

Revival 1391

Chapter 1391 - Sister Hong's Request for Help

"Make me a cup of green tea, please."

Guanjiang Residential Complex, at Yang Jian's home.

Sitting casually on the sofa, Sister Hong, dressed in a red cheongsam, smiled and said to Zhang Liqin.

Zhang Liqin felt that the smile was cold and devoid of warmth, sending a chill down her spine. After all, this person had just threatened Yang Jian, saying she would kill both herself and Jiang Yan.

She said nothing and simply performed her duties, serving a cup of tea to Sister Hong before leaving.

"This tea is quite bad, it tastes off. Seems she doesn't like me and used the worst tea leaves to entertain me. A bit petty." Sister Hong picked up the cup, sipped lightly, then commented.

Yang Jian said, "You are an unwelcome guest. It's already quite polite not to spit in your tea."

"True." Sister Hong put down the teacup.

"You timed your visit well. I just handled the Wishing Ghost incident yesterday and managed to take two days off. Yet you showed up today. You must have been watching me for a while, just waiting for the right time to appear." Yang Jian stared at her and said.

Sister Hong smiled faintly, "I didn't deliberately watch you. By appearing at a relatively idle time, you won't be overly hostile. If I appeared during your dealings with supernatural events, you'd probably attack without hesitation."

"You should learn from the owner of that herbal medicine shop, slowly exit the stage and depart, instead of lingering in this world." Yang Jian said.

Sister Hong replied, "Everyone has their own things to do, and I'm no exception. My resurrection isn't a coincidence, but a necessity, planned long ago. There are more than just me swapping bodies. You'll encounter them eventually, and you've already come across one, haven't you?"

"In your hometown, the woman named Yang Yuan, she has lived through three lifetimes."

Yang Jian's gaze slightly shifted, "You really know a lot. Have you been watching me, or is it because of this thing?"

Saying this, he lifted his arm.

A noticeable bracelet on Yang Jian's wrist, originally black, was dyed red as if soaked in blood.

"I didn't expect you to keep it. I thought you'd find a way to remove it." Sister Hong seemed slightly surprised.

Given Yang Jian's abilities, he could now remove this bracelet.

"I can still take it off now." Yang Jian said.

Sister Hong advised, "I suggest you keep it. You'll need it someday. But I didn't come for the bracelet; I've come for something else."

"What is it?" Yang Jian directly asked.

"I need your assistance. The older generation is almost gone. I couldn't find any other acquaintances, so I thought you're the most suitable. After all, you're the most outstanding ghost controller in the supernatural realm nowadays." Sister Hong smiled and said.

Yang Jian said, "I'm not helping. Find someone else. I'm not interested in your affairs."

He refused outright.

"There's compensation; I won't let you help for free." Sister Hong said.

"I'm afraid I'll earn it without having the chance to spend it. Even a top-notch ghost controller from the Republic of China Period like you couldn't handle it. Helping you is essentially seeking death." Yang Jian remained rational and clear-headed.

With some regret, Sister Hong said, "The top-notch ghost controller you mentioned was named Zhang Youhong during the Republic of China Period. In this lifetime, I'm Sister Hong, not the same person; don't confuse us."

"Is there a difference?" Yang Jian asked.

"A big difference. Zhang Youhong lived in the Republic of China while I live now, and I resurrected in Leuk Qingqing's body. Although my consciousness dominates, Leuk Qingqing's memories are mixed with mine, making me neither Zhang Youhong nor Leuk Qingqing, but Sister Hong." Sister Hong explained seriously.

"If there's a third lifetime, I'll be neither Zhang Youhong, nor Leuk Qingqing, nor Sister Hong, but a new identity."

"With each resurrection comes a new identity and person, no longer that original pure Zhang Youhong. But I'm only living my second life, so the differences aren't that evident."

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian seemed thoughtful, grasping Sister Hong's method of continuous living.

Regaining his senses, he noticed Jiang Yan standing in the living room.

Jiang Yan stood there somewhat uneasy, wanting to say something but hesitant to approach and interrupt.

"Is there a problem?" Yang Jian asked.

Jiang Yan quickly said, "It's a call from Liu Xiaoyu. She mentioned an urgent situation at headquarters."

"What urgent situation? The Hungry Ghost incident?" Yang Jian asked.

