

Revival 1331

Chapter 1331 New Death Report

Yang Jian had previously suspected that Wang Shanshan would come to Baishui Town, as there must have been something leading her deep into the realm of wandering souls; otherwise, she couldn't have accurately found that little house and arrived at what was called three years ago.

He never expected that the one leading Wang Shanshan here would actually be the human skin paper.

He was always very wary of the human skin paper, which is why he had the Ghost Child carry it.

Once the human skin paper showed any abnormalities, the Ghost Child, inheriting the Hungry Ghost's trait of devouring ghosts, would definitely swallow the human skin paper whole.

Yang Jian was now looking at Wang Shanshan.

She still wore a calm expression, and her fair face seemed somewhat translucent under the sunlight. She didn't appear surprised at Yang Jian's sudden arrival, as if she had known all along that Yang Jian would come here.

"The human skin paper doesn't have the ability to move by itself; it must have given you a compelling reason to come here. Why did you enter that realm of wandering souls?" Yang Jian asked, "To resurrect a loved one?"

"No, I just wanted to find someone," Wang Shanshan replied.

"Who?" Yang Jian continued.

Wang Shanshan looked at him seriously and said, "To find you."

"To find me?"

This answer made Yang Jian immediately frown: "Why would you say that?"

"By chance, the human skin paper fell out from the bell on the Ghost Child's neck. The Ghost Child immediately picked it up and tried to shove it into its mouth. I stopped it and took a look at it. As soon as I touched the human skin paper, twisted black words emerged on it," Wang Shanshan carefully recounted what had happened.

"I am Yang Jian. By the time you see this sentence, I am already dead..."

Wang Shanshan continued: "This was the first sentence that appeared on the human skin paper."

"And then?" Yang Jian's face remained calm as he listened patiently.

Wang Shanshan continued: "At first, I was doubtful, but it detailed all your past experiences very thoroughly. I had no choice but to believe the content revealed by this human skin paper. I kept reading until I saw the Hungry Ghost incident. In that supernatural event, you had died."

"I was indeed dead at that time, but I resurrected," Yang Jian said.

"But the you who resurrected, is it really you? Maybe the real you is already dead, and perhaps you, like the Ghost Child, are just a product of the supernatural," Wang Shanshan said. "I needed to verify this."

"So you entered the realm of wandering souls in Baishui Town?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Shanshan nodded: "Perhaps by coincidence, there was a supernatural occurrence in Baishui Town, and I followed the human skin paper's guidance, carrying the Ghost Child into the depths."

"Did you find me on the road wandering souls?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Shanshan shook her head: "I didn't find you. The human skin paper guided me to a deeper place, saying you could be found there."

"A wooden house," Yang Jian squinted his eyes and said.

The human skin paper indeed didn't lie; there was no Yang Jian in the world of wandering souls, but there was a Yang Jian from three years ago. So, the human skin paper deceived Wang Shanshan into going to that wooden house, pushing open the door on the second floor, and returning here.

"Yes, I entered that wooden house, went to the second floor, opened that door, and when I opened my eyes, I found myself back at home, back to my home from three years ago," Wang Shanshan said.

"When I realized this, I found that I had been deceived."

"The human skin paper indeed led me to the real living you, but only the you from three years ago, when you were just an ordinary person, still living in that rented house, still a failing student who slept in class, with no connection to me."

Wang Shanshan turned her head and looked at the sky.

"So you rushed to Baishui Town as soon as you knew you'd been deceived?" Yang Jian continued to ask, "What made it worth coming here?"

"If I had indeed gone back to three years ago, the best choice would be to live in Baishui Town for three years, waiting for everything to return to the way it was," Wang Shanshan said. "So I made this decision. But when I got here, I found it was another trick."

"If this was three years ago, then my coming would have already changed the future, but what I've experienced hasn't changed, which is a time paradox."

"Thus, there's only one possibility left: we didn't arrive three years ago, but in a creepy world constructed by the supernatural."

Wang Shanshan analyzed very rationally.

"I am certain that this world is false. Those who enter this world will be trapped in the past; the only real thing beside me was the Ghost Child."

Yang Jian nodded: "Though you made a mistake, you reflected on it in time. Now the question is, why did the human skin paper go to such great lengths to use you to push open that wooden door to bring it here?"

"Your arrival and mine are accidents, not important. What's important is that the human skin paper is already here, and it has achieved its purpose."

"I believe there's a reason the human skin paper had you bring it here."

The truth or falsity of this world was not so important, but everything Wang Shanshan did bore traces of the human skin paper, and this human skin paper would definitely not do anything meaningless. Having seized the opportunity, escaping Yang Jian's control, and evading being devoured by the Ghost Child, whatever it wanted to do must be extraordinary.

"Is that human skin paper really so dangerous?" Wang Shanshan became a bit doubtful.

Though she had made contact with the human skin paper and knew she'd been deceived, she hadn't suffered greatly, so her vigilance against the human skin paper wasn't as high as Yang Jian's.

"It depends on how you define the danger of the human skin paper. If you completely disregard the information on the human skin paper, then it's just a piece of waste paper that poses no threat to you. But if you believe its content and act based on its information, then it will certainly lead to quite terrifying consequences."

"I nearly got killed by the information on the human skin paper at least three times, so I speak from experience," Yang Jian said seriously.

Wang Shanshan said, "Sorry, I wasn't aware of this."

"Forget it; pursuing these things now doesn't have any significance. Since we've found you and the Ghost Child, we should now find a way to leave. By the way, where's the human skin paper? I want to take it back," Yang Jian said.

"Here it is." Wang Shanshan pulled out a golden box from her clothes.

Evidently, she had learned Yang Jian's habit of using a gold box to contain supernatural items to prevent any incidents.

After opening it, a dark brown human skin paper was neatly folded inside.

Yang Jian grabbed it and unfolded it to take a look.

Immediately upon touching it, he was certain it was genuine, neither a counterfeit nor a substitute.

Meanwhile, twisted black characters had appeared on the dark brown human skin paper: "I am Yang Jian..."

Before the sentence could be completed, the twisted characters suddenly changed: "...why aren't you dead yet."

The tone shifted, seemingly engaging in a certain dialogue with Yang Jian from another existence.

The human skin paper, in front of Yang Jian, abandoned a certain façade in its narrative style.

After all, they were long-standing acquaintances.

Yang Jian held the human skin paper with a cold smile: "So anxious for my death? Am I the most challenging among all you've interacted with?"

No new characters emerged on the human skin paper; it seemed to choose silence.

"No need to hide anymore; I know having Wang Shanshan come here achieved your goal. Although I don't know what that goal is, it will definitely cause enormous danger. If I can't handle it when danger comes, I'll choose to deal with you first."

"If you're willing to cooperate with me, perhaps you'll have a chance to turn things around in the future."

After Yang Jian spoke, the human skin paper didn't respond, seemingly choosing silence again.

"Playing dead?"

He wasn't surprised by this situation.

Just as he was about to put the human skin paper away, suddenly, characters appeared on it.

Yang Jian immediately halted his actions and stared at the human skin paper.

"I am Yang Jian. By the time you see this sentence, I am already dead... On this day, I came to the supernaturally corroded Baishui Town, a terrifying place, but to search for the missing Ghost Child, I ventured deep into Baishui Town... I walked the road of wandering souls and entered a wooden building. Driven by curiosity, I followed the wooden stairs up to the second floor of the building."

"I pushed open a wooden door, and a bizarre thing happened—I ended up back in the past, three years ago."

"Too much nonsense, just get to the point," Yang Jian said.

Beneath the seemingly endless words, the text twisted once more, reappearing as: "I arrived at a certain day three years ago. After much effort, I finally found the missing Ghost Child. But at 6:10 PM, I realized I had been tricked."

A mass of verbose words—get to the point," Yang Jian said impatiently.

"At 6:10 PM that night, I died in Baishui Town, only to be resurrected."

A shocking realization washed over Yang Jian's face.

He knew that the information revealed by the human skin paper was true, even if it related to the future.

If nothing unusual happened, Yang Jian would die in Baishui Town tonight at exactly 6:10 PM.

Chapter 1332 7 Hours

How long has it been since Yang Jian saw his own death information on the human skin parchment?

He thought that now, after becoming an anomaly and mastering various supernatural powers, he wouldn't easily die in a supernatural event. Unexpectedly, after arriving in this so-called world from three years ago, he found he couldn't survive a day, facing death here at ten past six in the evening.

If the result is true.

Then what kind of supernatural force could kill him now?

"The time of day and night alternation in Baishui Town is exactly six o'clock. If danger is coming, then it must start at six, and my death time is ten past six. So, with my current abilities, I only lasted ten minutes in this Baishui Town before I died?"

Yang Jian wasn't scared by his own death information. He stayed calm, analyzing the situation.

"Even if I faced an S-level supernatural event, I couldn't die within ten minutes. Besides, I can restart and turn around an inevitable situation."

"But the death information on the human skin parchment can't be doubted. It might reveal other important information or not tell me the reason for my death, but the outcome of death cannot be faked."

"Yang Jian, you don't look so well," Wang Shanshan said.

Yang Jian snapped back to reality: "Seems like we can't stay in Baishui Town. We need to leave."

His first thought was to leave Baishui Town.

Only by leaving here can they stay away from danger and avoid the outcome of death most simply and effectively.

"Where to?" Wang Shanshan asked.

Yang Jian pondered for a moment.

What place would be safe at this time?

After thinking it over, there was no suitable place to stay.

Because now he's not the Enforcement Captain from headquarters, going there would only make them cautious, not accommodating.

Going to the Ghost Post Office is not an option. The Ghost Post Office is about to lose control; Zhang Xiangguang's plan is underway, and if he goes, he will have to face Zhang Xiangguang.

Going back home?

That's an even worse plan.

The Ghost Dream incident hasn't been resolved; he doesn't want any more nightmares.

Thinking it over.

Yang Jian could only say, "Let's return to Dachang City, at least we are more familiar with that place."

"Alright, it's up to you," Wang Shanshan nodded, not refusing.

The reason she came to Baishui Town was that she had no choice.

With Yang Jian now here, such decision-making matters naturally follow him.

Without wasting any time, Yang Jian immediately took Wang Shanshan and the Ghost Child out of Baishui Town and returned to Dachang City.

In fact, Dachang City is not safe, still full of potential dangers. The only advantage is their familiarity with the city.

And a familiar place can provide a certain sense of security.

Soon.

They stopped near a quiet street in Dachang City.

"Three years ago, there was no place for us to stay in Dachang City. I don't want to go home. I can't be sure if the parents at home are really my parents, and Guanjiang Residential Complex isn't an option—the construction isn't even complete yet, and it's not ours anyway," Wang Shanshan said.

"I know, we won't stay here long. We'll have to find a way to leave soon," Yang Jian replied as he took out the human skin parchment again.

He wanted to know, having returned to Dachang City and left Baishui Town, if the result would change.

"I am Yang Jian. When you see this, I am already dead... going back to three years ago, I died in Baishui Town at ten past six that night."

The human skin parchment didn't stay silent but revealed new writing.

However, incredibly, the outcome on it didn't change at all. Yang Jian still died, and the time and place of death were exactly the same as before.

Yang Jian frowned, staring intently at that line of words on the human skin parchment.

Especially the last few key words: ten past six, died in Baishui Town.

"I have arrived in Dachang City, but the result is that I still died in Baishui Town. Such a result is absolutely impossible...even if I were to die, I should be in Dachang City."

"If the information on the human skin parchment is still correct, then how should such a situation be explained?"

Yang Jian felt he couldn't interpret this information anymore.

Previously, he thought he couldn't possibly die; now, he believes he couldn't die in Baishui Town.

Things are getting more and more absurd.

However, these changes gave Yang Jian a vague sense of danger.

Even without the information on the human skin parchment, Yang Jian understood deep in his heart that he must not stay in this world too long. The longer he stays, the more likely he is to encounter peril. He must leave here as soon as possible.

Seeing Yang Jian's furrowed brows, Wang Shanshan glanced at the writing on the human skin parchment.

She paused when she saw Yang Jian's death information, and then showed an incredulous look when seeing the death location.

"I understand." Suddenly.

Yang Jian grabbed the human skin parchment and stuffed it back into his pocket.

"Understand what?" Wang Shanshan asked.

"I understand why the human skin parchment says I will die in Baishui Town at ten past six in the evening," Yang Jian said coldly. "It's not that the information is wrong, but that our thinking is wrong, because we never left the range of Baishui Town from the beginning."

"But this is Dachang City," Wang Shanshan hesitated.

Yang Jian allowed a faint smile at the corner of his mouth: "It's just the apparent Dachang City. Maybe the real us are still trapped inside that wooden house, which is in the supernatural place of Baishui Town, and that's why the human skin parchment says I will die in Baishui Town."

