or two footsteps." A young man beside him gritted his teeth and whispered, looking at the person called Yang Jian.

Although he didn't dare to say it out loud, he couldn't help but somewhat blame this person in his heart.

If it weren't for him, they wouldn't be facing such danger today.

"One, two, three...five footsteps coming upstairs." Seow Yang counted the footsteps carefully, finally confirming the number, it was five.

This number is indeed somewhat astonishing.

Moreover, at this moment, the front-most set of footsteps had already reached the second floor and was walking towards the third floor.

The white elegy couplets outside the door were still there, but Seow Yang couldn't be sure if this pair of couplets could successfully send away five ghosts, as it hadn't been tested before.

"With a captain from headquarters, there should definitely be no problem." Seow Yang thought to himself.

He had quite a bit of confidence in a Captain Level ghost-wielder, and figured they should be able to handle this situation.

"They're here." Liu Qi stood at the doorway peering out, pressing against the door, trying to see the situation outside through the gap.

Very soon.

At the corner of the staircase, he saw a bizarre scene through the gap.

A man in a suit was walking with heavy steps, and when Liu Qi saw the ghastly white, cold hands of that suit-wearing man, he immediately realized this was not a living person, but a genuine ghost.

The ghost in a suit finally stopped on the third floor.

It just stood outside the door, motionless.

Not only that.

A second figure appeared, a person wearing a gray-white coat, equally lifeless and chilling. It had also come from the floor below and stood unmoving outside the door on the third floor.

A third figure appeared, dressed in a cheongsam. The cheongsam was green, emitting a sinister aura, and upon reaching the third floor, it too stood there motionless.

A fourth figure then emerged...

But Liu Qi couldn't see clearly anymore due to the view outside being blocked by the ghosts, only able to judge by their silhouettes that the fourth ghost had also reached the third floor.

"These are the ghosts from the clothing store, they're after me, they really don't give up." Yang Jian's ghost eye shifted slightly, and through the dim light, he saw the situation outside through the door gap.

Seow Yang exclaimed in surprise, "Clothing store? The one with the neon sign in the small town? Captain Yang, how did you manage to provoke this thing here? This is Ghost Town, whenever I passed by those eerie shops, I always avoided getting close."

"No big deal, just went in and took a piece of clothing, set a fire, and then ran off. Didn't expect these ghostly things to actually follow me." Yang Jian said.

"..." Seow Yang's mouth twitched.

Is this what a captain from headquarters is like? In this ghostly place, so reckless, are they not afraid of being killed by ghosts?

"Yang Jian, it seems like the couplets aren't working, the ghosts outside haven't left." Liu Qi reported the situation outside, confirming that five ghosts were standing outside, completely blocking the door.

"Five ghosts appearing together, the supernatural is too strong, relying on just one pair of couplets is too naive, it seems like we'll have to fight hard." Seow Yang took a deep breath and said.

He was prepared to take action, not putting all hope on the couplets.

"Wait, the couplets seem to have some effect, the first ghost is leaving." Liu Qi widened his eyes, seeing the first ghost in a suit attempting to open the door and enter.

But before it could touch the couplets, the ghost hesitated slightly and then started to turn around and head back down the stairs.

The sound of footsteps was heard again, but this time it was the sound of going downstairs.

"That's great." Many survivors began to feel relieved.

But the joy didn't last even two seconds before everyone froze again.

Because the departing footsteps stopped after only descending seven or eight steps, then the sound of ascending steps was heard again.

The ghost turned back.

At this moment, the ghost outside had become the one in the gray-white coat, and the one in the suit was now at the back of the other ghosts.

Liu Qi continued to observe.

The second ghost also reached out a cold hand trying to open the door.

Yet, another bizarre situation occurred.

The ghost in a gray-white coat, before it could touch the door, was also influenced by the couplets, turned around, and headed down the stairs. But after a few steps, the sounds of descending ceased suddenly.

Then came the ascending footsteps again.

"The time in between returns has shortened..."

Liu Qi suddenly realized something, turning around and said, "Yang Jian, the ghosts are deliberately exhausting the supernatural power of the couplets at the door. Just now that ghost walked down seven steps, this one only five steps, by this rate, the fifth ghost will completely ignore the effect of the couplets and break into the room."

