

Revival 1341

Chapter 1341 - Terrifying Monsters of the Republic Era

The sudden car accident caught Yang Jian off guard, throwing him seven or eight meters away.

In fact, he had been very cautious. The Ghost Domain of the Ghost Eye had been open continuously, never ceasing, and being in the Ghost Domain, even a top ghost tamer would find it difficult to pinpoint his location. However, he never expected that this ghostly bus would easily tear through his Ghost Domain and precisely lock onto his position.

Moreover, the timing of the attack coincided precisely with the moment when Yang Jian was about to use the Ghost Domain to teleport, because it was only at this time that Yang Jian's attention would waver and his movements would pause.

Therefore, behind this seemingly simple attack, there was a lot of revelation.

"Just one hit from the ghostly bus is enough to cause an S-class ghost to momentarily stall. A top ghost tamer being hit by this bus would almost certainly be doomed. Old Qin came to meet me with the intention of killing me, with no intention of holding back. Even when I was lying on the ground for those few seconds, he knew I was still alive, that I hadn't died, and he wasn't fooled..."

"A precise attack, with a known outcome long beforehand... It all seems as if it has been rehearsed countless times. If that's the case, then all my subsequent actions are within Old Qin's calculations, so his appearance now confirms he can kill me; otherwise, he wouldn't deliberately show himself."

"Therefore, from the first moment I met Old Qin, this battle has been without suspense; my future self is destined to lose."

"Has this old guy really become terrifying to such an extent? Capable of precisely predicting the future?"

Slowly standing up, Yang Jian quickly pondered in his mind. His expression was not good, for in that instant, the revelation gave him a strong sense of crisis.

Moreover, that collision just now was indeed terrifying.

Although he had restarted to erase all the damage, the lingering sensation made him feel as if both his body and consciousness were about to shatter, extraordinarily painful.

"Luckily, I now have two Ghost Eyes, and coupled with possessing the four-layer Ghost Lake, I didn't completely stall in an instant, giving me time to react and erase the damage through restarting. Otherwise, I would truly have been dead from that hit. But what should I do next to deal with this Old Qin who seemingly has seen the outcome?"

At this moment, Old Qin, leaning on a cane, stood in front of the bus. His age-spotted, wrinkled face was indifferent, and his murky eyes fixed on Yang Jian. Although they seemed vacant, they conveyed a sense of determination and ruthlessness, making one feel dismayed.

"Knowing full well that the ghostly bus wouldn't kill me, you still chose to drive it and hit me like this. For someone like you, who supposedly can foresee the future, it wouldn't make sense to undertake such a meaningless action, so the only explanation is that you intended to use the bus to transport certain people to my side simultaneously when it hit me, thus eliminating my possibility of escaping from here."

Yang Jian remained calm, "Since you brought reinforcements, why don't you come out, don't hide."

"Truly remarkable, being able to analyze so much from a single paranormal attack. Those young ones at headquarters didn't die unjustly at your hands. But this is as far as you go. Although I have some friendship with your father, it's not enough to let you live on, you are too dangerous and need to be dealt with."

Old Qin replied coolly, "Furthermore, I did bring reinforcements. But who would reveal their cards at the start of a fight? If you survive until then, you'll naturally see my helpers."

"So meticulous, leaving no gaps. It's no wonder you're a tamer born from the womb, living for so many years and becoming like a refined spirit," Yang Jian stated.

"If you want to stall for time, I don't mind chatting with you. After all, the outcome remains unchanged."

Old Qin's age-spotted face showed a smile, one that was cold and ruthless, as if he had already seen Yang Jian's death.

Yang Jian fell into silence at this moment.

He was certain of it.

Old Qin definitely has the ability to know future outcomes, even surpassing the foresight of Xiong Wenwen's kind.

Besides, Old Qin also possesses the ability to restart; Yang Jian had witnessed this back when he was at headquarters.

"You're a smart man, you should already realize what the future outcome will be, so it's best to give up," Old Qin continued.

"Is that so? But I still want to try and see if I can change the outcome you've seen. If you can know the future, then I can change the past. I want to see if my past can defeat your future," Yang Jian's eyes narrowed, and the ordinary eyes now shimmered with red light.

Old Qin slowly sighed, "What a terrifying potential; the more so, the less you can be allowed to live. Do it."

He wasn't speaking this to Yang Jian, but addressing others.

As the words fell.

Instantly.

Yang Jian's body was invaded by a terrifying supernatural force. The aura was cold and rotten, merely touching his body caused irreversible changes, with flesh starting to rot and peel off, layering onto the ground as piles of Grave Soil. What's more, beneath his feet was no longer a cement pavement, but an endless cemetery.

His legs sank, eroded by the Grave Soil, making him almost disintegrate in an instant.

"This is..." Yang Jian saw this supernatural power.

Very familiar.

Back when he teamed up with the captain to deal with Zhang Xiangguang, He Yiner had summoned a tamer from the Republic of China Period.

If this supernatural incident is connected to the past, then only one person fits the criteria.

"Sexton Luo Qian? At this point in time, you're not dead yet?"

At this moment, Yang Jian is caught between anger and shock, his eyes glowing red, and pale green Ghost Flames darting from his body, attempting to fend off the attack.

However, this supernatural threat is too terrifying; the Ghost Flames are extinguishing, the Ghost Lake inside his body is being eroded, and even the Ghost Shadow is being buried by Grave Soil, losing its mobility.

Every method he once prided himself on is failing; if this continues, Yang Jian will soon become a new grave in this supernatural place, buried here forever.

In the distance of the graveyard, an elderly man with a decaying body and pitch-black pupils stands expressionless on a grave mound, gazing silently in this direction, intent only on burying Yang Jian quickly without sparing words.

Decisive, ruthless, meticulous, terrifyingly strong to the point of suffocation.

This is Yang Jian's most profound realization upon confronting these old geezers.

"All my supernatural methods are toys in front of these people, they won't even have a chance to show up. Since that's the case, then abandon everything and drag all these Republic of China monsters to the same level; if that can't be done, before these old creatures join forces, a sexton alone is enough to bury me..."

Yang Jian's body is disintegrating, his supernatural powers are being buried.

In less than ten seconds, his body has already turned into a heap of Grave Soil, and even his consciousness seems suppressed, becoming somewhat blurry.

Yet at this moment, his eyes emit a crimson glow that grows stronger and cannot be affected by the Grave Soil.

"Indeed, a formidable young lad, but this is as far as you go." The decaying elderly man waved his hand from afar.

Immediately.

Two gigantic grave mounds rose to each side of Yang Jian, closing in, the three mounds merging into one, his broken body swallowed by the mass of Grave Soil.

All supernatural occurrences were calmed by the Grave Soil, leaving only one larger grave mound standing in this supernatural cemetery.

Yet Old Qin still stands motionless, and Sexton Luo Qian slightly furrows his brow.

The Grave Soil buried everything of Yang Jian, but it alone couldn't bury those eerie eyes.

Under the mound, a faint red glow still shines.

"I shouldn't fail to bury this youngster."

Sexton Luo Qian glanced over, then said: "I see, the restart has already begun. I can bury the present, but can't bury the past. He's no longer at this point in time, my supernatural powers are failing; this is beyond my expertise. Let's have her intervene, and pull this lad out from his past time point. As long as she does it, in an instant, I can bury him, never giving him another chance to restart."

A hunched old woman full of wrinkles appeared, carrying a basket. As she walked toward Yang Jian, her form grew more indistinct, and finally vanished before him.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian's Ghost Eyes emitted a crimson glow, as he was in a restart state.

In the restart situation, his body reversed, the Grave Soil eroding him disappears, his consciousness recovers...

The recovery speed surpasses the invasion speed of the Grave Soil.

This means Yang Jian can withstand the supernatural erosion by the sexton.

"No, it's not enough. If it's merely restarting oneself, then the moment I finish restarting and recover normally, I'll be attacked again, making no change in the situation, and next time I might not even be able to restart. That Old Qin must've foreseen this when predicting the past."

"So to win, there's only one way, which is a large-scale restart, to return to at least half an hour ago, or even further back."

The restart limit of a single Ghost Eye is less than thirty minutes, achieved only back when he maneuvered that old corpse from the ancient manor.

Yang Jian now relies on himself for a large-scale restart which definitely doesn't exceed five minutes, and going back five minutes, even when Old Qin appears, there's still no chance of winning, so the only method is to restart to a much earlier place.

But to achieve this, there's only one way, which is to initiate an infinite restart state.

"Let's go for it."

Yang Jian was decisive, instantly activating the Eight Layer Ghost Domain.

At this moment, red light spreads, surrounding Grave Soil rapidly disappears, his state reversing at an unimaginable speed.

Thirty seconds.

Yang Jian completely returned to a normal state, all the Grave Soil surrounding him had vanished, and even the cemetery was nowhere to be seen.

Three minutes.

Old Qin and the supernatural bus had disappeared.

But at this moment, Yang Jian's Ghost Eye began to stir, uncontrollable.

At this moment, Yang Jian exited the wide-range restart state.

The time came to two twenty-nine.

Yang Jian took a breath, looking around with uncertainty.

Everything seemed normal again, he was still standing on the road, no longer surrounded by those old guys from the Republic of China Period.

"Once more."

He opened the second Ghost Eye, this Ghost Eye obtained from this world.

However, the second Ghost Eye could not yet reach the point of restarting, needing some time to revive.

Yang Jian did not hesitate at all, began using the Ghost Domain extensively to cover the city, stimulating the revival of the second Ghost Eye, simultaneously he kept shifting his position, not daring to pause even for a moment.

The second Ghost Eye, under continuous stimulation, started to revive swiftly, initially the Ghost Domain could only open one layer, but very soon it could open three layers, four layers, followed by five layers...

"Six layers of the Ghost Domain."

Yang Jian moved away from the city just now, coming to the top floor of a building in another city.

Seven layers of the Ghost Domain.

Under continuous stimulation, the revival speed of the second Ghost Eye was beyond imagination.

However, at this moment.

It reached two thirty.

Dim yellow light again shone from behind Yang Jian.

"What?" Yang Jian at this moment widened his eyes, full of disbelief.

He was once again locked in.

On the top floor of a building in another city a bizarre bus appeared out of thin air, intending to collide and kill him.

Ghost Eye Resurrection, eight layers of the Ghost Domain.

Restart!

The second wave of wide-range restart began.

Yang Jian vanished instantly, the supernatural bus hit nothing.

One minute.

Two minutes.

Three minutes restart time concluded, Yang Jian immediately exited the wide-range restart state, he was still standing on the top floor of a building, but the supernatural bus from moments ago was no longer there.

The time was now twenty-seven past two in the afternoon.

"These old things, as expected had locked onto me, but they were a step late." Yang Jian broke out in a cold sweat, at this moment he stood up again.

The first Ghost Eye returned to two twenty-seven, which implied the revival agitation vanished.

Eight layers of the Ghost Domain restarted again.

Yang Jian returned to two twenty-four without suspense, and the revival agitation of the second Ghost Eye also vanished.

Alternating restarts, mutually erasing the revival agitation of the other Ghost Eye.

This was Yang Jian's theoretical infinite restart.

He couldn't achieve it in reality, but here, after mastering the second Ghost Eye he really succeeded.

Achieving this, he had the capital to confront those Republic of China period monsters.

"There are still six minutes before Old Qin will strike, so the preparation time grows increasingly abundant." Yang Jian at this point barely let out a sigh of relief.

Yet he didn't rejoice for long.

Suddenly.

A door on the rooftop of the building creaked open at this moment.

Inside the stairwell.

A wrinkled, hunched old woman carrying a vegetable basket came out slowly at this moment, her expression eerie, she locked eyes with Yang Jian.

"Hm?" Yang Jian sensed something, suddenly turned to look.

Immediately his pupils shrank, showing a look of disbelief.

"Dachuan City 301... Meng Xiaodong?"

"Only six minutes, young man, you didn't escape far enough." This old woman's kindly face abruptly shifted, vicious and spiteful, like a resurrected ghost.

This remark left Yang Jian's expression aghast.

No doubt, this old woman had followed him from before.

If Old Qin could see the future, then this old woman could control the past, since there's her existence in every past time point, and her supernatural power is invading from the past to the present, replacing her modern self.

No matter how Yang Jian restarted to the past, he couldn't evade this Meng Xiaodong.

To deal with this old woman, the only way is to go to a time point where she doesn't exist.

But this old woman lived from the Republic of China era to the present, which time point doesn't have her? Only future time points don't have her.

However, Yang Jian would be targeted by Old Qin at two thirty, doomed to die in this world at six ten, there's simply no future.

"You Republic of China era monsters, joining forces can even seal off past and future, no wonder you can quell a supernatural age, apart from the passage of time that can wear you down, really can't think of any way to defeat you. I admit I underestimated you, you're even more frightening than I anticipated."

Yang Jian took a deep breath, tightly holding the cracked spear, but had no chance to strike.

In front of such a person, the Firewood Knife, Coffin Nail seemed to become toys, completely ineffective.

"But this time only you came, one-on-one, I just might have a chance."

Meng Xiaodong's old face stirred slightly, she smiled, the smile was very cold: "Young man, you can try, but before that, I hope you look downstairs."

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye moved slightly, his expression immediately stiffened.

At this moment downstairs were no longer moving living people, all became an array of dead-looking old women carrying vegetable baskets, and as time passed the numbers kept increasing.

"At least hundreds..."

Without an exact count, just a brief glance, Yang Jian had a rough estimate in mind.

The sheer number was suffocating.

Clearly, these old women were all invading from the past, this kind of number seemed infinitely expandable.

If Yang Jian was infinite restart, then this Meng Xiaodong was infinite invasion.

Perhaps infinite restart and infinite invasion were supernatural powers of the same level, but it was obvious that Yang Jian was at a disadvantage in a fight.