"No, not the Hungry Ghost incident. Headquarters conveyed that a captain might have met misfortune and was killed." Jiang Yan looked at Sister Hong, seemingly debating whether to mention it.

Sister Hong smiled, "I have no interest in your headquarters' matters."

Yang Jian frowned, "A captain died? Killed by someone? Could it be another conflict between Leuk San and He Yiner?"

He promptly suspected it to be between Leuk San and He Yiner, given they were the only two captains with a major grudge.

"Did Liu Xiaoyu mention which captain died? Just say it; such news won't be hidden for long. Once known, it is known." Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan then said, "Liu Xiaoyu mentioned a captain active abroad, named Zhang Jun."

"Him?" Yang Jian recalled.

This captain didn't attend the last meeting, investigating the King Organization abroad, and was the one who reported the third Coffin Nail message.

"Tell Liu Xiaoyu I'm aware of this matter," Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan nodded and left.

Yang Jian wasn't overly concerned about a captain's death; people dying in the realm of the supernatural wasn't uncommon, nor was losing a captain big news. What mattered to him was the series of changes triggered by the death of this unfamiliar captain.

"Seems I've come at a bad time, another trouble cropped up. Since that's the case, I won't disturb you; see you again next time." Sister Hong rose to leave.

"Sit down."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted, commanding, "I don't like riddles. Since you're here, why not say everything before leaving?"

"You refuse to help; there's no point in saying it." Sister Hong replied, then smiled brightly, "But telling you is fine. I need to take a bus somewhere and need someone to control that bus. If you help, I can tell you how to drive the bus and clean the curse from the red scissors you hold."

"Drive a bus?" Yang Jian was surprised, not expecting Sister Hong wanted him as a driver.

Thinking it through, it made sense.

The supernatural bus driver isn't easy to be, and few in the realm meet the requirements.

Even Yang Jian didn't know if he could drive the supernatural bus.

"No wonder you feel you have reason to convince me. The weight of the supernatural bus is indeed heavy." Yang Jian wasn't as firm in his refusal and was somewhat tempted.

If he could learn to drive the supernatural bus, it wouldn't just be a small help.

Not to mention, Sister Hong offered a way to clean the curse from Ghost Scissors.

Seeing Yang Jian's attitude shift, Sister Hong added, "Driving the supernatural bus is risky, but I believe you can handle it. Moreover, this is a golden opportunity for you, isn't it? None of the new ghost controllers can be the bus driver. If you accomplish it, you'll determine the era's direction, marking a new age for you in the future."

"You're tempting me, but my trust in you isn't high. You need to tell me how to remove the Ghost Scissors' curse first to show your sincerity." Yang Jian said.

"I can do that; does that mean you agree?" Sister Hong smiled.

Yang Jian said, "It depends on whether your method is true."

Sister Hong didn't hide it, "The method is simple. Wash the scissors in the blood pool on the outskirts, and all the curses intertwined with them will vanish."

"That simple?" Yang Jian frowned.

Sister Hong smiled and said, "Yes, that simple."

Chapter 1392 - The 10 O'Clock Appointment

In the outskirts of Dachang City, next to a closed highway, there exists a Blood Pool formed by gathered blood, which affects the surrounding environment, dyeing everything in the area red.

And as time goes by, the area stained by this blood continues to expand.

However, the speed of this spread is too slow; even after a year, it has only affected an area of about three kilometers around.

Moreover, since the Blood Pool cannot move, the impact of this supernatural event is very small. However, just to be safe, Yang Jian still sealed off the area and relocated the residents of nearby scattered villages.

"Back when Yan Li's ghost was about to revive, in order not to affect Dachang City, he purposely drove away from the city. Eventually, on the road, he couldn't withstand it, and the ghost revived. The vehicle then crashed off the highway into the wild, and this Blood Pool was formed after Yan Li's death."

At this moment, Yang Jian stood on the sealed highway, recalling past events in his mind, remembering the stories between him and Yan Li.

But now is not the time for reflection and reminiscence.

He walked off the highway and strode toward the nearby Blood Pool.

The blood-red soil was very moist, stepping on it felt like sinking, and with each step, the soil would squeeze out fresh blood. The air around was filled with a thick smell of blood.

In this area irrigated by blood, the wild grass and trees grew very lush, as if these plants had absorbed enough nutrients from the blood.

Yet, under the supernatural influence, these trees and grasses were all a scarlet hue, looking very unusual.