"So it's useless for us to go anywhere in this world, as at six, terrifying peril will appear and, in some way, kill us."

"In other words, we're trapped, trapped here."

"I think more than just us have been here before. There must have been others, but I bet they didn't survive a day, dying on the first night. This seems to be the rule of this place, leaving only one day for the living."

Wang Shanshan said, "So we need to find a way out before six?"

"Yes, that's our only chance. The prediction on the human skin parchment says even I would die, let alone you. If we can't find the right method, the result is obvious." Yang Jian's eyes darkened.

The current time is still early, just after eleven in the morning.

In other words, he and Wang Shanshan have seven hours to find a way to escape.

But the human skin parchment boldly showed the outcome to Yang Jian, clearly determined that Yang Jian would not find a way out within these seven hours.

"Try connecting to Ghost Lake."

Yang Jian decided to give it a try.

Once covered by the Ghost Lake water, one can connect to the real Ghost Lake.

Using this feature, Yang Jian could use Ghost Lake to escape from the supernatural site to any other place.

Soon.

His body began to grow wet.

The supernatural of Ghost Lake could be used, not interfered with.

Before long, water covered beneath Yang Jian's feet.

Just as he thought he might try opening Ghost Lake to leave here.

The next moment.

A soaked, pale female corpse's arm suddenly reached out from the water, grabbing Yang Jian's ankle tightly, pulling him frantically into the depths of the water.

Yang Jian's face changed sharply; he swung his cracked spear without hesitation to sever that arm, then quickly retreated to avoid the water.

At this moment, densely packed female corpses emerged in the depths of the water, drifting, eerie and terrifying.

"This is not the Ghost Lake I'm controlling; it seems to be the out-of-control Ghost Lake from three years ago." He observed a little and ascertained the situation.

By using the supernatural of Ghost Lake, he unwittingly connected to this world's Ghost Lake.

"So, I shouldn't recklessly use the supernatural of Ghost Lake here. Otherwise, the real Ghost Lake might find me through the medium, and I'd be in big trouble."

Yang Jian thought secretly, almost forgetting that there is also a Ghost Lake in this world.

Now that the two supernaturals are connected, it turns out he's at a disadvantage.

After all, Yang Jian only mastered forty percent of the supernatural of the Ghost Lake, while the Ghost Lake in this world has a full one hundred percent.

Unable to rely on Ghost Lake, and finding no way out.

Yang Jian now faced a dilemma.

And time waits for no one.

Seven hours will pass quickly.

By then, the foreseen scenario by the human skin parchment might really happen.

Chapter 1333 The Second Sheet of Paper

"Put on the clothes first, don't wander around naked, or people might think I'm bullying a child."

Yang Jian found a piece of clothing and tossed it to the Ghost Child.

The Ghost Child was wandering around naked, affecting the city's appearance.

Although Yang Jian had the Ghost Shroud, it was in Ghost Lake, and at the moment, he couldn't connect to his own lake water, so he couldn't retrieve the Ghost Shroud.

"It's useless; it doesn't like wearing clothes. Every time it puts on clothes, it takes them off after the command time is up. Only that particular clothing can't be taken off, so it stays on," Wang Shanshan said with a glance.

"How did that shroud get lost?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Shanshan replied, "Guided by the human skin paper, I sold that shroud at a clothing store for ten dollars."

As she spoke, she opened her palm, revealing a colorful paper money in her hand.

This was a three-yuan bill, not belonging to any country in the world, only existing as Ghost Money in the supernatural circle.

"Where did the remaining seven dollars go?" Yang Jian asked, surprised that the loss of the Ghost Shroud was due to such a reason, driven by a lack of money to sell it to that mysterious clothing shop.

But the clothing store was really heartless.

The buying price was only ten dollars, yet it sold to Yang Jian for seventeen, making a profit of seven dollars.

Wang Shanshan said, "I spent the remaining seven dollars at another shop to buy a secret."

"What secret?" Yang Jian's eyes moved slightly.

"The secret of letting the dead leave the street, return to reality, and resurrect," Wang Shanshan said.

Yang Jian said, "Spirits can't leave the street, and anyone who tries to take them away will encounter misfortune. Seow Yang tried this before, and Liu Qi tried as well— the former is already dead, and the latter almost died, fortunately, I arrived in time to save Liu Qi. Both were excellent ghost tamers."

"I know, Seow Yang told me about the danger of taking spirits away, so I thought if I saw your spirit on the street, how could I bring you back?"

Wang Shanshan said, "I couldn't find a good way, but the shop in Baishui Town had a way, and it needed seven-yuan Ghost Money, which I didn't have. So my only option was to sell the clothes from Ghost Child."

"After getting the money, I spent seven dollars on the method, which was simple. All I needed was human hair woven into a rope to bind the spirit and lead it away."

"Luckily, my hair is long enough."

Wang Shanshan touched her long hair, revealing two braided strands hidden within. The braid wasn't thick but was sufficient.

"Using hair to lead spirits away?" Yang Jian pondered for a moment and understood.

Spirits need to have contact with the living to follow them.

So the direct method would be holding hands.

But holding hands would bring extreme danger. Using hair might satisfy the condition without bringing danger?

Yang Jian was doubtful.

Wang Shanshan continued, "Binding spirits with hair also carries risks, but this method significantly reduces the dangers."

"I see, but previously Liu Qi guessed that ordinary people carrying spirits would face lesser dangers. If you use hair and combine that with your identity as an ordinary person, perhaps it could work," Yang Jian nodded.

To the surprise of both, this conversation verified a method to resurrect spirits trapped in Baishui Town,

Although whether this method works remains unknown, it is the best hypothesis for now.

At this moment.

Just as Wang Shanshan said, shortly after putting on the clothes, the Ghost Child, under the influence of Yang Jian's command time, acted out of instinct and tore off the clothing, revealing its pale blue, deathly skin.

Seeing it was useless, Yang Jian didn't bother further as it wasn't a significant matter, just a piece of clothing. Once they left here, they'd let the Ghost Child wear the Ghost Shroud again.

The critical thing now is how to escape and leave here.

The human skin paper had now gone silent.

The twisted black words on it hadn't disappeared, seemingly reminding Yang Jian, at six ten in the evening, you'd die, and your time alive was running out.

Knowing the information about his impending death did not worry Yang Jian.

He was more concerned about how he might die here?

If he could learn his death process through the human skin paper, Yang Jian could change things.

Yet, the human skin paper would not disclose it, leaving Yang Jian without crucial information.

"If we can't find a way to leave before six o'clock, we might really end up dead here," Yang Jian said.

Wan Shanshan, although looking indifferent, had a guilt-ridden look in her eyes: "It's my fault for dragging you down. If it wasn't for searching for me, you wouldn't be here."

Yang Jian said, "It's not your fault; all supernatural events carry risks. The human skin paper waited for an opportunity, and you couldn't resist its allure. Not only you, but under some circumstances, I also had to heed the human skin paper. The event has happened, and it's unnecessary to dwell on it. Now let's think clearly about what options we have to leave."

He continued to think, still finding no answers.

Without crucial information, and with limited time, he couldn't investigate and learn about this world from three years ago, leaving him with strength but nowhere to use it. Upon arrival, he attempted a reboot but couldn't escape, proving how hard it was to leave here.

"Wait." Suddenly, Yang Jian looked at the human skin paper in hand and thought of something.

"Did you have an idea?" Wan Shanshan asked.

Yang Jian's eyes moved slightly: "This human skin paper we have was brought from the outside. Whether this is truly three years ago or not, at least from my prior investigations, all ghosts and supernatural items present here exist outside as well. This implies there's another human skin paper in this world."

"Since this human skin paper is unwilling to cooperate, the other one might be different."

Wang Shanshan's eyes lit up slightly: "You're right, that's one way. Perhaps the other human skin paper would be willing to share how to leave here."

"Besides human skin paper, there's also the Ghost Cabinet here, although it's a secondary option," Yang Jian said.

"But where do we find that human skin paper?" Wang Shanshan asked.

Yang Jian immediately said, "To No. 7 Middle School."

"Fang Jing?" Wang Shanshan immediately realized who Yang Jian was going to find.

As someone who experienced the Ghost Door Knocker incident at No. 7 Middle School, Wang Shanshan certainly understood that the first owner of the human skin paper was not Yang Jian, but a fellow classmate back then, Fang Jing.

Even though the Door Knocking Ghost incident hasn't happened now, there's no guarantee Fang Jing hasn't already gotten hold of the human skin paper. Even if he hasn't, there would definitely be clues on him.

Soon.

He and Wang Shanshan utilized the Ghost Domain to directly appear within the teaching building of No. 7 Middle School.

The familiar teaching building awakened the memories of Yang Jian and Wang Shanshan from the past.

Yang Jian didn't appear directly in the classroom to avoid attracting attention but instead showed up in the hallway.

At this time, classes were in session, so it was impossible for anyone to be in the hallway.

He and Wang Shanshan went up half a floor and arrived at the door to the classroom.

Through the window, a teacher could be seen teaching at the podium, most students were intently listening, with only a few lying on desks in the last row, sleeping lazily.

Yang Jian glanced at the teacher.

The Ghost Shadow invaded without hesitation, directly altering this teacher's memory.

After completing all this, Yang Jian and Wang Shanshan pushed the door open and entered the classroom.

The sudden arrival of the two attracted a lot of attention.

"It's Yang Jian and Wang Shanshan, why are they coming in just now?"

"Have you noticed that Yang Jian has become much more handsome, his charisma is different."

"Are you blind? Wang Shanshan has become prettier, her skin is so white and tender, making people envious."

The teacher teaching the class said at this moment: "The teacher has some urgent matters, today's lesson will end here, the rest of the time is self-study, Yang Jian and Wang Shanshan, return to your seats, don't be late again next time."

After speaking, the teacher walked out of the classroom, leaving it to Yang Jian.

The other students were used to it and eagerly started reviewing.

However, Yang Jian and Wang Shanshan were not here for class; he fixed his gaze on Fang Jing sitting at the desk, and immediately walked over with big strides.

"Yang Jian." Fang Jing was taken aback when he saw Yang Jian coming straight for him.

But the next moment.

Yang Jian reached out his palm and grasped Fang Jing's neck, effortlessly lifting him from his seat.

Without any superfluous words, the Ghost Shadow invaded, directly extracting memories.

"Damn, Yang Jian is already so strong? Lifting a person with one hand, what's wrong with Fang Jing, did he provoke Yang Jian somehow? Doesn't he know Yang Jian's reputation for being able to fight in our class?" Zhao Lei exclaimed from not far away.

"What's the use of being able to fight, can he carry more bricks at the construction site? His exam scores are always at the bottom, and he's doomed for the college entrance exam this time."

"I don't know about the exam, but I think Fang Jing is doomed this time."

Amid the chatter, Yang Jian was rapidly extracting Fang Jing's memory, while Fang Jing's eyes turned black at this moment, his whole person seemed to freeze in mid-air, immobile.

"Yang Jian, what are you doing, fighting again? Quickly put Fang Jing down, did you hear me?"

A girl student scolded loudly and swiftly walked over to try to stop Yang Jian.

She seemed to be called Su Lei, had excellent grades, was pretty, and was also the class monitor.

But as soon as Su Lei came over, Wang Shanshan blocked her: "You'd better not interfere, Yang Jian and I are only after Fang Jing, it has nothing to do with anyone else."

Su Lei stared at her in wide-eyed amazement.

She seemed not to have expected that Wang Shanshan's relationship with Yang Jian would be so good, and would actually protect him so much at this moment.

"Explosive news, Yang Jian and Wang Shanshan's relationship seems unusual, are they in love?" Many students watching the drama couldn't help but shout.

"Su Lei, don't be afraid of her, I'm with you."

Some male students also patted their chests, indicating their support for her.

"What is Su Lei, thinking she can handle a real man, let Miao Xiaoshan try and she's closer."

An extremely arrogant voice rang out, it was unclear when Zhang Wei, who had been sleeping, woke up, and was now standing on his chair, angrily scolding others.

"Fang Jing is just Fang Jing, let him be beaten, I've long been fed up with him, have wanted to block him after school for a while now, Yang Jian, feel free to take action, I'll pay the medical bills."

"Zhang Wei, that's enough, don't make it worse than it already is?" some classmates started to stop him.

"What a noise." Yang Jian's face was indifferent, his eyes cold, casually tossing Fang Jing aside.

Fang Jing fell to the ground, his whole body aching, but when he raised his head, his eyes were filled with terror, looking at Yang Jian as if he had seen a ghost.

"You, what did you do to me?"

Yang Jian did not respond, instead he asked a question: "What is one plus one?"

"Three." Fang Jing replied without hesitation.

