

Revival 1321

Chapter 1321 Unwilling Souls of the Dead

The road had disappeared by now, and Yang Jian seemed to stand in a world full of souls.

The surroundings were endless, stretching as far as the eye could see.

Everywhere, souls wandered aimlessly, and over time, they gradually drew closer to Yang Jian.

Though these souls appeared unfamiliar, upon a closer look, Yang Jian realized that they were once very familiar people from the past; they were all dead, without exception, there wasn't a single living person among them.

They were classmates, relatives, friends, and even enemies...

These were all people Yang Jian had known before, who had died for various reasons.

And only the dead could appear among these souls.

However, Yang Jian's expression remained indifferent, facing the familiar faces among the souls. His face did not change in the slightest, not even when he cleaved Zhao Lei's soul in two right on the spot, because he didn't believe the dead could transform into souls and wander here.

He thought that the essence of all this was supernatural.

Most of these souls reflected the people most familiar in one's heart; though they looked the same, these souls did not meet the standard of the deceased.

Only a fool would be deceived by these souls, convinced they are family.

Perhaps others could not see through this, or perhaps they could not pass the hurdle in their hearts, preferring to deceive themselves, seeing these eerie souls as their own family, willing even to wager on that sliver of hope, to lead the soul away from the road, confirming the legend of Baishui Town, allowing the soul to resurrect in this world as a living person once more.

But Yang Jian could assert, once people really intend to do this, they are greeted not with the resurrection of family, but with countless dangers approaching instead.

"The souls don't seem to be dangerous, it seems ordinary means can easily solve them."

Yang Jian observed the bisected body of 'Zhao Lei'.

At this moment, this 'Zhao Lei' seemed thoroughly dead, motionless, blood covering the ground, the body turned ashen and dull. The eyes were blank and hollow, the corpse exhibited no anomaly, no signs of reanimation.

"After killing the soul, Zhao Lei ceases to appear among the other souls. This means henceforth, the chance of resurrecting Zhao Lei in my lifetime is gone for good, even if I return here, I suspect Zhao Lei will never appear again."

Yang Jian drew this conclusion from observing the surroundings.

"If that's truly the case, then should I kill the other souls as well?"

His gaze shifted to the other familiar faces.

Although he knew these were false, his heart was reluctant to extinguish this last trace of hope. Perhaps, just perhaps, if Baishui Town's legend were true, if someone could indeed bring a soul off the road, then could the soul truly be resurrected?

Killing those he once knew would mean he himself has buried this last chance.

"Indeed, the hardest thing for a person to overcome is always the hurdle within themselves. Even with paranormal influences stripping me of emotions, the yearning remains in my heart, unwilling to watch some people die, even now feeling an urge to resurrect certain people." Yang Jian slowly closed his eyes.

Scene after scene of past memories emerged, and the people in those memories continually surfaced.

The souls wandering around had also grown in number.

More and more familiar faces appeared among the souls, until finally, Yang Jian was completely surrounded by people from the past.

Among the crowd, he even spotted Wang Xiaoming.

Like the other souls, Wang Xiaoming was also expressionless, with vacant eyes, continually approaching.

Though their expressions revealed no emotion, all these souls reached out to Yang Jian, yearning for his aid, hoping he would free them from here, escape this damned place, and resurrect them.

Yet, Yang Jian remained motionless.

After cutting down Zhao Lei, deep in thought after some observation, his heart was caught in contemplation and resolution.

However, the souls didn't allow much time for Yang Jian to think.

At this moment.

The surrounding souls crowded into a circle, enclosing Yang Jian in the center. They all reached out, trying to touch him.

Yang Jian remained with his eyes closed, pondering.

The extended hands were but centimeters away from him.

Yet just as they were about to make contact with Yang Jian, all the souls froze, their hands halted mid-air. The few centimeters became like an invisible barrier, stopping the souls from touching the people of reality.

This wasn't due to any supernatural presence from Yang Jian, but because the souls themselves voluntarily halted.

Clearly.

The souls couldn't break the barrier between life and death, it was a boundary that only the living could attempt to cross.

And crossing it required a hefty price.

"The dead are already gone, even if these souls truly could be resurrected here, all would have lost its meaning." Yang Jian suddenly opened his eyes.

A determined glint shone within those eyes.

"I don't need this chance for resurrection. If this issue isn't resolved today, it will cause me turmoil in the future. Therefore, I might as well end it decisively today, ensuring none of these familiar souls ever appear before me again."

He did not raise a split spear.

Instead, he abruptly opened the ghost eye.

The golden ghostly eyes appeared extremely bizarre, completely out of place against the eerie surroundings, and as soon as they opened, pale green Ghost Flames immediately flickered around.

The nearby souls were instantly ignited by the Ghost Flames and began to burn.

Within the light of the flames, familiar faces appeared before Yang Jian. He did not shy away at this moment but instead coldly stared at these former acquaintances.

"Rest in peace, don't disturb my path anymore. You have been dead for a long time, so don't appear in this world again."

The skin of the souls began to char, and familiar faces started to become strange. Then the human faces began to melt, flesh gradually stripped away, until nothing was left but white bones, but even the bones were burning, as if the Ghost Flames would continue until there was nothing left of the souls.

The souls did not possess the ability to kill, nor were they dangerous, making them easy to handle.

The only peculiarity was the sheer number of souls, vast and endless, with no end in sight.

At this moment, Yang Jian's heart was as cold as iron. With a single blaze, he personally sent off these former dead acquaintances, completely extinguishing any chance of their Resurrection.

And as the familiar people disappeared into the Ghost Flames, the souls that had gathered began to disperse, even those wandering from other places deliberately avoided his side.

Eventually, when the flames receded.

A roughly five-meter void remained around Yang Jian.

Within this range, not a single soul existed, and even if he tried to move a few steps forward, the souls ahead would actively stay away.

A person who severed all ties with the past, even the souls feared, not daring to approach.

Yet at this moment, Yang Jian was not happy; instead, he was reflecting on whether what he did was a mistake.

But everything that needed to be done was done.

Even if Yang Jian regretted it now, it was to no avail.

That was also his purpose, to handle everything decisively when he was the most rational, leaving no room for regret.

But at this moment, Liu Qi was not so fortunate.

He couldn't be ruthless like Yang Jian, severing ties with the past; his eyes were slightly moist as he looked at each familiar acquaintance that appeared nearby, his heart a whirlwind of emotions.

Because Liu Qi had not been completely eroded by the supernatural, nor had he become an aberration like Yang Jian, he was destined not to escape the past.

"Seow Yang, I want to give it a try." Liu Qi, gritting his teeth, seemed to have made up his mind, then reached out his hand.

"No, Liu Qi, I've never seen anyone who managed to leave here alive with a soul." Seow Yang immediately understood Liu Qi's intention and hurriedly stopped him.

Liu Qi said, "That's because the ones trying were ordinary people, not ghost-handlers. If it's a ghost-handler, there's a chance. Besides, I'm not just any ghost-handler; I was nominated as a team captain at headquarters. I'm one of the top-tier ghost-handlers of this era. I think I can do it, and it's just one soul. If I can't, I'll give up."

"But what if I succeed? How do I know I'll fail without trying?"

Like others, he believed he was special, believing in his potential to succeed.

Seow Yang's expression changed; this scene was very similar to when he rescued his little sister back in the day. He knew from his own experience that in such a state, no one could persuade you otherwise.

"Fine, if you're willing to take the gamble, then I'll help you." He thought of something, his eyes flickering, and finally, gritting his teeth, decided to join Liu Qi for another bout of madness.

All of it stemmed from an inner unwillingness.

If the two of them succeeded this time, it would mean he still had a chance to save his family.

"Thank you." Liu Qi expressed his gratitude sincerely.

"Don't thank me just yet. I have my own reasons; I also wish to know if this rumor is true. If you fail too, then at least I can give up the thought. Go ahead, let's not waste any more time." Seow Yang said.

The madness and obstinacy of the ghost-handlers once again took the upper hand.

Seow Yang also wanted to gamble.

Because in his sight, the familiar family members appeared once more, especially his little sister, who was clearly still a child, so adorable....

He dared not look too much, for fear that doing so would lead him to repeat past mistakes.

At this moment, Liu Qi's moist eyes scanned the souls around him, finally stepping forward and grabbing one of the souls.

It was a middle-aged man.

It was also his father.

When the spiritual incidents happened following the death of his grandparents, if not for his father's sacrifice, he wouldn't have lived to this day.

"Dad, I want to resurrect you." Liu Qi shouted silently in his heart, grabbing the soul's hand tightly.

Although the hand was cold and devoid of any warmth, he was still extremely excited.

"Let's go."

With an unwilling shout, Liu Qi directly pulled the soul, turning away to leave.

The retreat was closest to the edge of the road.

Crossing the road would be farther away.

Chapter 1322 - Advancing with a Restless Soul

Liu Qi and Seow Yang couldn't sever the ties tugging at their hearts, tempted by the wandering souls on the road. They wanted to gamble, to try taking one of the souls, and prove the rumors true, to see if they could really bring it back to life.

Is it really so easy to take a wandering soul away?

It's well known in the supernatural circle that the most terrifying thing is reversing life and death, bringing the dead back to life.

Both Liu Qi and Seow Yang, who previously were quite focused on the bigger picture, had now completely set aside the thought of reuniting with Yang Jian and saving the residents of Baishui Town.

The two teamed together, taking with them a middle-aged man with a face ashen and body cold, walking back without looking back.

The soul of this middle-aged man showed no resistance, like a walking corpse, allowing Liu Qi to lead it forward. It did not transform into a fierce ghost to attack Liu Qi, nor did it summon any other horrors.

Everything seemed to go smoothly.

Even other wandering souls unconsciously made way, indicating for Liu Qi and Seow Yang to leave.

As if as long as they continued down the road ahead, everything held hope.

Although Seow Yang was impulsive at this moment, his mind was still relatively calm. He understood that taking a soul away from here wasn't going to be that easy, so he remained highly vigilant.

Seow Yang reminded aloud, "Although I tried to take a soul away once before and failed, I can't be sure if everyone encounters the same danger when doing so. I can only remind you that the closer you get to the side of the road, the more bizarre the situations become. Don't be fooled by the fact that now all the souls are making way for us, seemingly helping us. Soon you will understand, it's all an illusion."

"I understand, my heart is prepared," Liu Qi nodded, acknowledging the caution.

Of course, he understood that taking away a wandering soul was by no means easy. Having gone through so much, he was no longer the naïve student he once was.

The two walked briskly, talking as they went.

Shortly after.

Following the path the souls voluntarily cleared, they soon saw neon lights flickering at the end of the distant road.

The neon lights illuminated the surroundings, vaguely revealing the brightly colored paper flowers along the roadside.

"I see it, once we reach the end we'll be able to leave the road," Liu Qi's face lit up with joy, feeling somewhat excited.

He had thought he would lose his way here, never expecting to find the way out so easily.

With a direction now, he only needed to forge ahead, steeling himself.

However, at this moment, Seow Yang was prepared to face any danger.

He, too, had such moments before; hope clearly within reach, only to ultimately fail. But this time, he and Liu Qi were teaming up, trying to break this curse.

Very soon.

Liu Qi's expression flickered as he first sensed something amiss.

The soul he grasped, resembling his father in every way, for some reason started slowing its pace. No, it wasn't the steps slowing, but the body growing heavier, as if a tremendous resistance was hindering the soul's advance.

This resistance was dispensed onto Liu Qi, making his initially brisk steps now laborious.

It was as if he'd fallen into a deep quagmire, unable to move quickly.

"There's a resistance hindering my advance, and the closer we go, the greater the resistance, Seow Yang, the irregularities you mentioned have appeared," Liu Qi said with a grim face.

However, Seow Yang, who was not holding the soul, didn't feel this at all, "I'll help you," he said.

With that, he reached out to hold the other hand of the soul.

But as soon as his hand touched.

Suddenly.

The soul, which had been as silent as death, unexpectedly opened its mouth and emitted an unbelieving, strange shriek, the sound revealing an indescribable pain, perhaps fiercely resisting Seow Yang's touch.

Meanwhile, the deathly pale body of the soul began quickly darkening, decaying, disintegrating. If this continued, this soul would likely completely perish soon.

This occurrence scared Seow Yang into letting go quickly, releasing the soul.

Upon releasing, the soul's mouth immediately closed, the screaming stopped, and its body ceased deteriorating, gradually recovering with time.

"There was no precedent for two people taking one soul together, now it seems only a family member of the soul can lead it without resistance; if a second person helps, then for some reason, the soul might completely die. This should be the rule of this road of souls," Seow Yang calmly deduced and concluded.

"Looks like you're on your own, though I can assist if other dangers arise."

"No issue, I was prepared for this," Liu Qi replied.