Yang Jian at this moment passed by a tree, glanced at it, and saw the outlines of eerie human faces emerging on the tree trunk. These faces did not have clear features and were not fully grown, but the general shape could already be recognized. If this tree continues to grow, it might actually become a fully-fledged human face tree.

However, this tree posed no danger, it was just the supernatural influence altering its growth.

"Splash!"

Suddenly, a loud splash sounded, as if something was startled by Yang Jian's arrival. A huge shadow flickered from the red grass and directly plunged into the Blood Pool.

Ripples formed in the Blood Pool, but quickly returned to calm.

Yang Jian opened his Ghost Eye, trying to peek at the anomalies near the Blood Pool.

But the wild grass near the Blood Pool swayed, blocking the view of the Ghost Eye, making it impossible to see what was hidden among the grass.

"Has absorbing too much Ghost Blood given even the wild grass some supernatural power? If all these grasses were pulled out, they could definitely be made into supernatural tools, but even so, it can't stop my investigation."

The next moment.

Within the range of Yang Jian's Ghost Eye, a few threads of flickering Ghost Flame started to appear.

Pale green Ghost Flames emerged, the flames engulfing a patch of red wild grass before the Ghost Eye's vision was no longer obstructed.

Yang Jian, at this moment, saw that hidden in the grass near the Blood Pool were many terrifying corpses. These corpses looked as if they had been skinned, bloody, and still moving, even several Blood Corpses could be seen quickly crawling among the grass.

However, the appearance of the Ghost Flame disturbed these Blood Corpses. One by one, the Blood Corpses quickly traversed the grass and then rushed toward the Blood Pool.

Accompanied by splashes, these Blood Corpses dived into the Blood Pool one after another like dumplings and quickly vanished.

"Leave one behind." Yang Jian's Ghost Eye moved slightly, Ghost Flame enveloped and blocked the path of one Blood Corpse, surrounding it completely.

The Blood Corpse tried to escape beyond the Ghost Flame's blockade but quickly recoiled as though scalded.

Yet the Ghost Flame did not burn.

The blood on the Blood Corpse seemed to have some kind of special supernatural power capable of resisting the burning of the Ghost Flame.

The Blood Corpse continued to crawl swiftly on the ground, eerie and sinister, but Yang Jian quickly stepped out from the flames.

A charred hand covered, almost covering the entire Blood Corpse.

When dealing with such mysterious corpses from the Blood Pool, Yang Jian didn't need to go all out; just using the Ghost Hand's supernatural power should suffice.

But unexpectedly.

Faced with the suppression of the Ghost Hand, the Blood Corpse did not fall silent and continued to struggle, only the Ghost Hand was too numerous, binding it so tightly that the Blood Corpse couldn't break free.

"The Ghost Hand has the power to suppress evil spirits, almost like a weakened version of the Coffin Nail. This corpse, derived from the supernatural, should go silent upon contact, yet it failed against this Blood Corpse." Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly, and he approached to investigate.

The Blood Corpse struggled and wriggled, but surrounded by too many Ghost Hands, it was still subdued.

"Ghost Flame cannot ignite, Ghost Hand cannot suppress, this seemingly weak Blood Corpse has the potential to resist top-level supernatural powers. Indeed, the supernatural power circle cannot be easily ranked, it depends on the characteristics of the supernatural force."

Upon examination, Yang Jian discovered that this Blood Corpse was a corpse that had died some time ago and transformed.

After the corpse had been soaked in too much Ghost Blood, it underwent some kind of change, awakening after death and becoming this neither human nor ghost Ghost Slave.

Meanwhile, this Blood Corpse also possessed the characteristics of Ghost Blood, able to negate supernatural powers.

"Sister Hong was right, if Ghost Blood has these characteristics, it could potentially cleanse the curse from the Ghost Scissors. But how did she know about the Ghost Scissors and Ghost Blood? She's alone,

without the intelligence network of headquarters, and couldn't possibly monitor me all the time. Or, did she use the Ghost Scissors and also had contact with Ghost Blood before?"

Yang Jian speculated in his heart.

Then he released the Blood Corpse.

The bloody corpse crawled swiftly, weaving through the grass, and in the blink of an eye plunged back into the Blood Pool.

"Didn't choose to attack me? Did I not trigger the ghost's killing pattern?" Yang Jian, with some doubts, continued forward.