Following that he was motionless, as if he'd lost his senses.

"Human skin paper, found it."

Yang Jian paid no more attention to Fang Jing, having found traces of the human skin paper in his memory.

But the human skin paper was not on Fang Jing, it was at his home.

Fang Jing hadn't realized the oddities of the human skin paper yet.

Chapter 1334 - Repeated Reports of Death

After stealing Fang Jing's memory, Yang Jian understood everything and found out the location of the supernatural paper in this world from three years ago, and immediately prepared to leave with Wang Shanshan.

"Yang Jian, aren't you going to class?" Zhang Wei hastily said, "If you're skipping class, take me with you, don't leave me behind."

Having said that, he also chased after them.

"I need to handle some personal matters, not go for fun. You better stay in the classroom and attend class." Yang Jian said as he walked out.

"Don't be so cold." Zhang Wei thick-skinnedly followed.

But as soon as he walked out of the classroom door, he was stunned.

Outside the classroom, Yang Jian and Wang Shanshan's figures had already disappeared, the corridor was empty with no one in sight.

"Did they have to leave so quickly?" Zhang Wei muttered, greatly disappointed, and could only return to the classroom.

Meanwhile, other students in the classroom were frantically discussing what happened just now.

However, all this had nothing to do with Yang Jian anymore.

Although the classmates from three years ago looked familiar, in Yang Jian's eyes they were just insignificant memories. He wouldn't stay here to waste time reminiscing with them; once his goal was accomplished, he would leave immediately.

After leaving No. 7 Middle School, Yang Jian and Wang Shanshan came to a residential area in Dachang City.

Quickly.

Yang Jian used the Ghost Domain to arrive at a house in one of the buildings.

The room was empty, Fang Jing's parents should be working at this time and were not home, which was a good thing, saving some troublesome matters.

"Is the supernatural paper in Fang Jing's house?" Wang Shanshan casually glanced around, her gaze stopped on a bookshelf.

This bookshelf was filled with various books, works by famous authors, history, literature, and even quite a few old books from bygone eras. It was clear that the owner of this house liked reading and was keen on collecting different books.

Wang Shanshan was quite perceptive.

Evidently, the only possible place to store the supernatural paper in this room was this bookshelf.

"It should be on this bookshelf." Wang Shanshan spoke slowly.

Yang Jian nodded: "That's right, the supernatural paper is hidden on this bookshelf."

As he spoke, he walked forward a few steps, then scanned with his ghost eye, finally taking a thick book from the shelf.

This book was in traditional characters, quite dated, seemingly issued during the Republic of China Period, well preserved by the previous owner without any noticeable damage.

However, the next moment.

The book in Yang Jian's hand began to rapidly oxidize and crack, eventually turning into dust and falling down.

The thick book quickly dissipated in his hand, leaving only a sheet of dark brown, yellowed paper intact, untouched by supernatural power.

"Supernatural paper." Yang Jian's eyes moved, finding a sheet identical to the one in his hand.

"It seems everything went smoothly." Wang Shanshan said.

Yang Jian replied: "In this world, there aren't many things that can stop us, but I'm really curious how a supernatural construct of the world from three years ago can replicate everything perfectly. The longer I stay here, the more I suspect this might be a real world, not false."

"I feel the same." Wang Shanshan nodded, relating to the feeling.

This makes it easier to get lost in the past world, unwilling to wake up, because they can't find anything false in this world.

Yang Jian at this moment held the supernatural paper from three years ago, waiting quietly.

The cold paper in his hand showed no abnormality, everything seemed calm, making one doubt whether this supernatural paper was truly useful.

"There it is."

After quietly waiting for a moment, Yang Jian's eyes focused.

The supernatural paper from three years ago in his hand seemed to awaken from a long slumber, black twisted text began to appear on it. Initially, the text was dense and shapeless, unreadable, but soon it continued to twist and distort, gradually forming traditional characters.

Just like the text in the book earlier.

However, soon the traditional characters started disappearing partially, eventually turning into familiar simplified characters.

"My name is... Yang Jian. When you see this message, I am already dead..."

The supernatural eeriness of the paper began to reveal itself. The familiar self appeared once again.

"The information's gone?"

Yang Jian tried to continue reading, but found after the first sentence, other twisted texts were rapidly disappearing, with no new information coming out.

"Is it refusing to help us like the paper in our possession?" Wang Shanshan asked.

"Not sure, let's see. If it's useless, bury it somewhere thousands of meters deep so it's guaranteed never to be found," Yang Jian said.

But just as he finished speaking.

The papers from three years ago immediately showed new text: "...I accidentally came to this world, but I am very clear this is not the real world from three years ago. This world, which seems peaceful, is actually full of danger. I must find a way to leave here before six o'clock at night, return to my own world."

"It is now eleven-thirty, and my remaining time is running out. I am trying to pursue past experiences to find surviving old ghost handlers, hoping to learn from them the way to leave here."

"At eleven-forty, I arrived at Taiping Ancient Town, but though I spent some time there, I didn't find the answers I sought."

"At twelve-ten, I headed to the Ghost Post Office, attempting to find its administrator. But I discovered the old man named Luo Wensong, and then encountered Zhang Xiangguang. I fought fiercely with him

at the Ghost Post Office, but I did not expect Luo Wensong to join forces with Zhang Xiangguang against me."

"I couldn't defeat the two of them united, I failed and died at the Ghost Post Office..."

"Hmm?" Yang Jian's expression changed slightly as he read this.

According to the paper's prediction, he attempted to find the answer to leaving here from the remnants of old ghost handlers from the Republic of China Period. The results were clear: at the Ghost Post Office, Yang Jian was killed, dying at the hands of Zhang Xiangguang and Luo Wensong united.

"Was I truly not their match?" Yang Jian was somewhat surprised inside.

According to his estimation, he should be capable of opposing those two, but unexpectedly, when it came down to it, he was not their match and was killed at the Ghost Post Office.

Looks like Luo Wensong isn't as simple as I have understood.

Luo Wensong alive was scarier than after death.

Of course, it's also possible that the fight's location at the Ghost Post Office gave them an advantage.

With the appearance of death information, text on the paper started to disappear, then the new self began to emerge.

"My name is Yang Jian. When you see this message, I am already dead... The unexpected return to the world from three years ago makes me ponder how to escape. I have tried to seek help from the old ghost handlers of the past, but unfortunately, I failed. I absolutely must not go to the Ghost Post Office; otherwise, I'll die at the hands of Zhang Xiangguang and Luo Wensong partnered against me."

"I changed my thinking, and at twelve-twenty I went to the headquarters, offering to join in as a condition, I met Old Qin."

"Old Qin is still alive three years ago, I asked him about the method to leave this world, but Old Qin refused and insisted I stay to change the future of this world. I knew all this was impossible, because by six o'clock at night, I would face unprecedented terror."

"After being rejected, I attempted to leave the headquarters to seek other solutions, but I failed, I was trapped in the headquarters by Old Qin."

"At six o'clock, terrifying supernatural occurrences began."

"At six-tenth, I died..."

Another death information emerged.

This time Yang Jian did not die at the Ghost Post Office, nor in Old Qin's hands, but was forcibly trapped at headquarters by Old Qin, unable to escape, ultimately meeting death as time ran out.

"Continue." Yang Jian's face was grim, staring at the supernatural paper.

He hoped this new supernatural paper would predict a way out for him.

This new supernatural paper was very cooperative with Yang Jian, seemingly wanting to establish initial trust, thereby continually helping Yang Jian predict everything in the future without playing dead silence.

Perhaps it also feared being buried underground by Yang Jian, never to see daylight.

Chapter 1335 - A Cruel Method

Time passed bit by bit.

Although Yang Jian successfully obtained the second piece of skin paper, being trapped in the world of three years ago, he didn't easily find a way to leave.

Several times, he even predicted death, blocking every path for him.

"Every prediction shows I can't survive past 6:10, indicating anyone staying in this world past 6 o'clock is doomed to die. If I want to survive, I must find a way to leave before 6, but in every prediction, whenever I try to seek help from this world using my experience, I end up failing."

Yang Jian said with a calm expression.

"What have you thought of?" Wang Shanshan beside him asked.

"It's not something particularly special, but I suspect that the prerequisite to escape from here is to not seek help from others. The 'people' of this world might be problematic, seemingly harboring an indescribable hostility towards us, and the stronger the ghost master, the stronger this hostility."

"Under normal circumstances, Old Qin from headquarters would definitely not harm me. He has some connections with my father and would show some sentiment. Yet in the skin paper's prediction, I was forcibly held at headquarters by him and locked up until 6 in the evening, leaving me to die here."

Wang Shanshan lowered her head in thought and said, "Now that you mention it, I remember, back at No. 7 Middle School, many classmates were unfriendly towards me, leaning towards Su Lei, while in truth, I was more popular than her during my school days."

"But Zhang Wei remains the same as always."

Yang Jian said, "That's because certain things didn't involve him, so it's hard to define, but I suspect I'm not wrong."

"But this doesn't help us leave this world at all." Wang Shanshan said.

"You're wrong. Realizing this is the start of breaking the impasse. If the 'people' of this world have problems, might the 'objects' of this world also have issues? The second piece of skin paper we hold might be helping us but carries greater hostility than the original skin paper."

"The so-called predictions on the skin paper might just be wasting our time, causing us to pin our hopes on this thing and miss a way to escape."

"If my hypothesis is real, leaving here relates to time, or rather, escaping needs time, and the longer, the better. Otherwise, success is not possible."

Yang Jian's eyes slightly moved as he started to think quickly.

"Ghost Child, come here."

Suddenly, his tone shifted as he immediately issued a command.

Instantly, a cold child with a faint bluish skin tone, unclothed, suddenly ran out from an unknown place.

The Ghost Child appeared before Yang Jian, tilting his head slightly, staring at him with pale red pupils.

Yang Jian looked at the skin paper from three years ago in his hand, then without hesitation, threw it to the Ghost Child: "Eat it."

"What are you doing?" Wang Shanshan was somewhat puzzled.

Yang Jian said, "Since the skin paper of this world knows everything and holds a deep hostility towards us while being uncontrollable, it's better to let the Ghost Child eat it. The Ghost Child has the ability of a Hungry Ghost, any ghost it consumes will be absorbed like a puzzle piece."

"In other words, once the Ghost Child eats the skin paper, it will gain the skin paper's supernatural properties, becoming a skin paper siding with us."

"However, doing so poses a risk. I worry that after consuming the all-knowing skin paper, it will help the Ghost Child gain wisdom... A smart, wise Ghost Child with Hungry Ghost traits is extremely dangerous and likely to go out of control, which doesn't meet my requirements, but in this world, it's not an issue."

"I believe the supernatural properties of this world exist only here; once we leave, everything will vanish."

The thrown skin paper at this moment seemed to be making a final struggle, despite Yang Jian having mastered its force and direction, it unexpectedly curved mid-air in an illogical manner, drifting towards the window outside.

Apparently, it wished to escape here, unwilling to be devoured by the Ghost Child.

"Futile struggle." Yang Jian opened his ghost eye, covering with a Ghost Domain.

The Ghost Child immediately vanished from the spot; it had certain traits of the ghost eye, enabling it to appear freely within Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

The next moment...

The Ghost Child appeared in the air, then opened its blackened, exaggerated mouth and swallowed the floating skin paper in one gulp, without even needing to chew.

The skin paper of this world, having just revived and revealing its oddities, didn't even get the chance to deceive Yang Jian before turning into food.

The Ghost Child's belly slightly bulged, as if full.

Subsequently, the Ghost Child with Hungry Ghost traits began to show terrifying potential.

The swollen belly rapidly deflated, as the swallowed skin paper swiftly digested, becoming a part of the Ghost Child's body.

The Ghost Child stood there, appearing to fall into dead silence, yet its skin color was changing.

The faint bluish-black on its body was rapidly disappearing, replaced with a pale brown color, much closer to that of a living human and no longer resembling a stillborn.

It's not surprising for a Hungry Ghost to show consumed fierce ghost traits on its body.

"It succeeded."

Yang Jian said, "Next, I need to test whether the Ghost Child possesses the future-predicting trait of the skin paper."

Just as he was about to give an order.

Suddenly.

The doorbell rang.

"Hmm?" Yang Jian glanced, noticing two security guards from the property management outside the door.

"We need to find a quieter place to avoid being disturbed."

He didn't stay in Fang Jing's house, instead taking Wang Shanshan and the Ghost Child to leave immediately.

Yang Jian went to a secluded park in the city.

Few people lived near the park, and on weekdays, it was empty, only occasionally frequented on weekends by a few strolling.

"Tell me, what's the way to leave this world?" He stared at the Ghost Child, questioning.