Chapter 1342 - Solo Showdown

Yang Jian thought entering the infinite reset state would perfectly avoid Old Qin's attack. However, he didn't expect that Old Qin would not only bring the Sexton Luo Qian but also bring that Meng Xiaodong from Dachuan City.

Two old monsters from the Republic of China Period were summoned, and who knows if there might be a third or fourth; it's utterly without chivalry.

At this moment.

Resetting to two twenty-four, Yang Jian still couldn't break free from the encirclement of the old monsters from the Republic of China Period. He looked at the hunched old woman carrying a basket in front of him, his face extraordinarily grim.

Because his Ghost Eyes already saw that near this building, the number of old women was increasing at an unimaginable speed.

"Continuing to run is meaningless, Meng Xiaodong's presence has been seen over the past decades. The only way is to fight her here; only then do I have a chance to survive. After all, dealing with her alone here is better than dealing with Old Qin, Luo Qian, and Meng Xiaodong at two thirty."

"And I don't have much time to deal with her, only six minutes. If I can't take her down within six minutes, I will undoubtedly lose. However, if I really want to go all out against Meng Xiaodong, I can't limit the time to six minutes; the more time I reserve, the better."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered, and he started thinking frantically. At this moment, he decided not to run away anymore and chose to confront Meng Xiaodong head-on.

But his Ghost Eyes continued to flicker with a scarlet glow, attempting a large-scale reset.

"Young man, give up. So far, no one has escaped from me; you won't be the exception."

Meng Xiaodong saw Yang Jian still trying to reset and coldly reminded him.

"I never planned to escape because I know I can't, but I also don't intend to fight you here." Yang Jian said, then the large-scale reset started again.

Very quickly.

He disappeared from the spot.

"I see, trying to buy more time, are we? Unfortunately, too naive; whether six minutes or a hundred, the result is the same."

Meng Xiaodong saw through Yang Jian's intention, and at this moment, her figure started to disappear rapidly as well.

Very quickly.

Everything on the rooftop of the building returned to normal.

Time reversed.

Two twenty-one.

Reversed again.

Two eighteen.

Two fifteen.

Yang Jian entered the state of infinite reset, trying to get as far away from the two thirty time node as possible, going to a more distant place.

With each restart, in the end, he managed to gain a full half-hour for himself.

The time came to two o'clock.

"It's enough, resetting any further doesn't make much sense, just wasting energy, so I'll confront Meng Xiaodong here, either win or die."

Yang Jian took a deep breath, exited the state of infinite reset, deciding to leave himself half an hour to confront Meng Xiaodong.

However, he didn't stay in the city.

Because he hadn't forgotten Meng Xiaodong's supernatural power, she had to increase numbers by replacing real living people to make her past self appear.

So, the more populated areas in the city are more dangerous, whereas the outskirts, wilderness without living people, are a better choice.

But in this world, finding a large, uninhabited area is a bit difficult.

In the end, Yang Jian could only choose to fight in a suburban area and used the Ghost Domain to transfer everyone in this area away, preventing them from becoming Meng Xiaodong's medium.

"Only I am within a twenty-kilometer radius; it should be enough."

Yang Jian held a cracked long spear, quietly waiting.

He didn't know if he could be an opponent now or how long he could last, but he had one more card up his sleeve: the Ghost Child. He was looking forward to the Ghost Child's growth; if it made it in time, it would definitely appear, as the Ghost Child must have predicted the current situation after consuming the human skin paper.

If the Ghost Child didn't come, there can only be one possibility: that it's ensured death even if it did come, unable to change the outcome, so it chose to continue growing.

All Yang Jian had to do was hold on until the Ghost Child arrived.

"If I can take down Meng Xiaodong, I can alter the future, making Meng Xiaodong disappear at two thirty, and once she's dead, she wouldn't exist at the future time point, so I would only need to face Old Qin and Luo Qian at that time..."

Even though that time would still be a hellish start, at least one Republic of China-era monster would have been taken down.

Just as he prepared himself.

The surrounding Ghost Domain made Yang Jian feel the paranormal invasion.

A strange, eerie old woman carrying a basket appeared.

Without suspense, Meng Xiaodong came after him again.

However, as Meng Xiaodong appeared.

The moment she did, Yang Jian holding the Firewood Knife immediately disappeared from the spot.

The next moment.

The Ghost Shadow covered, the Firewood Knife slashed down, dismembering the paranormal attack instantaneously without any holdback.

However, after the slash.

Unexpectedly, Meng Xiaodong stood there as if nothing had happened, with not a scratch on her body, as if the attack just now was a joke.

"Hmm?" Yang Jian's expression turned stern; he immediately stopped and observed.

"Was it necessary to be so hurried? Attacking as soon as we meet, young man? If you have no confidence in dealing with me, I can give you another chance to escape; this time, you can try to run even farther." Meng Xiaodong said with a smile, but her face, full of wrinkles, revealed a sinister look.

Yang Jian, with a cold face, said, "Don't be arrogant; do I need you to give chances? You can't stop my infinite reset, and I can't stop your infinite invasion. If we really drag it out, we are evenly matched. I stopped resetting because it's meaningless; if I can't deal with you, giving me thirty minutes is no different than thirty days."

"You're undoubtedly familiar with this Firewood Knife in my hand, coming from that tall male corpse in Caesar Grand Hotel, but it seems using it against you doesn't have any effect."

"Not really, just that I can withstand such attacks many, many times," Meng Xiaodong said.

As her voice fell, the black cloth on the basket she held lifted a corner, and then a small head peeked out, looking around, before leaping out of the basket and landing heavily on the ground.

It was a moving rag doll.

After falling to the ground, the rag doll immediately got up, dusted off itself, and ran and jumped around Meng Xiaodong.

And it wasn't just one rag doll; from the basket in Meng Xiaodong's hand, rag dolls jumped down one after another, and in just a few moments, a group of rag dolls was orbiting around Meng Xiaodong.

"Replacement dolls?" Yang Jian's expression stiffened slightly.

Indeed.

This supernatural item, the replacement doll, was made by Meng Xiaodong.

But doesn't the old woman have to pay for the replacement dolls in her hand? There are already a dozen released, meaning his firewood knife needs to slash at least a dozen times to exhaust them.

Moreover, the replacement dolls in the basket are still running out... it's almost endless.

"Even the replacement dolls in my hand know, Xiao Qin was right, you indeed have great potential," Meng Xiaodong said. "That's why you must die."

Yang Jian said nothing, just thinking about how to counter this Meng Xiaodong.

But he couldn't think of a way.

His only reliance was the coffin nail.

"You won't know if you can win until you fight; thinking alone won't help." Yang Jian decided to find flaws through confrontation.

Immediately.

Ghost flame began to emerge within the Ghost Domain.

The pale green ghost flame appeared abruptly, followed by an almost uncontrollable trend as it frantically burned, and within seconds, the Ghost Domain had turned into a sea of fire.

Ghost flame burns supernatural elements.

Each replacement doll surrounding Meng Xiaodong shivered in fear, clustering around her, clinging tightly to her pant leg, afraid of touching the ghost flame.

But still, a replacement doll accidentally touched the ghost flame.

The replacement doll was panic-stricken, desperately blowing at the burning area, trying to extinguish the ghost flame.

However, after blowing twice, the ghost flame instantly expanded, engulfing the replacement doll, and within moments, one replacement doll was burnt to death.

Yang Jian understood the properties of replacement dolls well.

Although they can resist fatal supernatural attacks, they themselves are fragile, and if a replacement doll is killed first, then its ability to replace will be invalid.

But relying solely on ghost flame is not enough.

Next moment.

Countless charred ghost hands extended into the firelight, scrambling to grab the old woman before them, wanting to tear her apart or drag her into the ghost fire to burn her alive.

"Use all supernatural methods to see if she can be dealt with..." Yang Jian thought.

However, just as his thoughts appeared.

He then noticed once again that his Ghost Domain was being invaded.

The second old woman, carrying a basket, emerged within the firelight, and as she appeared, the surrounding ghost flames even retreated, unable to consume her.

"So fast?" Yang Jian's eyelid twitched.

But the harsh reality was far from over.

Signs of Ghost Domain invasion occurred again, as the third old woman appeared, also carrying a basket within the firelight.

Fourth, fifth, sixth...

More and more old women appeared within Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

"The ability of infinite restart is quite good, but other methods are somewhat weak, though still impressive, considering he's still young."

Meng Xiaodong's voice came from the countless ghost hands covering, and then those charred ghost hands peeled away as if they lost all supernatural power, unable to move anymore.

Soon.

The ghost hand attack failed, and she appeared unscathed before him.

But just as Meng Xiaodong freed herself.

A coffin nail appeared out of thin air, piercing fiercely into her forehead, almost penetrating her entire head.

The suppression of the coffin nail remained terrifying.

Meng Xiaodong's neck leaned back, then her body became motionless, standing still in dead silence.

"Coffin nail? This should be your trump card, right? Though successful, how many nails do you have in your hand? Remember, only three were made, and even if they're all in your hand, they can only nail three of me."

Another Meng Xiaodong spoke again, her elderly face still conveying a chilling coldness, unconcerned by the previous attack.

Yang Jian was silent.

He still had another coffin nail in his hand, enough to nail two Meng Xiaodong.

But compared to the surrounding numbers, it's merely a drop in the ocean.

Yet at least he could prove that even for this Republic of China Period monster, the coffin nail still worked.

Instead, the firewood knife was useless now, with so many replacement dolls, even if the other stood still for him to chop, he wouldn't be able to kill her.

But he was also confident that he wouldn't be killed by Meng Xiaodong.

After all, restarting oneself plus infinite restart possesses the ability to survive in any state.

But with this costly exhaustion, the familiar person would surely be himself.

During the hesitant moment.

The number of old women appearing nearby multiplied again, this time there were already more than twenty.

Though he had transferred the living nearby, this Meng Xiaodong could completely invade the living tens of kilometers away before coming here.

"Should I use the Ghost Domain to submerge it in the lake?" Yang Jian still had a supernatural ability unused, which was Ghost Lake.

Forty percent of his Ghost Lake could open a road to this world's Ghost Lake.

Just at that time, he would also be attacked, though he was confident he could survive in the Ghost Lake.

Yet at this moment.

His body had already suffered supernatural erosion, starting to blur rapidly, disappearing, and simultaneously, a blurred figure appeared in front of him.

At this moment, Meng Xiaodong chose to take action.

Chapter 1343: An Irreversible Past

Yang Jian's body rapidly blurred; this Meng Xiaodong had targeted him, attempting to use Yang Jian's body as a medium to make him disappear from this world.

This supernatural erosion speed surpassed the attack Yang Jian encountered in Dachuan City several times over.

In almost an instant, Yang Jian's body blurred until not even a shadow was left, but beneath his body was not a living person's flesh, but eerie lake water that gathered into a human-shaped outline, with charred Ghost Hand and Ghost Eye attached to this outline of water.

Ghost Lake, Ghost Hand, Ghost Eye, these are true supernatural entities, irreplaceable.

That was the reason Yang Jian wasn't killed immediately; he barely blocked such a supernatural attack.

"I see, you've already abandoned a living body to become a different kind of entity? In that case, it's really a bit difficult to make you disappear. It's a pity Luo Qian isn't here; otherwise, he could have buried a fierce ghost like you."

The old woman appearing around understood this immediately upon seeing the scene.

Yang Jian said nothing, opening his Ghost Eye to directly reboot himself, resisting this supernatural attack.

The next moment.

His physical condition reversed, with just a flash of red light, he appeared whole again right in front of them.

"I'm not so easy to kill; even though you have the advantage in numbers, you can't crack my reboot."

Although Yang Jian's face was calm at this moment, he still felt apprehensive.

In that instant just now, he really doubted if he would disappear from this world.

Fortunately, having shed the bounds of humanity, he blocked such an attack using the ghost's characteristic of being unkillable.

"In that case, there's nothing to be done, I'm just an old lady not very good at confronting people; consider yourself lucky to meet me. If it had been anyone else, you'd be dead multiple times over by now."

Meng Xiaodong exhaled lightly, seeming a bit helpless, not knowing if what she said was true or false.

But Yang Jian certainly wouldn't believe her ghostly words.

The monsters from the Republic era might not be good at supernatural attacks, but the terror level they exude is enough for some means to be lethal.

"Since that's the case, I'll leave it to this to handle you." Meng Xiaodong said, reaching her wrinkled old hand into the basket she carried with her.

Covered by a black cloth, it was unclear what was inside.

Hmm?

Yang Jian's expression shifted.

At this moment, he saw the surrounding old women making the same shocking move, all reaching their hands into the basket.

Meng Xiaodong fumbled inside the basket covered by the black cloth, then smiled: "Found it."

Quickly, she pulled out a doll from the basket.

This doll wasn't clothed, its body was covered in various bruises like it had been badly beaten, yet at this moment, Meng Xiaodong manipulated the doll's head, making it look at Yang Jian.

Upon seeing Yang Jian.

The doll immediately straightened its body as if it had come to life, its eyes eerily rolling around.

"Another doll? No, this isn't a doll, this is a ghost I encountered in Dachuan City before."

Yang Jian's expression changed; he recognized this doll, and in fact, he still owns it, just doesn't have it with him, having left it at home.

"But this doll is somewhat different from the one I had before..."

Observing again, he noticed that although each old woman held a similar-looking doll, there were subtle differences among them, they weren't completely identical.

At this moment.

The dolls in the hands of these invading old women all targeted Yang Jian.

As soon as a doll's gaze fixed on you, it triggered the killing routine of a fierce ghost.

Creak, creak.

The sound of joint twisting echoed densely, these dolls seemed to revive like fierce ghosts, breaking free from the old woman's hands, all walking toward Yang Jian.