"No worries, the moment the ghost pushes in, I'll act. On the way back, I'll take down that store, so they won't bother us again." Yang Jian said calmly.

Chapter 1319 - Three's a Crowd

The five vengeful ghosts lingering outside the door were putting immense pressure on everyone inside the house.

The survivors were even more terrified and uneasy.

Everyone understood that once these five vengeful ghosts opened the door and charged into the room, the majority of people inside would perish, with only a few likely to survive.

As the culprit who attracted the ghosts, Yang Jian was naturally blamed by quite a few of the survivors.

However, they dared not voice their anger, not even a word, knowing that calling someone Yang is unusual, if they dared to offend him, they might die miserably.

At this moment, the sound of the third ghost departing was heard again outside the door.

Just as Liu Qi observed.

The influence on the third ghost by the couplets at the door was growing weaker; it merely descended three steps and then abruptly halted, soon followed by the sound of returning steps.

When it came to the fourth ghost, the influence diminished further, and this fourth ghost took only one step downstairs before retreating.

But after the ghost retreated, it no longer stood in front of the door but lined up again, standing behind the other ghosts.

And so it went on.

By the time it reached the fifth ghost, it completely ignored the influence of the couplets, and the clothes this ghost wore was a grey-blue robe. Although the style was old-fashioned, it was a new garment without any trace of filth or wear.

"The ghost is coming," Liu Qi said.

Seow Yang also stared intensely at this door.

In the dim room, a small brazier was still burning, emitting light constantly; however, at this moment, although the flames in the brazier continued to burn, the light dimmed, and even the surrounding temperature dropped several degrees, with a chilling aura wafting in from outside the door, anyone could sense the abnormality beyond the door.

The door that had protected everyone for so long was now shaking uneasily, and as time passed, the frequency of the shaking grew larger.

"The couplets at the door are about to be completely ineffective, everyone be cautious."

Liu Qi whispered, at this moment he did not dare to be brave but slowly retreated several steps.

There were five vengeful ghosts outside the door, a challenge no ghost-handler can face alone.

Even though Yang Jian was here, nobody wanted to get caught up.

"Creak!"

With a violent tremor of the door, the supernatural couldn't stop the vengeful ghosts outside anymore; finally, the shaking stopped abruptly, and the door slowly opened.

Some wanted to scream but covered their mouths tightly, preventing themselves from making a sound, yet their eyes exposed outside were filled with terror.

Even though they were petrified, a strange curiosity drove these survivors to look outside the door.

This glance revealed an utterly horrifying scene.

Five people wearing old, varied clothing, exuding coldness and death, stood there like bodies long deceased, the most prominent in the doorway being a person in a grey-blue robe, a slightly obese middle-aged man, yet with an especially pale complexion, and eyes full of emptiness and numbness.

Ghost?

Under the almost extinguished light from the brazier, many saw the ghosts outside the door.

Ah!

Fear drove people out of calmness, some couldn't help but scream in terror while many were too scared to even cry out.

Deathly still, the ghost in the grey-blue robe stepped forward, attempting to enter the room.

Liu Qi and Seow Yang were fully prepared, ready for action, not entirely relying on Yang Jian.

However, at this moment.

Yang Jian acted without hesitation.

A crackling spear appeared at an unknown time, held in his hands, accompanied by a whistling sound, as soon as the vengeful ghost stepped into the room, it was pierced through the head by the flying spear and nailed fiercely into the wall of the back corridor.

A loud bang.

The wall cracked.

However, the pinned ghost did not lose mobility, struggling unrest, eventually escaping the Coffin Nail's grasp, regaining action, though the ghost's head was incomplete, yet as it broke free, it began rapidly recovering.

The slightly plump yet deathly silent face restored again.

"Not nailed? No way," Liu Qi widened his eyes, feeling incredulous.

That was the Coffin Nail; even a Hungry Ghost could be pinned, how could it not hold this vengeful ghost?

"Oh, so that's it, the ghost's body doesn't matter, what's crucial is that clothing," Yang Jian realized instantly after the attack.

There isn't a ghost the Coffin Nail can't hold.

Simultaneously.

The other ghosts followed closely, attempting to enter the room.

"I'll handle it." Yang Jian strode forward, instructing Liu Qi and Seow Yang not to intervene.