The Ghost Child remained still in place, but flickers of intelligence appeared in its eerie pale red eyes, no longer as numb and strange, as if it was pondering.

"As expected, did the Ghost Child end up having issues?"

Yang Jian quickly closed his ghost eye, gripping a cracked spear in his hand tightly.

Any anomaly would prompt him to nail the Ghost Child dead without hesitation.

This was no time for mercy.

The most feared outcome seemingly hadn't occurred.

Soon.

The Ghost Child began to move, running with bare feet to a sandlot near the park, and then picked up a nearby twig to write quickly in the sand.

Its handwriting was ugly, twisted, and distorted, making it truly difficult to decipher, resembling the writing on skin paper.

However, it was apparent the Ghost Child was writing down crucial information.

Yang Jian stood beside, watching attentively.

But what was written was completely indecipherable, as the strokes were disorderly — a dash here, a stroke there, only when nearly complete could a coherent message be pieced together.

Yang Jian was not in a hurry; it was still early, only twelve at noon. He still had a full six hours left, and no matter how you write this sentence, it couldn't possibly take several hours.

But at this moment.

Suddenly.

A roar sounded, and a civilian helicopter flew over from the direction of Dachang City.

"Hmm?" Yang Jian raised his gaze to look.

Two figures appeared on the helicopter, one was Zhou Zheng, and the other was surprisingly Zhao Kaiming.

The helicopter descended, the fierce wind swept, seemingly trying to blow away the characters written on the ground.

Yang Jian glanced at it, directly covering it with the Ghost Domain, preventing the wind from interfering with the Ghost Child writing.

Soon.

When the helicopter descended to a sufficient height, Zhou Zheng and Zhao Kaiming both jumped off.

The two landed and walked towards Yang Jian with serious expressions.

"Why is it that you could accurately and timely find my location even when I'm here?" Yang Jian said coldly.

Zhou Zheng shouted, "Yang Jian, you've gone too far. What the headquarters said was completely correct; you are an extremely dangerous existence, capable of causing casualties at any moment. To think you, as a Ghost Rider, would break in and attack your classmates, just before, your classmate Fang Jing already died because of you."

"He was killed by supernatural powers; don't you dare say this has nothing to do with you."

Fang Jing died?

Wang Shanshan beside him was stunned for a moment.

"That's impossible, Yang Jian wouldn't kill him."

Out of trust for Yang Jian, Wang Shanshan knew clearly that if Yang Jian were to kill Fang Jing, he would have done it when they were in the classroom, not after.

"Not only did you kill Fang Jing, but you seemed to have taken something from his home afterward, which gives me even more reason to suspect you're motivated by greed."

Zhou Zheng stared fixedly at Yang Jian, "I warned you before, this is my jurisdiction, Dachang City. I can offer you a chance to join the headquarters and can cooperate with you on certain matters, but the premise is you abide by the rules, restrain your supernatural powers, and absolutely cannot act recklessly."

"Now it seems, you've lost your way."

"A dangerous person should be restrained and managed. Yang Jian, I know the supernatural power you wield is extraordinary, so I hope you can cooperate with us and go back for investigation." Zhao Kaiming said with a cold face.

Wang Shanshan frowned at the two people who suddenly arrived and held hostility towards Yang Jian.

It seemed Yang Jian was right, he was not welcome in this world.

Yet Yang Jian smiled, a smile that wasn't cold but seemed inexplicably happy: "I understand now. Just as I'm about to find a way to leave this world, resistance from this world appears. The more this happens, the more I am sure I'm on the right path."

"However, this resistance should be small, at least before six o'clock the resistance won't be that big. That's why it's you who came and not directly Old Qin or those old monsters. Even if it's a world

constructed by supernatural forces, it still has to follow the rules of the world's operation, it has to be rationalized, otherwise, the existence of this world would have issues."

At this moment.

The Ghost Child was writing on the sandy ground, and without interference, it was about to reveal the key information.

"Yang Jian, I know there's a gap between us, but I will still stop you." Zhou Zheng appeared determined to risk everything, approaching with big strides, his skinny body slightly bulging at the belly.

A baby's outline appeared on the abdomen.

This baby was eerie and malevolent, seemingly screaming and struggling to break out.

The next moment.

Zhou Zheng's belly unexpectedly tore open, a small blue-black hand stretching out, and then extending, reaching towards Yang Jian.

He actually took the risk of ghost revival to attack Yang Jian.

"An unsaturated, growing Hungry Ghost is no match for me." Yang Jian's face remained calm, allowing the eerie hand to grab him.

He wasn't affected in the slightest; that level of supernatural power made it impossible to harm him.

Zhou Zheng's eyes narrowed, showing an incredulous expression.

Zhao Kaiming said grimly, "Help me kill this Yang Jian before us."

At this moment, he was under the curse of the Wishing Ghost, accompanied by a terrifying ghost that could help him do anything, including kill.

But as a price, after making a wish, a relative would die.

So, to deal with Yang Jian, Zhao Kaiming, who was unknown where Zhou Zheng had brought him from, sacrificed a relative's life without hesitation and made a wish to kill.

"They really want my life." Yang Jian's eyes moved slightly.

Back at the headquarters, Zhao Jian and the others dared not confront him, but after the Ghost Child ate the human skin parchment, some inconceivable things were happening.

He glanced at the scribbling characters on the ground.

The information was now complete.

The Ghost Child wrote this sentence in the sand: Before six o'clock in the evening, kill the familiar people in memory, this is the only way to leave this world.

"So that's it, this is how it is."

Yang Jian immediately understood upon seeing this information.

The next moment.

He grabbed the Ghost Shadow Hand that stretched out from Zhou Zheng's belly and forcefully pulled.

The Ghost Infant let out a piercing wail, sounding like a real child falling to the ground, crying.

But Zhou Zheng screamed miserably, collapsing in pain on the ground, his abdomen completely torn, blackened blood flowing out, but no internal organs to be seen.

Those internal organs had long been devoured by the Ghost Infant.

Then he swung the Firewood Knife.

The blue-black Ghost Infant immediately stopped struggling and screaming, split into two upon being chopped, then fell to the ground, no longer moving.

The Firewood Knife dismembered the ghost, causing it to lose mobility temporarily.

"To kill the familiar people in memory is to completely sever ties with this world, only by doing this can I separate from this world. The more acquaintances I know, the greater the emotional ties with this world, the tighter the hold of the world. Each familiar person is like a line entangled around me, binding me firmly to this eerie world."

"So what I need to do is free myself." Yang Jian displayed a cold smile.

Although it's difficult, it's not impossible for him to achieve.

But it was very cruel.

Not everyone can be so heartless as to kill every familiar person with their own hands.

Chapter 1336 - Targeting and Action

The ruptured belly, sticky dark blood, and the headless corpse.

The unexpected arrival of Zhou Zheng and Zhao Kaiming, followed by their unreasonable attack on Yang Jian, had predictable consequences.

Yang Jian stood to the side, expressionless, staring coldly at an invisible and chilling figure before him.

Just moments ago, in front of the Wishing Ghost, he had effortlessly killed Zhao Kaiming. With the host gone, the Wishing Ghost was no longer bound, and under normal circumstances, it would select another unfortunate soul as a host. However, Zhao Kaiming had wished for the ghost to kill himself before his death.

Yang Jian wondered if, without a host, the Wishing Ghost would still fulfill this request.

However, the Wishing Ghost did not comply.

The chilling aura circled around briefly before rapidly moving away. The ghost did not fulfill Zhao Kaiming's wish to kill Yang Jian after his death.

"It's good that it left; it seems to save us from some unnecessary trouble."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered slightly, and only after sensing the cold aura completely dissipate did he relax.

Wang Shanshan glanced at the two corpses on the ground. Her fair face was expressionless and calm as she said, "The Ghost Child inherited the human skin paper and wrote down this information to make you kill familiar people. It's not an easy task. Putting aside whether these people are dangerous, among those familiar ones, there must be our relatives and friends."

"Even knowing this world might be constructed by the supernatural, taking action is still not easy."

Killing all one's relatives and friends with one's own hands—one would have to be heartless to do something like this. Although Wang Shanshan was indifferent, she didn't have such a cruel heart, and she knew Yang Jian wouldn't do it either.

Yang Jian said calmly, "You're wrong. The supernatural is hard to define death. Take Zhang Wei as an example. He is a familiar friend. If I have to chop off his head to make him disappear from this world, does that mean killing him? But if I resurrect him after killing him, then how do you count that? Is it fulfilling the requirement or not?"

Wang Shanshan frowned, "Do you think there's a loophole in this information?"

"The information has no loopholes; it depends on how you handle it. As I said before, familiar people are the lines binding you to this world. The more familiar people there are, the more lines bind you, making it increasingly difficult to leave this world. What we need to do is cut off these lines. As long as the lines are severed, whether they die or not doesn't matter anymore."

"Therefore, instead of killing everyone, redefine these people as unfamiliar. As long as they don't meet this requirement, then there's no need to kill them."

"Makes sense, stripping away the 'familiar people' status, making it invalid," Wang Shanshan's eyes lit up slightly, amazed by Yang Jian's way of thinking.

Indeed, viewing the problem from a different perspective makes it easier to solve.

"So, what are you going to do?" Wang Shanshan continued to ask.

Yang Jian said, "Two methods. First, erase all memories of familiar people from my mind, starting with myself. As long as I forget everyone, there are no familiar people, fulfilling the requirement. But I think this method is likely to fail."

"Why?" Wang Shanshan was puzzled; this seemed like a good solution.

Yang Jian said, "Because we are not binding this world, but rather this world is binding us, so I think the second method is more likely to succeed—let the people of this world forget us. If Zhang Wei doesn't remember me, then he won't be defined as my acquaintance in this world, so I won't need to kill him."

"You're right, we don't need to forget them, they just need to forget us," Wang Shanshan nodded, but then hesitated, "However, some people you know are very powerful ghost tamers in this world, and you're not even a match for them in the human skin paper's foreknowledge."

"In these circumstances, it's unlikely to make them forget us."

Yang Jian looked up at the sky, then slowly opened his ghost eyes.

The Ghost Domain expanded, expanded again, and in just a few seconds, it had enveloped the entire Dachang City, and this was not even its limit; the Ghost Domain continued to spread beyond Dachang City.

"Don't forget, this is three years ago. Three years ago, I wasn't a ghost tamer; very few top ghost tamers knew me, so fulfilling this condition isn't very difficult. As I previously mentioned, it just requires some time. There are still nearly six hours left. I hope my actions will be smooth during this time."

"Zhou Zheng and Zhao Kaiming's unreasonable actions already indicate that we are being targeted by this bizarre world. By then, other ghost tamers will come to stop us, and we need to act separately. You need to train the Ghost Child in a very short time to become a sufficiently terrifying ghost."

"And I will be wiping memories of others while dealing with those ghost tamers coming our way, but I can't guarantee I can face them all, so before I'm killed, I need a powerful Ghost Child, or rather, a real Hungry Ghost."

After saying that, Yang Jian glanced at the remains of the blue-black Ghost Infant on the ground.

"Now that the Ghost Child has consumed the human skin paper, it knows everything; it knows how to grow. You need to restrain it a little. Of course, it's dangerous. I can't guarantee the Ghost Child won't lose control and kill you, but there's no choice. If the Ghost Child isn't strong enough, we will likely fail."

"I understand," Wang Shanshan nodded.

Yang Jian said, "Since that's the case, let's start. My Ghost Domain will cover Dachang City. During this time, the Ghost Child can appear anywhere in Dachang City. Once it reaches a certain level, it will also have a Ghost Domain, allowing you more freedom in your actions."

"Hopefully, we can escape here smoothly before six o'clock."

After finishing, he didn't linger any longer and instantly vanished.

Wang Shanshan didn't hesitate either and immediately instructed the Ghost Child to consume the second ghost, which was the dismembered Ghost Infant on the ground.

The Ghost Child was born due to the Hungry Ghost, and if it consumed the Ghost Infant, it would become a true Hungry Ghost, growing more terrifying.

But merely this is not enough; the Ghost Child still needs to continue growing.

However, Wang Shanshan does not need to deliberately guide the growth of the Ghost Child; at this moment, the Ghost Child seems to understand what kind of fierce ghost it needs to devour to grow even more terrifying.

Combining the abilities of the human skin paper and the Hungry Ghost, it is about to start growing into a terrifying ghost that shocks everyone.

But the time given to the Ghost Child is limited, less than six hours, perhaps not even six hours.

This might be the only thing that can limit the Ghost Child.

At this moment, Yang Jian's supernatural abilities are already starting to affect Dachang City.

The Ghost Domain covered everyone in the city, but it did not attract anyone's attention, and everything was as usual.

At this moment.

In a classroom at No. 7 Middle School in Dachang City.