Then he took a deep breath, feeling the increasing difficulty in advancing, deciding to use his supernatural power.

In the next moment.

The deathly pallor and chill of the soul began rapidly spreading to Liu Qi, along with the immense resistance.

This supernatural power stemmed from a curse.

The curse Liu Qi bore could transfer any supernatural elements from others onto himself. The more potent the supernatural element, the longer the contact required, making it extremely hazardous to ordinary people. As soon as Liu Qi touched an ordinary person, within moments, a part of the living would transfer onto him.

For instance, health, sight, taste, even lifespan.

Strictly speaking, he could theoretically extend his life indefinitely by continuously transferring lifespan from others, although those whose lifespan he took would die immediately.

Yet, this was mere theory. After all, the biggest concern for those who engage with ghosts wasn't the problem of lifespan, but the issue of ghost resurrection. Once a ghost resurrects, a long lifespan becomes irrelevant.

Moreover, not everything transfers; some part will be lost.

If an ordinary person had a lifespan of a hundred years, then transferring to Liu Qi would leave only thirty years.

That means acquiring merely thirty percent.

The remaining seventy percent seems to be lost, or perhaps seized by a terrifying ghost, the source of this curse.

Similarly, if the transfer involves supernatural elements, there's also a loss; however, the degree of this loss is not fixed and depends on the terror level of the supernatural force involved. Therefore, this transfer equates to indirectly weakening the supernatural element, but despite this, the weakened supernatural element still imposes a great burden on Liu Qi.

Fortunately, Liu Qi, who bears this curse, made good use of it, and managed to harness other fierce ghosts.

"It's alright, I can manage,"

Liu Qi took a deep breath, feeling the resistance greatly reduced, much easier than before.

He again grabbed the soul and quickened his pace.

The distance rapidly closed.

Estimating, they were less than fifty meters from leaving this road.

But at this moment, other abnormalities emerged again.

In a dim corner, a pair of bloodshot eyes appeared, staring at Liu Qi, and began swiftly approaching.

Undeniably, that was a fierce ghost.

The bloodshot ghost was closing in swiftly, its bizarre body crawling rapidly across the ground in the darkness.

The ghost wasn't even close yet, inherently still a ways away.

Suddenly, two scarred, slightly decaying arms emerged from behind one soul, and grabbed Liu Qi, who was moving forward.

Everything happened too abruptly.

Focused on pulling the soul forward, Liu Qi had no time to react.

"It's that ghost that targeted me before, damn it, just at this time..."

Liu Qi's face darkened instantly; subsequently, his body defied his will, staggering as he fell to the ground, and was pulled back by a tremendous force, dragged back relentlessly.

Originally, the forward resistance was great, and now being attacked by a ghost felt even more like adding insult to injury.

At this time, Seow Yang acted without hesitation.

His hands wet as if soaked by rain, then grabbed hold of the scarred, slightly decayed arm.

The tremendous pulling force immediately diminished significantly.

Liu Qi slightly stabilized his form.

But it wasn't enough.

The hands gripped him like iron shackles, locked tightly onto his body, impossible to break free.

"No, this ghost is unusual, I can't force it back," Seow Yang growled lowly, feeling as if his hands clung to thorns, his hands covered now with scratches.

Subsequently, the scratches quickly bruised, decayed, and began to spread across his entire body.

He was merely a common city leader, lacking the kind of pinnacle supernatural power, being able to turn the residents of Baishui Town into the living dead through Ghost Rain to prevent ghost attacks was already considerable. Typically, he hid within buildings, relying on the supernatural item, the elegy, to resist encountered ghosts, with very few direct confrontations.

And most importantly.

The last time he attempted to take a soul away, the supernatural force encountered was not this strong.

Indeed.

Everyone encounters different situations.

The stronger the supernatural, the more dangerous the encounter.

"I'll do it."

Taking advantage of the moment, Liu Qi acted again, knowing that the supernatural he wielded was more than one.

A blurry ghostly figure appeared before him, this ghost squatting on the ground, swaying like a roly-poly. At this moment, the ghostly figure was pressing down on those scarred arms.

Those two arms began to twist and deform, accompanied by the sound of cracking bones beside his ears.

Liu Qi's face was growing increasingly ashen while the swaying ghostly figure became clearer, swaying more, as if it might topple over at any moment.

As the swaying grew larger, the terror of the supernatural increased.

Those scarred, slightly rotten arms couldn't withstand the supernatural confrontation between Liu Qi and Seow Yang.

The final sound of breaking bones echoed.

The two arms finally snapped completely, lost all movement, and lay limp on the ground.

The hands gripping Liu Qi lost their strength and let go.

Liu Qi took a deep breath, hurriedly breaking free from the ghost's grip, dragging the soul away from those arms, and continued forward.

As he retreated.

The ghostly figure that had been swaying over the arms quickly faded and disappeared from sight.

Seow Yang took this opportunity to withdraw.

He lowered his head as he walked.

Indeed.

His palms were cut with multiple wounds, but no blood flowed, only rotten injuries remained.

However, as the supernatural rain washed over, the wounds slightly improved, at least the decay wasn't worsening.

"The ghost is temporarily suppressed and hasn't chased after us. Let's rush out of here while we can," Liu Qi said through gritted teeth.

He was feeling very uncomfortable.

Enduring the immense resistance of the souls and using supernatural power to repel a terrifying ghost, the worst part was he had been dragged back twenty meters by the ghost, further away from the roadside.

Seow Yang remained silent.

Because he had a premonition that the remaining fifty meters would not be easy to cross.

Soon.

The premonition was confirmed.

When Liu Qi returned to his previous position, the path ahead was blocked.

Three people holding hands in a row approached them.

The three women looked identical, but all carried incomplete facial features: one had a pair of ashen eyes, another had bright red lipstick on her lips, and the last had a pair of ghastly white ears.

"These aren't souls, these are ghosts."

Liu Qi and Seow Yang were stunned.

"Don't fight against them, bypass these things."

Yet, at this moment, the first woman's ashen eyes subtly moved, appearing as if awakened, fixated on Liu Qi and Seow Yang.

In an instant.

Seow Yang felt a chilling danger envelop him.

Originally, he was at some distance from the three ghosts, but suddenly.

Almost as if he blinked.

The three ghosts appeared around Seow Yang and Liu Qi, close as if they might cling to them, causing both men to instinctively retreat, only to crash into the hands of the adjacent women.

Unnoticed, the adjacent ghosts had lifted their arms, reaching straight out, intending to block their path.

An eerie chill engulfed them.

Before they could react, the first and third ghosts moved forward, encroaching their space, lifting arms into unreasonable angles, forming a circle intending to trap them.

"It's not good, break out! Don't let these three ghosts trap us," Liu Qi's face changed dramatically.

He sensed the approaching danger from the unexpected change.

The intuition of a ghost-wielder told him that once these three ghosts succeed, they would surely suffer a dreadful fate trapped in the middle.

Seow Yang activated his supernatural power, resulting in an incredible sight.

The supernatural rain above stopped falling.

However, he clearly saw rain still falling around the three eerie women.

The supernatural rain was completely isolated outside.

Liu Qi also made a move, the swaying ghostly figure appeared before him once more.

The squatting ghost began to sway like a roly-poly again.

This time, however, the swaying ghost collided with the arms of the three eerie women, without any effect. Instead, the arms impacted the ghost, reducing its swaying frequency rapidly.

But this wasn't entirely ineffective.

The eerie women's hand movements slowed slightly in forming the enclosing circle.

"Can you squeeze through?" Seow Yang attempted again.

He bent down, trying to duck under the arms of the three eerie women to escape their encirclement.

But as soon as he moved.

In the next moment, his mind blurred, and he found himself back in the middle of the three eerie women's enclosure.

No use.

And at this moment.

Blood started flowing from Liu Qi and Seow Yang's noses, mouths, and eyes as their life force seemed to be rapidly slipping away.

Clearly, this was an extremely horrific supernatural attack.

Because of the slight delay.

The ghost's curved arms were about to completely touch and close, leaving only a few centimeters of space.

"Too late, no chance to rush out now," Liu Qi shuddered.

He had made a poor decision.

If he had retreated immediately, he could have survived.

Yet, initially, both he and Seow Yang thought of confronting, trying to suppress the ghost head-on like before.

But they failed.

Which led to losing their chance to escape.

The root cause was Liu Qi's unwillingness to retreat, already having done so for twenty meters; finally, they were just a few dozen meters away from getting out. If they retreated again, how could they ever bring the soul back to resurrect?

"Light the Ghost Candle."

Liu Qi did not give up hope. He pulled out a red Ghost Candle.

Being a candidate for team leader, he naturally possessed such supernatural tools.

But when he tried to light the Ghost Candle, he found it wouldn't ignite, as if unable to burn.

"How could this..." Liu Qi paused for a moment.

Seow Yang realized that the ghost blocking Liu Qi was more terrifying than imagined. He said, "Abandon the soul, otherwise we might die here. This ghost won't let us leave with the soul alive. Hurry, there's no time."

Much like before,

in dire straits, a decision had to be made.

Chapter 1323 - The Rain That Stopped

It's very difficult for the living to take away the lost souls, and it's equally difficult for ghost masters, even if they use supernatural power.

The supernatural power Liu Qi controls is obviously much stronger than Seow Yang's.

However, he has encountered much greater peril than Seow Yang, a peril that has exceeded their ability to cope, leaving them with a sense of despair and powerlessness. No matter how unwilling they are, reality has told them that it is impossible to take the lost souls away.

Reversing life and death, resurrecting someone important who has been dead for a long time, this is a price Liu Qi could not bear.

At this moment, Seow Yang is trying to persuade Liu Qi to give up, to not persist anymore.

Since they have already failed, it proves that this path is completely unfeasible, at least they do not have the ability to leave this mysterious road with the lost souls.

"Perhaps that Yang Jian could do it, no, maybe he can't either. The stronger the supernatural power one possesses, the greater the danger they face. Maybe ordinary people have a better chance of bringing back the lost souls."

Seow Yang thought of Yang Jian at this moment, but then he realized that even Yang Jian might not be able to succeed.

He guessed that the one who takes away the lost souls is not a powerful ghost master but an ordinary person with high psychological resilience.

But right now, Seow Yang cannot afford to think any further.

Because at this moment, immense peril looms, with the fierce ghosts surrounding them, cutting off all the exits for him and Liu Qi.

And at this moment, Seow Yang had no other options, he could only leave it to fate. He wanted to enlighten Liu Qi, only in this way would they have a chance to survive.

"Liu Qi, are you still hesitating? There's no time left." He was even more anxious at this moment.

Because Liu Qi's hand was still tightly gripping that lost soul, refusing to let go.

Even at this critical moment, he didn't want to loosen his grip.

Perhaps to him, some people are more important than his own life, prompting him to give everything without reservation, leaving no room for retreat.

"I know, but do you think letting go of the lost soul will allow us to escape this situation? Absolutely not, the ghost has targeted us and is attacking us, abandoning the lost soul will not stop the ghost's assault. On the contrary, if we can withstand this attack, the road to resurrecting the lost soul will be clear and smooth."

"Seow Yang, I'm sorry to have dragged you into this, but this time, I want to gamble with my life."

Liu Qi took a deep breath and had already made up his mind.

He wanted to give it his all and did not want to retreat.

If he retreated, he felt he would regret it for the rest of his life, and he would never have the courage to come here again in the future.

Seow Yang was silent at this moment.

He understood Liu Qi's thoughts at this moment, it was a choice completely different from the one he made at that time.

Back then, he chose to escape, but Liu Qi chose to fight hard.

"No need to worry about me, this is the decision I've made. Since I have already agreed to accompany you on this journey, I naturally understand the price to pay."

Seow Yang did not retreat, he took a deep breath and continued: "Let's go all out, what I didn't have the courage to do before, I hope you have the courage to do now."

"Okay." Liu Qi didn't say much, just one word.

At this moment.

After a brief but swift exchange, those three eerie women had already completely surrounded the two of them.

The first and second eerie women each reached out their cold hands, and at this moment the distance between these two hands was not just a few centimeters remaining.

This small distance was definitely not enough for a living person to pass through.

In other words, even if Liu Qi and Seow Yang wanted to escape now, it was too late, they had no choice but to fight.

"Transfer the supernatural power of the ghost to me, and with the curse I bear, weaken this terrifying supernatural. If I can withstand it and survive, then I will succeed. On the contrary, if I cannot withstand this supernatural, then I will immediately die from a resurrected ghost."

Liu Qi's eyes were firm, he knew what he was doing, it wasn't an impulsive act but a choice.

Almost simultaneously as the fierce ghosts clasped hands and enclosed them.

Liu Qi also extended his hand.

He grabbed hold of that fierce ghost with only red lips on her face.

A simple touch was all it took for the supernatural to transfer to him.