One, three, six... just a glance showed at least over twenty dolls, and their numbers kept increasing.

The dolls advanced, but in the sight of the Ghost Eye, they were no longer mere dolls but terrifying fierce ghosts of various forms.

These fierce ghosts invaded Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, and even amidst the burning Ghost Flame, they were not ignited. Instead, the gathered fierce ghosts forcefully dispelled the surrounding Ghost Flame, preventing it from getting any closer at all.

Evidently, these dolls turned fierce ghosts are connected through some kind of supernatural means.

Each doll might not be particularly terrifying, but gathered together, they cause a certain qualitative change.

"I can't let these ghostly things cling to me, otherwise I'll be worn out alive here."

Yang Jian's expression tightened, and he no longer hesitated. The ground beneath his feet began to rapidly disappear.

A cold puddle replaced the solid ground.

And this puddle spread rapidly to the surroundings, soon transforming into a pond, and then gradually into a calm yet horrifying lake.

At this moment.

Yang Jian used the supernatural he harnessed as a medium to open a passage to the Ghost Domain of this world.

Beneath the calm water's surface, numerous corpses emerged.

The approaching dolls hadn't even gotten close when they found themselves losing their footing, falling into the lake water, and were quickly dragged into the deeper waters by countless cold, pale hands.

Ghost Lake can submerge all supernatural entities.

There were many dolls, but in the face of Ghost Lake, they were still insufficient. The dolls fell into the water one after another, vanishing swiftly from sight.

Yet Yang Jian still stood on the lake surface; his own supernatural power coincided with that of Ghost Lake, allowing him not to sink.

"Taiping Ancient Town's Ghost Lake? Didn't expect you still had tricks unused, but it seems you aren't able to control this Ghost Lake."

Meng Xiaodong's old face turned cold, with nothing left around her to stand on, surrounded entirely by a silent lake of water.

The water began to soak her feet, her body starting to sink.

Yet she didn't sink completely; the water only submerged her shoes before the sinking stopped.

It wasn't just her; the other old women appearing around gradually experienced the same.

Moreover, as their numbers increased, Meng Xiaodong's sinking began to reverse.

"Is this old woman's supernatural power too terrifying for Ghost Lake to submerge her, or has the lake's load of supernatural reached its limit?"

Seeing the old woman remain unharmed, Yang Jian couldn't help but take a deep breath.

He knew that the Ghost Lake couldn't completely deal with this old woman.

He hadn't anticipated such a low effectiveness.

However, since the Ghost Lake was beyond control, anomalies began to appear at this moment.

The lake water started to surge, and more and more corpses emerged from the depths of the lake, drifting towards the people on the surface.

This kind of attack should originally have been indiscriminate.

However, Yang Jian noticed that the number of corpses converging towards him far exceeded those approaching Meng Xiaodong.

It seemed like he was being deliberately targeted.

"It's about time; the number I've invaded should be enough to send you on your way."

Suddenly, Meng Xiaodong began to move as well.

She ignored the Ghost Lake at her feet, stepping on the water as she approached Yang Jian.

Not just Meng Xiaodong; once she moved, all the old women around started moving too, converging on Yang Jian and quickly forming a circle to trap him inside, while the circle was rapidly shrinking.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian's Ghost Domain was being compressed.

The sight of the Ghost Eyes was being blocked.

The space belonging to Yang Jian was getting smaller and smaller.

"Not good."

Yang Jian felt a chill in his heart, a strong sense of crisis surged forth. He could sense that Meng Xiaodong's most terrifying supernatural attack was about to come; the substitute doll and the terrifying puppet from before were apparently used by Meng Xiaodong just to stall for time.

The real killing move was the upcoming attack.

"Use a wide-range reboot one more time to escape her?"

Suddenly.

Yang Jian wanted to escape, but the thought was immediately suppressed.

Running was meaningless; at the next node, the same scene would unfold again, with no change whatsoever.

Now the Firewood Knife is useless, the Coffin Nail is useless, the Ghost Lake is useless, and as for Ghost Hand and Ghost Shadow, these supernatural powers were tried earlier, and they couldn't even deal with one of the old women, so there was no point in trying them again.

"Bet everything on activating the Ninth Layer of the Ghost Domain?"

Yang Jian thought of this plan in his mind, but he also rejected it. The Ghost Domain of the Ghost Eyes doesn't possess supernatural attacks, and even if the Ninth Layer is activated, it is likely similar to a reboot, probably to no avail.

Then his gaze fell on the nearby old woman whom he had just nailed in place with the Coffin Nail.

An idea popped into his mind.

"If the Ghost Child were to devour one of the Meng Xiaodong, would the Ghost Child then also possess the ability of Infinite Invasion? If successful, perhaps there's a chance to reverse the odds."

But just as he was contemplating.

Countless cold, wet arms already extended from beneath Yang Jian's feet, grabbing his legs, a terrifying pulling force appearing, trying to drag him into the lake.

"Get off."

Is the Ghost Lake trying to cause trouble now?

Without hesitation, he lifted the cracked long spear and swung it around.

The Firewood Knife cut through, severing all those cold, wet arms, the strange corpses in the water seemed to be severely injured, rolling and twitching violently, then rapidly drifting away, no longer approaching.

However, that was just one batch.

The densely packed corpses in the vicinity gathered around again, giving Yang Jian no time to catch his breath.

At this moment.

Countless Meng Xiaodong were also stepping on the water and closing in, and at this point, the surrounding light seemed to dim, even Yang Jian's Ghost Eyes couldn't illuminate everything around.

Suddenly.

The cold smile of the approaching Meng Xiaodong appeared again, her wrinkled old hand resting on Yang Jian's body.

Yang Jian felt his body stiffen, an irreversible terrifying change appeared, but this change was indescribable, leaving one feeling creepy.

"Courting death."

He was shocked and angry, swung the Firewood Knife down, wanting to split that Meng Xiaodong in half and break free from this touch.

But the Firewood Knife fell without any effect.

The substitute doll perfectly blocked such an attack.

And countless Meng Xiaodong have countless substitute dolls in their hands, rendering such supernatural attacks almost ineffective.

The burning Ghost Flame extinguished, and the surrounding Ghost Domain collapsed.

More and more old hands were resting on Yang Jian's body.

Reboot!

Yang Jian unhesitatingly rebooted himself, both Ghost Eyes radiating red light, entering the reboot state himself.

But he discovered in horror.

No matter how he entered or exited the reboot state, the arms resting on his body did not disappear.

"It's useless; you said I can lock a moment in the past, the moment I touched you, in the past there exist countless versions of me also touching you. No matter how you reboot, it's useless. This game is over..." Meng Xiaodong said gloomily.

But she hadn't finished speaking.

The second Coffin Nail appeared, and the cracked long spear pierced through her head, then she froze still.

"The second Coffin Nail?"

Aside, another Meng Xiaodong chuckled: "You've got quite the cards, but unfortunately your luck has worsened now. The thing I fear the least is this."

"Lost?" Yang Jian entered the reboot state, unable to resist the supernatural invasion.

His body began to age, gradually being assimilated, seemingly about to turn into another Meng Xiaodong.

And what's most terrifying, Yang Jian's consciousness even felt the presence of another person.

This elderly person from the Republic of China era wanted to completely replace everything about Yang Jian, without even sparing his consciousness.

Chapter 1344: The Opening of the 10th Layer of the Ghost Domain

More and more old women are coming closer, the red light is receding, and the Ghost Domain that previously covered a full twenty kilometers is now easily invaded and torn apart.

Wrinkled arms are now draped over Yang Jian's body, causing irreversible damage to him even without doing anything, and even his restart state can't repair this damage, only slightly delay the time until he is killed.

The past being sealed means Yang Jian, who could reverse time, has lost his biggest support.

In other words, Meng Xiaodong found a way to counter Yang Jian in a short time.

At this moment, Yang Jian is no longer restraining the opponent but is being restrained by the opponent.

Clearly, in terms of experience fighting the supernatural, Meng Xiaodong surpasses Yang Jian.

Yang Jian is now emitting red light all over his body, constantly entering the restart state. In this state, the number of old arms on him rapidly decreases, but then quickly increases again...repeatedly, the restart speed simply cannot keep up with the attack speed.

Therefore, the arms touching his body become more and more numerous.

Moreover, as time passes, this imbalance in speed is accelerating.

"I see, this old woman not only appears before me but also in my past. My restart state exposes me to the old woman of the past. If I continue restarting, she continues invading and attacking my past, and now the reason I can't restart to escape Meng Xiaodong's attack is that my restart speed is slower than her invasion speed."

"Infinite restart against infinite invasion, I am at a disadvantage..."

Yang Jian understood the situation at this moment.

No wonder Meng Xiaodong said earlier that the numbers are sufficient.

If the number of people invading the past doesn't reach a certain scale, it's insufficient to seal the past.

So, to counter Meng Xiaodong, the longer the time drags on, the more dangerous it becomes. He must kill her as quickly as possible.

But Yang Jian knows this flaw, Meng Xiaodong certainly knows as well after living so many years.

Thus, Meng Xiaodong controls countless death dolls, she doesn't need to act directly, merely relying on a sufficient number of death dolls and that eerie doll to delay time, once the time arrives, she can kill you with overwhelming numbers that lead to despair.

In direct confrontation, Yang Jian truly felt the horror of these Republic of China era monsters.

"No, I can't give up now. I don't believe Meng Xiaodong will kill me. If I were to die here, Old Qin could come along with Meng Xiaodong to deal with me, why bring Sexton Luo Qian? If he can foresee the future, why make unnecessary moves?"

"There must be some changes that I don't know about."

Yang Jian's face was now full of wrinkles, rapidly aging, his facial features gradually transforming into another's look, but he still gritted his teeth in determination.

A pair of ghost eyes emitted a red glow.

Maintaining the restart state was constant.

"Want to kill me by sealing the past? Don't make me laugh. You want to play, then I'll play with you to the end." Yang Jian growled lowly at this moment.

He decided to cross directly over the Nine Layer Ghost Domain and activate the Tenth Layer Ghost Domain.

Merely reversing the situation was not enough; he needed to thoroughly defeat Meng Xiaodong.

If even the Tenth Layer Ghost Domain could not have a decisive influence, then he would have to accept dying here today.

Meng Xiaodong's sinister voice sounded in his ear: "At this point, don't be stubborn. Your restart is already failing, it can only delay the time for you to be killed by me but won't have a decisive effect."

Yang Jian remained silent as numerous ghost eyes on his skin kept opening.

Double ghost eyes overlapped.

Originally, the Eight Layer Ghost Domain could broadly restart, now one ghost eye only needed to open four layers, so if both ghost eyes respectively opened five layers, overlapping would make it the Ten Layer Ghost Domain, and it's much easier than opening ten layers with a single ghost eye, the burden is reduced, theoretically Yang Jian can do it now.

However, overlapping Ghost Domains inherently stimulate Ghost Eye Resurrection.

But under these circumstances, there was no time to think about that.

Yang Jian had staked his life on the Ten Layer Ghost Domain, no one could stop his actions now.

"Hm?"

Meng Xiaodong noticed the anomaly on Yang Jian's body as she saw the red light on him becoming more intense, as though soaked in blood.

"Ghost Domain overlapping? Could it be he hasn't released all the supernatural power under these conditions? Is this what Xiao Qin meant by 'potential'?"

She detected the clues, wanting to speed up the invasion, but was unable to, instead she noticed the invasion speed was slowing, and the traces of invasion were being reversed.

"No, he's breaking through the past blockade..."

Meng Xiaodong's sinister expression suddenly changed, sensing something out of control and wrong.

Then, the next moment.

Before she could hesitate, a charred black hand suddenly reached out, gripping Meng Xiaodong.

Though it was just a regular charred ghost hand, it not only gripped the current Meng Xiaodong but seemed to grasp the past Meng Xiaodong as well, despite only existing in the present Yang Jian, just like Meng Xiaodong, also existing in countless time points in the past.

"Unknown changes are uncontrollable, but your supernatural power is too weak, can't deal with me."
Meng Xiaodong tried to struggle but was shocked to find herself unable to break free from the ghost hand.

"Don't be too confident, old woman, your game is over too."

Yang Jian's eyes glowed red; he seemed blood-soaked, his voice echoed as he spoke, appearing layered, as though spoken through countless time points converging together at the end.

At this moment, it was not like one person speaking, but countless Yang Jian speaking simultaneously.

Then.

Yang Jian raised his other hand, lifting the Firewood Knife again.

However, this simple action appeared different to Meng Xiaodong, for she saw countless Yang Jian in the past raising the Firewood Knife together, and the number was unbelievably large, even surpassing her.

Because she could only see the time points she existed in, she couldn't see those she did not.

Soon, the knife fell again, slashing at Meng Xiaodong's neck.

"It's useless, I have the death doll, the Firewood Knife can't deal with me..."

Meng Xiaodong spoke, but her old face changed, as a glaring scarlet wound appeared on her neck.

The wound underwent changes at an unimaginable speed, quickly repairing, then quickly tearing.

But the process compressed entirely within a second, impossible to clearly see.

But the outcome was apparent.

In an instant.

Meng Xiaodong's neck, bearing a wound, abruptly tore open a ferocious cut after a brief stalemate, blood spurted forth, her aged head slowly detached from her neck, falling.

This scene happened not only before their eyes.

Nearby, the old women interacting with Yang Jian simultaneously had their necks torn, heads dropped, and wounds identical to Meng Xiaodong's earlier.

Losing her head was tantamount to her body being dismembered.

Then Meng Xiaodong's body also fell limply, the basket in her hand was overturned, and countless broken substitute dolls slipped out. The necks of all these dolls had been chopped off, not one was intact.

The corpses of the old ladies lay on the surface of the Ghost Lake.