The classmates discussing Yang Jian and Wang Shanshan's situation only felt an eerie chill invading, then their bodies stiffened, and certain memories vanished from their minds.

"Eh, Yang Jian, who is Yang Jian?"

Someone listened confusedly to others talking, but could no longer find any memory of Yang Jian in their mind.

"Yang Jian? Is there such a person? I don't know him." Zhao Lei also lost a part of his memories, having no impression of Yang Jian.

"What are you talking about, not knowing Yang Jian? Just now he was still..." Zhang Wei got a bit agitated, thinking these people have gone mad, but before finishing his sentence, he too froze, wanting to say something but realizing he didn't know where to start.

Soon.

Everyone in the classroom lost their memories of Yang Jian, and under such circumstances, they were no longer familiar with Yang Jian.

"The Ghost Shadow's erasure of living memories is a bit slow, not as good as that Forgetful Ghost of Li Leping's supernatural ability, but fortunately, not many familiar people from three years ago exist, and most are in Dachang City, this makes it easier for me to act." Yang Jian stood on the top floor of a building in Dachang City, thinking to himself.

But merely erasing memories of high school classmates is not enough; there are former middle school classmates, relatives from the hometown, and some acquaintances scattered across the country.

"However, I think there's no need to target everyone familiar. I believe once the memories of a vast majority are erased, the world's hold on Wang Shanshan and me will lessen substantially, and by then, I can most likely free him using my supernatural power."

Yang Jian continued his actions, this process being relatively reversed and time-consuming as well.

Apart from erasing his own acquaintances' memories, he also had to erase Wang Shanshan's acquaintances' memories.

As this process continued, Yang Jian sensed some subtle changes, noticing the surrounding world starting to distort and blur, becoming less real than before; if such changes persist, the world seems on the verge of collapsing, dissipating like an Illusionary Realm.

Clearly.

Yang Jian's method was correct.

But resistance had already started to emerge.

With the deaths of Zhou Zheng and Zhao Kaiming, the heads over there at headquarters had already responded.

"This Yang Jian is too dangerous. Killing Fang Shiming wasn't enough; he also killed Zhou Zheng and Zhao Kaiming; they are the heads of the headquarters, and his actions are undoubtedly provocative. There's nothing else to say, mobilize the headquarters' ghost tamers and take down this dangerous guy; such a figure cannot be allowed to exist in the supernatural realm."

Cao Yanhua, as the vice minister, appeared at this moment, slamming the table fiercely and issuing the order through gritted teeth.

In this supernatural world, Yang Jian has become the top enemy of the Ghost Tamers Headquarters, willing to do whatever it takes to eliminate him.

If placed in reality, this would be unreasonable, because even if Yang Jian truly did this, the headquarters wouldn't be able to mobilize all the top ghost tamers to deal with Yang Jian in such a short time.

However, in this unreasonable world, everything is reasonable.

Originally some ghost tamers, who were not very cooperative, at this moment, astonishingly obeyed arrangements.

Wang Chaling from Dadong City, Li Leping from Dachuan City, Li Jun from headquarters, Ah Hong, Chen Yi... even Ye Zhen from Dahai City is preparing to head to Dachang City.

According to the normal schedule.

Within three hours, these people would definitely arrive in Dachang City.

Therefore, this can be considered the first wave of attack by this supernaturally constructed world against Yang Jian.

Chapter 1337 - Confrontation and Death

The time had already reached one in the afternoon.

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain covered Dachang City, and by utilizing the Ghost Shadow's ability to invade consciousness, he erased memories about himself from the minds of the living in this world.

Although the process was not very efficient, with the help of the Ghost Domain, he managed to alter the memories of most of his acquaintances in the city in less than an hour. Next, he changed the scope of the Ghost Domain to extend towards his hometown, planning to erase the memories of his relatives there.

However, he hadn't forgotten that at this time, there were supernatural occurrences back home.

But at this moment.

Several private jets were already flying towards Dachang City from different directions. Get full chapters from [novel~fire~net](#)

"They've come so quickly, and so many have come at once, the headquarters really do think highly of me."

Yang Jian's expression shifted as he noticed something, watching the planes heading towards Dachang City's airport in the distant sky.

Despite setting off at different times, the planes arrived at Dachang City at an impressively synchronized moment, clearly planned and calculated in advance.

Plane after plane landed.

Soon, ghost tamers under the headquarters' command began to disembark one after another from the various planes.

The person in charge of this operation was precisely Zao Jianguo.

His expression was particularly grave at this moment, not feeling any joy from the numerical advantage, instead worried about how many ghost tamers the headquarters might lose in this campaign against Yang Jian.

Yet this matter had to be handled.

"This suddenly emerged Yang Jian has a mysterious identity and terrifyingly powerful supernatural powers. You mustn't consider him a newcomer to the supernatural circle. Previously, he easily eliminated Fang Shiming from the Circle of Friends in front of many at the headquarters. So I hope you can all unite and face him together."

Immediately after getting off the plane, Zao Jianguo halted his steps and shouted loudly.

His voice echoed throughout the airport, reaching everyone's ears.

"Being able to kill Fang Shiming truly makes him a dangerous figure, but rest assured, this Yang Jian is doomed."

The person speaking was Leuk San, a sinister and cold look on his sallow face, and the plane behind him was filled with eerie paper figures.

To deal with Yang Jian, Leuk San spared no effort, deploying all available paper figures, and even his true form was present.

"Stop boasting. I've fought Yang Jian before; he truly is terrifying. Ghost tamers capable of handling two ghosts would be easily taken down by him, unable to resist. The feeling is just like facing an unsolvable level supernatural event, utterly despairing."

Jang Shangbai was also present, recounting his own experience with his dark face.

"No matter how dangerous or powerful, we must quickly kill him and put an end to this situation. Wasting everyone's time on just one person isn't worth it," Chen Yi said irritably as he got off the plane.

"Chen Yi, calm down, and don't act impulsively. Let's all act together once everyone's arrived," Li Jun advised from the side.

A ghost tamer named Su Fan said, "We've located Yang Jian. He's now at Shangtong Tower... on the top floor. If we use the Ghost Domain, we can catch him off guard."

"You're overthinking. The moment we entered Dachang City, we had already entered his Ghost Domain. He already noticed us."

A man with an unremarkable appearance, hard to remember, spoke coldly.

Li Leping had hurried to the city from Dachuan City and immediately noticed something amiss upon entering.

"A Ghost Domain covering an entire city, are you sure you're not joking?"

Guo Fan looked at him suspiciously. Although he didn't know this person, he assumed the unfamiliar ghost tamer was also one of the headquarters' leaders.

"He speaks the truth. Yang Jian's Ghost Domain has already covered Dachang City. With his abilities, he could have acted while we were still on the plane, yet he's allowed us to gather successfully, which surprised me a bit," Gao Ming, wearing sunglasses, said, gazing into the distance.

In his view, the world was no longer a pitch-black void but enveloped in brilliant golden light.

But within this Ghost Domain, Gao Ming saw flickering green flames, akin to Li Jun's Ghost Flame, intentionally suppressed and hidden, not spread outward, which made him uneasy.

"Perhaps he wants to capture us all at once," a refined, handsome man in a suit appeared, smiling, the cold aura lingering around him.

This man was the director from Dadong City, named Wang Chaling.

This headquarters mobilization brought many ghost tamers to Dachang City, many of whom were meeting for the first time and were unfamiliar with each other.

"Everyone, please be prepared, as the action to encircle and slay Yang Jian will commence in ten minutes," Zhao Jianguo stated with a serious and stern look.

"Such excessive caution," someone commented, finding Zhao Jianguo's arrangement perplexing, yet felt it justified.

No one opposed the suggestion, and the headquarters' ghost tamers continued to assemble and make preparations.

And this entire scene was observed clearly by Yang Jian's Ghost Eye.

"Since everyone's here, let's give them a greeting first. It'll be much harder to handle once they've fully assembled and prepared," Yang Jian remarked coldly, his Ghost Eye slightly turning.

In an instant.

Pale green flames surged, and everything in the distance began to be engulfed by firelight.

"Careful, Yang Jian's attack is coming," a loud shout echoed in the airport as Gao Ming's face drastically changed, wearing sunglasses.

In his vision, an overwhelming, chilling firelight surged toward them, and even before it approached, an indescribable scorching sensation had already appeared.

Not only him, but everyone else also immediately reacted.

But the flames came so ferociously that, in just a moment, they engulfed the entire airport. The ghost tamers gathered within were like being caught in a fire, panicking, unsure how to respond.

"Ah!"

A miserable scream suddenly echoed.

Guo Fan didn't even have time to use his supernatural powers before being consumed by the Ghost Flame. He struggled within the pale green firelight, his body rapidly charring, and the Ghost Flame not only ignited his skin but burned wildly inside him, as if using him as fuel.

"What?" Everyone watching this scene had their hearts skip a beat, feeling a chill run down their spines.

"Guo Fan."

Beside him, his friend Zong Shan was both shocked and furious, wanting to rescue him, but he was also surrounded by the flames.

"Damn it, this fire looks like Li Jun's Ghost Flame, but it's even fiercer than the Ghost Flame. Everyone be careful..."

The irritable Chen Yi recognized this supernatural power and shouted loudly, but as soon as he finished speaking, he was engulfed by flames. The others only saw him struggling and twisting within the firelight, yet soon, his struggling movements grew smaller, and he finally stood in place like a puppet, allowing the eerie flames to burn, as if only a strange human skin remained.

It wasn't just Guo Fan and Chen Yi; other ghost controllers faced the same situation.

They were in a sea of fire, their skin reddened by the scorching heat, then smoked, followed by flames springing out, and became charred corpses.

Their own supernatural abilities were insufficient to ensure survival.

"How could this happen?"

Seeing such a scene, Zhao Jianguo's eyes turned red from anger, watching headquarters' ghost controllers being burned to death one by one, he was anxious and angry but could not think of a good way to change the situation.

"Yang Jian indeed held back earlier, didn't give his all."

Zhao Jianguo was frustrated inside, feeling this operation was too impulsive, thinking that he should have been more cautious and attentive.

"Yang Jian, come out for me."

At this moment, Leuk San shouted angrily, surrounded by paper figures that blocked the fire and ensured his safety, but they also limited his actions, making him have powerful cards but unable to use them, feeling very stifled.

Thought Yang Jian intended to exhaust everyone alive like this, unexpectedly, Yang Jian responded from within the flames.

"You shouldn't have come to Dachang City; unfortunately in this world, you're merely driven puppets. Though in the first wave of attacks there truly are several dangerous existences, not showing a face makes it troublesome to deal with."

Yang Jian's figure appeared within the firelight.

"Yang Jian?" Leuk San stared intensely at that figure in the firelight, at once without hesitation, rushed out of the protection of the paper figures towards him.

The flames corroded his body, the yellow paper stuck to him ignited, layers peeled off, revealing a thin, lifeless body.

The appearance of this corpse caused the surrounding flames to retreat, unable to come close.

"A terrifying old corpse sealed within the paper figures? Want to use this against me, still falls short." Yang Jian's voice was heard.

Leuk San's pupils slightly contracted, his background was seen through by this person at a glance.

While distracted, he suddenly sensed a strong danger approaching.

"Not good." A whistling sound rang in his ear, instantly a cracked long spear flew from behind, piercing through his body, pinning him firmly to the ground.

"Such injury is useless on me." Leuk San struggled to pull out the long spear.

But immediately, he was stunned.

His body wouldn't obey... he couldn't move.

The next moment, a black Ghost Hand appeared out of thin air, covering Leuk San's face.

A forceful tug.

Leuk San's entire face was ripped off, made from a mix of human skin and yellow paper, it looked fierce and eerie.

"Killing you is not too difficult."

Yang Jian casually tossed Leuk San's face, burning into the flames, vanishing quickly.

"Found you."

Suddenly.

A stranger's silhouette abruptly approached, a burnt smell filled the air, accompanied by an inevitable deadly supernatural power, intending to take Yang Jian's life immediately.

However, in the next moment.

The figure of Yang Jian before them rapidly faded, eventually disappearing.

"What?" Li Leping realized at once, understanding he was deceived by the Ghost Domain.

Yang Jian was never here.

"Had preemptively guarded against you, Li Leping, now sending you on your way."

The next moment, the cracked long spear vanished from Leuk San's corpse, replaced by a Firewood Knife appearing out of nowhere, Li Leping barely turned his head before his head parted from his neck, falling heavily to the ground.

"You actually remember me?"

Li Leping's fallen head was not dead yet, instead his body swiftly blurred, trying to forget this attack, intending to restart in an alternative way.

"You restart too slow."

Yang Jian's hand dropped the cracked long spear down, the Coffin Nail directly piercing Li Leping's blurred head.