Upon touching that cold, icy arm with no warmth, Liu Qi began challenging his limits for the sake of the lost soul he held in his hand.

At the same time.

As the three fierce ghosts linked hands to form a circle, Seow Yang suddenly fell into a daze, then heavily collapsed to the ground, with blood continuously flowing from his mouth, eyes, and nose, putting him on the brink of death.

Such a supernatural attack was something he could not withstand.

However, Yang Jian didn't know about the perilous battle Liu Qi and Xia Yang were facing here.

Yang Jian's objective was simple: to pursue the Evil Hound, cross the road, and find the lost Wang Shanshan.

Facing the wandering souls around him, he was unfazed; a single Ghost Flame burned everything, severing all ties.

With no intention of resurrecting the lost souls, his path forward was somewhat bumpy but not fatally perilous.

However, the road across seemed endless.

Yang Jian kept moving forward, but the surroundings remained unchanged, still filled with countless wandering souls, with no sign of any landmark buildings by the road.

He seemed to be lost.

"If Liu Qi and Seow Yang are smart, at this point they should turn back to ensure their safety," he thought to himself.

However, Yang Jian had tried searching for the two of them earlier.

But failed.

So Yang Jian simply ignored them and continued forward alone.

Yet, at this moment, Yang Jian stopped in his tracks.

He looked up at the dark sky.

At some point, the rain that had shrouded Baishui Town had stopped.

"The rain stopped? What happened on their side, did that person named Seow Yang encounter danger?" Yang Jian frowned.

It's important to know that the supernatural rain cannot stop for long; once it stops for an extended period, the wandering living dead here would awaken without the supernatural's maintenance. Once

awake, they would just be ordinary residents of Baishui Town, and fear and despair would engulf them, causing them to lose their last chance to stay alive.

"I hope it's temporary; if it doesn't recover soon, I'll have to use my Ghost Eye to save as many as possible."

Yang Jian thought to himself.

He continued to move forward.

Yang Jian sought a way out of this realm filled with wandering souls.

And his earlier guess was quite accurate.

Seow Yang indeed encountered misfortune.

The reason the rain stopped was because Seow Yang didn't survive the earlier assault.

He died.

Died silently, with only a trickle of blood from his eyes, nose, and mouth, but his body lay motionless on the cold ground, gradually stiffening over time.

Once a ghost master dies.

The previously maintained supernatural phenomenon also disappears.

Fortunately, the ghost controlled by Seow Yang had not reached the point of resurrection, so for now, his body would not display any abnormalities.

Chapter 1324 - Belated Flames

"Did it fail?"

At this moment.

Restless souls wandered on the vast road, and not far from this road, a young man, about twenty years old, suddenly lost consciousness and collapsed to the ground. Follow current novels on novel·fire·net

His skin began to rapidly turn a dark, ashen gray, and his facial features gradually blurred, as if he were about to disappear.

Yet, the fallen Liu Qi still clung tightly to the ghostly woman before him.

These three ghostly women, tall and slender with graceful figures, looked like beauties if their heads were covered, but disturbingly, one of them only had a pair of ghastly white eyes, another only a bright red lip, and the last one only a pair of pallid ears.

At this moment, the three eerie women held hands, trapping Liu Qi and the fallen Seow Yang in the middle.

A certain dreadful, lethal supernatural force made it impossible for the ghost handler to resist.

Seow Yang was already dead, and Liu Qi was about to follow.

He used his own curse to try and transfer the supernatural force from the three ghostly women onto himself. Although he succeeded, their supernatural force was too strong. Even transferring a part of it through contact, the deadly assault of these hand-holding women couldn't be resisted by Liu Qi.

Right now, he wasn't dead, only because the supernatural power within Liu Qi was still fighting back.

But if this continued, Liu Qi would either die from the ghost's resurrection or be killed by the attacking supernatural force. Both ways led to death; there was no second path.

Yet, even at this point, one of Liu Qi's hands still stubbornly grasped onto another person.

That was a soul.

This was his father, who had died horribly in the village to save him. The regret still tormented him, so he wanted to bring his father back, leave Baishui Town, and appear in this world as a living person.

"I can't do it. I couldn't bring you back to life."

Lying on the ground, his strength was fading as he held onto 'father's' hand. Blood began to flow from the corner of his lips, and his vision quickly blurred, even his hearing was rapidly fading away.

He wanted to speak but realized he couldn't feel where his mouth was anymore.

Because at this moment, Liu Qi's eyes, mouth, and ears were disappearing.

"Seow Yang, I'm sorry. It's my fault you died, but I'll soon join you." Liu Qi felt a mix of unwillingness and pain in his heart.

His impulsive and reckless decision not only killed himself but also the person in charge, Seow Yang. Most importantly, as Seow Yang died, the residents of Baishui Town lost the supernatural rain that kept them in their undead state. By then, Baishui Town would suffer heavy casualties... Everything was caused by him.

At this moment, Liu Qi felt ashamed of his death, knowing there were better options, yet he chose the worst one.

But just as Liu Qi faced death,

The soul he held seemed to realize Liu Qi couldn't take it off this road, or perhaps for some other reason.

The once lifeless, stagnant soul suddenly twisted its neck, casting a strange look at Liu Qi.

Then its cold arm flung outward, breaking free from Liu Qi's grasp, turning slowly, and walking deeper into the road. Astonishingly, the three ghostly women holding hands didn't stop this soul but instead let it slip away beneath their arms.

As this soul left, its face, which once looked identical to Liu Qi's father, gradually turned unfamiliar, completely changing into someone else—strange and chilling, much like the other wandering souls on the road.

Eventually, the soul merged back into the multitude of other lost souls, never to be found again.

Liu Qi's vision had completely blurred at this point, unable to discern anything around him, but he still felt the soul he'd refused to let go had broken free and left him.

He mocked himself with a bitter smile, only able to twitch his cheek, unable to produce any sound.

"Maybe this is my greatest retribution, even 'father' abandoned me. Did he think following me was a wrong decision, or did the soul of a deceased feel immense disappointment in me?"

That was what he thought.

Perhaps Liu Qi didn't realize, the soul here might not be his father, or perhaps the soul here could be anyone.

When you think the soul is your kin, it can become your kin; when you don't, then it's merely a ghost wandering here.

The dim, ashen aura was already eroding Liu Qi's face.

His mouth and eyes were gone, his ears disappeared at some point too.

Only his nose and eyebrows remained on his face, making him look absurd.

Without a mouth, he no longer bled from there, but instead, thick blood continuously oozed from his nose, his consciousness muddling along with it.

But just as Liu Qi's consciousness was about to completely vanish.

Was it an illusion before death?

His nose twitched, catching a whiff of a burnt, rancid smell in the air.

Like a corpse being charred.

It seemed this burnt stench wasn't an illusion.

Liu Qi even felt a searing sensation on his skin.

At that moment, he suspected that a raging fire had broken out around him, and that he was now engulfed in flames.

But Liu Qi couldn't see, leaving him unable to determine if this feeling was accurate.

But it no longer mattered.

He had accepted his failure, now waiting for death.

However, as time passed,

Liu Qi noticed his fading consciousness persistently remained, gradually becoming clearer.

"What's happening?"

Doubt arose in his heart.

But Liu Qi's feeling wasn't wrong; a raging fire indeed burned around him, a green Ghost Flame, eerily cold, capable of scorching the supernatural.

The Ghost Flame's reach was vast.

As if determined to burn everything on this road to ashes, firelight stretched as far as the eye could see, seemingly endless.

And within the depths of this firelight,

Yang Jian marched toward him expressionlessly, stepping firmly on the ground, clutching a cracked long spear, fending off ghosts managing to escape from the flames.

"As expected, Liu Qi and Seow Yang have met with trouble. When the rain stopped earlier, I immediately thought of this and couldn't put my mind at ease, so I decided to come back and have a look. But it seems I'm too late; the two of them appear to have been killed by ghosts."

His gaze was cold as he looked past the flames and saw the situation on the road.

Three eerie women, hand in hand, surrounded Seow Yang and Liu Qi.

The two were lying lifeless on the ground, their condition even abnormal for corpses.

This situation is very consistent with those killed by ghosts.

Yang Jian continued to approach.

Yet, the three women-like fierce ghosts still stood there hand in hand.

The fire had fallen onto these three fierce ghosts and was burning fiercely.

But the Ghost Flame was only burning the backs of these three fierce ghosts, unable to cross over their bodies to envelop them.

The six cold arms formed a circle, as if it was an insurmountable barrier, even the Ghost Flame couldn't corrode it.

Yang Jian's arrival seemed to attract the attention of the fierce ghosts.

One fierce ghost with the Ghost Flame burning on its back, its pale ear twitched slightly as if it heard Yang Jian's footsteps approaching, and it immediately turned its head towards Yang Jian.

One ghost turned its head, and the other three ghosts followed suit.

"Have they noticed me?" Yang Jian stopped his steps, his expression becoming solemn.

But the ghosts remained inactive.

After pausing for a moment, Yang Jian quickly realized something was wrong. He saw Liu Qi's corpse on the ground with one hand still clutching one fierce ghost's ankle, refusing to let go.

"The ghost didn't attack me and maintained this posture, could it be Liu Qi is not dead..."

His eyes flickered slightly.

Only if Liu Qi is not dead, the ghost's attack can continue, explaining why he is targeted by the ghost but not attacked.

Realizing this, Yang Jian didn't hesitate one bit and rushed towards the fierce ghost.

At this moment, the roles of hunter and prey seemed to reverse.

Yang Jian intended to attack the fierce ghosts, rather than being attacked by them.

But the three hand-in-hand fierce ghosts made no move as Yang Jian approached.

Everything was as expected.

The ghost won't attack the next person until it kills Liu Qi.

And Liu Qi's survival is not due to his strong Supernatural Power but is attributed to his special curse, which transferred the ghosts' supernatural power onto himself, weakening the control. Though this transfer wasn't complete, it blocked this attack and held at bay for some time.

If not for this special curse, his fate would definitely be the same as Seow Yang's, dying instantly.

Yang Jian arrived, and the ghost didn't move, it was practically a living target.

The cracked long spear in his hand pierced through.

The fierce ghost whose ear moved earlier was immediately pierced by a rusty Coffin Nail through its cold body.

Once the body of the fierce ghost was pierced, it instantly lost all supernatural properties and collapsed.

The cold hand-clasping arms fell limp and powerless.

The originally perfect enclosure dissolved because a fierce ghost was missing.

With the encirclement undone, Liu Qi's consciousness recovered significantly, his body moved slightly, regaining some sensation.

This scene fell into Yang Jian's eyes, confirming his conjecture to be correct.

It seemed Seow Yang couldn't be saved, but Liu Qi was pulled back from the brink of death.

Although Liu Qi looked miserable, as long as he was alive, everything could be restored.

Just as Yang Jian subdued a fierce ghost and broke the hand-in-hand assault, the other two eerie women seemed completely out of control, becoming agitated.

A fierce ghost with only eyes stared intensely at Yang Jian, those pale eyeballs gradually reflecting Yang Jian's image.

And another fierce ghost, its vibrant red lips parted slightly, twisting that slender bewitching yet cold and sinister body constantly closing in, seemingly wanting to kiss Yang Jian.

Being kissed by a fierce ghost is definitely not an encounter but a lethal supernatural attack.

Yang Jian wanted to move.

Yet, he suddenly discovered that his skin was covered with a layer of dull ashen gray.

His body was unable to move, as if it was a stiff corpse.

"Is it the supernatural power of another ghost?" Yang Jian's Ghost Eye slightly rotated, locking onto those pale eyes.

Yang Jian's image was reflected in the pale eyeballs.

But soon after.

A faint green flame appeared on those pale eyeballs.

The flame's reflection blurred Yang Jian's image.

Yang Jian's rigid body immediately regained mobility.

Then promptly.

The Firewood Knife fell instantaneously.

The neck of the eerie woman was immediately torn open with a ghastly wound, and a heavy head fell to the ground, rolling to the side, after which the Ghost Flame ignited the head, and the flame burned fiercely once more.

"The coordination of three ghosts attacking is indeed dangerous, but now it's incomplete." Yang Jian retreated.

The fierce ghost with the twisting seductive body closed in continuously but was now distanced.

This retreat meant that the fierce ghost couldn't kiss Yang Jian.

Yet, the fierce ghost did not give up, still twisting its body constantly approaching.

Chapter 1325 A Packet of Medicine

These three enchanting and chilling women were bizarre and terrifying.

However, faced with Yang Jian's attack, these three eerie women were either suppressed or dismembered, leaving only one intact ghost that posed little threat to him.

Watching the ghost twisting and trying to approach, Yang Jian surrounded himself with Ghost Flame, hidden within the depths of the flame, maintaining a safe distance.

Yet the ghost did not cease its advance due to the burning Ghost Flame.