He crossed the red grass, dispersed the Blood Corpses hidden nearby, and soon he reached the Blood Pool's side.

However, Yang Jian did not get too close, still harboring some fear in his heart.

He paused to observe for a while.

Yang Jian didn't discover anything special either, the Blood Pool could not be seen through with the Ghost Eye; he had no idea what was inside, only felt it resembled an unfathomable abyss. Falling into it would likely result in eternal doom, worse than sinking into the Ghost Lake.

"Now is not the time to deal with this Blood Pool, my trip here is to cleanse the curse on the Ghost Scissors."

Yang Jian did not forget his purpose for coming here.

At this moment, he took out the Ghost Scissors.

The old scissors were wrapped with black hair, spotted with uncleanable filth.

Arriving beside the Blood Pool, confirming nothing unusual, Yang Jian placed the Ghost Scissors into the Blood Pool.

After the ghost scissors were soaked in the blood pool, they immediately underwent a new transformation. The filth on the ghost scissors began to dissipate rapidly, and even the hair wrapped around them loosened and fell off. At the same time, black stains scattered everywhere, but before these stains could pollute the blood pool, they were completely erased by the surrounding blood.

"I can feel that the curse on it has indeed dissipated."

Yang Jian held the ghost scissors. At this moment, there were no changes before his eyes. If it had been as before, with the curse entangled, terrifying supernatural phenomena would surely occur around him.

After some cleansing, he felt it was about time, and the filth on the ghost scissors had been cleaned completely; all the curses had disappeared.

When Yang Jian picked up the ghost scissors again, a dramatic change occurred in these eerie scissors.

The hair previously wrapped around the scissors was gone, and the filth had vanished. Instead, ghost blood had covered the scissors as if painted with a layer of red paint, turning the ghost scissors entirely into a pair of red scissors.

This red color could not be washed away; even when the ghost blood on them disappeared, the ghost scissors remained crimson.

Perhaps, this was the true form of the ghost scissors, and previously they appeared filthy due to being tainted with too many curses and stains.

"Success."

Yang Jian checked them, confirming there were no problems.

However, he knew that this method of cleansing curses was only a temporary solution. If he continued to use the ghost scissors, they would surely get contaminated with new curses again, forcing him to return to the blood pool later for cleansing.

But having a solution was a good thing; if the curses on the ghost scissors continued to accumulate, even Yang Jian wouldn't dare to easily use this supernatural item.

Having achieved this goal, he planned to leave and return to Guanjiang Residential Complex.

After all, Sister Hong was still there waiting for his response.

However, at this moment, Yang Jian suddenly sensed something, and he raised his head to look at the center of the blood pool.

In the center of the blood pool, the blood was churning and bubbling, as if something was trying to rise from it.

"Did cleansing so many curses at once disturb the fierce ghost in the blood pool?" Yang Jian put away the ghost scissors and slowly stepped back several paces.

However, his retreat did not affect the anomaly in the blood pool.

Not wanting to be entangled by the fierce ghost in the blood pool, he directly used the Ghost Domain, leaving the red area and arriving at the nearby highway.

"Let's observe for a bit; if nothing abnormal happens, then leave."

He wasn't in a hurry to return to Guanjiang Residential Complex because he worried an accident might occur with the blood pool, so he lingered for a moment.

But after the blood pool churned for a while, nothing else happened.

Not wanting to waste time there, Yang Jian observed for a while longer and thought it probably wouldn't matter, then withdrew and left. Before leaving, he called Liu Xiaoyu and asked her to have someone remotely monitor the area and report any updates.

After all, supernatural matters cannot be taken lightly.

Soon.

He returned home.

Sister Hong hadn't left; she was still sitting on the sofa drinking tea, patiently waiting for Yang Jian to verify the effect of the blood pool.

"Your information was correct, the blood pool indeed cleansed the curse from the ghost scissors."

Yang Jian strode in from outside, took out the blood-red ghost scissors, and placed them on the coffee table. "I want to know if you've used these ghost scissors before, otherwise how could you know so much about this supernatural item?"

Sister Hong smiled and set down the teacup, then said, "You're right, I have indeed used these scissors before, so I know a bit. But don't you find it odd that the blood pool is red, the scissors are red, and even that cabinet that haunts you is red?"

"What do you know?" Yang Jian asked immediately.