The forgetting restart failed directly, his eyes opened wide, dying on the spot.

"Stop for me." At this moment, another voice shouted trying to stop Yang Jian, but it was only loud, unable to unleash any means.

Yang Jian glanced over, seeing Li Jun ignoring the influence of Ghost Flame, striding through the firelight.

"Two almost identical supernatural powers, leading Li Jun to be unaffected in this sea of fire?"

"However, this period's Li Jun is too weak, only ensuring himself not being burned to death by the Ghost Flame, trying to deal with me is still too forced."

Yang Jian ignored Li Jun, destined to lose himself in this Ghost Domain, lacking even the qualification to contact him.

The one truly to deal with this trip was only one.

Wang Chaling, the head of Dadong City.

This period's Wang Chaling matched with Wang Chaling in three years time-strength-wise, inheriting the family curse, followed by deceased grandparents and parents.

At least by Wang Chaling's death, this attack would conclude.

Chapter 1338 - Annihilation

"Why is this happening?"

Despair, suffocating aura enveloped within the sea of fire.

Zhao Jianguo was in pain and remorse, unable to do anything but watch as each ghost handler gathered at headquarters perished in the supernatural flames. Even the top ghost handlers were easily killed in front of Yang Jian, without the slightest ability to resist.

In just less than ten minutes, their group was utterly defeated. Even if Yang Jian were dead now, the headquarters would be a name only, and recovery seemed almost impossible.

"Ah!"

The cries of agony echoed, coming from within the flames. Zhao Jianguo no longer knew which ghost handler had died; he just knew that no one familiar was left by his side — only a few scattered ghost handlers survived, fending off this dreadful blaze.

"We've lost, and lost miserably. Zhao Jianguo, Yang Jian's strength is even more exaggerated than you mentioned. Now, only Li Jun and I survive; everyone else is dead, and even if they're not, their fate is bleak."

At this moment, Wang Chaling adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses and walked over gravely.

He walked amidst the firelight, with a cold aura spreading around him, keeping the burning Ghost Flame at bay.

"I'm sorry, it's my fault." Zhao Jianguo's voice trembled, his entire being powerless and in despair.

Wang Chaling replied, "It's too late to say that now. You should report the situation here to headquarters and see if they have any solutions. Preferably, get Old Qin to come here. I'll be fighting Yang Jian with Li Jun in the coming period, but I doubt we'll last long."

"I... understand." Zhao Jianguo looked at him and, trembling, took out his phone.

"Leuk San, Li Leping, Su Fan, even Ah Hong... they are all dead."

At this moment, Li Jun retreated from the flames, his expression particularly grim. He survived not because he was strong but because the supernatural here was similar to his own Ghost Flame, allowing him to remain unharmed.

Moreover, Yang Jian seemed to have ignored him, hence not taking any action against him.

"I already figured that out." Wang Chaling glanced briefly at the burning airport.

The cries had ceased, indicating Yang Jian had finished off the rest, and next up were the few of them.

In the flames, a twisted, shadowy figure suddenly emerged, Yang Jian holding a cracked long spear, his face expressionless, treading over layers of fire as he approached.

"Here he comes."

Wang Chaling took a deep breath, his body slightly trembling.

Only by truly confronting this person called Yang Jian could one feel the terrifying sense of oppression.

He's unbelievably strong.

He doesn't seem like someone from the supernatural circle at all.

"Wang Chaling, you are the most unique among these people here, carrying the three generations of the Wang family curse. I want to see your strength."

Yang Jian halted his steps, the surrounding Ghost Flame receded, creating a clear space.

The Ghost Flame no longer had any reason to exist.

Wang Chaling was an ordinary person; the Ghost Flame had little impact on him, while Li Jun himself was endowed with Ghost Flame, making it hard to burn him in a short time.

"You seem quite familiar with each of us; has headquarters leaked information? No, some of our files aren't even known to headquarters. Or do you possess some foresight ability like Xiong Wenwen, code-named Spirit Child?" Wang Chaling cautiously stepped forward a few steps.

Since being targeted by Yang Jian, he couldn't evade, only face him head-on.

"Speaking to stall for time for Zhao Jianguo to send a distress signal? Such petty tactics won't work, and you only have one chance to act. You better make it count," Yang Jian said seriously.

"You're right; against an opponent of your level, these minor tricks indeed don't cut it. In that case, please kindly advise."

Wang Chaling took a deep breath; his gaze suddenly became sharp and even somewhat ferocious, resembling a desperate outlaw.

Action!

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye suddenly stopped, eerily locking onto Wang Chaling ahead.

Almost instantly, the colors faded from the burning airport, shrouded by a crimson glow. With the moment this red glow appeared, the whole world seemed at a standstill.

Underneath the crimson glow, four terrifying figures emerged around Wang Chaling.

These four figures were black and white, resembling faded portraits, cold and eerie. At this moment, the specters stood surrounding Wang Chaling, hand in hand, shielding him inside. This was why the burning Ghost Flame was kept outside, unable to penetrate.

Not only was the Ghost Flame unable to invade, but even Yang Jian's Ghost Domain was isolated, placing Wang Chaling in an absolutely safe location.

But the coverage of the six-layer Ghost Domain paused everything, exposing the terrifying specters around him.

"This is..."

Wang Chaling's pupils suddenly constricted; shielded by his grandparents and parents, he wasn't impacted by the six-layer Ghost Domain but saw the changes around.

In this world under crimson light, everything was stagnant.

Beside him, Li Jun remained immobile, Zhao Jianguo holding his phone mid-sentence was also frozen, even the nearby flickering flames were static.

If only this were the case, it might've been manageable.

But he distinctly saw, in this static world, Yang Jian actually could move, more specifically, that eerie eye was rotating.

Being watched by that eye gave Wang Chaling an intense crisis feeling.

At this moment, he seemed to smell the scent of death.

Wang Chaling screamed hoarsely, "Grandpa, Grandma. Help me block his attacks."

Being part of the Wang family's third generation, even if hapless, he knew among the four specters beside him, the ones transformed from his grandparents were the most terrifying.

Inside the six-layer Ghost Domain.

The two black-and-white terrifying elders moved; uninfluenced by Ghost Eye, their cold corpses shifted, appearing almost instantly before Wang Chaling, like two old wooden doors, decrepit yet still capable of blocking wind and rain, deflecting any assault.

At that moment, Granny's head slightly shook, pierced by a steel pipe from somewhere.

But soon, the pipe rapidly disintegrated into dust, and Granny's morbid head restored to perfect condition.

Ordinary objects couldn't impact these specters.

But Wang Chaling was horrified if not for his grandmother deflecting that attack, it would've been his head pierced by that pipe.

Within one or two seconds, he narrowly escaped death.

"I see, Wang Chaling's deceased grandparents not only possess a Ghost Domain but can also negate my six-layer Ghost Domain effects, with a suspected ability to reset themselves."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered; just one assault unveiled a lot of information.

"What a pity, Wang Chaling himself is ordinary, too fragile, also using the strongest specter for protection instead of attacking is a grave mistake."

"There's only one way—many days as the thief, none for vigilance."

"Second assault, let's assess the quality."

Yang Jian's gaze was icy; he almost moved the instant the six-layer Ghost Domain disappeared, leaving his spot entirely.

Ghost Domain vanished. Google search Novel_Fire(.)net

Yang Jian wielded the cracked long spear, chopping towards Wang Chaling, merely touching it. The spear's imbalance curse was lethal enough to claim Wang Chaling's life.

But immediately after.

The two morbid elders vanished from before Wang Chaling, then appeared again, blocking his path, preventing him from killing Wang Chaling; as for Wang Chaling's parents, they hadn't reacted under the six-layer Ghost Domain's influence, unable to protect him.

Would this mere attack with the Firewood Knife be stopped by those specters?

The terrifying elder raised a hand, attempting to halt the attack, yet the Firewood Knife cut through the elder's arm effortlessly. Despite swiftly regenerating, this misstep placed Wang Chaling in grave danger.

But just at this moment.

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain unexpectedly was torn open, sunlight glaringly showered down; subsequently, amidst the brightness, a fist swung in, striking Yang Jian's cracked long spear.

The punch had incredible force.

The spear skewed, slicing past Wang Chaling, heavily landing on the ground.

The attack failed, Yang Jian promptly vanished from his spot.

"I am already the strongest, only seeking an opponent. Are you Yang Jian? Come fight."

An extremely arrogant voice, yet tinged with a sense of teenage bravado, echoed.

A young man emerged from the shadows, staring at Yang Jian with a provocative gaze.

When he struck the spear, the curse of inevitable death began to spread. His skin turned ashen rapidly but soon returned to normal, only to gray again... three times in succession, the terrifying supernatural power finally dissipated, sparing his life.

"Dahai City's supernatural forum administrator, Ye Zhen." Wang Chaling, who survived the ordeal, broke into a cold sweat down his back when he saw Ye Zhen appear, his face suddenly lighting up with joy.

"Ye Zhen, huh?"

Yang Jian's figure appeared not far away, observing Ye Zhen's sudden appearance without surprise at his previous actions.

This Ye Zhen indeed could withstand his Ghost Domain below the fifth layer.

However, though Ye Zhen was strong at this stage, his strength was quite limited to Yang Jian.

"It's good that he appeared; killing one is killing, killing two is still killing, I'll send you all on your way together." Yang Jian said coldly.

He had already made a rough assessment of the fierce ghosts beside Wang Chaling.

His attack could easily breach the defense of Wang Chaling's terrifying ghosts and take Wang Chaling's life. Yet, if Wang Chaling changed tactics, choosing those two fierce ghosts to attack him, he might face danger, but Wang Chaling would then be exposed under his nose, unable to protect his own life.

Hence, Wang Chaling posed no real threat, similar to He Yiner, bypassing the ghosts around him and swiftly killing him was enough.

"Arrogant, among the supernatural circle, those who hear my name Ye Zhen are terrified..." Ye Zhen said angrily.

However, his words were abruptly cut off.

A menacing gash inexplicably appeared on his neck, and his head slowly slid off, glancing downward only to see a shadow had somehow already hovered over the ground.

The anger on Ye Zhen's face instantly turned to horror, frantically using the power of the Scapegoat Ghost to transfer such terrifying supernatural attacks to evade this damage.

Once a scapegoat, twice a scapegoat, thrice a scapegoat...

The attack from the Firewood Knife was truly terrifying.

Ye Zhen kept using the Scapegoat ability, the wound on his neck began to heal, but the speed was far less than expected, as the curse of the Firewood Knife still affected him, leaving his body in a temporary state of stiffness.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian had already vanished from his original position.

Ye Zhen sensed danger promptly, shouted at Wang Chaling: "Help me stop him, together we can take him down."

Wang Chaling hesitated for a moment.

He dared not let his grandparents, who protected him, switch to defend Ye Zhen, what if Yang Jian acted against him?

This hesitation caused him to miss his chance.

In the next moment.

A charred, icy hand directly shattered Ye Zhen's forehead, piercing through his head.

"Want to kill me? Let's see who dies first." Ye Zhen, still alive, roared furiously.

At that moment, Yang Jian's forehead also appeared with a bloody gash, as if pierced by something, and the wound on his neck became increasingly clear...

Ye Zhen had actually transferred the supernatural attack to Yang Jian.

"Naive."

Unperturbed, Yang Jian's charred hand squeezed, erasing Ye Zhen's consciousness, causing his head to shatter directly on the spot.

Also, the dreadful supernatural power of the Scapegoat Ghost caused Yang Jian's own head to explode.

The corpse that lost consciousness could no longer use the Scapegoat Ghost's ability, slowly collapsing to the ground as a cold dead body.

"Is it mutual destruction?" Upon witnessing this scene, Wang Chaling surprisingly breathed a sigh of relief.

With such injuries, Yang Jian surely couldn't survive.

But in the next moment, the headless Yang Jian abruptly turned to look at him, an eerie eye still uneasily moving.

"Still not dead?" Wang Chaling was instantly horrified.

"Quick, help me kill this person."

In such circumstances, Wang Chaling surprisingly made the most correct decision, actually wanted his grandparents and parents to abandon protecting him, turning to attack Yang Jian.

Only by killing.

Could the terror of the fierce ghosts be truly unleashed, if only thinking of protection, the fierce ghosts would always be restricted and constrained.

"Matching with Ye Zhen's Scapegoat Ghost, you actually had a bit of a chance, but it's too late." Yang Jian said icily.

Deprived of the protection of the fierce ghosts, Wang Chaling instantly exposed himself within the Ghost Domain.

In an instant, a suddenly appearing ghost hand had strangled Wang Chaling's neck.

Crack.

Wang Chaling's neck was snapped, dying immediately on the spot. Yet concurrently, the terrifying fierce ghosts that vanished beside him had already reached Yang Jian.