This ghost, with only a vivid red lip on its face, stepped onto the Ghost Flame and continued to close in.

But the closer it got, the more Ghost Flame burned around it, eventually engulfing the ghost itself, once again ignited.

The flames enveloped the ghost, burning furiously.

Yet the ghost continued its advance, defying the burning Ghost Flame.

Yang Jian, expressionless, knew that once the ghost had set its sights on him, it wouldn't stop attacking as long as it could move, even the burning Ghost Flame only slightly slowed its actions.

But his Ghost Flame was not the same as the Ghost Flame Li Jun used previously.

It contained Supernatural Power mixed with furnace fire to restrain such corporeal ghosts.

As the Ghost Flame continued to burn, the ghost's body seemed to be completely ignited, its movements becoming increasingly sluggish.

Finally.

The last ghost stopped about seven or eight meters from Yang Jian, its seductive body frozen in a strange twisted posture, and as the Ghost Flame burned more intensely, the ghost could no longer maintain its graceful shape and finally became a charred corpse.

Seeing that all three ghosts had been temporarily dealt with, Yang Jian relaxed and walked towards Liu Qi, who was lying on the ground.

Yang Jian first examined Seow Yang's body.

After repeatedly confirming several times, the result was as he judged, Seow Yang had no chance of Resurrection, having died in the supernatural attack.

On the other hand, Liu Qi.

Because the supernatural power he harnessed was stronger than Seow Yang's, he survived such an attack, and with the retreat of the three ghosts, Liu Qi's condition temporarily improved, but this improvement was short-lived because Yang Jian could feel that Liu Qi's supernatural power would soon lose control.

"Can he be saved?"

Yang Jian furrowed his brow, pondering.

Since Liu Qi isn't dead, he should find a way to save him. After all, Liu Qi came to Baishui Town to help him, and moreover, he's from headquarters, so both emotionally and rationally he can't just watch him die.

But.

It's very hard to save a ghost handler.

It's not something that can be done with simple means, it involves the balance of supernatural forces.

Even for Yang Jian, facing a ghost handler about to lose control, it's tough to find balance in a short amount of time.

"Yang Jian, is that you?" Liu Qi could move now, but he had no mouth to speak, no eyes to see what was around.

He merely moved his fingers, writing forcefully on the ground.

The rough ground scraped his fingers, blood flowing, leaving these words on the ground.

"It's me." Yang Jian responded.

But Liu Qi couldn't hear, his external perception reduced to only smell.

Yang Jian looked beside him and stuffed an unlit red Ghost Candle into Liu Qi's hand.

Liu Qi immediately understood, it was indeed Yang Jian who had come.

Because a ghost wouldn't make such a move, only a living person knows about Ghost Candle and uses it to convey messages.

"I am dying." Liu Qi continued writing with his fingers, the broken skin staining the ground red, writing more words.

He did not stop, wanting to leave a last message, continued writing: "Sorry for the trouble I brought you, but after my death, Yang Jian, I hope you can take care of my mother, she's gone mad due to the supernatural shock..."

Yang Jian stood beside him without speaking, staring at the words Liu Qi wrote, while continuing to think of solutions in his mind.

It's too early to leave a last message now.

As a ghost handler, one should not give up until the last breath, no one knows if a miracle might happen at the end.

"The curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box could save Liu Qi, but afterward, he would likely not withstand the explosion of the music box's curse." Yang Jian thought of this solution.

Finding balance for Liu Qi in such a short time is impossible, the only way is using the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box to temporarily let him live through this, then think of how to lift the curse after leaving Baishui Town.

Though lifting the curse is not easy, it can at least buy several days of survival.

"Wait, there's another way besides the music box curse."

Yang Jian suddenly remembered something, a memory of an herbal shop surfaced in his mind.

The owner of the herbal shop, a ghost handler who had lived since the Republic of China Period.

After visiting that herbal shop owner, Yang Jian received three packs of herbal medicine.

Those three packs seemed very precious, they could delay the revival of ghosts once consumed.

"Let's test whether the medicine works now to find out." Yang Jian decided to use Liu Qi to test the medicine, if it doesn't work, then it won't be too late to release the music box's curse.

Immediately.

A pool of water appeared at his feet.

The pool was deep and dark, connecting unknown places.

Soon.

A pale water-soaked arm suddenly reached out from the depths of the pool, and a floating corpse handed a yellow paper-wrapped medicine packet to him.

Yang Jian took it at once, then tore it open without hesitation.

The yellow paper was just ordinary oiled paper, nothing special, but when Yang Jian opened it, inside was ash-gray powder.

He took a bit with his finger to examine, couldn't distinguish what it was.

But it looked undeniably like a pack of ashes, not traditional medicine.

"Does this thing really work?" Yang Jian had his doubts.

But now it was not the time to worry, he used Ghost Hand to clutch the medicine pack, then forcibly stuffed it into Liu Qi's stomach.

Liu Qi had no mouth now, couldn't eat, Yang Jian could only use this extreme method to feed him the medicine.

"Are you trying to save me? It's useless, I'm already supernatural imbalanced, you're soon to die." Liu Qi sensed Yang Jian's strange actions, not suspecting Yang Jian intended to harm him, surely the thing Yang Jian was inserting into his stomach was meant to save him.

But supernatural imbalance and ghost revival are not easily managed.

With these thoughts, Liu Qi felt.

Yet something unimaginable happened, Liu Qi felt his stomach rapidly swell as though something terrifying was parasitic inside, a chill and pain spreading.

He had no time to be shocked.

Soon Liu Qi discovered the chilling aura from his belly began to spread throughout his body, rapidly flooding everywhere.

Thinking things would worsen, that he would be engulfed by the belly's eerie presence.

Unexpectedly, the cold aura eroded while supernatural imbalance within began to calm, as if the ghosts inside his body fell into slumber.

This wasn't supernatural balance.

Instead, some stronger supernatural force had suppressed all the ghosts within his body.

Moreover, the force stuffed into his stomach was stable, not out of control, no risk of eroding him instead, as time passed, the dreadful supernatural force inside his belly slowly dissipated.

This feeling indicated that before that supernatural force dissipated, he would not risk ghost revival.

"Incredible." Liu Qi felt astonished.

He had lost hope, prepared for death, never expecting the thing Yang Jian packed into his stomach would forcibly pull him back from the brink of ghost revival and supernatural imbalance.

Although the problem hasn't been completely solved.

At least short-term, there won't be any deaths.

After the supernatural power was brought under control, the ashen gray on Liu Qi's body quickly disappeared, and the eyes, ears, and mouth that had been erased by the supernatural just moments ago began to reappear slowly.

Before him was pitch black, but Liu Qi could now see light again.

Though the light was particularly eerie, a pale green, it at least meant his eyesight was restored, and he could see everything around him.

As time passed, Liu Qi's vision became clearer, and he even saw Yang Jian standing beside him.

And his mouth also recovered, able to feel again, he opened his mouth and made a sound.

"Yang, Yang Jian." Liu Qi was somewhat emotional, but his mouth was still somewhat uncooperative, stammeringly hard to articulate clearly.

Yang Jian glanced at him and said, "Your condition is rapidly improving, which means the emergency measures I took worked. You should be fine now, but unfortunately, that method can only save the living, not the dead. I couldn't help Seow Yang."

"Seow Yang?" Liu Qi's increasingly clear eyes looked at Seow Yang nearby.

"I was the one who killed him. If it weren't for my impulsiveness, trying to gamble and take my father's spirit away from here, he wouldn't have died. He clearly advised me that taking spirits away would lead to a terrible supernatural attack, but I didn't listen. I thought the supernatural power I wielded now gave me a chance to win."

"I was too naive. The supernatural here is even more terrifying than I imagined. I could barely manage fifty meters from the roadside, it's hard to imagine what horrors would occur if I got three to four meters, twenty meters, or even a few meters closer."

Liu Qi sat up from the ground, his head slightly lowered, feeling no joy from this narrow escape from death.

All he felt was self-blame, guilt, and even regret.

"Not everyone can move past the test of a loved one's spirit, I now regret killing those familiar spirits, perhaps there really might be some way to resurrect them." Yang Jian slowly said.

Liu Qi looked slightly surprised, "You killed all the spirits of your loved ones?"

"Yes, the dead are already gone, the resurrected person isn't necessarily the you knew. Don't forget, this is a supernatural world, the supernatural is always cold, cruel, it won't give you such hope for free. I believe this is a trap, so I bit the bullet and severed my past, killing all familiar spirits with my own hands."

"After killing those spirits, no familiar faces appeared around me again." Yang Jian said.

"Perhaps you are right, spirits will only pull the living into hell, it's impossible for the living to take spirits out of hell. Instead of grappling with regret, it might be better to learn from you and sever all ties in one go." Liu Qi seemed to come to a realization.

Yang Jian said, "My approach may not be right, and yours might not be wrong, there is no conclusion to this, who can be sure? Unless... we really take a spirit away from here, only then will we know what the true result is."

His eyes flickered, looking at a spirit wandering not far away.

"Don't."

Liu Qi, at this moment terrified, hastily stopped Yang Jian's thought.

He, now just like the late Seow Yang, dared not face it, having lost the courage to take spirits away, nor dared to let Yang Jian attempt it, fearing Yang Jian would meet the same end as him.

"Yang Jian, you mustn't follow in my footsteps, I've already set a precedent. Taking spirits away from here isn't necessarily easier with stronger supernatural power, because the more supernatural power you wield, the more terrifying the supernatural assault when you attempt to take a spirit away."

"I can only imagine the terrible situations that would occur locally if you tried to take a spirit away."

Liu Qi recounted the earlier situation to Yang Jian, letting him understand that taking spirits away from here faces resistance tailored to individuals.

"So that's how it is." Yang Jian, being reasonable, nodded, understanding why Liu Qi stumbled here.

"Seow Yang previously speculated that to take spirits away from here; perhaps the correct way is to let ordinary living people enter here." Liu Qi added, "Although ordinary living people don't have supernatural power, they face the least obstruction, so ordinary people might instead have the chance to succeed."

"But I'm not interested in resurrecting spirits for now. Feel your own condition, and if there's nothing wrong, come with me." Yang Jian said.

Liu Qi stood up at this moment, feeling his own condition.

No issues.

Instead, a blessing in disguise, gaining new supernatural power.

His eyes moved slightly, the black pupils gradually disappeared, turning deathly white.

This scene was identical to one of those three eerie women from before.

However, the supernatural power he transferred was not all, just a part.

Even so, concentrating the supernatural power of three fierce ghosts into one person is terrifying enough.

All of this comes with a cost.

Once the herbal packet loses its efficacy, Liu Qi would die painfully.

"I'm fine now, in great condition. Are we just going to leave like this? What about Seow Yang?" Liu Qi looked at Seow Yang's corpse, hesitating a bit.

Yang Jian said, "He's already dead, now he's only a corpse, and it could resurrect into a fierce ghost anytime. The best method is to leave it here, ignoring it, there are no shortage of ghosts in Baishui Town, adding Seow Yang would not matter."

"I'd like to take his body, if possible I'd host a funeral for him." Liu Qi thought for a moment and spoke.

"The fierce ghost has infiltrated his body, there's no separating the ghost from this corpse, taking it out would be a threat, but since you mentioned it, as Enforcement Captain, I can't ignore it." Based on Yang Jian's rational thinking, he wouldn't be dealing with Seow Yang's corpse.

But Liu Qi's point is also valid, considering human interactions.

Yang Jian decided to respect human relationships and deal with Seow Yang's corpse.

The accumulated water under his feet gathered, soaking Seow Yang's corpse, then the body instantly sank into the water, vanishing before their eyes.

"I've recovered the body, once we're out of Baishui Town, we can think about arrangements. We can't waste more time; with Seow Yang's death, the balance of Baishui Town is disrupted, we must find Wang Shanshan before most residents wake up and leave here together."

"Otherwise, Seow Yang won't be the only one dead, many more will perish."

Yang Jian acted decisively, immediately dismissing the fierce ghost impaled by his lance off into the distance, and without hesitation, turned and left.

Liu Qi dared not fall behind, quickly following.

They didn't rush towards the roadside, as that was the opposite direction.

After all, to find Wang Shanshan, they must follow the Evil Hound's trail across the road.

"Father..."

Liu Qi chased after Yang Jian, running quickly, with Ghost Flames surrounding, as if in a Ghost Domain, yet his eyes moved and still saw the familiar face wandering among the spirits.

That was his father.

The family member he hadn't managed to take away from here.

But at this moment, Liu Qi accepted his failure, without impulse; he turned his head away, no longer looking at his father among the spirits, just following Yang Jian relentlessly.

Perhaps.

Perhaps when he grows enough, he might come back here again to have another go.

But at that time, Liu Qi would act alone, never involving anyone else again.