As he approached, eerie Ghost Flames began to emerge around him, engulfing the vengeful spirits in front of him with burning fury.

This time, the Ghost Flames were even more intense, enveloping all five vengeful spirits in the intense light as soon as they appeared.

With the flickering of the flames, the body beneath the supernatural clothing caught fire, becoming fuel for the Ghost Flames, burning continuously.

At this moment, the vengeful spirits within the flames stopped in their tracks and did not advance any further. Their bodies quickly charred and disintegrated, finally withdrawing slowly back into the clothing.

The supernatural was suppressed and dared not surface.

Yet, the five strange pieces of clothing within the flames floated in mid-air without any sign of catching fire.

The clothes that housed the terrifying vengeful spirits were now akin to the Ghost Shroud; the Ghost Flames couldn't destroy them, no matter how fiercely they burned.

"Once the Ghost Flames disappear, the spirits within these clothes will reappear to attack me again," Yang Jian mused, "Such spirits must be thoroughly contained."

This time, he hadn't brought the container for vengeful spirits, but he could connect with the Ghost Lake to imprison them.

However, the Ghost Lake's capacity to imprison vengeful spirits was limited. If the spirits within it weren't cleansed over time, its ability to hold them would weaken and eventually vanish.

But for now, Yang Jian didn't concern himself with that; he would deal with the Ghost Lake's cleansing later.

Water pooled at his feet, quickly spreading outwards. Pale arms, soaked and ghostly, emerged from the depths and seized the burning garments within the flames, pulling them into the Ghost Lake.

The peculiar clothes, suppressed by the Ghost Flames, could not struggle or resist.

In the end, they all sank into the water, disappearing from everyone's sight.

An enormous crisis seemingly resolved in a marvelous and effortless manner.

"Is that it? There were five ghosts," Seow Yang stood stunned, scarcely able to believe his eyes.

Initially, seeing Yang Jian's Coffin Nail fail, he thought they would endure a perilous confrontation.

Yet, Yang Jian changed tactics and resolved everything in an instant?

It all happened so quickly.

"The combination of Ghost Lake and Ghost Flames is something ordinary vengeful spirits cannot withstand," Liu Qi chuckled wryly.

Behind this apparent simplicity lay a representation of top-tier supernatural power.

Yang Jian said, "Handling a few ghosts isn't difficult; the trouble is that this haunted place has more than just these few. If there are too many, even I cannot guarantee handling them all."

"But regardless, this crisis has been temporarily resolved," Seow Yang sighed in relief.

Liu Qi nodded in agreement, "That's the truth."

He accepted it rather quickly, knowing Yang Jian wouldn't provoke those store ghosts without assurance.

After sinking the vengeful spirits into the Ghost Lake, Yang Jian said nothing more, striding out of the room, "I've cleared the danger I attracted, so I should attend to my personal matters. Regardless of whether we find Wang Shanshan, our original plan will proceed precisely at six o'clock."

Saying this, he headed downstairs, preparing to leave and return to the main road in Baishui Town.

"I've met Wang Shanshan. If we're looking for her, I can help. She's been tainted by supernatural rain; if the paranormal interference is less intense, I can vaguely sense her position. So, I'll accompany Yang on this trip," Seow Yang stated.

"If you leave, what about the survivors?"

Seow Yang replied, "The door wreaths are still effective. As long as we don't encounter a situation like before, there should be no problem, though such occurrences are rare. Now that it's handled, I feel confident leaving for a while."

"In that case, the three of us will act together," Liu Qi suggested.

"Let's go quickly and return," Seow Yang said, glancing back at the survivors in the room.

The looks in their eyes showed they desperately wished he wouldn't leave, but he thought that resolving Yang Jian's matters sooner would reduce everyone's risk.

If anything happened to Yang Jian in Baishui Town, rendering the plan incomplete, the consequences would be severe.

Therefore, helping Yang Jian was helping everyone.

Even if he stayed, he could only offer moral support; he couldn't stop the ghosts that the wreaths couldn't fend off and didn't need to act against those they could stop.

"Then let's not waste any more time," Yang Jian said, already downstairs.

Seow Yang gave the survivors some quick advice, telling them not to leave the room under any circumstances.