He knew very well the resemblance between the blood in the pool and the blood flowing from the Ghost Cabinet, and that when Yan Li became a ghost handler, it was in Dachang City that he acquired that drop of ghost blood.

Yang Jian long suspected that the drop of blood Yan Li obtained came from the Ghost Cabinet unexpectedly.

"Once this matter concludes, I might consider telling you," Sister Hong maintained her usual persona, unwilling to explain things clearly, intentionally keeping others guessing.

This is probably a woman's nature; no medicine shop owner is straightforward.

"So if I don't agree to be your driver, I'll never be able to learn of this matter from you?" Yang Jian said.

Sister Hong smiled silently, simply saying, "Rest assured, it's just a trip, I won't ask you to do anything else. It's a small matter for you, just like telling you about cleansing the curses on the ghost scissors, which is also a triviality. However, those little things are significant for each of us in the eyes of others."

"Cooperation is mutually beneficial; I believe people in today's society understand these four words better than I do."

Yang Jian pondered for a moment: "You want me to drive that supernatural bus and take you somewhere?"

"It's a secret; you'll naturally know when you reach the destination." Sister Hong placed her fair fingers before her scarlet lips and shushed.

"I want to be back by midnight to rest, if there's no problem, I can agree to take you on a trip." Yang Jian thought for a moment and finally didn't refuse.

After all, Sister Hong was indeed correct; mutual benefits are key.

He could gain experience driving the supernatural bus from this too.

"Around ten o'clock, the supernatural bus will pass through Dachang City. If all goes well, you should be back in an hour or so," Sister Hong said, understanding that Yang Jian didn't want to spend too much time with her.

Yang Jian said, "Fine, hope you don't play any tricks."

"How could I? Rest assured, finding a bus driver in the supernatural circle isn't easy. We might have more opportunities for cooperation in the future," Sister Hong said.

Without replying, Yang Jian said, "Now that the time is still early, if there's nothing else, you can leave. I'll be there around ten."

"How heartless; you're already chasing me away? I thought you might keep me here for a few days. Oh well, I'm a pitiful woman destined to wander rootless, making a home everywhere," Sister Hong laughed but stood up.

Yang Jian didn't speak, only watched as Sister Hong swayed her graceful steps, humming an old melody from the Republic era, slowly leaving.

"If I were to really make a move, could I take her down?"

He contemplated this question.

After all, Sister Hong was a genuine ghost handler from the Republic era, and she was part of a group with Zhang Dong and Luo Qian, those old monsters.

Anyone mingling in that circle couldn't possibly be weak.

Moreover, the rebirth of Sister Hong had been a while, so how many pieces of her past supernatural powers had she regained?

Chapter 1393 - Contact Information

The city's nights are most comfortable this season.

A cool evening breeze swept the streets, with more pedestrians out for a stroll.

But in a certain part of the city, a woman in a red qipao, graceful in figure and charming in appearance, stood quietly by a secluded intersection, not moving, as if waiting for something.

The evening wind tousled the woman's black hair.

Under the dim streetlights, her pale skin seemed almost sickly, as if devoid of blood.

"Hey beauty, are you alone? Where do you want to go, I'll give you a ride?"

A car passed on the road and stopped temporarily by the roadside. The window rolled down, and a young man called out.

He had a look of admiration in his eyes, as such a beauty was a rare sight for him. Even small talk with such a woman would be something to boast about later.

"No need, the place I'm going isn't somewhere you can take me," Sister Hong said with a slight, teasing smile.

Upon hearing this, the young man confidently declared, "How could there be a place a car can't reach? Beauty, as long as you say the word, I'll take you there, even if it's another city, and I won't charge you a penny."

Sister Hong continued to smile and refused politely, "I've already found a driver who will take me there, so I won't trouble you."

"Beauty, if your driver isn't here yet, why not hop in my car first?" The young man eagerly persisted, hoping to chat more with the alluring woman in the red qipao.

Sister Hong shook her head, "That's not possible. This driver is very important. If I miss him, there won't be another chance. I appreciate your kindness, but you should leave quickly, or there will be trouble."

Reluctantly, the young man had to leave.

But just after that car left, other vehicles also stopped by the roadside as they passed, warmly greeting Sister Hong and offering to buy her a drink.

Sister Hong seemed very patient, still wearing a smile and politely declining.