Yang Jian at this moment didn't use Ghost Domain, the supernatural interference here was frighteningly strong, he only used Ghost Flames to clear a path, preventing unnecessary supernatural entities from getting close.

Without supernatural interference, their progress was fast.

Swiftly passing through layers of wandering spirits.

Yang Jian and Liu Qi ran for countless kilometers within a short time, yet still couldn't see across.

They didn't get tired, maintaining their fast running pace.

While the trace left by the Evil Hound ahead was becoming increasingly faint.

"Does this route really lead to the other side?" At this moment, Yang Jian felt uneasy.

He worried that venturing too far could lead to getting lost, unable to return, forever trapped in this world filled with nothing but spirits.

Backing down and turning back now would mean Wang Shanshan would be permanently lost.

He couldn't help but weigh his options internally.

In Yang Jian's mind, besides bringing Wang Shanshan back, there was another crucial point: bringing back the Ghost Child and the skin parchment.

Each was vitally important.

Otherwise, with his nature, he wouldn't take such risks.

Chapter 1326 The Strange Land

Yang Jian followed the Evil Hound's tracks, venturing deep into the supernatural realm.

The surroundings were dark, with roaming spirits everywhere.

He didn't know his exact location, only that if he continued, it would be easy to lose his way, making it uncertain if he could find his way back.

"It's time to give up."

Although Yang Jian didn't stop walking, he slowed his pace. He was too deep in now, and even he started considering giving up.

This place seemed endless; anyone continuing would feel uncertain.

Wandering spirits alone weren't the main issue.

The real problem was the terrifying ghosts mingled among them. If Yang Jian wasn't vigilant, seeing further and using Ghost Flame to open the way, he would've encountered many dangers.

If it were someone else, they would have faced at least five supernatural attacks by now.

"Are we not going further?" Liu Qi noticed Yang Jian slowing down and stopping and couldn't help asking.

Yang Jian said, "At this point, we might need to learn to give up. Wang Shanshan is too deep in. If we keep going, we might end up trapped here forever. But going back now poses no danger. Otherwise, continuing forward is uncertain."

As he spoke, he glanced down.

A puddle of water had formed beneath his feet, but it was spreading slowly, with some even disappearing as if being repelled, unable to remain there.

This was the depths of the supernatural realm, and even the Ghost Lake was affected.

That's why Yang Jian thought of giving up.

Otherwise, using the lake water as an anchor, he wouldn't worry about being trapped here.

"We've come so far; giving up now would be a shame. I feel Wang Shanshan might be just ahead." Liu Qi said, looking into the distance.

The distance was still filled with unfamiliar wandering spirits, with no living human in sight.

It was eerily silent around, with only heavy footsteps echoing on the road, creating a sense of oppression and suffocation.

"Did you find something?" Yang Jian immediately asked.

Liu Qi shook his head and replied, "No, I haven't found anything, just a vague feeling."

"A supernatural premonition?"

Yang Jian pondered for a moment, "Since you have this feeling, let's go forward a bit. If we still don't find Wang Shanshan, I'll have to give up."

He made his decision.

Liu Qi nodded in agreement.

After all, since starting down this path, they'd traveled dozens of kilometers without any result.

Yang Jian decided to proceed ten more kilometers.

If they hadn't found Wang Shanshan by then, he would retreat immediately.

They moved on, noticing the number of wandering spirits decreasing, with less on the road. It was unclear if this change was good or bad.

Yang Jian remained indifferent, quickening their pace with Liu Qi.

Walking a full five kilometers.

Though the number of spirits decreased, the surroundings remained unchanged.

Continuing forward another three kilometers.

The situation stayed the same.

Without finding Wang Shanshan, Yang Jian called the Evil Hound back, letting it track again.

The Evil Hound turned and dashed further in.

Seeing this, Yang Jian's face turned grim.

He even suspected the dog might be leading them astray.

"Another two kilometers," Yang Jian took a deep breath and moved forward.

He had already prepared to turn back, as the remaining two kilometers were unlikely to lead him to Wang Shanshan, but he wanted to complete his set goal to avoid future regrets.

"There seems to be something ahead."

Suddenly, a few hundred meters ahead, Liu Qi's pale eyes caught a flickering light. It wasn't the glow of Yang Jian's Ghost Flame but the colorful illumination of neon lights.

Yang Jian furrowed his brow, squinting into the distance.

The number of spirits decreased again, with no obstruction to his view, so he could see further.

Indeed.

In the distance, there was the faint flicker of colorful neon lights.

"Is that... across the road?" Yang Jian hesitated, unsure of what the neon lights marked.

"Let's go check it out."

Facing some risk, he decided not to hesitate anymore and headed toward the neon lights.

He and Liu Qi moved quickly.

Soon enough, the lights drew closer.

Only then did Yang Jian realize that the neon light was not across the road but part of a wooden building standing in the middle of the road.

The building had two stories with tightly shut doors, seeming to have been sealed for ages.

Yet, under its eaves were many lights, flickering in various colors.

"What a strange place." Yang Jian couldn't help but be startled.

In this haunted realm stood a solitary wooden house, clearly man-made despite its abandoned appearance. It was inexplicable why such a structure existed here.

Moreover, there were no spirits around the wooden house.

The few spirits roving the vicinity deliberately avoided the house, unwilling to approach.

"Looks like we've come to the wrong place," Liu Qi commented, sounding a bit disappointed.

Yang Jian continued toward the house, "We're here, might as well see if there's anything to discover."

Soon,

he approached the wooden house.

The building wasn't small. After circling it once, Yang Jian found the entrance and cautiously approached.

The wooden door was unlatched, merely shut carelessly.

Perhaps, this place faced no threats from the living or the spirits, so there was no need to lock it.

Yang Jian pushed it slightly open and peeked inside, his expression changing instantly.

Inside the house were rows of old coffins.

The coffins had faded, covered in dust, with at least a dozen inside, their contents unknown.

"The coffins shouldn't hold ghosts; given the ghosts around, there's no need to prepare so many coffins for confinement. If they're not for ghosts, they likely store humans or something special..."

Yang Jian observed carefully, reluctant to step inside.

He felt uneasy, unwilling to provoke danger without reason.

"Better not go in," Liu Qi suggested, having observed within, carefully keeping his voice low.

"I'm just looking, not planning to enter." Yang Jian's ghost eye scanned the interior.

Suddenly.

He saw small hand and footprint marks on a coffin lid.

"Those are... traces left by the Ghost Child." Yang Jian identified the prints immediately.

"Sure enough, Wang Shanshan came here with the Ghost Child."

Finding a clue, Yang Jian felt a surge of excitement.

This confirmed the Evil Hound was guiding them in the right direction, though the deep journey had made him skeptical.

Yet.

Given Wang Shanshan's abilities, even with the Ghost Child's protection, it seemed improbable for her to have ventured so far. If not for fatigue, the dangers along the way would have been fatal.

Unless, something was leading Wang Shanshan.

Yang Jian pondered, considering this possibility.

Then he continued his examination.

He noticed the Ghost Child's tracks circled inside, leading to another backdoor exit without staying long in the house.

Clearly.

The Ghost Child merely surveyed the place before leaving again.

But when Yang Jian circled to the backdoor, he found it wouldn't open. From outside, it didn't even appear as a door.

"Very strange."

Yang Jian's curiosity deepened.

If the backdoor wouldn't open, where did the Ghost Child go after entering and leaving?

Did it vanish to another location?

Or did the Ghost Child retrace its steps out the front door?

Yet Yang Jian didn't see the Ghost Child's returning footprints.

"Yang Jian, seems like a light turned on upstairs." At that moment, Liu Qi, who had been observing outside, whispered.

He saw a yellow light illuminate the upper floor.

The light brightened the entire second level, casting an eerie glow.

Chapter 1327 Trapped in the Past

A wooden building filled with coffins stood isolated in this world where the souls of the dead roamed.

No matter how you looked at it, this wooden building seemed abnormal.

If he could help it, Yang Jian would never set foot in this place. Who knew whether those coffins held corpses, or were imprisoning malevolent spirits.

In the supernatural circles, curiosity can definitely be fatal.

"The lights on the second floor suddenly turned on?" Upon hearing Liu Qi's words, Yang Jian immediately stepped back several meters, then looked up at the second floor.

Sure enough.

A dim yellow light shone from the window on the second floor. The light appeared so suddenly, it was certain it had just been turned on, as it definitely wasn't there before.

Moreover, as Yang Jian observed, a silhouette appeared in the window on the second floor.

It was as if someone was sitting by the light inside the room on the second floor.

The silhouette remained utterly still, frozen there without any movement, making it impossible to discern whether it was a man or a woman inside from the outline.

"Yang Jian, I think it's better not to go inside and investigate. There are dozens of coffins inside this building, and there might be someone on the second floor. If we encounter danger upon entering, we might not be able to come out alive," Liu Qi said softly.

He also sensed the danger and did not want Yang Jian to take unnecessary risks.

"Perhaps Wang Shanshan is upstairs," Yang Jian frowned and said, "There are traces of the Ghost Child in this building, which means Wang Shanshan and the Ghost Child have definitely been here."

"But what I don't understand is that this place is so hidden that it would be impossible to find without directions. The likelihood of Wang Shanshan and the Ghost Child coming here is very small, and for what reason would she take such a risk to come so far? The answers I need might be on the second floor of this building."

"What do you need me to do?" Liu Qi asked.

Yang Jian replied, "You don't need to do anything. I'll go in to investigate alone. If there's any danger, I'll come out immediately to escape. Also, if I don't come out within an hour, you leave right away. Don't linger here long."

Liu Qi looked at him slightly surprised.

Yang Jian continued, "This world of souls is very strange; we have to be prepared for the worst."

"Alright, I understand." Liu Qi nodded solemnly.

"Then I'll start moving."

Yang Jian didn't hesitate. He had Liu Qi stay outside while he himself returned to the location of the main door, opened it, and cautiously stepped inside.

As soon as he entered.

On either side of the entrance were two coffins. These coffins looked somewhat like those from the Coffin Shop on Ghost Street, only the varnish had long since faded away, covered in dust, making it impossible to discern whether these coffins were originally red or black.

He had no desire to open the coffins to investigate but walked straight toward the stairs leading to the second floor.

The cracked long spear in his hand was tightly gripped, ready to respond to anything at any moment.

"Everything is normal."

By now, Yang Jian had already reached the middle of the hall; however, his gaze was no longer on the stairs but on those strewn-about coffins around him.

Luckily, these coffins were still.

Yet Yang Jian's ghost eye could not see into the coffins' interiors.

"Since there's no movement, let's not worry about it for now." Yang Jian quickened his steps and climbed the stairs toward the second floor without hesitation.

The wooden stairs creaked beneath him, as if they could collapse at any moment.

However, the quality of the stairs was still quite solid. Even though they were so old, they were neither rotten nor broken, and could still bear the weight of a living person.

However, when Yang Jian reached the turn on the stairs, what he saw was not the path to the second floor but another flight of stairs.

Yang Jian frowned.

It's clear the second floor viewed from outside and the second floor inside were not the same.

The supernatural had altered the layout of the wooden building.

Such a situation was common in supernatural events, nothing unusual.

There was nothing else he could do.

Yang Jian could only continue climbing the stairs.

After walking along the stairs for a good ten minutes, the seemingly endless staircase finally came to an end.

The second floor of the wooden building had been reached.

The pale yellow light illuminated the area, but when it shone on Yang Jian, it gave him an indescribable discomfort, as if there was a barrier between the illuminated area and himself, preventing contact.

Having stepped onto the second floor,

Yang Jian quickly scanned around, but found no source for the light.

The second floor was empty, with not a single lamp, yet inexplicably, the entire interior was lit.

"The light is not from a lamp, it should be some sort of supernatural phenomenon," Yang Jian thought to himself, forming a rough guess about the situation here.

Then he looked at the floor on the second floor.

The area was scattered with numerous footprints, small ones, indicating they were not made by an adult, but a child. Clearly, the Ghost Child had been here, and not long ago.

"Seems like there's no danger."

After reaching the empty second floor, while some supernatural phenomena existed, he neither found any malevolent spirits nor encountered any paranormal attacks.

However, the more it seemed this way, the stronger the unease grew in his heart.

Sometimes, danger not coming immediately is not a good sign; it might just be because you haven't yet touched it, like walking in the dark, completely oblivious to the abyss next to you.

Having determined the situation, Yang Jian finally set his sights on a doorway on the second floor.

Behind the door was a room.

That was where the silhouette of a living person had been reflected earlier.

If there was anything in this building, it could only be in that room.

Yang Jian didn't plan to waste any more time and went over to the wooden door.

With caution, he pushed the door open using force.

However, as soon as the door was pushed open, a sudden gale blew out from within, blurring everything around. Even with Yang Jian's ghost eye, he couldn't see clearly, and not only was the visibility obscured, but even the surrounding light started to flicker.