The lake water unexpectedly turned blood red, and the corpses did not sink but instead floated irrationally on the Ghost Lake.

"Did we bet right? Is this the attack from the Tenth Layer Ghost Domain? Even the old monsters from the Republic of China Period couldn't withstand it." Yang Jian felt the encroachment on himself disappear instantly, and the damage he had suffered also instantly improved.

Everything returned to an intact state once again.

"What a joke, you actually have such means?"

Suddenly, the gloomy voice echoed once more, a new Meng Xiaodong appeared, looking at the hundreds of dead versions of herself on the lake, finding it unbelievable.

"My current state is very strange, a bit incomprehensible, but I feel that in this state, I should be able to handle you." Yang Jian's face was cold as he took a step forward.

But with that one step, countless overlapping figures appeared around him.

Some figures were walking to the left, some were walking backward, some were walking sideways... Countless overlapping figures began to separate from Yang Jian and gradually spread out.

The more Yang Jian walked forward, the more dispersed the figures became.

He merely walked a dozen steps forward.

The surface of the lake around him was filled with versions of himself, each holding a cracked long spear and looking exactly the same, resembling Meng Xiaodong's infinite invasion.

"I see, the Ghost Domain began infinite folding, creating a time lag during the process of restarting itself, leading to countless versions of myself appearing. But each version used the method of restarting itself to pull all the versions into the same point in time. Clearly, it was just an ordinary slash, but with this overlap, it equated to thousands of slashes. No matter how many substitute dolls I have, I can't withstand such consumption."

Meng Xiaodong's expression slightly twitched, squinting her eyes as she discerned the crux of the matter.

Moreover, this stacking algorithm is terrifying. With the first overlap, many Yang Jians appeared on the timeline during the restart process. Then pulling the Yang Jians from the past timeline to the same point in time, the number could reach a frightening extent.

Not to mention if this could be overlapped a second time, a third time... then Yang Jian's numbers could not only fill the present time point but also fill past time points.

As long as this state persisted long enough, he could fill the past.

At this moment, Meng Xiaodong had to admit that she was no longer a match for Yang Jian in this state.

"Do you think I can kill you in this state?" Yang Jian spoke once more, and countless voices overlapped.

Meng Xiaodong replied with a gloomy face, "You can't kill me. In this state, you won't last long because you're spiraling out of control. By overlapping too many past versions of yourself, not every version will act consistently. The longer it goes on, the greater the risk of losing control until you ultimately get lost among countless past versions, unable to maintain your self any longer."

"Nonsense."

Countless overlapping voices echoed over the Ghost Lake, like rolling thunder, making one's ears buzz.

The next moment.

Scarlet beams of light struck, completely dyeing the world red.

Immediately afterward, numerous Yang Jians charged forward with their ghost eyes open.

In just the blink of an eye, Meng Xiaodong found herself surrounded by countless Yang Jian figures, even the sky above her head was obscured, and each figure overlapped layer by layer, claiming not only the present but also the past.

A slash came down.

The substitute dolls in Meng Xiaodong's hand frantically resisted the attack, but unfortunately, they were exhausted in an instant. Subsequently, the attack of the Firewood Knife fell upon herself, and she was dismembered into countless pieces, unable to resist at all.

Moreover, not only was the present Meng Xiaodong killed, but every Meng Xiaodong within the past three hours was dismembered. The past she had sealed was breached by Yang Jian.

At this moment, he had won.

Yang Jian in the Tenth Layer Ghost Domain had perfectly resisted Meng Xiaodong's infinite invasion.

But just as he completed all this, the red light that dyed the world instantly collapsed.

The ghost eye on Yang Jian's body, which he obtained from this world, immediately exploded into a pool of scarlet fragments.

Countless Yang Jians rapidly disappeared...

All the terrifying abnormalities calmed instantly.

Yang Jian opened his palm and saw the shattered disintegrating eerie eyeball, his expression solemn: "Just by opening the Fifth Layer Ghost Domain, this ghost eye couldn't withstand the damage? Is this world playing tricks, even disregarding the rule that ghosts can't be killed?"

The double ghost eyes, ten-layer ghost domain seem not to be allowed to exist in this world.

After a brief appearance, the ghost eye from this world directly shattered, vanishing completely from this world, not allowing Yang Jian to easily reopen the Tenth Layer Ghost Domain again.

In other words, the ghost eye from this world died in this world.

"Forget it, the rules are made by others, if they cheat I can't do anything about it."

Yang Jian no longer entangled himself with this paranormal power that did not belong to him. At least he could now confirm that he indeed successfully defeated Meng Xiaodong.

But it was merely just a victory; he still did not completely kill her.

Coming back to his senses, he checked the time.

2:10.

He had bought himself twenty minutes of safety.

At 2:30, Old Qin would still appear.

The desperate outcome had not been reversed, and now he had lost one ghost eye. Infinite restart and the Tenth Layer Ghost Domain could not be activated again.

The path of survival he had painstakingly found was once again blocked by this world.

Yang Jian remained silent, immersed in deep thought by the Ghost Lake.

But the paranormal attack would not give him time to hesitate and contemplate.

Countless floating corpses beneath the Ghost Lake began to drift towards him once again at this moment.

No way, he didn't want to get entangled with the Ghost Lake here, so he could only leave.

Before leaving, he took away the corpse of one of the old ladies.

On the forehead of this corpse was an old, rusty coffin nail, which was taken from Dachang City and was also a paranormal item in this world.

Fortunately, this world did not continue to cheat by causing the coffin nail to break and become ineffective.

However, the incident just now made Yang Jian more vigilant.

The paranormal in this world is unreliable.

Once certain limits are exceeded, this world will unreasonably counteract, even overthrowing the ironclad rule that ghosts can't be killed.

Chapter 1345 Final Preparations

Yang Jian put everything on the line to temporarily repel Meng Xiaodong from Room 301 in Dachuan City. This doesn't mean he's won; he has only secured twenty minutes of safety, so in the next twenty minutes, he has to think about his next move.

"Given the current situation, I still can't escape this world. The constraints of this world on me still exist, but I've already erased most people's memories of me. The only thing left is my father trapped in the Ghost Dream World at our old home. It seems this might be the last important line."

"If I cut this line, I believe I can definitely leave here."

At this moment, Yang Jian used the Ghost Domain, carrying a corpse of Meng Xiaodong nailed with a coffin nail, and directly headed to his old home.

"But leaving like this unscathed is definitely impossible. If I decide to break free now, Old Qin will most likely arrive early with the supernatural bus... So no matter what, I have to withstand the supernatural attack at 2:30."

Yang Jian deeply understood the malice of this world now.

The closer he gets to breaking free, the more resistance he faces.

"But now I have no means of turning the tables, my only hope is the Ghost Child."

Yang Jian thought to himself, "If I feed Meng Xiaodong's supernatural power to the Ghost Child and combine it with this world's Hungry Ghost's ability, we might be able to withstand the upcoming attack, but only if this world doesn't cheat."

While thinking.

Soon.

Yang Jian arrived at his familiar old home.

The village was peaceful and harmonious, and his arrival didn't attract any attention because at this moment, he's a complete stranger; he had erased all the villagers' memories of him. In their minds, Yang Jian didn't exist at all, only Yang Xiaotian trapped in the Ghost Dream World remembered him.

The Ghost Domain covered.

Soon, a cold corpse split in two, and two lifeless human heads appeared before Yang Jian.

One head was strange and mysterious, belonging to no known person.

The other head was very familiar, sharing about seven or eight similarities with Yang Jian.

Yang Xiaotian didn't die because this head still existed. A part of the supernatural power maintained his consciousness in the Ghost Dream World while also ensuring this head didn't rot.

"Hmm?"

But at this moment, two figures suddenly appeared within Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

At this moment, Wang Shanshan appeared with the Ghost Child.

"So it's finally here." Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, already prepared in his heart.

If the Ghost Child hadn't appeared in these last few safe minutes, there would have been no chance of turning the tables. So in this final timeframe, the Ghost Child had to make an appearance, because the current situation differs from before, and now there's a possibility of victory with the Ghost Child present.

He looked over the suddenly appearing Ghost Child.

Seemingly unchanged from before, just with a slightly different skin tone.

But Yang Jian already sensed the crisis emanating from the Ghost Child.

This indicated that the current Ghost Child had become an extremely terrifying ghost.

How many ghosts it had devoured during this time, even he didn't know.

"Our latest time to leave here should be six o'clock, and now it's only 2:15, but the Ghost Child brought me over, isn't this a bit too early?"

Wang Shanshan walked over at this moment, with a bit of confusion on her face.

Yang Jian replied, "Things have changed significantly. This world's most terrifying ghost-wielders have taken notice of me. They'll show up at 2:30 and attack us. If we can't withstand it, we won't survive until six o'clock. The Ghost Child definitely knows this, so it came early."

"I see," Wang Shanshan said.

"But I've already done everything I needed to do. I've erased the memories of most familiar people, and this is the last one. But there's still a fierce battle coming. If we win, we can leave here safely; if we don't, we'll die here." Although Yang Jian's tone was indifferent, the implications were serious.

"Alright, there's no time to talk more. We have to let the Ghost Child complete the final step of its growth now."

Yang Jian finished speaking, using the Ghost Domain to transfer Meng Xiaodong's body in front of the Ghost Child.

"If it can seize this old woman's supernatural power, the upcoming battle might be much easier. I believe the Ghost Child's appearance is aimed at this corpse."

The Ghost Child stood motionless, its eyes eerily fixed on Meng Xiaodong's corpse on the ground.

A coffin nail pinned the corpse down. Even an old monster from the Republic of China Period couldn't regain mobility.

The Ghost Child moved at this moment, and it, along with Meng Xiaodong's corpse, instantly disappeared from the spot.

Yang Jian's ghost eyes saw it running into the nearby woods, preparing to devour Meng Xiaodong's supernatural power alive.

"Alright, shall we start dealing with the Ghost Dream now?"

He squatted down at this moment, extending a charred Ghost Hand, touching that strange and cold corpse.

The next moment.

Ghost Flame began to burn on the corpse.

This was a corpse invaded by a ghost, bearing supernatural power. The Ghost Flame used this as fuel, spreading across the corpse.

Soon, the fire of the Ghost Flame blazed more fiercely.

Yang Jian used the Ghost Flame to cremate the Ghost Dream and Yang Xiaotian's remaining Dead Man's Head in this world, only this way could the nightmare in the Ghost Dream World be thoroughly ended, and with the nightmare ending, Yang Xiaotian in the dream would disappear as well.

Someone who had already died long ago, just relying on supernatural residue in the dream.

He was simply bringing this nightmare to an end now, also cutting off the final line.

With the continuous burning of the Ghost Flame, incredible changes appeared before Yang Jian and Wang Shanshan's eyes.

The world, which had already started to blur, now seemed to become somewhat transparent. The forests were disappearing, the land was disappearing, and even the sky was starting to cast double images... The outline of an old wooden room appeared before their eyes.

The outline of this wooden room occupied the entire world. He and Wang Shanshan were as small as ants in the room.

"We're about to leave the supernatural world." A trace of surprise appeared on Wang Shanshan's fair face.

"That's right, but it will take time." Yang Jian observed carefully and realized that although he and Wang Shanshan were being expelled by the world, it would take some time.

This was because there were still some people who had seen and remembered him and Wang Shanshan.

Those people were the ones who slipped through the net and had not been dealt with by Yang Jian.

But there wasn't much time left, after all, he still had to face the forthcoming attack.

He glanced at the time again.

2:19 PM.

Eleven minutes left.

"What happens next has nothing to do with you. You're ready to leave here. I will deal with the upcoming matters with the Ghost Child. You don't have any supernatural power, so this world won't specifically target you. As long as you're not with me, you'll be safe." Yang Jian then said to Wang Shanshan.

He also discovered some loopholes in this world.

That is, he was constantly being watched by the world's ghost tamers, while Wang Shanshan, with the Ghost Child, encountered no obstacles.

Of course,

there might be another reason, which is that Wang Shanshan and the Ghost Child exist because of Yang Jian. As long as Yang Jian dies, Wang Shanshan and the Ghost Child will die too, so all threats on them are counted on Yang Jian alone.

"Okay, then I'll find a place to hide and hope this ends smoothly." Wang Shanshan nodded and said.

She didn't need to say any comforting words, after all, her life was connected to Yang Jian's life.

Yang Jian said no more, as the Ghost Domain shifted and directly sent Wang Shanshan to a place far away.

It was a deserted suburban area, with no one around, preventing anyone from appearing to hurt her.

"2:20 PM, ten minutes left." Yang Jian was ready for everything.

At this moment, the corpse of the Ghost Dream had already been cremated.

"This is not a place to act; Ghost Child, come with me to leave here." Yang Jian decided to shift again to find a place for confrontation.

The Ghost Child emerged from the woods, extending its finger to write a few words on the ground: Go to a populated area.

Yang Jian took a look and immediately understood: "I see, you already possess Meng Xiaodong's supernatural power of Infinite Invasion?"

Meng Xiaodong's supernatural power needs living people as mediums.

The more people there are, the easier it is to find a medium.

In that case, Yang Jian decided not to find a deserted area but to look for a densely populated city.

After some thought.

Japan would do nicely.

The small land with many people makes it suitable for the Ghost Child to wield its power.

Having made his decision, Yang Jian used the Ghost Domain to transfer himself, disappearing from the spot.

Soon.

Yang Jian arrived in a strange city, although he didn't know which city in Japan it was, he knew it was densely populated.

"Here it is then,"

Looking at the nearly disappearing blurred world, he decided to face the final wave of attack.

However, with his arrival, everyone in the city stopped in their tracks, put down everything in their hands, and bizarrely looked this way.

These were not living people; they were clearly fierce ghosts shedding their disguises.

At this critical moment, unreasonable changes were no longer concealed.