The two dead-looking old people appeared flanking either side of Yang Jian, almost simultaneously upon Yang Jian's action, two aging, rigid arms had already grabbed Yang Jian's arm, ushering an irresistible supernatural assault.

Instantly.

Yang Jian's body was torn into two halves.

However, Wang Chaling was already dead, Wang Family's curse ending. The terrifying fierce ghosts that had shredded Yang Jian alive now numbly turned away, ignoring everything around, soon disappearing from sight.

"Finally dead, huh?"

Zhao Jianguo and Li Jun, still alive, stared intently at Yang Jian already torn into halves.

Paid such a heavy price, Wang Chaling finally shared mutual destruction with him.

But was this truly the case?

On the corpse, a ghost eye uneasily moved.

A flash of red light.

Yang Jian reappeared intact at the original spot.

"Not only was the body torn apart, but even one's own supernatural powers seemed shredded, had to reboot oneself to stand against such harm, those two old ghosts indeed were terrifying."

Experiencing firsthand the terror of the Wang Family's old ghosts was indeed a huge gain.

Unfortunately.

Wang Chaling was too weak, a ghost hand, extending by itself, could strangle him to death.

"So can you come back alive again?"

Seeing the intact Yang Jian, Zhao Jianguo displayed a grim and desperate smile.

At the cost of everything, dealing a lethal blow, merely for it all to reset instantly, what meaning did it all have?

Yang Jian could resurrect, yet the headquarters ghost handlers could not.

Looking to encircle such a person?

Indeed too foolish.

"Stop laughing, I'll send you all on your way now." Yang Jian slowly said.

Several seconds later.

The headquarters' joint operation ended in annihilation.

Yang Jian still survived.

Chapter 1339 - The Second Eye

"What? The operation failed?"

Meanwhile, at headquarters, Cao Yanhua's eyes widened in shock and disbelief upon receiving the information from Zhao Jianguo. Shortly after, his entire body started to tremble slightly.

The operation failed, and the vast majority of ghost tamers at headquarters perished, buried within the airport in Dachang City.

The current headquarters is left with no one to use. Although some ghost tamers and those in charge did not participate in this operation, they are ordinary ghost tamers and cannot sustain the operation of the headquarters.

It's over!

Thinking of this, Cao Yanhua suddenly collapsed into the chair as if all his strength had been drained, unable to regain his composure for a long time.

It took dozens of minutes.

Shen Liang's arrival awakened him from his daze.

"Deputy Minister, we haven't lost yet. We still have Old Qin. If he is willing to go to Dachang City, I believe he can definitely resolve this Yang Jian. We absolutely cannot let others' sacrifices be in vain."

This reminder prompted Cao Yanhua to stand up quickly: "Right, that's right, we still have Old Qin. Before Zhao Jianguo disconnected, he also mentioned that Old Qin should be sent over. We haven't lost, and we still have a chance to win. I will personally visit Old Qin now. In this situation, he will definitely take action."

Quickly, he hurriedly left the office with Shen Liang, heading to Old Qin's residence at headquarters to request his assistance.

At the same time.

In Dachang City, after annihilating the ghost tamers from headquarters, Yang Jian fell into a momentary calm. In the upcoming period, he should be safe, but this safety will likely not last long. He killed so many ghost tamers from headquarters, the consequences of which will certainly be severe.

Yang Jian thought that the ghost tamers he killed today were like a trigger, set to explode the entire supernatural circle, drawing many dangers.

"I hope I can withstand the second wave of attacks; the growth of the Ghost Child must accelerate a bit," he pondered silently.

Unfortunately, he couldn't use the Ghost Lake here, preventing him from utilizing many supernatural items and tools.

Moreover, 40% of the Ghost Lake would be a tremendous help.

Additionally, his Evil Hound got lost in Baishui Town and is not with him right now.

So Yang Jian is not at his peak state at the moment. What he can rely on is just the split spear and the ghost eye.

"I can't waste time before the second wave of attacks arrives. Besides erasing familiar people's memories, I should also make some preparations." His eyes flickered, and then he disappeared from the airport.

When he reappeared, he was already standing in front of a temple in Dachang City.

The ghost eye looked towards the basement of the temple.

A wall made of bluestone bricks housed a long-sealed door. This door was ancient and heavy, never having been opened.

Following the memories of the past, Yang Jian came here to take this world's coffin nail. With it, he would have two coffin nails, a huge upgrade for himself.

Without any hesitation, he invaded the basement through the Ghost Domain, then pushed open the wooden door and strode inside.

The pitch-black room was so dark that you couldn't see your hand in front of you.

However, this room was incredibly large, beyond imagination.

Yang Jian's ghost eye ignored the effects of darkness as he quickly walked in one direction.

There stood a tree seemingly grown from white bones, with a tall black humanoid figure nailed to the trunk, pierced by a rusty coffin nail.

Yang Jian halted in front of this nailed-down eerie shadow.

His ghost eye briefly examined it, unable to see through what this giant black shadow was, but he was certain that it was definitely not the Ghost Shadow.

The so-called shadow was accurately a human-shaped darkness that seemed to cover something beneath it, like a coffin. If this layer of darkness could be torn open, then perhaps he could see clearly what was nailed to the tree.

Yang Jian reached out to pull out the coffin nail and release this fierce ghost, but his hand halted as he instinctively fixated on the head.

There was a scarlet, eerie eye.

This was the ghost eye of this world.

"If I take this ghost eye, I would have two ghost eyes in this world. Then, my supernatural powers would increase exponentially. If I could pause everything around me with the six-layer Ghost Domain, owning two ghost eyes would allow me to do so with a three-layer Ghost Domain."

Thinking of this, Yang Jian became very tempted.

A three-layer Ghost Domain could pause; a four-layer could restart on a large scale, almost like cheating.

Moreover, the new ghost eye had no immediate risk of revival. Although it wouldn't last long, it just needed to hold out for a few hours, and once he left this world, Yang Jian wouldn't need it anymore.

"Could this be a trap?"

At this moment, Yang Jian couldn't help but have this thought, wondering what immense price he'd pay if he took the second ghost eye.

However, after thinking for a moment, he couldn't figure out what great risk he'd face.

"I won't overthink it. Take it and deal with the consequences later. The first wave of attacks assembled all the ghost tamers from headquarters, so the second wave will definitely bring Old Qin or those monsters from the Republic of China period. Without enhancement, I may not survive the second wave of attacks."

"First, grasp this supernatural power, and deal with any consequences later."

Thinking this, Yang Jian no longer hesitated. He immediately took the ghost eye and pulled out the coffin nail, then swiftly left without looking back.

As for the problem of the fierce ghost's revival, this was not something he should worry about.

Even if there were so many corpses of ghost tamers lying at the airport in Dajing City, he hadn't dealt with them. Even if the supernatural spread over Dachang City, he could just change locations without considering the consequences.

Clutching the cold, rusty coffin nail, Yang Jian felt more confident.

At the same time, he glanced at the back of his hand.

A scarlet ghost eye opened suddenly after stretching the skin, restlessly rotating, while an alternative perspective appeared in Yang Jian's mind.

Everything felt so familiar, as if he were back to the beginning.

At this moment, Yang Jian was controlling two ghost eyes and wielding two coffin nails, greatly enhancing his supernatural powers once again.

Although it's temporary.

Soon.

Yang Jian was back at the top floor of the tallest building in the city, Shangtong Tower.

His ghost eye opened again, looking into the distance.

The Ghost Domain, which could originally easily cover a city, had expanded further. Now, not only Dachang City, but even nearby towns were enveloped in it.

"Interesting." Yang Jian showed a slight smile at this moment, as if he found an amusing toy.

He wanted to become familiar with the second ghost eye as quickly as possible while completing the memory modification of his acquaintances.

However, the Ghost Child's growth continued.

After devouring the Hungry Ghost, the Ghost Child did not leave Dachang City but instead brought Wang Shanshan to the familiar Guanjiang Residential Complex.

The Ghost Child appeared in a dilapidated Republic Era ancient house.

"Is it looking for the Ghost Mirror or the Ghost Cabinet?"

Wang Shanshan was curious but didn't interfere with the Ghost Child's actions, because Yang Jian had mentioned that the Ghost Child now knew how to grow, and she just needed to observe.

Soon.

The Ghost Child went to the second floor and hurried into the third room.

That was the room where the Ghost Mirror was kept.

At this moment, the Ghost Child reached out its hand to touch the Ghost Mirror.

Quickly, its cold hand sank into the mirror, and it seemed like something inside the Ghost Mirror grabbed the Ghost Child's hand, immediately pulling its entire body inside.

The Ghost Child disappeared right in front of her eyes.

"Can it enter the Ghost Mirror?" Wang Shanshan's eyes showed slight surprise.

She had encountered the Ghost Mirror before and heard Yang Jian mention some of its characteristics. It seemed that only living people could fall into the Ghost Mirror while fierce ghosts would be repelled by it.

Did the Ghost Child, entering the Ghost Mirror, mean it was human now?

Wang Shanshan didn't understand and wasn't very knowledgeable about supernatural matters. She just stood quietly outside the door, waiting for the Ghost Child to emerge from the Ghost Mirror.

Not long after.

A small, thin arm stretched out from the mirror, followed by the Ghost Child walking out while chewing on something.

Its stomach was bulging, as if it had a hearty meal.

However, the ghost child's stomach quickly began to shrink again, as it digested the fierce ghost it consumed, making the ghost's supernatural power a part of itself.

"How many ghosts has it eaten within the ghost mirror?" Wang Shanshan thought to herself, starting to feel unease growing within her heart.

Can such a ghost child really continue to be restrained?

The ghost child re-entered the ghost mirror, consuming the fierce ghost without stopping. It once again took Wang Shanshan with it and disappeared, reappearing in front of a silent village blocked off from view. At the entrance of the village stood a sign.

The sign bore three words: Huanggang Village.

Three years ago, Huanggang Village experienced an incident dubbed the ghost coffin supernatural event.

During this incident, the first person in charge of Dachang City, Feng Quan, went missing.

The ghost child swiftly ran towards Huanggang Village, and as it ran, a layer of bluish-black mist began forming around its body, continuously spreading to envelop everything surrounding it.

Clearly.

The ghost child had opened the Ghost Domain of Hungry Ghost, and it was growing, extremely quickly.

Wang Shanshan did not hesitate and followed the ghost child into Huanggang Village.

It was evident that fierce ghosts existed in this silent village as well, and the ghost child had set its sights on one, preparing to make it its next meal.

Initially, the ghost child started with a jog, but soon it moved through the mist, its form shifting unpredictably, yet its walking speed increased dramatically, and the scope of its ghost domain continued to expand substantially. Though the speed was somewhat slow, it seemed limitless, constantly eroding everything nearby.

Soon, the ghost child stopped in front of a residential house.

At this moment, within this house lay a black coffin, with a picture of the deceased before it, remnants of burnt paper money, and traces of incense burning nearby.

Yet no villagers were around.

The ghost child did not open the coffin but gazed with its innocent eyes towards a back alley behind the house.

There, it seemed a chilling figure lingered, hiding.

That was the real ghost.

Actually, Feng Quan lay within the ghost coffin. He stayed unharmed inside the coffin, unable to leave, as doing so would lead to the fierce ghost outside killing him. That's why he remained missing, potentially for more than half a year, until Yang Jian's emergence allowed him to escape.

Upon discovering the fierce ghost, the ghost child immediately ran swiftly towards that direction barefoot.

Meanwhile, an eerie sound of footsteps abruptly arose and distanced quickly in the alley behind the funeral hall, as though the fierce ghost sensed danger and was avoiding the ghost child.

Yet the ghost child possessed a ghost domain, while the fierce ghost within the ghost coffin had not fully awakened and was restricted due to Feng Quan, not yet evolving into a ghost envoy.

However, the ghost child's goal was the haunting growth potential of the ghost envoy.

Once the fierce ghost of Huanggang Village was devoured, the ghost child would have both the supernatural powers of Hungry Ghost and Ghost Envoy, two S-level fierce ghosts.

With such a foundation, coupled with the human-skin paper previously devoured, the ghost child could become the most terrifying being in this world with no one able to resist.

"This world indeed has significant issues. Normally, a ghost shouldn't flee, yet the ghosts within Huanggang Village keep avoiding the ghost child, seemingly not wanting to be eaten." Wang Shanshan followed, hiding within the ghost domain to remain safe.

However, after a period of pursuit between the ghost child and the fierce ghost of Huanggang Village, the bluish-black mist spread, the ghost domain covered, and the fierce ghost of Huanggang Village was caught.

A man, with a darkened face and an eerie, cold deathly appearance, matched the photograph next to the shrine. At the moment, he stood unmoving in a cul-de-sac, like a corpse dead for days.