At the same time.

The wooden doors and walls around him disappeared from sight.

Everything seemed to be vanishing.

Only Yang Jian remained unscathed in the midst of the whirlwind.

However, after all the anomalies disappeared, Yang Jian felt the wind calm, and finally saw everything around him clearly.

"Where... is this place?"

Yang Jian was stunned.

He wasn't in an eerie wooden cabin as he thought, but in a very ordinary rental apartment.

Nevertheless, as he saw the scene inside the apartment, he was taken aback.

An old computer, a cabinet with a portrait, a worn wooden table, and a bathroom with a faint sewer odor... without a doubt, this was the apartment Yang Jian had lived in during his high school years.

Back then, Yang Jian was studying, living alone in this apartment, while his mother worked out of town and only came back during holidays.

"Is this an illusion?" Yang Jian frowned.

He first examined himself.

There was no change, he was still a top ghost handler with all his supernatural powers intact.

Then.

His ghost eye unscrupulously observed everything around.

But in the next moment.

Yang Jian showed an expression of astonishment.

The ghost eye had a wide range of vision, easily covering an entire city. If this room was an illusion, the ghost eye's vision should have been obstructed.

Yet, it wasn't.

The ghost eye easily penetrated the walls and saw the outside scene.

This is... Dachang City.

However, it wasn't the current Dachang City, it was Dachang City from three years ago.

At this time, Yang Jian hadn't encountered the Hungry Ghost incident, hadn't become a ghost handler, was still a student.

"This is definitely fake."

Yang Jian's gaze turned cold, clearly aware of his past experiences.

And in the supernatural circle, it's impossible to have anything that helps one return to the past, even the most dreadful reboot only restarts a few dozen minutes.

Even theoretically, by continually crisscrossing two reboots infinitely, it only restarts one place.

But how to explain the current situation?

Yang Jian could see passersby on the road, undoubtedly they were all normal living people, and he could see some classmates from Dachang City.

However, these classmates would eventually die tragically in supernatural events.

"Relying on reboot, it can't achieve this. Based on my past experiences, there might be a kind of supernatural power that can." Yang Jian thought of the old woman in Room 403 in Dachuan City.

That old woman could invade the present from the past, replacing the current self.

If such a supernatural existence were here.

Then Yang Jian could return to three years ago, replacing his past self.

Realizing this, Yang Jian started searching for his self of this world.

The result was clear.

He didn't find his past self.

It seemed that his past self was already replaced, and now in this city, only his past self existed.

Instantly, Yang Jian walked to the bed, touched the sheets.

There was still residual warmth on them.

It seemed the bed had been slept in just now, and the one who slept was him.

However, after he got up, he was replaced by his self from three years ago.

"You've got to be kidding me, am I trapped in the past?"

Yang Jian's face darkened, he punched the wall beside him.

The body endowed with supernatural power was overwhelming, the impact created a hole in the wall, causing the entire rental apartment to tremble, dust falling down from above.

"But I don't believe in all this, I have to get out of here, back to that eerie wooden cabin."

Without hesitation, he decisively activated the reboot.

Rebooting his body with the seventh layer of the Ghost Domain.

He believed it was all because he pushed that door, and as long as he rebooted his body to rid the supernatural influence, he could return to where he was...

However, after the reboot ended.

Yang Jian was still in the rental apartment.

Evidently, the reboot failed.

At this moment, a phone ringtone echoed.

Yang Jian's ghost eye glanced over, spotting a charging phone at the bedside.

It was the old phone he could never part with during his school days.

That phone, its battery severely degraded, had almost gotten him killed during the Door Knocking Ghost incident.

And the phone's lit-up screen showed the caller was Zhang Wei.

Chapter 1328 People from the Past

Yang Jian seemed to really return to three years ago.

The familiar ringtone echoed in the rented room, and the lit-up screen showed a familiar caller ID.

Outside the window was a bustling metropolis, everything seemed real.

Yang Jian stood still, thinking, observing.

But from the feedback of surrounding information, everything he saw was not an illusion, it was all too strange to understand.

From the current situation, the world of three years ago is real.

However, Yang Jian kept feeling this was an illusion, it's impossible for him to return to three years ago.

Opening a door sends a ghost wielder back in time? This must be a joke.

If it were really so easy to go back to the past, the previous ghost wielders would have discovered this secret long ago and wouldn't have waited until now.

So, there must be something wrong here.

"No matter what, since I'm here, I should finish the task before saying anything else." Yang Jian awoke from his chaotic thoughts.

His task now is to find Wang Shanshan and the Ghost Child, and then find a way to escape from here.

Staring at the constantly ringing phone.

Yang Jian merely glanced at it, quickly withdrew his gaze, then walked out of the rented room without bothering to answer Zhang Wei's call.

The ghost eye opened.

Looking towards a direction of the city.

In the next moment.

Yang Jian appeared in another neighborhood in Dachang City.

"Wang Shanshan is not at home."

Looking towards a high floor of a building, his sight ignored the distance and obstacles, seeing the situation inside an apartment.

Inside the room.

Only Wang Shanshan's mother, Wang Haiyan, was sitting alone on the sofa watching TV, Wang Shanshan's father Wang Bin should be at work at this time and was not at home.

Yang Jian intended to leave, using the ghost eye to continue searching, but then he changed his mind, took a few steps, and immediately appeared at Wang Shanshan's door.

Pressed the doorbell.

"Who's there?" Wang Haiyan's voice came from inside.

Wang Haiyan seemed quite alert, not opening the door directly, but looked outside through the peephole.

Because at this time, it's almost impossible for someone to come and knock on the door.

"Who are you? Who are you looking for?" Wang Haiyan shouted from behind the door.

Yang Jian calmly said, "My name is Yang Jian, I'm Wang Shanshan's classmate."

"Shanshan's classmate?"

Only then did Wang Haiyan slowly open the door and suspiciously sized up the person in front of her.

Indeed, it was a young guy, but his face was too pale, a pallor devoid of blood, and his demeanor was cold, making people feel uncomfortable. The most concerning were his eyes, calm and indifferent as if devoid of emotion, like a living dead, making one afraid.

"What do you want?" Wang Haiyan didn't want to speak much with Yang Jian, but said cautiously.

Yang Jian said, "Wang Shanshan is missing, so I came to ask about the situation."

"What? My daughter is missing?" Wang Haiyan was suddenly shocked: "Is this true? You're not lying to me, are you?"

"You can try calling her to see if you can get through." Yang Jian said.

Wang Haiyan didn't hesitate, immediately picked up the phone and dialed Wang Shanshan's number.

As Yang Jian had said, the call couldn't go through, and after several attempts, the result was the same.

"How could she just disappear so suddenly, she was fine in the morning. This classmate, please wait a moment, I'll make some calls..."

Wang Haiyan anxiously picked up the phone to call Wang Bin, seeking help from her husband.

But hearing her words, Yang Jian frowned.

From Wang Haiyan's words, it's evident that Wang Shanshan was there in the morning, and went to school as usual, but then vanished.

This is clearly abnormal.

Unless there's only one explanation.

That Wang Shanshan also came to the world three years ago just like him, and replaced herself from three years ago, which is why she suddenly disappeared.

However, the timeline doesn't match.

Because if Wang Shanshan also came here, she must have arrived much earlier than him, yet Yang Jian could easily find her now.

Having confirmed some details, Yang Jian prepared to leave with some confusion.

But just as he was about to leave, a special vehicle aggressively crashed into the neighborhood, finally stopping below the building.

A man with a trench coat, protruding belly, thin face, and fatigued appearance stepped out of the car.

"Zhou Zheng?" Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly upon recognizing this unexpected visitor.

At this time, Zhou Zheng was still the person in charge of Dachang City.

But soon, the Door Knocking Ghost event would occur, and he would die at No. 7 Middle School.

"Should I meet him?" Yang Jian pondered.

With his current supernatural power, he could completely avoid Zhou Zheng and make it so he couldn't find him.

But Yang Jian thought he might ask the current person in charge of Dachang City for help.

At this moment.

Zhou Zheng got out of the car, his steps stopping before the building, his weary eyes lifted up, locked intensely onto one of the floors.

"Is this a paranormal event?" His supernatural sensing frantically warned him, the Ghost Infant in his belly restlessly writhing.

These signals strongly reminded him, there was an unimaginable terrifying presence in the building.

But as the person in charge of Dachang City, Zhou Zheng couldn't help but drive over to investigate.

Soon.

A sudden crisp footstep rang through the silent corridor.

Though there was no one there before, suddenly, a figure appeared in his sight.

"Is your sensing so keen? Clearly you've only controlled one ghost, not even the Ghost Domain, yet can lock onto me so quickly. Indeed, although the Ghost Infant hasn't been born, its terrifying potential is already showing." A cold voice echoed.

Soon.

Yang Jian emerged from the corridor holding a cracked spear.

It was hard to imagine.

"Who are you? Why do you know so much?"

Zhou Zheng's expression was serious, staring at Yang Jian, not daring to show any carelessness inside.

Though it was confirmed to not be a supernatural event, the person in front of him felt scarier than a ghost.

Since when did the supernatural circle have such a ghost wielder?

Yang Jian said, "My name is Yang Jian. You can consider me an unfamiliar ghost wielder. I bear no hostility, and I hope you do not bear hostility towards me. I am here solely for one thing: to find a high school senior at No. 7 Middle School in Dachang City named Wang Shanshan. If you are willing to help me with this favor, I would be very grateful."

"What do you intend to do to a student?" Zhou Zheng asked vigilantly.

"I merely wish to take her to where she needs to be. If you want to know the reason, then help me find this person. For someone responsible for Dachang City, it should be quite easy." Yang Jian said.

Zhou Zheng said, "You are not an ordinary ghost wielder. If you are willing to join the headquarters, with the headquarters' capabilities, finding a person for you is not difficult. But if your origins are unknown, then sorry, I can't help you."

He refused Yang Jian's proposal, and even advised him to join the headquarters.

At this time, the headquarters had a great demand for ghost wielders and wanted to recruit unfamiliar ghost wielders upon seeing them.

"If you help me find Wang Shanshan, I will consider joining the headquarters. How about that deal?" Yang Jian said.

Zhou Zheng considered for a moment, then nodded, "Okay, I hope you won't breach the agreement."

"Rest assured, I tend to keep my word." Yang Jian said.

He wasn't lying to Zhou Zheng, since Yang Jian had already joined the headquarters and is currently the Enforcement Captain.

It's just that speaking of such matters to Zhou Zheng now would undoubtedly sound absurd, even make him think Yang Jian was ranting.

Moreover, Yang Jian also entertained doubts. If this truly was a world from three years ago, would revealing too much cause any adverse effects?

Thus, he harbored concerns inside.

"I will give you an answer as soon as possible, what's your contact information?" Zhou Zheng asked.

Yang Jian replied, "Once you find her, keep her by your side, I will contact you myself."

"That works, it's safer for Wang Shanshan that way." Zhou Zheng said.

"I have other things to do, so I'll be staying in Dachang City for a while. Hope you won't spend too much effort monitoring me, besides, you won't be able to keep track." After speaking, Yang Jian turned and left.

Having walked only a few steps, his figure had disappeared.

"Ghost Domain?"

Zhou Zheng's face suddenly changed: "Definitely an incredible guy, not only possessing the Ghost Domain, but also using it to travel...This guy must have at least controlled two ghosts for supernatural balance, otherwise, he wouldn't dare recklessly use supernatural power like this."

Chapter 1329 A Changed Experience

Yang Jian tried to leverage Zhou Zheng's influence to find Wang Shanshan. Of course, he valued not Zhou Zheng's personal abilities, but the intelligence capabilities of the headquarters behind him. If the headquarters investigated Wang Shanshan, then no matter where Wang Shanshan was, as long as she hadn't disappeared without a trace, she could definitely be found.

However, he did not place all his hopes on Zhou Zheng.

Zhou Zheng's appearance was merely an experiment by Yang Jian.

"Let's look elsewhere."

Yang Jian didn't waste any time. He decided to search for Wang Shanshan elsewhere. He first arrived at the Guanjiang Residential Complex in Dachang City.

At this moment, Guanjiang Residential Complex was still under construction. Although most of the buildings were completed, a small section was still under construction, and there were even a few old houses scattered around the construction site.

Some of these houses were being demolished, while others had not been.

And because the owner of the Republic Era Ancient House had not been found, it remained abandoned, preventing its smooth demolition. The project manager dared not forcibly demolish it.

Because of this, the deserted Republic Era Ancient House was preserved.

Yang Jian appeared in front of this ancient house at this moment.

The collapsed gate, the yard overgrown with weeds, the leaky roof, walls covered in green moss... everything was so familiar, everything was so rundown.

However, Yang Jian's gaze stopped at the thick blue-brick wall.