At the same time,

the Ghost Child who had arrived here disappeared, and soon the dark cyan haze began to spread, diffusing through the city at an unimaginable speed.

A middle-aged man who was standing still and watching this way began to change, his body disappeared, his existence erased, and then the form of the Ghost Child appeared beside him,

Beside him, a young man's body also vanished bizarrely, and then a second Ghost Child appeared out of thin air.

...

Gradually, more and more people disappeared, and more and more Ghost Children appeared.

"Is the Ghost Child multiplying its numbers?" Yang Jian mused to himself.

Checked the time.

It's already 2:25 PM.

Only five minutes left for the Ghost Child to multiply its numbers.

Yang Jian had done all he could. Now, all that remained was to leave everything to the Ghost Child, while he focused on self-preservation.

As long as he doesn't die, given the current terrifying power of the Ghost Child, it should be enough to confront Old Qin.

Chapter 1346 A Terrifying Alliance

Yang Jian was now in the middle of a road in the center of the Japanese city.

Originally, this place was crowded with pedestrians, but now, except for the abandoned vehicles on the road, there was not a single living person within a kilometer, and the range of this no-man's-land was continuously expanding.

"It's a pity. I don't have much time to prepare, otherwise my chances of winning would be greater," Yang Jian thought to himself.

At this moment, the time had reached 2:29.

Only one minute remained before Old Qin would appear.

Meanwhile, the world before Yang Jian was becoming increasingly illusory; he could already see the outline of the wooden house in the sky, indicating that this world would soon disappear, and he would immediately return to that wooden house room again.

Yet these final moments were also the most perilous.

Yang Jian was prepared, ready to face the last assault.

Very soon.

2:30 arrived.

"It's here!"

Not a second was off. At that moment, Yang Jian, standing in the middle of the road, suddenly felt his Ghost Domain being invaded.

An old bus appeared out of thin air behind Yang Jian. The yellow light illuminated him, while strange and hoarse honking echoed around.

The yellow headlights, the hoarse, strange honking; there seemed to be some kind of inexplicable supernatural power within both.

Even though Yang Jian had prepared, he couldn't help but feel his hair stand on end at this moment.

But at that instant, he also made his move, barely having time to turn around, he thrust his cracked spear backward, followed by a powerful impact transmitted through the spear to his body.

"Bang!"

With a loud bang, Yang Jian was sent flying, smashing into the wall not far away.

The wall cracked, and he was nearly embedded into it.

Nevertheless, this time his body did not come into contact with the supernatural bus.

"Good response, using the weapon in hand to fend off the bus, avoiding a direct hit. But it's just a small trick, nothing substantial."

The supernatural bus abruptly stopped, and a cold yet slightly age-worn voice sounded.

Old Qin, leaning on a cane, slowly stepped down from the driver's seat of the bus.

Although Yang Jian was thrown out, he was unharmed and immediately stood up with just a move.

"How many of those old monsters from the Republic of China era did you bring this time? Don't tell me it's just you alone this time." He opened his ghost eyes, ready to initiate the seven layers of Ghost Domain at any time.

Only by entering the reboot state could he fend off the supernatural assaults from these Republic of China monsters.

Otherwise, Yang Jian would be slain upon meeting them.

Even if he could come back, he couldn't be careless at all, a slight mistake would lead to a miserable death.

"Being able to live till now shows you've indeed reversed the past. At such a young age, you could fend off Meng Xiaodong's assault. That's truly terrifying, but you paid a hefty price for it, so such a situation won't happen again," Old Qin said coldly.

"Whether it will happen again, it's hard to say now," Yang Jian replied.

Old Qin squinted slightly without saying a word.

At that moment, someone else stepped down from the bus that had stopped, and this person was none other than Meng Xiaodong from Dachuan City's Room 301, who Yang Jian had personally killed before.

Meng Xiaodong's old face was gloomy, carrying a basket without saying a word. The look she gave Yang Jian was filled with intense resentment and hostility.

"Just a defeated opponent," Yang Jian stared at her coldly.

But soon afterward.

A second figure stepped down from the dim bus, an elder exuding a decayed aura, with pitch-black pupils as if about to be buried.

"Sexton Luo Qian..." Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, prepared for the return of these two Republic of China monsters.

He felt the situation was far from simple.

If just Old Qin, Meng Xiaodong, and Luo Qian could kill him, they would have succeeded before. Old Qin has already failed once; the second attempt definitely involves more people than before.

Therefore, Yang Jian firmly believed that a third, possibly a fourth, Republic of China monster would appear.

So who would the third one be?

Soon, a third figure emerged, slowly stepping down from the supernatural bus.

This was also an elder, dressed in a vintage long gown with a face full of wrinkles, dark brown skin marked with horrifying corpse spots, and hollow, apathetic eyes lacking any spark.

"Ghost Post Office, Luo Wensong? This guy, as the manager of the post office, shouldn't be able to leave the Ghost Post Office, yet he came, appearing by the bus," Yang Jian's expression changed slightly, but soon he understood.

In this world, all sorts of irrational scenarios appear to kill him; acquired Ghost Eyes will shatter, people unable to leave the Ghost Post Office can show up, and maybe even the tall male corpse dead in the Kaiser Hotel could resurrect.

"Just you four?" Yang Jian took a deep breath, still filled with alertness.

He was most concerned not with Sexton Luo Qian, but with Luo Wensong of the Ghost Post Office.

This guy wasn't in the state of spiritual disintegration after dying, but at his peak, all the supernatural powers he wielded adhered to deadly killing rules. Once triggered, they could lead to instant death, even preventing you from restarting.

"You think we four old things aren't enough to send you on your way?" Luo Wensong spoke, his voice eerie, like that of a dead person.

Subsequently.

The streets nearby, windows, and even the sewer covers shook violently. It was clearly 2:30 in the afternoon, but the surrounding light dimmed like an imminently extinguished lamp.

"I think it's still a bit lacking."

Yang Jian's expression remained unchanged, but his heart was tense. He thought to himself, "Meng Xiaodong's substitute doll, puppet doll, and Infinite Invasion can protect teammates and provide cover. Luo Qian's Grave Soil can bury terrifying supernatural entities, and Luo Wensong can instantly trigger an inevitable killing rule. If these three work together, they are almost invincible. Not to mention Old Qin, who can foresee the past to command operations."

"Sealing the past, burying the present, foreseeing the future, any one of these old timers could take me out."

"I also think it's a bit lacking, and I don't want any more incidents of reversing the past and changing the future to happen. That's why I brought someone else." Old Qin's face twitched, revealing a cold smile.

In the next moment.

A fourth figure stepped down from the bus again.

This old man was wearing a black Zhongshan suit and black cloth shoes. Although his face was equally old and wrinkled, his posture was exceptionally straight, exuding a kind of authority that made people feel suffocated and anxious, as if no bizarre supernatural power could stir up any trouble in his presence.

With the old man's appearance, the nearby Meng Xiaodong, Luo Qian, Luo Wensong, and even Old Qin consciously stepped aside to clear a path.

It seemed he was the backbone.

"Haunted house elder... Zhang Dong?" At this moment, Yang Jian's face was no longer grave but somewhat unpleasant.

Having gone through the letter delivery task at the Ghost Post Office before, he was well aware of the terror posed by this haunted house elder.

Because this guy can erase supernatural forces, putting ghosts directly into slumber, effectively countering all ghost handlers.

"Four top-tier ghost handlers from the Republic of China Period gathered, plus Old Qin... They really hold me in high regard." Yang Jian was beginning to doubt whether the Ghost Child could withstand it.

He glanced back at the bus.

The dim bus seemed to have no more people stepping off it.

It seemed Sister Hong, Zhang Qingzhi from the Caesar Grand Hotel, and the owner of the herbal medicine shop were not going to appear.

"Those who shouldn't exist should vanish from this world." At this moment, the elder named Zhang Dong spoke, then slightly moved his hand.

In an instant, Yang Jian sensed something terribly dangerous. Without any hesitation, he directly entered the seventh layer of the Ghost Domain.

He preemptively entered reboot to avoid the impending supernatural attack.

"I knew it; this youngster is too cautious. As soon as it started, he hid himself in the past, making it difficult for me." Luo Qian's pitch-black eyes moved slightly. He didn't make a move; his presence was purely a deterrent.

Luo Wensong, the administrator of the Ghost Post Office, also remained silent, but all doors and windows near Yang Jian had opened a slit, waiting for Yang Jian to emerge from reboot.

The compounded, inevitable lethal assault and grave soil ready to bury supernatural forces—showing oneself in such a situation would be tantamount to suicide.

Fortunately, Yang Jian previously overcame Meng Xiaodong, broke through the past's confinement, so his reboot was unaffected.

But now, Meng Xiaodong didn't need to make a move.

Because Zhang Dong appeared.

The elderly hand raised, as if wiping away filth in front of him.

An indescribable, terrifying supernatural force impacted the surrounding area.

"Not good." Yang Jian widened his eyes; even entering the seventh layer of the Ghost Domain couldn't evade this attack?

The red light on his body instantly vanished, and then the ghost eyes on him disappeared one by one, leaving only one ghost eye as if returning to the time when he first harnessed the ghost eye. Moreover, this only remaining ghost eye also fell into slumber, unable to open.

Additionally, the charred Ghost Hand returned to its original state, no longer showing signs of scorching, just appearing somewhat pale. The burning Ghost Flame was extinguished in an instant, leaving only a smoldering spark waiting for a resurgence from the ashes.

Even the Ghost Shadow lost its ability to move and fell silent on the spot.

Without the supernatural support of the Ghost Shadow, Yang Jian's consciousness persisted, but his body was immobile.

At this moment, he was like a paralyzed ordinary person, standing there with eyes wide open.

Luckily, Zhang Dong couldn't erase a true ghost, otherwise, this attack would have made Yang Jian vanish from this world.

"Send him on his way." Zhang Dong's tone was calm yet authoritative, not taking further action, merely standing there with his hands behind his back.

At the moment his words fell.

Doors and windows near Yang Jian immediately opened, unleashing the stratified inevitable supernatural assaults. Moreover, countless grave soils appeared in the vicinity, connecting into a seemingly endless graveyard.

Luo Wensong from the Ghost Post Office and the Sexton, Luo Qian, acted immediately.

Kill first, bury later, ensuring death beyond doubt for Yang Jian.

At this moment, Yang Jian's seventh-layer Ghost Domain was erased, his inherent supernatural powers dead silent, making his entire body immobile. Such a supernatural assault was akin to cannonballing an ant, utterly leaving no hope for survival.

Yet, in that instant.

Numerous eerie, chilling figures of small children suddenly appeared around Yang Jian, converging densely, engulfing the immobilized Yang Jian in a human wave. At this moment, this engulfment evidently served as a protective measure, allowing Yang Jian to evade the compounded inevitable supernatural assault and the terrifying grave soil capable of burying everything.

And with the appearance of the Ghost Child.

All opened doors and windows shut completely, with several Ghost Child figures standing behind each door and window.

The encroaching grave soil stopped abruptly at the Ghost Child's feet, forcibly creating a safe zone with their countless tiny feet pressed into the ground.

The supernatural assault by the two Republic of China Period elders was thus forcibly withstood by the Ghost Child, while Yang Jian, hidden among countless Ghost Children, remained unharmed, suffering no damage.

This scene, however, did not surprise any of the elders.

Because they already knew of the surrounding abnormality, hence their merciless attempts on Yang Jian.

"It seems this is your final trump card." Old Qin remarked calmly.

He was unable to discern the Ghost Child's abilities, as if the Ghost Child deliberately evaded his supernatural detection.

Chapter 1347 - The City Surging with Crowds

At this moment, Yang Jian was the target of a supernatural attack by Zhang Dong, and all the supernatural powers within his body had fallen silent, leaving his body without the ability to move. Fortunately, Ghost Child appeared at the critical moment.

Countless ghostly images surrounded him. Despite the pervasive cold aura, he felt a trace of security.

The attacks from Ghost Post Office's Luo Wensong and Sexton Luo Qian were successfully thwarted.

Otherwise, he would have died on the spot at this moment.

"For raising you, I've endured up to now, so don't let me down. I don't ask you to eliminate the enemy, just to delay time. As long as the time comes, we can leave this world and be safe," Yang Jian said with difficulty, opening his mouth.

At the same time, his body was being relayed by Ghost Child; pulling, transporting, and gradually moving away from here.

Staying here was now useless and would instead become a flaw for Ghost Child.

After all, if Yang Jian died, then Ghost Child would dissipate along with him.

"Sneaking me away in front of these Republican-era monsters, that is a bit difficult," Yang Jian saw Ghost Child's actions and felt it was not an easy task.

Sexton Luo Qian's Grave Soil had already sealed the surroundings; the endless cemetery there rivaled any Ghost Domain. As soon as Yang Jian appeared, he would be buried.

But he was now just a stiff corpse, unable to do anything, and did not interfere with Ghost Child's actions.

At this moment, he absolutely could not casually command Ghost Child.

Ghost Child, having consumed human skin paper, could almost perfectly predict the future. Its current capabilities definitely surpassed Yang Jian's.

"But I'm looking forward to seeing how many ghosts Ghost Child has devoured in these hours and what terrifying supernatural powers it possesses now. It can appear means it has found a way to survive; if it were a sure-death scenario, it might not have appeared at the last moment,"

Yang Jian thought to himself, feeling both hopeful and expectant.

Ghost Child confrontation with four Republican-era old monsters, plus Old Qin, such a spectacle isn't something you can see all the time, can only occur in this special and bizarre world.

At this moment.

Ghost Child's numbers continued to grow, and its supernatural invasion consumed the city, using the people as a medium to invade from the past to the present. Although it didn't have much time to invade, Yang Jian had managed to secure five minutes and delayed a bit just now.

About six minutes in total.