One after another approached her, yet Sister Hong was tireless, even accumulating a few bottles of drinks and small gifts.

She was too eye-catching.

Especially with her graceful figure in the qipao, drawing the passionate gaze of any man.

But who would have thought that beneath the red qipao was not a living body, but a cold Puppet Person?

However, most men only saw the beautiful exterior, paying no heed to the horror hidden beneath the qipao.

Around 9:50 or so.

Yang Jian arrived as agreed, appearing out of nowhere on the pedestrian path near the intersection, and then walked unhurriedly to the corner, where he stopped.

Sister Hong stood across the road, smiling at him, "You're right on time."

"How much longer until that bus comes?" Yang Jian asked.

"About five more minutes," Sister Hong estimated.

Yang Jian spoke, "Let me make it clear: I only promised to take you to the destination. After this is done, I will drive the supernatural bus away. It's your business how you escape afterward; I won't wait for you."

Sister Hong shook her head, "That won't do. You should know I need someone to drive the bus because I want someone to control it. If it were just about getting to a location, I could drive the supernatural bus myself and wouldn't need your help, so you must wait for me for a while."

"The risk of waiting is too great. Your offer isn't enough for me to take that risk unless you pay more, and I might consider it." Yang Jian said with a calm expression.

"You're sure a greedy person. I'm homeless and alone now. Do you really have the heart to charge me?" Sister Hong said softly.

Yang Jian replied coldly, "The fact that I'm willing to make this trip already gives you face. Do you think I don't know how dangerous this trip is? Now you're haggling with me; then go find someone else. I don't care to make this trip."

Sister Hong sighed, "It seems like every era is the same; without money, you can't move a step. It's not that I don't want to pay you; it's just that I don't have anything worthwhile to give you. Besides, ordinary

supernatural items wouldn't catch your eye. If it really doesn't work, I'll offer myself to you. I'm homeless anyway, and would like to have a good home. What do you think?"

Yang Jian remained silent, watching her performance from across the street.

He even suspected that Zhang Youhong was a performer before becoming a ghost handler, maybe even a famous leading lady.

"What a boring person you are, you money-grubber. Since you love money so much, here, take this Copper Coin." Sister Hong, seeing Yang Jian's lack of reaction, helplessly took out an old copper coin from the sleeve of her qipao and tossed it over.

The copper coin flew across the air, over the road, and landed accurately in Yang Jian's hand.

Yang Jian felt the old copper coin in his hand, sensing a chill emanating from it.

No doubt, it was a supernatural item.

"What does it do?" Yang Jian didn't look at it further and asked directly.

The most important aspect of a supernatural item isn't its appearance, but its function.

Sister Hong smiled, "I'll tell you when I return."

"A single supernatural item isn't worth risking my life for you. I'll wait for you for ten minutes at most at the destination. After ten minutes, I will leave," Yang Jian said seriously.

"No, that's too short," Sister Hong said.

Yang Jian replied, "You gave me this Copper Coin without revealing its use. The fact that I'm willing to wait ten minutes is already quite good. When the supernatural bus stops, even regular ghost handlers can't last three minutes, let alone ten. My willingness to wait for you for ten minutes is already a fair price, worthy of what you're offering."

"Aren't you afraid that I'll trick you? Women can be very petty," Sister Hong smiled again.

Yang Jian replied, "Then you'd better make sure to kill me when you trick me. If you fail, it'll be you who dies. I'll drop everything and gather all the team captains from headquarters to hunt you down. Even though you're a ghost handler from the Republic of China Period, you can't withstand the top experts of this era gathered against you."

He wasn't afraid of threats, maintaining a tough attitude.

Being strong would evoke fear, while constant compromise would only make one seem weak and easy to bully.

"You certainly don't respect the elderly. Our older generation of ghost handlers sacrificed everything to deal with supernatural incidents, but now, when we ask the younger generation for a little help, it's so troublesome. I don't even know if my past decisions were right or wrong," Sister Hong said.

"Your help requires people's lives; no one is that generous to risk their lives for a stranger. But since you brought up the sacrifices of the older generations for handling supernatural events, fine, I'll give face to you seniors and add another five minutes, a maximum of fifteen minutes," Yang Jian said coldly.

Sister Hong was about to speak.

At that moment, on a nearby street, a bus appeared out of nowhere, unexpectedly driving silently on the road.