But this wasn't his first departure; the remaining survivors understood some survival strategies and naturally wouldn't leave the room easily.

Quickly, the three of them descended and exited the alley, returning to the main streets of Baishui Town.

The situation on the streets remained unchanged from before.

"Continue deeper into Baishui Town." Yang Jian's ghostly eyes scanned the area, finding nothing, so he decided to move against the flow of people.

In truth, his ghostly eyes could sense Wang Shanshan, but the paranormal interference here was too intense, twisting many of his visions, rendering his sensing ineffective.

Chapter 1320 - Paper Flowers by the Roadside

"Baishui Town changes every day. Buildings that were visible yesterday might disappear the next day. It's this very change that's prevented me from understanding the situation here these past few days. All I know is that the deeper we go into Baishui Town, the more dangerous it gets. Yang Captain, you can observe the surrounding buildings. As we go further in, the normal buildings become fewer and fewer."

"In the end, I'm afraid Baishui Town will completely vanish from sight, and I'll truly enter an unknown supernatural town."

"And I'm worried that if we go too deep, there is a risk of getting lost. In the end, there might be no way to return. So unless necessary, I suggest we must stop appropriately."

On the road, Seow Yang explained the situation here while advising Yang Jian to proceed with caution.

In his view, taking such risks for a high school classmate named Wang Shanshan isn't worth it.

The residents of Baishui Town are more important.

"I understand what you mean. You're worried that if I go too deep and can't come back, it might cause the evacuation plan at six tomorrow morning to fail?" Yang Jian walked down the road, his eyes surveying the surroundings, observing the anomalies around him.

"A single life versus the lives of everyone in a small town; it's clear which is more important." Seow Yang said.

Yang Jian said, "The life of someone important, versus the lives of strangers, which do you think is more important? Maybe you shouldn't accompany me on this journey; staying in that building back there would be safer for you."

"I also hope to quickly find the person and then return. If I hadn't come with you and you really got lost, I would regret my decision then." Seow Yang paused, not answering Yang Jian's first question.

Liu Qi on the side said, "So, can you sense Wang Shanshan now?"

Seow Yang shook his head, saying, "I can't sense her."

After speaking, he looked at the zombies wandering on the road. These zombies were drenched in supernatural rainwater, but Wang Shanshan was not among them.

"There's a possibility that the Wang Shanshan you're looking for is not outside but inside, and her surroundings are supernatural, which is the only way to completely shield my senses." Seow Yang suggested a possibility, and it's a very likely one.

"If she's indoors, then finding her among the buildings in Baishui Town is like looking for a needle in a haystack, practically impossible." Liu Qi frowned.

These buildings are all unusual; any one of them could present danger inside.

Seow Yang continued, "But it's not certain yet. I need further investigation to determine if Wang Shanshan is really indoors."

"Let's move on." Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

After a brief exchange of words, the three continued along the road, moving against the crowd deeper into Baishui Town.

Indeed, as Seow Yang mentioned, the deeper they went, the fewer normal buildings there were, and instead, there were more buildings with flashing neon signs constantly appearing. These buildings

emitted an unusual vibe, much like the previous clothing store, and some felt even more dangerous, yet some buildings had no entrances or exits, just completely blocked walls.

These walls sealed the buildings, preventing people from entering or exiting freely.

Yang Jian slightly raised his head, looking at a building with flashing neon signs.

That was the second floor.

The window on the second floor was lit, but there was no one inside. When approaching and listening closely, one could vaguely hear intense arguing from upstairs. The argument sounded like two people quarreling, but when trying to discern the specific content, it was impossible to make out a single sentence. The argument sounded like it was in a dialect or communicated in a way that couldn't be understood.

But this building was sealed, and it was impossible for any living person to reside there.

Yang Jian wasn't overly curious, merely paid slight attention before quickly moving on. He currently did not wish to provoke these eerie phenomena, so as not to cause unnecessary trouble and waste time.

Liu Qi and Seow Yang also noticed the abnormalities in some nearby buildings.

They didn't dare make a sound, even slowing their steps when passing by, afraid of disturbing anything.

But sometimes being cautious is not enough.

While continuing forward, they encountered something strange.

For some unknown reason, brightly colored flowers were stuck in the roadside, and upon closer inspection, they realized these were not real flowers, but paper flowers made from colored paper, in red, yellow, green, blue... various colors.