A buildup of six minutes led to a remarkable scale.

"A single little ghost might be special, but can't form any real threat, just pay attention to Yang Jian, once he dies, it's all over."

With a sinister look on her old face, Meng Xiaodong was right, the attack should be focused on Yang Jian.

"The fact that it blocked the joint attack of two of us means this little ghost is indeed unusual. I smell a familiar scent on him,"

Sexton Luo Qian focused on Ghost Child's somewhat dark skin.

Then Old Qin said, "I can't connect with the future, not sure if our supernatural senses are being blocked, or if our future selves have already failed..."

He spoke about a rather bad outcome.

"Absolutely impossible, Zhang Dong personally intervened, losing is not an option," Meng Xiaodong replied, showing full confidence in Zhang Dong upfront.

"First block his escape route, so he doesn't get away." At this moment, Ghost Post Office's Luo Wensong spoke with a voice like a dead man.

He then took a step forward, cold aura spreading, supernatural terror affecting the surroundings.

The ground started collapsing, forming pits like gates, deep and dark, with no end in sight and unsure where they lead. Meanwhile, the walls on high buildings began to peel and collapse, revealing outlines of doors.

The door outlines arranged neatly, hundreds on a single building.

Beyond this, the influence spread at an incredible speed nearby, in mere seconds, the entire city was perforated, filled with strange "doors," resembling terrifying passages and cages trapping people, unable to escape.

Luo Wensong planned to use the city's doors to seal, eliminating any chance for Yang Jian to escape.

But as he acted, Ghost Child, surrounding Yang Jian in countless numbers, chose to counterattack without hesitation.

All the ghost children turned towards Meng Xiaodong, and then remarkably opened their mouths to call out a name: "Meng Xiaodong!"

The voice was bizarre; in others' ears, it was a ghost's call, but in Meng Xiaodong's ears, it felt like the gentlest call.

"Meng Xiaodong,"

"Meng Xiaodong..."

All the ghost children shouted, the voices layered and intertwined, seemingly echoing throughout the city, chilling those who heard them, as if they would drop dead on the spot.

"This is bad." Old Qin's face changed.

This supernatural attack wasn't strong, and couldn't threaten those at their level, but the countless ghosts shouting Meng Xiaodong's name made the collective sound extremely terrifying.

"Ignore it, it can't kill me," Meng Xiaodong said with a cold face.

Even if she died now, a new self would invade from the past.

However, at this moment, Zhang Dong moved. He walked a few steps to appear next to Meng Xiaodong, merely standing there, instantly silencing the eerie sound; the surrounding seemed muted, and the Ghost Call's supernatural attack lost its effect.

But this situation was limited to Zhang Dong's vicinity; the terrifying supernatural still echoed around.

And as the Ghost Call's voice continued echoing, a shocking scene appeared in the city.

The pit-filled street saw ghost children continually appear out of thin air, quickly filling the streets, and more ghost children appeared inside nearby shops, buildings, windows, as if the entire city was being occupied by them.

"This increase in numbers is unreasonable; even if it stole the Infinite Invasion ability, it should not grow at this speed," Old Qin squinted slightly, his old face becoming grave.

The potential Ghost Child showed was terrifying.

Yet he didn't know that the way Ghost Child can increase its numbers wasn't limited to merely Infinite Invasion but included Hungry Ghost's reproductive method, Ghost Envoy's restart method, and a certain idealistic supernatural power... these combined, needing only five minutes for Ghost Child's numbers to reach an astonishing level.

"Luo Wensong!"

"Luo Qian!"

...

Subsequently, one Ghost Child after another began shouting their names, their voices intertwining with the earlier chant of Meng Xiaodong's name.

Meanwhile, as they shouted, all the Ghost Children formed an endless human tide, surging rapidly forward.

Now, it wasn't Yang Jian who was being surrounded, but these elder monsters from the Republic of China era.

"Knowing full well they can't kill us, they keep attacking us. This little ghost probably wants to wear out the substitute doll in Meng Xiaodong's hand, but these attacks are too slow."

The Sexton, Luo Qian, with his pair of pitch-black eyes, slightly moved. An endless graveyard spread over everything, with Grave Soil submerging the streets, burying all, attempting to swallow the human wave formed by the Ghost Children.

Relying on numbers alone is definitely not enough to take them down.

However, something unexpected happened.

The Grave Soil covered, clearly and smoothly burying the front Ghost Children, but then more Ghost Children broke through the soil barrier, trampling the Grave Soil into a muddy mess, ignoring it completely.

"This is impossible."

The Sexton, Luo Qian, saw that the Grave Soil, which should bury all supernatural things, was ineffective now, and his old face showed a significant amount of astonishment.

The Ghost Children, having consumed the Ghost Envoy, now also possessed the ability to suppress all supernatural powers. With so many Ghost Children gathering together, the suppression they formed was terrifying. Even the Sexton, Luo Qian, could not bury them. Instead, the Ghost Children, surging like a tidal wave, appeared more like an endless graveyard, seemingly about to bury these elder monsters of the Republic.

Old Qin, beside him, also clearly realized something was wrong.

He probably couldn't predict the future, not because he was being interfered with, but because the future already showed that they might have been utterly defeated.

Everywhere was dark and oppressive, and the seemingly weak bodies of the approaching Ghost Children now gave a tremendous sense of despair.

This kind of supernatural occurrence even surpassed what they were capable of handling.

"Can't stop it, Luo Wensong, send them away," Luo Qian's voice was hoarse, as he continued to take action.

Though the Grave Soil was insufficient to bury all the Ghost Children, it still had some effect; the number of Ghost Children getting closer diminished. But this reduction compared to the increase seemed like a drop in the ocean; he buried dozens of Ghost Children one moment, only for hundreds to surge forward the next.

In this kind of supernatural confrontation, he found himself at a disadvantage.

Before Luo Qian could call for help, the Ghost Post Office manager, Luo Wensong, also took action.

At this moment, all the eerie gates of the entire city opened, with countless deadly supernatural forces overlapping; even a vengeful ghost would crash on the spot.

Sure enough, it had an effect.

A large number of Ghost Children in the surging crowd suddenly froze in place, motionless, and the gates on the ground, like deep pits, also swallowed Ghost Children.

Any Ghost Child that fell through would immediately disappear without a trace.

However, even so, a large number of Ghost Children continued to surge nearby; together, they could only block a small part, and the number of Ghost Children still remained unmanageable.

Because Ghost Children are not ordinary ghosts—each exudes an extremely terrifying supernaturality. If they were the ghosts spawned from ordinary supernatural events, then the Sexton, Luo Qian, alone could bury the ghosts of the entire city, and such an unmanageable situation would never occur.

"Do not underestimate them; these aren't ordinary little ghosts. One mistake, and we could all die here," Zhang Dong spoke at this moment, his voice cold yet authoritative.

With his keen insight, he grasped the dreadfulness of the Ghost Children and simultaneously eradicated all nearby supernatural phenomena.

Once he took action,

Large swathes of Ghost Children fell, some vanishing entirely. The originally chaotic situation was instantly stabilized, and should this purging continue, the city's Ghost Children might truly be wiped out.

However, when things seemed to improve, the unexpected happened.

The Ghost Post Office manager, Luo Wensong, who was taking action, suddenly became rigid, ceased his supernatural attacks, and fell silent this moment.

He died.

For no reason, just like that, he suddenly died.

What happened?

Beside him, Luo Qian was focused on his actions and did not notice what had transpired.

Old Qin, leaning on his cane, walked over, and some kind of supernatural reversal occurred before his eyes.

Unexpectedly, the once-dead Luo Wensong opened his eyes again and regained consciousness. He immediately said, "This little ghost carries a life-shortening curse. While confronting it, our lifespan unconsciously diminishes; it has found a way to restrain us..."

"I see, no wonder you suddenly died before," Luo Qian understood.

"Then follow me."

Zhang Dong spoke at this moment, forcefully opening a path, charging towards Yang Jian.

The others quickly understood: their lifespans were short, and even though they could be brought back through restarts, if this continues, they would be the ones to die.

Under such circumstances, they must kill Yang Jian as soon as possible.

And the Ghost Children also sensed the situation.

More and more emerged from every corner of the city, chanting their names, attacking them.

But Zhang Dong, at the forefront, was too terrifying, eradicating all supernatural phenomena, blocking the Ghost Children's attacks by sheer force.

Had it not been for him, the Ghost Children would have dispatched these elderly Republic-era figures moments ago.

Chapter 1348 The Destroyed Man

In a modern city occupied by countless ghost children.

Yang Jian, whose body cannot move, is now taken by a ghost child into a building.

The lights inside the building go out, plunging it into darkness. Around countless cold shadows of children appear and disappear, their numbers fluctuating and shifting back and forth.

"While the ghost child was engaging the opponents, it broke through the barriers set by these Republic of China monsters and hid me here. However, this kind of hiding should be useless against people of their level. I don't believe none of these old monsters from the Republic of China can find someone."

Yang Jian's body is still stiff at this moment, the supernatural attack from the haunted house elder Zhang Dong is still affecting him, needing some time to recover.

But whether he recovers or not is still not important now.

Even if his body was normal, he couldn't possibly fight against those old creatures. Once encountered, he could only activate the seven-layer Ghost Domain for temporary self-preservation.

"But as long as the ghost child continues to delay, there's still a high chance I might escape this world."

Yang Jian sees the walls around him in the dim building begin to turn transparent, as if they could disappear at any moment.

The whole world becomes increasingly illusory. He feels that in just a few more minutes, the world before his eyes will completely vanish.

And now the time is 2:35.

"Leave it to fate." Yang Jian calmly stays put, waiting for the outcome.

At this moment, the battle between the Republic of China elders and the ghost children across the city continues.

And as time passes, the situation changes somewhat.

Previously on the ground, the doors that swallowed up ghost children, ghost children started climbing out from them, and not just one, gradually, all the ghost children that fell in crawled out.

The ghost children buried under Grave Soil now even overturn the soil and walk out of it. Although they are covered in earth, they remain unharmed, and the supernatural power they exude is even more terrifying.

Even the ghost children who were instantly suppressed in place by Zhang Dong's erasure of supernatural power now regain their mobility...

And after these ghost children break free from restrictions, the number of ghost children in the city quickly increases again.

The quantity far exceeds when they were suppressed by those Republic of China elders.

Clearly, in the prolonged confrontation, the ghost child has taken the upper hand because it has devoured too many ghosts and accumulated substantial supernatural power, which when gathered together, causes even the top-tier ghost controllers of the Republic of China to temporarily suppress and delay it, but not able to thoroughly confront it.

The haunted house elder Zhang Dong also clearly perceives this point. Thus, after temporarily gaining the upper hand, he immediately takes action and heads straight for Yang Jian.

Kill Yang Jian, and everything will be over.

Several people under Zhang Dong's lead join forces and pave the way, countless ghost children come forth and block them, engaging in the fiercest supernatural confrontation.

"Unfortunately, during the previous confrontation, I lost to that junior and had my own supernatural power stolen, otherwise the situation wouldn't have turned out like this." Meng Xiaodong looks stern with an old face, appearing furious.

They find themselves barely able to advance at this moment.

Even with Zhang Dong paving the way, he can only block the ghost children in front, but in doing so, ghost children from other directions do not miss the opportunity, appearing in vast numbers, aiming to crush these Republic of China elders with absolute quantity advantage.

"If this consumption continues, there's not a good chance of winning. The first wave of suppressed ghost children has already awakened, so subsequent actions will only be more difficult than before, we're going to lose."

Suddenly, Zhang Dong speaks, and he prudently judges the current situation.

The erasure of all supernatural powers is now stopped by rows of cold ghost children, and afterwards, the second row of ghost children swarms in.

Once enough quantity is reached, even he finds it difficult to sustain.

"I've felt it, we're no longer opponents. This ghost child has at least three or more types of supernatural powers stacked up, besides that, it also carries a curse that reduces life expectancy, the Ghost Domain is also very terrifying, and it isn't in a real state... Additionally, this ghost child also possesses the ability to foresee the future."

Old Qin slightly narrows his eyes, stating his observation result. He doesn't make a move now because he no longer knows how to deal with such ghostly beings.

Such a terrifying fierce ghost, encountering one would need careful handling, let alone so many in number.

Luckily, these elders from the Republic of China are indeed formidable, able to temporarily counter it.

However, a ghost's potential is inexhaustible, while humans are limited.

Even ghost controllers of their level cannot endlessly confront fierce ghosts.

"Can you open the door to directly take us to attack that junior?" Sexton Luo Qian asks.

The manager of the Ghost Post Office, Luo Wensong says; "Can't do it, all the doors are blocked by this ghost child, my supernatural powers are being suppressed, soon to completely lose effect, the Ghost Domain is also sealed, no way to intrude near that junior."

"I'm similar, the Grave Soil can bury fewer and fewer, and this ghost child is still growing. If we leave now, it's still possible, any later and there might truly be deaths."

Luo Qian also feels the strain, at this moment he unexpectedly suggests retreating.

Such a situation is a first.

However, others refuse, or perhaps they think there's still a chance to win this confrontation.

Yet once the situation destabilizes, it often results in an avalanche.

The next wave of ghost child attacks arrives.

The ghost child seems to keenly sense their decline, at this moment nearby ghost children no longer hide, pouring out in droves. In just an instant, the world before these Republic of China elders is enveloped in darkness.

It's not that the sky has darkened, but countless ghost children layer upon layer appear in the air, blocking all light. The dense degree makes one's scalp tingle instantly. Latest content published on Novel-Fire.net

"This ghost child is making an all-out move, wanting to diminish our numbers in one wave, even wipe us out." Old Qin's pupils slightly contract.

"Really no way, have to fight desperately."

Sexton Luo Qian still remains determined at this moment, his dark eyes slightly move, and the nearby Grave Soil suddenly loosens.