No matter how rundown this Republic Era Ancient House was, its main structure remained intact, because inside the house were three rooms containing incredible supernatural items.

Without hesitation, Yang Jian used the Ghost Domain to go inside.

He skillfully went to the second floor of the ancient house and then pushed open an old wooden door on the second floor.

The wooden door was locked.

The old copper lock was rusty, but it couldn't stop Yang Jian. With just a push, the copper lock snapped, and the wooden door was opened.

The first room revealed itself.

Yang Jian glanced around and fixated on an object covered by a ragged black cloth.

That was... the Ghost Mirror.

But after a glance, Yang Jian immediately closed the door.

"It's exactly the same as three years ago, even the Ghost Mirror is here. If this is merely a false world constructed supernaturally, then there's no reason it could even construct supernatural items..."

Yang Jian came here to further verify.

Confirming the situation of the Republic Era Ancient House made him realize that everything here seemed real.

In other words, if he could see the Ghost Mirror here, he could also see that tall black shadow in the monastery basement, as well as the Coffin Nail, and if he went to the Caesar Hotel, he could find a Firewood Knife.

Not only that.

He could also resolve the Door Knocking Ghost incident, prevent the Hungry Ghost incident, and even go to Huanggang Village to take the Ghost Coffin, stopping many supernatural events from occurring.

Everything was so tempting.

Yang Jian now had the strength to do all this.

But, as a ghost rider, his instincts told him that things weren't so simple, and perhaps this might all be a trap.

Change the past?

What a tempting prospect, even more so than resurrecting loved ones and friends in the world of wandering souls.

But what about the result of resurrecting loved ones?

Liu Qi and Seow Yang were nearly lost on the roads haunted by wandering souls.

So would trying to change the past be an even bigger pitfall?

Yang Jian furrowed his brows, thinking this was very possible.

Then he checked the Ghost Cabinet in the second room.

There was no change either.

This indicated that nothing here had been discovered yet, and Wang Shanshan hadn't returned here.

Yang Jian did not stay any longer and chose to leave the Guanjiang Residential Complex.

He started patrolling Dachang City using his Ghost Eye over the next period of time.

There was no need to intentionally search for someone. As long as the Ghost Domain of the Ghost Eye covered the Ghost Child or Wang Shanshan, the supernatural would sense each other, and he would quickly find them.

The result was apparent.

Wang Shanshan was not in Dachang City.

Her disappearance seemed to be the only abnormality in this world; everything else was just like three years ago.

This made Yang Jian wonder if Wang Shanshan had, like him, opened that door and returned here.

Yang Jian walked through the streets of Dachang City, deep in thought.

Meanwhile,

after Zhou Zheng had contact with Yang Jian, he used headquarters' intelligence to search nationwide for a person named Wang Shanshan.

With accurate information and data, searching for such a person wasn't particularly difficult; it just needed a bit of time.

But after headquarters received the news, their main interest wasn't in the person named Wang Shanshan, but Yang Jian.

Because records showed that Yang Jian was merely a regular high school senior, completely unconnected to ghost riders. How could he overnight become a top ghost rider with a Ghost Domain?

Headquarters felt that this matter wasn't so simple, so they assigned Zhao Jianguo to ensure Yang Jian was thoroughly investigated.

"Zhou Zheng, contact that person named Yang Jian. I want to meet him. He should still be in Dachang City at this time," Zhao Jianguo from headquarters called Zhou Zheng and gave the order.

"Alright, I understand."

As soon as Zhou Zheng, who was driving on the road, received the call, he immediately turned around to find Yang Jian.

He has a sensitivity to the supernatural; once within a certain range, Zhou Zheng can roughly pinpoint Yang Jian's location.

Meanwhile.

Yang Jian had unknowingly arrived at the entrance of No. 7 Middle School.

At this time, he should be attending classes at school, but he had completely put that thought aside.

At this moment, the school was no longer deserted; it was bustling with students everywhere.

Yang Jian used his ghost eye to glance at his class.

He saw many familiar faces, including Fang Jing, who nearly got him killed before. However, despite all the students being present, he and Wang Shanshan were missing.

Zhang Wei, that guy, was now sleeping on his desk, drooling.

Yang Jian did not enter the school, nor did he return to the classroom. He didn't even meet up with his old classmates and friends.

Just as he was about to leave again.

Zhou Zheng's car sped to the school gate and stopped rapidly.

He immediately got out of the car: "Yang Jian, the people from headquarters want to meet you. Additionally, there's some news about Wang Shanshan's whereabouts; she was supposed to come to school this morning but suddenly, uncharacteristically, took a taxi and left Dachang City."

At this, Zhou Zheng paused.

Clearly, to know what happens next, one must go to headquarters; otherwise, Zhou Zheng wouldn't continue talking.

It's also possible that Wang Shanshan wasn't found at all, and they just wanted to trick Yang Jian into going to headquarters.

"Headquarters wants to see me? Who's handling this? Is it Zhao Jianguo, Shen Liang, or did Deputy Minister Cao Yanhua personally get involved?" Yang Jian asked.

"It seems you know quite a bit about headquarters matters. This time it's Zhao Jianguo who's in charge. He wants to meet you and hopes you can set a time and place to meet him," said Zhou Zheng. "But don't worry, headquarters is still trying their best to find Wang Shanshan. I'm sure there will be results soon."

Yang Jian said, "Alright then, since headquarters is willing to help me find someone, I don't mind meeting Zhao Jianguo. Where is he now?"

"He's at headquarters now. If you agree, he'll come to Dachang City within two hours," said Zhou Zheng.

"No need for such trouble. I'll go find him."

Yang Jian was planning to go somewhere else to take a look, but he decided to give up on that idea and meet Zhao Jianguo first.

"Please be quick, so I won't have to come looking for you again," Zhou Zheng said seriously.

Yang Jian replied, "You should worry more about yourself."

At that moment, Zhou Zheng tossed over a cellphone: "You can use this phone to contact Zhao Jianguo."

Yang Jian didn't take it, allowing the phone to fall to the ground and break.

"I don't need contact information. I said I would go find Zhao Jianguo."

After saying that.

He turned around and left.

Zhou Zheng frowned, only able to watch Yang Jian leave, not daring to do anything to this young man.

"Three years ago at headquarters, huh?" Yang Jian's eyes flickered; his figure gradually blurred and then vanished from the street.

In the next moment.

A stream of light shot across the sky over Dachang City and quickly disappeared.

Inside the Ghost Wielders' Headquarters.

At this moment, Zhao Jianguo planned to personally visit Dachang City to meet the high school senior, Yang Jian, who suddenly became a ghost wielder.

He was quite interested in this matter.

If he could understand Yang Jian's experience of becoming a ghost wielder, or even recruit him into headquarters, it would be a good thing.

However, Zhao Jianguo wasn't someone who would risk it alone; he planned to travel with several ghost wielders from headquarters to avoid any accidents.

"Let's move quickly. That ghost wielder named Yang Jian won't stay in Dachang City for long," said Zhao Jianguo in the small airport inside headquarters, preparing to depart with Cao Yang, Jang Shangbai, and another ghost wielder named Lin Long.

"Does it take so many people to recruit a newcomer? Zhao Jianguo, you're overdoing it."

"That's right. A high school senior, lucky to become a ghost wielder overnight, possessing a Ghost Domain. This kind of person isn't rare in the nation; there's no need to be so concerned."

"I think Zhou Zheng's report is somewhat exaggerated. No matter how terrifying a ghost handled by a newcomer is, it doesn't count for much unless they've overcome the problem of ghost revival."

At this moment.

Cao Yang, Jang Shangbai, and the ghost wielder named Lin Long were discussing one after another.

They felt that Zhao Jianguo shouldn't have dragged them here for such a small matter.

"Let's go and come back quickly. Thank you all for your efforts this time," Zhao Jianguo said.

However, just then.

Cao Yang, Jang Shangbai, and the ghost wielder named Lin Long all suddenly stopped in their tracks, their expressions turning grave.

"What's wrong with you all? Why aren't you moving..." Zhao Jianguo was initially puzzled, but then he noticed their strange expressions and immediately followed their gaze.

Immediately.

His expression drastically changed.

At this moment, there was actually a person standing on the wing of the airplane he was about to board.

A young man with a pale face, holding a cracked golden spear.

"Yang Jian?" Zhao Jianguo had seen photos and recognized this person.

"Impossible."

Cao Yang's eyes suddenly narrowed sharply upon hearing the confirmation of the identity; "Just a few minutes ago, when you received Zhou Zheng's message, Yang Jian was still in Dachang City. How could he possibly be here now? Over a thousand kilometers, no means of transportation can achieve this, not even using supernatural powers could get him from one place to another in such a short time."

He was rational and clear-headed.

But precisely because of this, he understood just how terrifying Yang Jian's sudden appearance was.

Crossing two places within minutes, no one in the current supernatural circle could accomplish this.

Jang Shangbai's face turned dark, also realizing the incredibility of the situation.

Lin Long's expression changed unpredictably, contemplating something, but it was clear he was deeply shocked.

"It's just using the Ghost Domain to travel, nothing to make a fuss over. If you all had the Ghost Domain, you could easily do it too." Yang Jian glanced over at these people.

They were all 'acquaintances'.

No need to mention Cao Yang, a future captain, and he had interacted with Jang Shangbai and Lin Long before.

"Using the Ghost Domain to travel?" These words made it even more astonishing.

It's known that using a supernatural power even once represents getting one step closer to the resurrection of a ghost.

If he used the Ghost Domain to rush from Dachang City to headquarters, he would absolutely die halfway and couldn't last that long.

"Alright, no need for more nonsense, Zhao Jianguo, my time is limited. Whatever you want to discuss with me, finding Wang Shanshan is the prerequisite. Only after this matter is done, are you qualified to talk about follow-ups." Yang Jian said coldly.

"Arrogant, daring to speak like this at headquarters." Jang Shangbai said coldly.

Lin Long added, "Maybe you're very confident in the supernatural powers you control, but you're too young. There are more top-notch ghost handlers at headquarters than you can imagine. If you want to negotiate terms, you need the attitude for it. Is your attitude threatening the headquarters?"

Zhao Jianguo didn't speak, he just frowned slightly.

This suddenly appearing Yang Jian was indeed overbearing, with an attitude that completely disregarded the headquarters.

Such a person is not the kind that is easy to recruit.

"I don't want to fight with you. I've just stated my conditions. If you can do it, we can talk about the next step. If not, then I'll have to doubt your headquarters' capabilities." Yang Jian said.

Jang Shangbai sneered; "Whether headquarters can do it is the headquarters' issue, not for someone who popped up from nowhere to point fingers."

If it were elsewhere, he might not dare to argue so confidently with someone named Yang Jian.

But this is the headquarters; he didn't believe Yang Jian dared to cause trouble here.

So he was very confident internally.

However, the next moment.

"Jang Shangbai, be careful." Cao Yang seemed to sense something, suddenly turned around, and shouted.

Before Jang Shangbai could react, a charred, cold hand clasped his neck from behind and slowly lifted him up.

And the Yang Jian who was just standing on the wing was now somehow behind Jang Shangbai.

"Impossible." Jang Shangbai's eyes widened, his whole body couldn't move, as if the supernatural power inside him had disappeared and couldn't be used.

"Dare to make a move? Courting death." Lin Long said angrily from the side.

"Get lost." Yang Jian's ghost eye suddenly opened.

The Ghost Domain spread.

A bright light flashed in front of him, and then Lin Long disappeared from sight.

Cao Yang, who was about to support, was now dumbfounded.

Zhao Jianguo was also stunned on the spot.

In an instant.

Two ghost handlers from the headquarters were easily taken care of, and it seemed like it was still holding back; otherwise, Jang Shangbai's neck could have been snapped by now.

"You must be clear, I don't want to cause conflict, I want to resolve some matters peacefully. If push comes to shove, none of the ghost handlers at your headquarters, not a single one, would be my match. Maybe you can have Old Qin come out for a walk; maybe he could handle me."

Yang Jian said with a cold face.

He was displaying his strength at the moment to gain enough attention, rather than be treated like an ordinary ghost handler.

"Calm down, I know you mean no harm, we can sit down and talk it over slowly." Zhao Jianguo reacted and quickly spoke.

Meanwhile, Cao Yang, through positioning, had already located Lin Long's position, he lowered his voice and said, "Lin Long's signal, who disappeared just now, appeared a hundred kilometers away."

Zhao Jianguo's eyes slightly narrowed but quickly calmed down.

"I said, to talk is simple, help me find Wang Shanshan, and then we can talk about the other matters." Yang Jian finished speaking and casually threw Jang Shangbai aside like garbage.

Jang Shangbai fell to the ground, rolled several times, and finally regained sensation in his body, standing up with a face bruised and swollen.

His face turned a deep shade of black as he glared at Yang Jian.