The paper flowers extended along the roadside greenery. Initially, the number of paper flowers was sparse, but as they went on, the flowers became more and more dense, completely replacing all the trees and greenery along the road.

"We can't keep going."

Seow Yang stopped walking. "The trees by the roadside have disappeared, and normal buildings along the street are becoming fewer. If we go further, it's no longer Baishui Town where reality and the supernatural intersect, but an unknown supernatural space. I don't suggest taking this risk."

The multi-colored paper flowers served as a warning.

Seow Yang was informed that continuing here was no longer the world of the living, the boundary between reality and the supernatural reached its limit here.

"Wang Shanshan hasn't been found yet." Yang Jian said, still expressionless.

Seow Yang said, "What if she's not ahead, but hiding in some building? If we keep going forward like this, isn't it just wasting time and taking risks for nothing? I believe the Wang Shanshan you're looking for isn't further ahead because she has no reason to go deeper. The traces of the living have completely disappeared up ahead, leaving only traces of the dead."

"Look at these paper flowers; they are the kind of thing inserted in the graves of the dead. What significance would Wang Shanshan have to come to this place?"

Upon hearing this, Liu Qi also said, "Yang Jian, he makes some sense. Not even those who control ghosts dare to venture this deep, so Wang Shanshan definitely wouldn't. We need to find another way to find Wang Shanshan. Didn't that dog previously have the ability to track living people? Maybe we can try that now, see which way the dog goes, and make a judgment."

Yang Jian stopped walking. He wasn't angry because of Seow Yang's advice, but was evaluating, and said, "You're right, if those who control ghosts don't dare to go deeper, then Wang Shanshan has no reason to go there either. Since you both disagree, let's stop here, let this be the boundary. If Wang Shanshan is deeper in, then we'll give up this search."

Upon hearing this, both Seow Yang and Liu Qi breathed a slight sigh of relief.

If they continued going down the path, the pressure would be too great, and it might just lead to their deaths.

Yang Jian had the confidence because he was the captain and had the capability, but it didn't mean they did too.

The drizzle fell.

The silhouette of the Evil Hound reappeared at Yang Jian's side.

"Help me find conscious living people." Yang Jian issued the order again.

The Evil Hound couldn't pinpoint Wang Shanshan precisely, only in this way could it search.

Soon.

The silhouette of the Evil Hound in the rain moved, starting to run.

Several people watched the direction in which the Evil Hound was running.

The good news was, the Evil Hound didn't go deeper forward, but the bad news was it also didn't turn back to leave; instead, it ran toward the other side of the street.

"Whether it's the person we are looking for or other survivors, we have to follow." Yang Jian said, following the Evil Hound.

Liu Qi and Seow Yang hesitated for a moment before immediately catching up.

They crossed the roadside strip with paper flowers, attempting to cross the street.

However, when they stepped back onto this street and walked only a few steps, their faces changed dramatically.

The opposite side of the street disappeared, replaced by countless people wandering the road, their number seemed endless, unable to see where the road led.

"How could this be?" Seow Yang was stunned.

He could be certain that although the people on the street were drenched by the Ghost Rain, they were definitely not living beings, all were wandering souls.

Turn back!

Without much thought, his instincts told him there was no way to cross the street, and they needed to head back.

Yet, when Seow Yang attempted to turn back, he realized the path he came from also disappeared, just an endless sea of souls.

Souls wandered with the drizzle, making Seow Yang and Liu Qi like a single leaf lost in the vast ocean, struggling and at a loss, as if they might be swallowed up at any moment.

"We've truly entered the Ghost Domain, things are clearly not right here." Liu Qi's face was particularly grave.

"We can't reach the other side of the road, nor can we turn back, we're trapped here."

Seow Yang said gravely, "Now we mustn't get scattered, if we do we'll surely become completely lost here, we need to immediately regroup with Team Leader Yang, the three of us together might have a chance to escape, and we need to act fast."

"You must know, mixing of lost souls and living dead is nothing, the truly terrifying part is the presence of vengeful spirits among them."

They have ventured too deeply.

You must know that walking on this road earlier would never have had such an occurrence.

When did this change start?

That's right.

It should have started when the paper flowers appeared by the roadside.