In the next moment.

A rotting hand suddenly thrusts out from the soil, followed by terrifying fierce ghosts breaking free from the constraints of the Grave Soil.

The fierce ghosts, also densely packed, appear as if endless, flooding out.

These fierce ghosts buried in the cemetery are all imprisoned by Luo Qian, now released simply to withstand the ghost children's attack.

Luo Wensong, the manager of the Ghost Post Office, also sighed slightly, as an old wooden door appeared behind him at an unknown time.

After the wooden door opened, behind it was another wooden door, and once again, another wooden door... The wooden doors opened layer by layer as if there was no end, connecting to some unknown and terrifying place.

In just an instant, an unknown number of wooden doors were opened, until at last, with a loud bang from the depths of the wooden doors, it seemed the final door was opened, immediately followed by a dense darkness spreading out from the door, engulfing Luo Wensong and quickly eroding forward.

In the area shrouded by the darkness, everything disappeared, including the numerous Ghost Children, while as the darkness eroded, the layers of wooden doors shut one after another.

Without further hesitation, Meng Xiaodong unveiled the black cloth of the basket in her hand, and numerous strange dolls and substitute dolls emerged incessantly, as if at no cost, but once these dolls appeared, they collapsed on the ground, and the substitute dolls died on the spot as soon as they emerged.

Yet, even so, a few dolls could still move.

Her past influence was sealed, her greatest means gone, leaving her to find ways to alleviate the pressure on others.

But the true main force was Zhang Dong.

Zhang Dong erased everything supernatural with his hands, forcefully tearing open the pitch-black sky before him. But even so, it was still not enough, as the light that just appeared before the eyes was once again covered and filled with countless Ghost Children the next moment.

A cold crowd surged.

The top ghost tamers of the Republic of China were thus buried alive, yet they had not failed; at the center of the buried, a violent clash of the supernatural occurred, occasionally tearing openings in the despair-inducing crowd, only for those openings to quickly heal again.

In the fierce collision, someone had already died.

The first to die was Sexton Luo Qian, who was swallowed by the Ghost Children, and in an instant, even his corpse was gone, as if devoured by a fierce ghost.

Following this, horror struck as, with Luo Qian's death, the Grave Soil did not disappear but instead spread over to others.

In just a brief moment, Luo Qian's supernatural was seized.

The death of a ghost tamer of the Republic of China signified that the balance and situation had been broken, and then the second elder met a tragic end — that was Meng Xiaodong, who was similarly swallowed by countless Ghost Children, disappearing amidst the crowd, but she merely died now, while her past self could still invade over.

However, getting there would take time; the city was already occupied by Ghost Children, and even if Meng Xiaodong came now, it would be too late.

Because the situation had completely collapsed.

The third Republic of China elder also perished — this time, it was Luo Wensong, manager of the Ghost Post Office.

His Ghost Domain was easily torn apart, filled and blocked by Ghost Children at every door, and, after resisting a onslaught of the supernatural and blocking a few Ghost Children ahead, he was pounced upon by those behind.

Old Qin still survived right now, his body seemed ethereal, as if he did not exist in reality nor in the past, evading the terrifying supernatural attacks, but only barely managing to protect himself, as his supernatural means were inferior to those Republic of China elders, unable to stir any waves with his actions.

He sought to restart in some way to bring back the dead, but with Ghost Children occupying the surroundings and supernatural interference terrifying, it was utterly impossible.

"Lost," Old Qin sighed helplessly.

Under these circumstances, there was no turning back.

Quickly.

The Ghost Children flooded in, occupying his silhouette as well.

It was hard to imagine that these old things from the Republic of China, working together, were entirely wiped out by the Ghost Children, seeming as if such terrifying supernatural phenomena had exceeded the limits of the supernatural realm, unmanageable by anyone.

"It's about to succeed."

Yang Jian, hiding within the building, also sensed some changes, for at this moment, his body suddenly regained its ability to move as a certain suppression dissipated.

Yang Jian immediately moved slightly, feeling a bit delighted.

Indeed, as he had guessed, the appearance of the Ghost Children must have foreseen a victorious outcome.

Besides this, Yang Jian now also saw that the whole world was about to disappear completely, and he himself was already in a wooden room.

"I'm about to escape," he had such a feeling, that in less than a minute, he would be leaving here.

Checked the time.

Two thirty-nine.

In these last moments, Yang Jian did not act rashly, staying put, despite not knowing the situation outside, prudence was still warranted.

Two forty.

When this time struck, Yang Jian saw the entire imaginary world starting to collapse, disintegrate, dissipating as fast as a layer of thin mist.

"I managed to survive," he couldn't help but heave a slight sigh of relief.

But just then.

Suddenly.

A fuzzy winding path emerged from somewhere, extending directly into this building, followed by the terrifying silhouette drawing close on that path.

"Sending you on your way," came Zhang Dong's voice from the path.

Along with the sound.

Yang Jian had no time to react before an almost phantom-like old hand gripped his neck.

At this moment.

The Ghost Children in the building moved together, trying to block but it seemed too late.

The assault Yang Jian suffered didn't seem to happen in the current moment, as if it had been waiting here all along, inherently indefensible.

Zhang Dong's attack penetrated the blockade of the Ghost Children, bypassed the foreknowledge, and delivered a fatal blow to him.

Yet, time had already reached its point.

In merely a second.

Zhang Dong before his eyes vanished instantaneously along with this world.

Chapter 1349 Reality and Illusion

This world of three years ago is now collapsing and dissipating at an unimaginable speed.

And as this illusory world dissipates, it is only now discovered that Yang Jian, Wang Shanshan, and the Ghost Child never returned to the so-called three years ago at all, but have been in this room all along. Everything they just experienced was not real, like a dream, or an illusion in their minds.

"Back?"

Wang Shanshan is now surveying her surroundings, standing in a wooden room with a candle lit inside. The dim light flickers, casting her shadow on the wall.

Besides, what makes Wang Shanshan feel somewhat eerie is that in the middle of the room there is actually a wooden shelf with a stone on it. No, it is not a stone; it is a curled-up mummified corpse. This mummy covered in layers of dust seems to have formed a stone-like skin, at a glance looking just like a gray stone.

However, strangely, the mummy's head has no eyelids, and the eye sockets are large, occupying most of its face, with the insides pitch black, like an unfathomable abyss, impossible to probe.

Wang Shanshan stared at the eye sockets of the mummy. An eerie force made her somewhat lost, unable to tear her eyes away for a moment.

Suddenly.

In the hollow, dark eye sockets, a pair of fresh eyeballs suddenly appeared, turning to meet Wang Shanshan's gaze.

Wang Shanshan was startled, instinctively stepping back a few paces because she realized that the suddenly appearing eyes were very familiar, identical to her own. At that moment, it felt as if two versions of herself were staring at each other.

Even more, she began to doubt whether she was inside or outside the hollow eye sockets at that moment.

Not daring to think too much.

Wang Shanshan hurriedly shifted her gaze, refraining from approaching the dusty mummy on the wooden shelf.

"Wait, why hasn't Yang Jian returned to normal yet?" She noticed that she had regained movement after escaping the strange attraction of the mummy but Yang Jian still stood there immovable.

Yang Jian's state is peculiar; he has no injuries, yet his eyes remain open, unmoving.

Moreover, Wang Shanshan observed that Yang Jian's eyes at this moment were pitch-black and hollow, seemingly devoid of consciousness.

"Yang Jian." Wang Shanshan tried calling a few times, hoping to awaken him.

But it was to no avail.

Yang Jian still stood there unresponsive, with no reaction to external sounds; instead, it was the Ghost Child who reacted, tilting his head to look at Wang Shanshan.

"Is there a problem? Or perhaps he is trapped in that world and has not escaped, whereas I have exited, so Yang Jian should be fine too, because if he had issues, I would definitely have them too." Wang Shanshan thought, slightly furrowing her brows.

Nonetheless, she lacked much supernatural experience and couldn't judge the current situation.

Suddenly.

Wang Shanshan thought of something, reached out to feel around her body.

A small golden box was taken out.

"This is still on me?" Inside the box she opened was a dark brown parchment.

She recalled that in the world of three years ago she traded this item to Yang Jian.

"It seems that actions taken in that world do not affect reality; everything is like a dream."

Wang Shanshan hesitated a bit while staring at the parchment, then looked at Yang Jian again, finally deciding to take out the parchment.

"Ghost Child, come here." Wang Shanshan commanded.

The Ghost Child immediately ran over barefoot.

"If the parchment tries to escape my hand, eat it." Wang Shanshan said seriously.

The Ghost Child still tilted its head, eyes without pupils emitting a faint red glow, unclear if it heard.

Wang Shanshan did this because she witnessed uncontrollable factors with the parchment in the world three years ago; she must prevent such occurrences while using it now.

Spreading the parchment in her hand, she observed the surroundings again, finally confirming no issues before questioning the parchment: "Tell me, what's happening to Yang Jian now?"

At this moment, the parchment seemed to have lost its supernatural power and did not respond to Wang Shanshan's question.

"If you won't answer, I will feed you to the Ghost Child. After all, the Ghost Child will acquire your supernatural powers if it eats you, and feeding it afterwards will be the same."

Wang Shanshan picked up the parchment, preparing to stuff it into the Ghost Child's mouth.

After all, in the previous world, the Ghost Child had eaten a parchment and nothing bad happened; it even became smarter, obedient, answering queries promptly and cooperatively.

Besides, Wang Shanshan was unlike Yang Jian, who would consider issues of the Ghost Child losing control; she even thought feeding it the parchment was the right choice.

At this moment, the parchment seemed to 'panic.'

In a blink, a line of black twisted text emerged.

Wang Shanshan frowned slightly, reluctantly taking back the parchment from the Ghost Child's mouth.

Upon unfolding it again: I am Yang Jian; when you read this sentence, I am no longer in this world.

This time there was only this line, no other text appeared.

This is not the parchment's prelude, but stating a fact.

"Yang Jian isn't dead, but he is no longer in this world, is that what it means? So, he is still trapped in that world?"

Wang Shanshan suddenly raised her head to look at Yang Jian again.

The worst-case scenario has occurred.

Both she and the Ghost Child have escaped, yet Yang Jian is left in that world.

"How long will Yang Jian be trapped in that world?" Wang Shanshan asked again.

The parchment quickly displayed text, with only two words: "Forever."

Being trapped forever, though not dead, is tantamount to death.

Upon seeing this, Wang Shanshan's facial expression changed slightly, then she continued: "Is there any way to help Yang Jian escape from that world?"

The parchment did not show new text for this inquiry.

"Still refusing to answer? Do you really wish for Yang Jian to permanently leave this world?" Wang Shanshan asked.

Subsequently, new text appeared again: "No one can bring Yang Jian back; he has already left this world."

When Wang Shanshan saw this sentence, her expression immediately became grim.

The parchment does not lie; saying so means it is definitely true.

At this moment.

Yang Jian is alive, still haunted by the scene of the haunted house elderly suddenly attacking him earlier echoing in his mind.

An irresistible despair and the feeling of being instantly killed.

This was not pleasant.

But seemingly fortunate, at the last second, the world collapsed, the ancient house elderly Zhang Dong disappeared, which indicated his attack stopped abruptly, allowing Yang Jian to survive; he did not die.

"Something seems off." Yang Jian quickly sensed something was wrong.

Though the world from three years ago had collapsed and vanished, Yang Jian had not returned to his original place.

The sky still held the outline of the wooden house.

The ghostly children around him had all disappeared as well, leaving nothing but emptiness, with only him remaining.

He checked himself,

and discovered that his body was uninjured; the previous attack by Zhang Dong had not left him missing limbs.

"No, that's not right. It seems my supernatural powers have gone silent. Did Zhang Dong erase the supernatural within me again during that last strike?"

He then realized he was unable to use his supernatural powers at the moment, although the fierce ghost residing in his body was still there, it showed no signs of activity.

Having lost all supernatural powers, even the long spear that had cracked in his hand had disappeared.

Yang Jian frowned, deep in thought.

Eventually, he gained some understanding of his current situation.

"I should be trapped at the intersection of illusion and reality. Under normal circumstances, I could use a large-scale reboot to reverse this predicament, but I can't do that now. My supernatural powers are dormant because of what Zhang Dong did, so I cannot rescue myself."

"So the final attack wasn't meant to kill me but to trap me at that last moment."

Yang Jian was shocked as he thought of this.

Had Zhang Dong already discovered that the worlds of illusion and reality coexist?

If not, how could he employ such a tactic?

"Moreover, such an attack targeted only me. The ghost child isn't here, indicating it has already left. I believe Wang Shanshan is the same."

Yang Jian saw that he was the only one left here and understood the situation.

But the more he understood, the more shocked he felt.

Someone constructed from a supernatural world can influence reality.

Under normal conditions, Yang Jian should have escaped the disturbances of the previous world and returned to normal.

Some of the current circumstances were beyond Yang Jian's understanding; he only knew that the last attack by the Haunted house's elder, Zhang Dong, had left him in this ghostly place.

"In this situation, I have no means to break free. The only way is to rely on external changes or wait for time to pass until my body's supernatural powers return to normal..."

Yet, staying here alone, he couldn't even sense the passing of time.

No matter how long Yang Jian waited, he never felt any change within himself.

Gradually, he developed a rough theory.

Perhaps it wasn't his body trapped in this world, but his consciousness.

So Zhang Dong's parting words: sending you on your way.

Referred to sending Yang Jian's consciousness on a road of no return.

"If it's the consciousness that's trapped, then the only one who can save me might be the Evil Hound."
Yang Jian thought secretly.

But here's the problem.

If his consciousness was trapped, the Evil Hound might save him, but who would give the command to the Evil Hound?