But the power gap was too big; continuing to fight would only end in suffering.

"Notify Fang Shiming, this person absolutely must not be let go." Jang Shangbai secretly contacted someone at this moment.

At this time, the social circle still existed, and the leader, Fang Shiming, was still active in the supernatural circle, being one of the top ghost handlers at the moment.

"Give me twenty minutes, I will give you Wang Shanshan's location." Zhao Jianguo said at this moment.

Exchanging a person's whereabouts for the opportunity to talk with Yang Jian is definitely the right decision.

"Alright, I'll wait for twenty minutes," Yang Jian nodded.

Soon, Zhao Jianguo started making phone calls, mobilizing the power from the headquarters to track down Wang Shanshan.

Actually, Yang Jian could also use his abilities to find Wang Shanshan, but he felt it was too slow since Wang Shanshan could have gone anywhere after leaving Dachang City.

Even though he had powerful supernatural powers, without enough information, he wouldn't be able to find anyone.

However, Yang Jian's wait did not bring good news.

Instead, a chilling strange wind came.

The wind is rising?

Zhao Jianguo and Cao Yang noticed that this wind was somewhat abnormal.

"Fang Shiming, President Fang is here."

Jang Shangbai said with a straight face, "You'll pay the price for that attitude earlier. This world is not as simple as you think, just relying on some supernatural powers doesn't make you invincible."

Very soon.

The chilling strange wind howled.

A youth in his twenties, wearing casual clothes, arrived with a few ghost tamers from his circle.

His appearance was simple; he just wanted to see who dared to be so bold as to almost take down someone from their circle.

"Can't you stop wasting my time?" Yang Jian said, his eyes moving slightly, unable to hold back a sigh.

"What do we do now?" Cao Yang asked.

Zhao Jianguo said, "Let's wait and see, we can't afford to offend either side. This issue is a conflict between the circle and this Yang Jian, we would only complicate things by getting involved."

"So you're the one who almost killed Jang Shangbai?" Fang Shiming looked at Yang Jian coldly.

Yang Jian looked at him, "What a face that makes you annoying. If you go back now, I'll let you off the hook."

"Not bad, very confident. Sit down and let's talk? Maybe there's a better way to resolve this issue," Fang Shiming gestured, and a gust of chilling wind blew, and suddenly two chairs appeared on the ground.

"Another Ghost Domain?" Cao Yang, upon seeing this, couldn't help but shudder.

"There's nothing to talk about with a bunch of trash like you," Yang Jian coldly refused.

Fang Shiming's eyes flickered, he slowly sat down, "Since there's nothing to talk about and you're with this attitude, then I'll have to ask you to die."

At the instant he sat down.

He sat lower than Yang Jian.

The terrifying supernatural suppression came.

However, Yang Jian stood motionless as if nothing happened, "This corpse lying on me trying to crush me? The confident one is you."

Then.

A pale green Ghost Flame emerged from Yang Jian.

The Ghost Flame flickered, enveloping him completely.

A chilling, terrifying corpse emerged in the flames, the corpse lying on Yang Jian with immense weight, capable of crushing a person alive.

Yet at this moment, the Ghost Flame burned.

The corpse twisted, opened its mouth, as if in immense pain, finally falling off Yang Jian's body with a heavy thud to the ground,

"This is impossible," Fang Shiming's eyes widened as he abruptly stood up from the table and chairs.

"Nothing is impossible," Yang Jian said.

In the next moment.

The Ghost Eye glimpsed, and the surroundings instantly changed for everyone, a sea of fire appeared, engulfing everyone.

"Is this Li Jun's Ghost Flame? No, it doesn't seem like it." Cao Yang was shocked once more.

"Pain!"

Soon, intense pain began to appear on each ghost tamer's body, their skin turned red, and smoke rose from their bodies, as if they were about to ignite at any moment.

Only Zhao Jianguo, being an ordinary person, was unaffected by the Ghost Flame.

"Who are you really? There is no such figure like you in the supernatural circle," Fang Shiming was both shocked and furious.

For the first time, he felt the disparity.

The gap between himself and this person in front of him was too vast.

Not only did he withstand the supernatural suppression, but when the Ghost Domain covered, his own ghost wind dissipated directly, now this Ghost Flame burns, in the blink of an eye, everyone is under its threat, if he wanted, Fang Shiming had no doubt everyone would be burned alive.

One person against so many ghost tamers, including himself, and with such ease, it's hard to believe it's real if not seen with one's own eyes.

"You're too verbose, it's better if you die, besides, I'm suddenly curious, if I change the past here, will it truly create some unforeseeable changes." Yang Jian looked at his cracked spear in hand.

With a gentle swing.

Instantly.

A crack appeared on Fang Shiming's neck, then his head slowly rolled down, falling to the ground.

Chapter 1330 Guidance

Without any warning, even though there was still a distance between them, Fang Shiming's neck seemed to be severed by a sharp weapon, and his head just fell off like that.

The head rolling on the ground had wide-open eyes, not dead yet, but there was a kind of unbelievable shock revealed in them.

"This is impossible."

At this moment, Fang Shiming could still think, but the time he could survive with just a head was very limited without the supernatural power from his body to sustain him.

The others were also stunned by this situation.

Because they were well aware of Fang Shiming's strength, which was definitely top-notch in the current supernatural circle.

Yet now, in front of Yang Jian, Fang Shiming didn't even have the strength to fight back and his head was easily cut off.

"I told you to get lost, but you wouldn't listen. Your face swinging in front of me is sometimes really hard to tolerate, so I had no choice but to kill you. I hope you don't mind." Yang Jian said slowly, staring at Fang Shiming, who was only a head.

Fang Shiming's head opened its mouth, wanting to say something, but in the end, he couldn't utter a single word.

Soon.

The light in his eyes quickly dimmed, consciousness dissipated, and he died with open eyes.

"Is he really dead?" Jang Shangbai was still in a daze at this moment.

It seemed he couldn't accept the fact that Fang Shiming was dead.

"Are you kidding me? The head of the Circle of Friends was killed just like that? Is this Yang Jian really that terrifying?" Cao Yang's expression changed unpredictably; he couldn't believe what he was seeing, but the fact was right in front of him, leaving him no choice but to believe it.

And also, the surrounding sea of flames enveloped them, and this supernatural fire was about to engulf everyone.

Maybe not just Fang Shiming, they might soon die here as well.

"Did you really kill Fang Shiming?" Zhao Jianguo also couldn't believe it and asked once more.

"Obviously, I hold grudges against the Circle of Friends; restraining myself from killing him right away was already giving your headquarters a lot of face. Besides, as you saw, he made the first move. I didn't want to blow things out of proportion, so the conflict just now ends here." Yang Jian said calmly.

Subsequently, the Ghost Eye slowly closed, and the sea of flames covering everyone began to rapidly disappear.

No more Ghost Flame.

The burning sensation that almost set everything ablaze vanished, making Cao Yang, Jang Shangbai, and the remaining ghost wielders in the Circle of Friends all breathe a sigh of relief.

Even feeling rather inexplicably fortunate.

Fortunate that Yang Jian showed mercy and didn't wipe them all out.

"Of course, if you think this conflict isn't over yet and want to fight again, then I still say, bring Old Qin here." Yang Jian said.

"Does this person only see Old Qin in the entire headquarters?" Zhao Jianguo's eyes shifted slightly, pondering silently.

But how could he dare to have Old Qin brought here?

If Old Qin came and could defeat Yang Jian, it would be fine, but if not, how would today's situation be brought to an end?

So he wouldn't be stupid enough to actually do such a thing.

Taking a deep breath, Zhao Jianguo took a few steps forward, ignoring the cold sweat on his back, and immediately said, "Yang Jian, what happened just now was a misunderstanding. Fang Shiming from the Circle of Friends is not affiliated with the headquarters, so we couldn't detain him. Therefore, I hope you don't involve the conflict from earlier with the headquarters."

He began to explain, distancing himself from Fang Shiming, unwilling to let the headquarters take the blame for Fang Shiming.

"Additionally, you're right, the friction ends here; no one wants to make things bigger than they are. I also came to find you with sincerity, without hostility, so I propose we find a place to sit down and discuss further cooperation." Zhao Jianguo continued.

Yang Jian said stiffly, "There are still ten minutes now; in ten minutes, I want to know the location of Wang Shanshan."

"Rest assured, it won't take ten minutes; I believe there will be a result soon." Zhao Jianguo said, having great confidence in the headquarters' speed in locating a person.

As long as the person is still in this world and has traces of public activity, the headquarters can find them.

Yang Jian didn't say anything, just nodded, and then went to sit on the chair opposite Fang Shiming's body.

The others dared not say a word upon seeing this.

They were really scared.

This Yang Jian, once he decided to act, made any ghost wielder feel despair; the supernatural power they believed could oppose fierce ghosts was of no use in front of this person.

At present, the atmosphere at the scene was extremely heavy.

Yang Jian ignored the thoughts of others, now looking at Fang Shiming's headless body, he was contemplating.

This was the first person he killed after coming here.

If he really returned to three years ago, what would happen in the future if he killed Fang Shiming now?

However, casually killing an old enemy felt really good.

"Find Wang Shanshan, and the truth of this world will all be revealed." Yang Jian thought to himself.

He didn't need to learn anything from Wang Shanshan's mouth, just observing the state of Wang Shanshan could determine what kind of world this so-called world from three years ago is.

Whether it's real or illusory, a result will soon emerge.

Because of Fang Shiming's death, Zhao Jianguo had no choice but to elevate the importance of searching for Wang Shanshan to a new level.

If this person wasn't found within ten minutes, Zhao Jianguo couldn't think of a good way to appease the ghost wielder in front of him.

Although his mental state was stable, appearing very rational, without signs of being eroded by the supernatural.

But from the state of Yang Jian killing, it could be judged that this person's heart no longer had the emotions of a living person.

This was an extremely dangerous existence.

Time passed by bit by bit.

A few minutes later, the heavy atmosphere at the scene was broken by a message suddenly sent.

"Found it, found Wang Shanshan's location." Zhao Jianguo was delighted as soon as he saw the message.

But the next moment.

His phone disappeared from view.

At this moment, Yang Jian was holding the phone, reading the information on it.

"Baishui Town?"

He found Wang Shanshan's location; she was actually in Baishui, which was somewhat unexpected.

Wang Shanshan disappeared in Baishui Town, and as a result, she hurried back to Baishui Town immediately after returning to three years ago.

What reason prompted Wang Shanshan to act so out of character?

Immediately, Yang Jian stood up.

"I have to leave for a while, hope we don't have a chance to meet again."

After speaking, his Ghost Domain covered, and he instantly disappeared from everyone's sight.

Gone?

Seeing Yang Jian disappear, Zhao Jianguo and the others were silent, but everyone involuntarily breathed a sigh of relief, it seems that this Wang Shanshan is indeed very important, her intelligence information was sufficient to make this Yang Jian rush over regardless, otherwise, lingering here could have unpredictable consequences.

"Immediately handle Fang Shiming's body, don't let the resurrection of a fierce ghost happen." Zhao Jianguo didn't forget the headless body of Fang Shiming still lying on the ground; if not dealt with promptly, it would be a huge trouble.

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain is very fast at traveling.

In just one or two minutes, he arrived at Baishui Town again.

At this time of Baishui Town, everything was as usual, without any supernatural occurrences or gloomy weather enveloping it.

Vehicles moved on the streets; no wandering spirits were visible.

Yang Jian turned his Ghost Eye.

Immediately, he found Wang Shanshan.

On the second-floor balcony of a two-story house, Wang Shanshan was sitting on a chair, her face pale and bloodless, her eyes indifferent yet beautiful, gazing at the sky.

Yang Jian discovered her, and she also discovered Yang Jian.

Wang Shanshan was very surprised at this moment.

It seemed unexpected that Yang Jian would appear here.

"Wang Shanshan, you went too far; it's really hard to find you." Yang Jian's voice echoed, and the next moment he appeared on the balcony.

Wang Shanshan turned her head to look at him, seemingly scrutinizing Yang Jian.

And behind the window on the balcony, a cold, naked, strange child with pale red eerie eyes was secretly peeping.

"How did you come here?" Wang Shanshan asked with curiosity.

"Here? Do you mean Baishui Town or three years ago?" Yang Jian said.

Wang Shanshan said, "This is not three years ago."

"You also think there's something wrong with this world?" Yang Jian wasn't surprised, only calmly asked, "What's your reason?"

"It told me." Wang Shanshan said.

Yang Jian realized something, his gaze shifted slightly, looking at the Ghost Child behind the window.

Now, the ghost child no longer had that golden bell around its neck.

"Did you move the human skin paper?" Yang Jian asked.

"One day, the bell cracked, and that piece of human skin paper fell off. I picked it up." Wang Shanshan said.

Yang Jian said, "So it guided you here?"