Previously, there were no paper flowers by the roadside, so the road hadn't fully merged with the Supernatural Space, but now, the appearance of paper flowers signifies their official entry into the Supernatural Space.

But the boundary is blurred.

So by the time they realized, it was already too late.

Liu Qi's face subtly changed at this moment, he heard a familiar sound beside his ear, it was the sound of a manhole cover shaking.

He tried to look towards the source of the sound, yet saw nothing, there were no manholes on the road here.

But he could already guess, the lurking vengeful spirit hidden in the sewer had set its sights on himself once more.

In a sudden moment, Liu Qi seemed to see a pair of bloodshot eyes hidden within the dim crowd.

"Be careful."

Just as Liu Qi was slightly distracted, Seow Yang's low shout came through beside his ear.

Suddenly.

Liu Qi was startled awake, he saw a chilling figure almost brushing past his nose, flashing before his eyes.

Even though it was just a glimpse, he saw this was an extremely tall person.

Like walking on stilts, roughly three meters tall, wearing gaudy clothes, with an unseen face.

"Are you alright?" Seow Yang let out a sigh of relief.

Liu Qi had almost been hit just now, fortunately, his luck was a bit better.

"I'm fine, what was that just now?" Liu Qi asked, still somewhat unsettled.

"I don't know, but I'm certain, that was definitely a spirit...a vengeful spirit roaming through the crowd," Seow Yang said deeply after taking a breath.

Liu Qi dared not linger here any longer, he and Seow Yang decided to first regroup with Yang Jian.

However, looking around, there was no trace of Yang Jian.

Despite moments ago being only a few meters apart, here those few meters seemed to stretch infinitely, resulting in their separation.

And perhaps due to an illusion.

Liu Qi and Seow Yang felt the people around them gradually moving closer.

The vicinity began to feel somewhat crowded.

This subtle change made both of them simultaneously sense impending danger.

"I seem to see my grandparents again." Liu Qi froze for a moment, spotting two elders trudging through the rain.

No mistake.

Those were indeed his deceased grandparents.

And now, these two elders were slowly approaching him.

"It's starting again."

Seow Yang gritted his teeth, muffling his voice, "Here you'll see many familiar relatives, do not be swayed, they can't be called humans, they're apparitions of lost souls, believing them is fatal."

"Though rumors say that leading a lost soul off this road could bring them back to life, as I said before, no one has succeeded, instead they're dragged by the souls, lost together, dying without knowing how, I once saw my parents, even my deceased little sister, my most impulsive time I even grasped my sister's hand."

"But that was not my sister, as the girl led me in the wrong direction, I tried to change but couldn't, I too gradually lost myself, finally I had to let go, give up resurrecting my relatives, only then did I leave the road, back to the roadside."

"That experience made me fully aware of the horrors here."

"I understand, I won't be fooled," Liu Qi nodded, turning away, unwilling to look at his grandparents.

Yet in another direction, he saw his childhood friend from the same village.

This friend was very important to him, but had died in a supernatural incident within the village.

"You too are here?" Liu Qi murmured to himself.

But in Seow Yang's eyes, that lost soul took the form of another fourteen-year-old girl.

She was his little sister.

A relative dying before his eyes, unable to save.

This was his lifelong regret.

The girl looked at Seow Yang, seemingly reaching out, pleading for him to take her away from here.

"I won't be fooled a second time," Seow Yang took a deep breath, clutching his fist tightly.

Meanwhile.

Yang Jian was in a world of wandering souls.

He, like Seow Yang and Liu Qi, had become lost, although the two of them had each other, while he was alone.

At this moment, Yang Jian faced the same situation as they did.

Wandering souls nearby approached, familiar faces emerged.

He saw Zhao Lei, he saw Zhou Zheng, he saw Yan Li...

Friends previously deceased, transformed into wandering souls here, seemingly indicating for Yang Jian to rescue them.

Just by leaving this road, they could be resurrected.

Yang Jian's face was indifferent: "A mere illusion."

As he spoke, holding a cracked spear, he struck down.

The soul transformed into Zhao Lei was instantly cleaved in two.

Blood spilled, eyes widened, unpeaceful in death.

With Zhao Lei killed, his visage in the souls was never seen again, seemingly erased from Yang Jian's world forever.