The ghost child ran over without hesitation and lunged directly onto the corpse.

A chilling chewing sound echoed.

Crack, crack...

The future ghost envoy had no resistance and became the ghost child's food, with his body quickly vanishing.

Wang Shanshan watched this terrifying scene, displaying indifference, only slightly furrowing her brows.

A moment later.

The fierce ghost disappeared, and the ghost child, with a bloated belly, walked out of the gloomy alley.

The ghost child's dark brown skin began to blacken, becoming more eerie as it grinned at Wang Shanshan, seemingly smiling, but this smile was not cute at all, rather, it was horrifying.

"Haven't had enough to eat? Where will you go next?" Wang Shanshan inquired coldly and expressionlessly.

The ghost child turned its head, looking in another direction.

It wanted to search for its next meal.

As its stomach had already shriveled away, the recent meal had been digested, since the Hungry Ghost's appetite is limitless, capable of continuous consumption.

The bluish-black ghost domain spread.

The ghost child carried Wang Shanshan away from Huanggang Village, disappearing into the distance.

"What on earth is that?"

After the ghost child left, the black coffin inside the mortuary at Huanggang Village suddenly trembled, the lid opened, and Feng Quanke, filled with uncertainty, sat up from within the coffin, gazing into the distance.

He had just witnessed the ghost child devour the fierce ghost of Huanggang Village.

Fear overwhelmed him, worried he might have become food too.

Thankfully, that did not happen.

Yang Jian was growing, and so was the ghost child. However, after the first wave of attacks ended, the second wave was about to begin.

The current time was 2 PM.

At headquarters.

"Here's how things unfolded, Yang Jian needs old Qin's intervention to be killed immediately. He's extremely dangerous, and now that Dachang City is under his control, if we can't resolve him, reclaiming the city's lives would be impossible." Cao Yanhua sincerely and urgently stated.

Before Cao Yanhua was an elderly man, with age spots and a face full of wrinkles, holding a cane while sitting on a chair, slightly squinting as he patiently listened to Cao Yanhua's report.

This old man was the final trump card at headquarters, a controller of ghosts, alive since the Republic of China Period.

"I'm aware of the situation, but for me, an old man, to kill the young man named Yang Jian is rather challenging. It's possible I may perish there too; this individual possesses tremendous potential," Old Qin responded after hearing everything.

"How could this be? Does Yang Jian have hidden cards he hasn't played?" Cao Yanhua was shocked.

After depleting so many ghost controllers from headquarters, Yang Jian hadn't reached his limit.

Old Qin sighed, "Plus, given my age, my activity time is limited, dealing with such a formidable youngster requires some preparations. Otherwise, rash action could leave me with no return. Get ready; within half an hour, I'll head to Dachang City to handle this matter; whether success or failure, results will follow."

"Everything depends on you, Old Qin. I'm certain we will succeed this time." Cao Yanhua expressed gratitude.

"Hopefully."

Old Qin waved his hand, implying for him to leave.

Cao Yanhua saw Old Qin had agreed, and thus quickly departed without lingering.

After he left.

Old Qin sat on the chair and waited for a while.

Suddenly.

Two dim, yellow lights illuminated from behind.

An old, eerie bus crossed through the wall, ignoring obstacles, finally stopping in front of Old Qin.

"Old man, this might be my last time driving you, let's visit a few old folks, hoping they are still alive."

Old Qin gazed at the bus and let out a lament, slowly walking onto the supernatural bus with his supporting cane, then he pushed aside the cold corpse in the driver's seat and sat down independently.

The supernatural bus started, not following any specified route, but instead, guided by Old Qin randomly to wherever he wished.

Soon.

The supernatural bus gradually faded away, eventually disappearing within headquarters.

"Memories of familiar faces near Dachang City have been erased; the remaining familiar faces are not in Dachang City but elsewhere, coincidentally. With the resurgence of supernatural events in this city, I should also leave, besides, the ghost child has opened the ghost domain and led Wang Shanshan to another place to feed, so I don't need to intervene for now." Yang Jian was beginning to see results from erasing familiar people's memories, but it was not enough. He expanded his ghost domain and left Dachang City, intending to head out.

Three years ago, Yang Jian's mother, along with some classmates and relatives, worked outside the city, each at different locations.

Fortunately, Yang Jian's ghost domain had expanded, minimizing travel time, so finishing this task before six was entirely achievable.

Chapter 1340 - The Sudden Car Accident

Yang Jian and the Ghost Child acted separately, one went to erase the memories of acquaintances, and the other took advantage of this safe time to grow.

Time flew by, and Yang Jian's actions were also urgent.

He traversed the city, running back and forth, not only erasing the memories of acquaintances but also helping Wang Shanshan erase her acquaintances' memories. As the number of acquaintances in this world diminished, the changes before Yang Jian's eyes became increasingly apparent.

He saw the entire world become increasingly illusionary, and even the faces of living people in his view began to blur gradually.

"I can feel the boundary is almost reached. As long as I erase some more acquaintances' memories, the restraints of this world on me will become negligible, and then I can detach from here."

Yang Jian thought to himself, at this moment having arrived in a city, as the Ghost Domain covered, he continued searching for so-called acquaintances.

But while he was acting, Old Qin at headquarters was also in action.

A supernatural bus was driving on the road at this moment, but the roadsides were not the familiar city buildings, but a dim and strange place, clearly an incomprehensible supernatural domain only traversable by the supernatural bus.

The bus never stopped at any station along the way, although its speed wasn't fast, it could cross between two places in an incredible manner.

Distance seemed to be rewritten by the supernatural at this moment.

Soon.

The bus stopped; this was the first stop, but there was no station, just stopped in a narrow alley of an old district. The alley was clearly narrow, but the bus squeezed in unreasonably.

Old Qin said nothing, he just opened the bus door, honking the horn.

"Toot! Toot!"

The muffled, hoarse sound of the horn blared intermittently, seeming ready to fade at any moment.

After doing these things, Old Qin remained silent, just sitting quietly in the driver's seat waiting.

However, not long after, an old lady with a face full of wrinkles, slightly hunched over and looking lifeless, walked out slowly with a basket from the corridor of an old residential building.

The old lady lifted her eyelids slightly to glance in the direction of the driver's seat, showed a trace of abnormal color, but quickly boarded through the side door, finding a seat inside the bus cabin.

Seeing the passenger boarding, Old Qin drove the bus forward again, soon passing through the wall ahead, disappearing from reality, entering an inexplicable eerie domain.

"I thought you'd never drive again. Why did you honk this time, is there something going on?"

The basket-holding old lady, though old and embodying death, spoke warmly and gently, evoking a sudden sense of goodwill.

"A very formidable young person has emerged, I can't handle it alone, need your assistance." Old Qin said while driving.

The old lady slightly lifted her eyelids: "I'm on the brink of death, don't want to deal with too many things, besides if the young person is formidable, isn't it a good thing? But someone even you can't handle, that is indeed strange."

After saying this, she fell silent for a while, then continued: "This is the last time, no next time."

"Rest assured, there won't be a next time." Old Qin replied without looking back.

The old lady spoke no more, just closed her eyes and began resting against the chair.

The bus continued along a bizarre road, heading towards the next stop.

The seemingly long road didn't actually take long to travel, soon the surrounding scenery was no longer an inner city, but arriving at a suburb, dim even at midday, where old graves lay in the distance under the dim sky.

These old graves were numerous, connected into a gigantic cemetery.

The bus continued driving along the cemetery, shortly stopping before a wooden cabin.

This inconspicuous wooden cabin stood within the cemetery, easily overlooked if not carefully observed. Yet Old Qin parked opposite the wooden cabin accurately.

An old, nearly decaying wooden house situated in this eerie cemetery, no living person could possibly dwell here.

Nonetheless, Old Qin, as before, honked again.

The horn of the old supernatural bus echoed within this peculiar cemetery.

Soon.

"Creak!"

An old wooden door creak sounded, from within the cabin emerged a person, an elderly man, cold, eerie, exuding a decaying aura as if ready to die at any moment.

This old man paused briefly before the wooden door, looked at the bus with pitch-black pupil-less eyes, seemingly scrutinizing.

Moments later, the elderly man from the cabin ultimately left the cabin, boarding the bus.

"Haven't sat on this bus in ages, we old things shouldn't meet, who's to say who'll hold out or die first."

The old man from the cemetery glanced around, then sat down.

The basket-holding old lady said: "Recently, the supernatural circle had a remarkable young person causing quite a stir, even Xiao Qin can't manage, so we had to gather us old folks."

"Oh, that's the reason." The cemetery elder showed a slight change of expression.

The old lady continued: "Make the trip, won't take much time, after it's over will send you back, won't delay anything."

"That's not the issue, just heading out hastily without preparation." The cemetery elder looked out the window.

Following his gaze, next to the cemetery cabin stood an old shovel, also a rusty coffin nail stuck in the wooden post by the cemetery entrance.

"No matter, with you all, success is assured, but I don't want any unexpected twists occurring, so let's go to the next stop."

Old Qin responded, then continued driving the bus forward.

Inside the bus cabin, the two elders remained silent, just sitting, quietly waiting.

At this moment, Yang Jian absolutely didn't expect that Old Qin would actually drive the supernatural bus to pull out the ghost tamers from the Republic of China Period who were on the verge of dying, all to deal with him.

The old lady from Room 301, Meng Xiaodong.

The sexton Luo Qian.

But that's not all; Old Qin is even going to find the next one.

However, at this moment in time, the ghost tamer guarding the Caesar Hotel called Li Qingzhi is most likely dead, so he probably won't come.

But the few remaining people are still of considerable weight.

The old man from the ancient residence, Zhang Dong.

Luo Wensong from the Ghost Post Office.

And the pharmacy owner who is still alive three years later...

If these top figures from the Republic of China Period meet before their deaths and join forces, it will be incredibly terrifying.

And if this is a second wave of attack, at this moment, even with a pair of ghost eyes and two Coffin Nails, Yang Jian doesn't think he can handle it.

Indeed.

After successfully blocking the first wave of attack, the backlash from this world is desperate and suffocating.

Time slowly passes.

Yang Jian didn't waste time; he found his mother, Zhang Fen, in this city.

Zhang Fen is still working hard, earning money to raise Yang Jian, who is currently in school, as a single mother.

Yang Jian, who has no hesitation dealing with anyone, hesitated for a moment this time.

But in the end, he still made a move.

Memory erasure.

Everything about Yang Jian disappeared from Zhang Fen's memory.

She was the most familiar person to him, imposing the greatest constraints on Yang Jian in this world, even surpassing the constraints from a dozen other familiar people.

With Zhang Fen's memory erased, Yang Jian felt he could now attempt to use his supernatural powers to leave this world.

He checked the time.

It's half-past two.

"Not bad, it looks like I've completed my goal ahead of schedule. The only remaining acquaintance imposing the greatest constraint on me should be my father..."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, tallying up and discovering that Yang Xiaotian hiding in the Ghost Dream World still remembered him.

And he was the hardest to erase the memory of.

The only way is to enter the Ghost Dream World and kill him.

But it's not necessary.

Yang Jian felt that this step was enough, and the remaining people don't need to be dealt with, as this world has little restraint over him now.

"Prepare to contact Wang Shanshan to see how things are on her side. If everything goes smoothly, it's best to leave here before the second wave of attacks arrives to avoid unnecessary danger and trouble." Yang Jian immediately got up, intending to leave the city.

Just as he was walking down the road, preparing to use the Ghost Domain to leave.

Suddenly.

Two dim lights lit up from the side, followed by the eerie sound of honking; a dilapidated bus appeared out of nowhere, heading straight for Yang Jian.

What was unfathomable was that Yang Jian's Ghost Domain couldn't stop this bus at all; the Ghost Domain was instantly torn apart.

"Bang!"

Such a sudden situation caught Yang Jian off guard; he suffered a traffic accident and was knocked out by the bus.

After hitting Yang Jian, the old bus was now slanted, unmoving on the sidewalk.

Obviously, the driver of this bus was coming straight for Yang Jian; someone wanted to drive and hit him to death.

Yang Jian lay motionless on the ground, seemingly dead.

But then.

The bus engine died, the headlights went off, and then the door opened. An elderly man covered in age spots slowly stepped down the bus with a cane.

"Don't lie on the ground pretending to be dead; this little trick can't deceive me, old man." Old Qin took a glance but didn't come closer, instead speaking slowly.

"It truly hurts, old thing. Was it this thing that hit my father, causing his death?" Yang Jian struggled to get up slowly from the ground.

He realized at this moment.

The second wave of attack targeting him in this world had arrived.

Indeed, it was on a different level compared to the previous attacks; just its appearance was enough to be fatal.

Fortunately, he could restart.