However, inside the wooden house, Wang Shanshan looked at the human skin paper and came to some understanding: "No one can save Yang Jian, in other words, what can save Yang Jian isn't a person, right?"

The human skin paper did not respond.

"Here, the only one that fits this condition is the Ghost Child." Wang Shanshan continued to ponder.

But she didn't think the Ghost Child could help.

However, at this moment, Wang Shanshan suddenly heard footsteps coming from downstairs in the wooden house, the sound of footsteps ascending the staircase.

"Yang Jian, are you there?"

Then a voice called out, it was Liu Qi's shout.

Time had passed for a long while, though according to the previous agreement if time ran out without Yang Jian coming out of the wooden house alive, Liu Qi had to leave alone. But in the end, Liu Qi couldn't set his mind at ease, deciding to break into the wooden house to take a look.

Because Liu Qi couldn't bring himself to turn and run, leaving Yang Jian and Wang Shanshan alone in this bizarre place.

"Liu Qi, is that you?"

Wang Shanshan responded, her tone unsure, with a hint of doubt.

Quickly, the footsteps sped up, and Liu Qi arrived on the second floor, then followed the sound towards the room.

"Don't get close to this room. The moment you open the door, you'll be affected by the supernatural and drawn into the past world." Wang Shanshan immediately warned.

Liu Qi halted immediately.

"Wang Shanshan, what's the situation now?" Liu Qi asked.

"There's a ghost in this room, but it hasn't attacked me for the time being. The situation isn't good though, I have escaped the ghostly influence, but Yang Jian is trapped. I'm trying to find a solution." Wang Shanshan replied.

Liu Qi said, "Can you tell me exactly what happened? As a ghost tamer, I have more experience than you, perhaps I can think of a way to resolve it."

Wang Shanshan briefly recounted the events that had occurred.

"I roughly understand your guess. From the human skin paper's words, it's not hard to determine that the one who can save Yang Jian isn't us, nor the Ghost Child. It's probably the Evil Hound beside him. I've seen that Evil Hound before; it is a true fierce ghost, meeting the conditions on human skin paper." Liu Qi said immediately.

As an old classmate from No. 7 Middle School, he had seen the human skin paper before; it was what saved them from the Door Knocking Ghost incident.

"But I didn't see the Evil Hound in the room." Wan Shanshan said.

Liu Qi replied, "Just because you didn't see it doesn't mean it isn't there. The Evil Hound needs water as a medium to appear, but whether the Evil Hound can be seen isn't important, what matters is how to make the Evil Hound follow orders to save Yang Jian."

"Except for Yang Jian, no one can give orders to that Evil Hound."

Combining the information from the human skin paper, Liu Qi and Wang Shanshan arrived at the same conclusion as Yang Jian, facing the same difficulty.

Who will command the Evil Hound?

Liu Qi didn't know much about the Evil Hound, having seen it once, but was unclear on its specifics.

As for Wang Shanshan, she hadn't even seen the Evil Hound.

In fact, besides Yang Jian, there was another person who could command the Evil Hound.

That would be Yang Xiao, who was trapped in the painting world of the Ghost Post Office.

But it was impossible to bring Yang Xiao to this place.

Chapter 1350 Guiding the Way with a Medium

Time is slipping away bit by bit.

The second floor of the wooden cabin.

Wang Shanshan and Liu Qi are contemplating a solution, but they don't have much time to think, because they are still in Baishui Town, where supernatural forces are encroaching on reality, affecting many residents, and now Seow Yang has tragically died on the ghost-haunted streets.

If they can't rescue most of the residents trapped here by six o'clock, then the vast majority won't survive to see the following day.

Therefore, they must find a way to bring Yang Jian back by six o'clock.

And now, Wang Shanshan and Liu Qi need to figure out how to command the Evil Hound beside Yang Jian?

"I think we need to confirm if the Evil Hound is actually in the room. If it's not, then any plan we have is pointless," Wang Shanshan said.

Liu Qi nodded: "You're right, but to see the Evil Hound we need water, and right now we don't have any with us."

"I have an idea," Wang Shanshan said.

"What idea? Are you suggesting peeing on the floor?" Liu Qi asked.

"You're as boring as Zhang Wei," Wang Shanshan replied coldly. Without explaining further, she approached Yang Jian.

She reached out and searched Yang Jian's body.

Finally, she pulled out a crystal necklace from Yang Jian's pocket.

This is a supernatural item made by the Deceiving Ghost, which can influence reality through supernatural means and alter real-world objects.

Wang Shanshan knew this because Huang Ziya had mentioned it.

"Fortunately, Yang Jian carries it with him and didn't leave it in the safe house," Wang Shanshan felt relieved.

This Deceiving Ghost's necklace can be used not only by ghost handlers but also by ordinary people.

The necklace's usage is not complicated; Wang Shanshan held it in her hand, closing her eyes as she imagined water appearing on the floor of the room.

Sure enough.

The imagination became reality, and water indeed emerged from the floor.

Although it's just ordinary water, without any supernatural properties.

But under these circumstances, it's enough; soon, the water began to spread around the room, eventually covering the entire floor.

The calm water surface was like a mirror, reflecting everything around it.

Wang Shanshan looked at the water's surface.

The Evil Hound was not beside Yang Jian.

"Liu Qi, the Evil Hound you mentioned is not here," Wang Shanshan said.

Outside the door, Liu Qi also saw the water seeping from the room, frowned, and said: "Could it be that the Evil Hound got lost in Baishui Town? Previously, Yang Jian ordered the Evil Hound to find you, and then it left Yang Jian's side and disappeared, and hasn't been seen since."

A new problem arose.

The Evil Hound left Yang Jian and ran off somewhere, neither finding Wang Shanshan nor returning to Yang Jian's side.

Liu Qi glanced around the wooden cabin, recalling the situation outside, and began to guess: "Earlier, I noticed that there are very few wandering spirits near this cabin, almost none. Does this mean that spirits and Evil Ghosts cannot approach the cabin, so the Evil Hound is also blocked outside and hasn't entered here?"

"I will go outside the cabin to investigate; if this is true, maybe I can find the Evil Hound outside."

"Alright, I'll wait here for you," Wang Shanshan replied.

Quickly, Liu Qi turned and went downstairs.

He cautiously returned to the first floor, his eyes fixed on the old coffins scattered crosswise in the lobby, observing them for a moment.

Only after confirming nothing strange about the coffins did he step out of the eerie wooden cabin.

Outside, Liu Qi glanced around, without hesitation, he bit his wrist and let the blood drip down.

The thick blood looked like it poured from a corpse, dark and dull.

As the blood dripped onto the ground, Liu Qi circled the cabin, using the blood by which to gauge the surrounding area.

"Found it."

Suddenly.

Liu Qi saw the silhouette of the Evil Hound reflected in the obscure image formed by a drop of blood on the ground.

His guess was correct.

The wooden cabin blocked the Evil Ghosts from getting close, leaving the Evil Hound unable to enter and wandering outside, just like the spirits that were abundant in the distance but did not approach.

"I need to use my blood as a medium to lure the Evil Hound into the cabin. If it doesn't work, then I'll have to bring Yang Jian out, but it's uncertain whether Yang Jian can leave the room in his current condition."

Liu Qi thought for a moment and decided to try the first method first.

Using his blood as a guide, he drew a line on the ground.

The line extended toward the inside of the wooden cabin.

"It's working; the Evil Hound is moving."

Through the vague image reflected in the blood, Liu Qi saw the Evil Hound gradually approaching the cabin.

The cabin's influence couldn't stop the Evil Hound's approach at that moment.

Because the blood was there, it provided a path for the Evil Hound, no matter how narrow or small, as long as the path existed, the Evil Hound could invade.

The dripping blood quickly extended into the cabin.

And Liu Qi also saw a black shadow seem to flicker across the thick, crimson blood.

The Evil Hound smoothly entered the wooden cabin.

But just as everything was progressing smoothly.

Suddenly, a dull crashing sound echoed through the lobby of the first floor of the cabin.

Liu Qi's face changed dramatically, he stopped and abruptly looked in the direction of the sound.

It was an almost faded, ancient coffin.

The previously silent coffin at this moment emitted a bizarre and terrifying banging sound, as if something inside the coffin had been disturbed.

"Just now, everything was fine, everything was normal. Why did this suddenly happen... Could it be that I attracted that Evil Hound? But both Yang Jian and I, as ghost controllers, entered and exited here without any issues; logically, the presence of the Evil Hound shouldn't matter either."

Liu Qi was having trouble understanding the situation, his eyes moved slightly as he quickly began to think.

The banging inside the coffin sounded again, this time louder, causing the coffin to shake and slightly shift.

If it continued like this, the thing inside the coffin would soon come out.

If it turns out to be a horrifying ghost, then he would certainly die here.

"I can't hesitate, need to take the Evil Hound to the second floor first." Liu Qi didn't flinch, he bit his wrist again, the wound enlarged, and viscous blood quickly dripped down.

The blood formed into a line and immediately extended towards the second floor.

The blood in Liu Qi's body began to deplete rapidly, his complexion quickly turned pale, but he didn't mind. As a ghost controller, his survival was no longer dependent on blood; even if all his blood was drained, he could still move freely, unlike ordinary people who would faint or die.

Accompanied by the vibration and banging of the coffin.

Liu Qi quickly made his way up the stairs to the second floor.

But the moment he reached the second floor, another loud noise came from downstairs, like the sound of a coffin lid being lifted and then falling heavily to the ground.

Although he couldn't see the situation downstairs, Liu Qi clearly sensed a cold aura rising from below.

"No matter what, I've safely returned at least."

Liu Qi tensed up, cold sweat appearing on his forehead, as he stood at the stairway, observing for a while.

The thing in the first-floor hall hadn't moved to the second floor.

It seemed that the second floor was temporarily safe.

"Wang Shanshan, I've brought the Evil Hound here. It's your turn next. Remember not to open the door until Yang Jian wakes up, I'm worried something bad might happen. Also, the coffin downstairs is already open, and the cabin is no longer safe. Be careful, and call me if anything happens."

Liu Qi whispered, then extended the blood to the accumulating water seeping out at the doorway.

Soon.

A giant Evil Hound was reflected in the water, and it quickly walked into the room.

"I know, I saw it."

Wang Shanshan also saw the Evil Hound's figure as it walked in from outside the door.

Swish.

The next second, the water surface suddenly splashed open.

The accumulated water splattered, and the Evil Hound was no longer a reflection but leaped out of the water into reality.

The black Evil Hound, like a calf, bared its teeth, revealing a pair of blood-red eyes. It approached Wang Shanshan, seemingly sniffing the scent on her as if it might tear her apart at any moment.

Wang Shanshan dared not move as she watched the Evil Hound inches away from her.

Thankfully, the Evil Hound did not attack her in the end, just let out a low growl and then turned towards Yang Jian, disappearing in the blink of an eye, without even its reflection remaining in the water.

"That was close." Wang Shanshan sighed in relief and then looked at the Ghost Child beside her.

If the Evil Hound had suddenly attacked her, she wasn't sure the Ghost Child could stop it.

The Evil Hound hadn't vanished but returned to Yang Jian's memories.

Previously, part of the reason Yang Jian's consciousness was trapped was that the Evil Hound had left his body and lost itself in Baishui Town, failing to protect him. Now that the Evil Hound had returned and was again residing within Yang Jian's consciousness, its supernatural power would once again take effect.

If it was the person who opened this room whose consciousness would be lost, then the Evil Hound possessed the ability to pull back the lost consciousness.

However, the confrontation of supernatural forces still required some time.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian felt that it was because he hadn't issued a command, resulting in the Evil Hound not appearing.

After all, even he couldn't determine when the Evil Hound was by his side or not, only confirming it by issuing commands.

"Still no change."

Yang Jian was still trapped between illusion and reality, he thoroughly understood why his supernatural nature fell into slumber. Perhaps it wasn't entirely because of Zhang Dong but because he subconsciously believed he possessed supernatural powers, though in reality, he had none.

He was just an ordinary consciousness, and everything was a projection of his consciousness.

"So, the world from three years ago was just a world formed by supernatural influences on my consciousness, and Wang Shanshan shared this world with me due to some supernatural connection. If it were someone else, they would return to a time they desired to revisit."

"This kind of supernatural phenomenon bears a resemblance to those wandering spirits in Baishui Town. The spirits turn into familiar people to keep you in Baishui Town, and the world inside the cabin tries to hold you in the past, indulging so much that you won't want to return to reality. Once either succeeds, it only leads to death."

Yang Jian calmly contemplated, gradually gaining a clear understanding of everything here.

Liu Qi and Seow Yang were misled by familiar relatives, acted impulsively, and nearly perished here.

Wang Shanshan and Yang Jian faced even greater danger.

Being trapped in the past required severing all ties with familiar people to return to the present, while resisting that world's opposition, an impossible task for both ordinary people and ghost controllers.

One could say that anyone who pushed open this door would only face death.

"No, there is another method to easily escape this world, and that is to firmly maintain one's inner conviction, thereby influencing the world constructed by consciousness."

Yang Jian contemplated another method, both the simplest yet most challenging.

During those previous times, his determination indeed wavered.

Otherwise, Yang Jian wouldn't have tried to erase familiar people's memories but instead would kill all acquaintances.

The reason he couldn't act was due to his wavering heart.

Thinking back now, had Yang Jian steeled himself to act at the time, the world confining him would have collapsed the instant he did.

However, that world was so real that it made it impossible for anyone to stay resolute. At moments, he truly doubted if he'd returned to three years prior.

And now, trying that method to escape was no longer possible.

Because this was neither an illusory world nor reality, but a special time point trapped by supernatural forces.

While Yang Jian was lost in thought.

In the silent, blank world, a low growl from the Evil Hound suddenly sounded, startling Yang Jian out of his ponderings.