It's here!

The conversation between the two immediately ended, and they simultaneously looked at the bus.

The bus was slowing down, and although there was no stop by the road, it parked at the roadside.

"Just fifteen minutes, I agree with you, you stingy fellow. Now the bus is here, there's no time to chat with you, we have to get on." Sister Hong said.

"Good talk."

Yang Jian extended his hand, and a long red spear appeared out of nowhere in his grip. Though he had taken the supernatural bus several times, he always made thorough preparations each time.

The next moment.

The bus slowly opened its door, but this time only the boarding door opened, while the off-boarding door remained closed.

This meant that on the supernatural bus in Dachang City, one could only get on, not off.

Sister Hong immediately boarded the bus.

But the number indicating passengers on the bus flickered and jumped from 7 to 8.

The number represents the ghosts inside the bus.

This meant Sister Hong was deemed a fierce ghost once she got on the supernatural bus.

"It's indeed quite lively." Sister Hong said with a smile, and then found an empty seat to sit down.

"You must be joking, the person who got on at this stop is human? But the number clearly changed just now, suggesting this woman in the qipao is a ghost."

There were other passengers on the bus, but none of them were ordinary people; they were ghost controllers on the brink of ghostly resurrection, watching Sister Hong board with uncertain surprise, seemingly seeing this situation for the first time.

But soon after.

Yang Jian also boarded, and the number inside the bus changed again, turning from eight to nine.

"The number changed again, did another ghost get on? No, it's not a ghost. Damn it, it's ghost-eye Yang Jian; how come he's on the bus?" Someone became agitated the instant they saw Yang Jian board.

Most of them were independent ghost controllers who hadn't joined the headquarters due to the lack of methods to delay ghostly resurrection, hence opting to gamble on the supernatural bus ride.

These people did not join the headquarters not due to high-mindedness, but because most of them had unclean hands, having committed crimes, and couldn't join the headquarters even if they wanted to.

That's why they feared the headquarters' captain, worried that their secrets might get exposed and then killed by the captain.

"Every time, there's some fearless ghost controller rushing to the bus. Last time, all the ghost controllers on the journey died, now it's a new batch again." Yang Jian glanced briefly but didn't pay much attention, directly heading to the driver's seat.

The driver's seat was currently empty; the corpse that was seated there last time had vanished.

Even when the bus was full, no one dared to sit in this driver's seat.

Because this seat isn't prepared for passengers but for the driver.

"Obviously, there are plenty of empty seats; Yang Jian directly headed to the driver's seat. He and that woman in the red qipao aren't just on the bus to delay ghostly resurrection; there's something else. This isn't good, a headquarters captain is on a mission, and we're caught up in it."

Seeing this, someone's heart started to harbor doubts.

But regardless of what anyone on the bus thought.

The supernatural bus soon started, continued moving, and finally vanished into thin air on the streets of Dachang City.

"The bus stops in reality for too brief a time. Even appearing in Dachang City, I still couldn't immediately notice. To get on the bus, one must either know the route map or intentionally stake it out; otherwise, it's hard to encounter it."

Yang Jian saw that the scenery outside had already changed; he knew he had departed from reality.

Glancing at Sister Hong.

Without a doubt, Sister Hong knew the supernatural bus's route map. Even without anyone driving it, the bus would operate according to a specific trajectory.

"Driving the supernatural bus involves dealing with the supernatural. Last time I took over, you said you'd teach me to drive; I hope you can tell me something different this time." Yang Jian said.

Sister Hong smiled: "If the supernatural bus were so simple, that'd be great. You simply forcibly controlled part of the bus with strong methods, but that doesn't mean you can drive it. Driving this supernatural bus requires qualification, and without that, recklessly operating it could lead to misfortune."

"Even though strength is key, the method is equally important."

"Tell me, what's the qualification for the supernatural bus all about," Yang Jian continued to ask.

Sister Hong replied: "Do you feel comfortable sitting where you are now?"

Yang Jian frowned: "The driver's seat is different; is there something special about it?"

He had long known that aside from the driver's seat which had a soft cushion, all other seats were hard wooden boards.

"Why don't you tear open the seat and have a look?" Sister Hong suggested.

Yang Jian hesitated, but with Sister Hong's reminder, he felt the driver's seat was abnormal. Nonetheless, to uncover the truth, he raised his red spear and swung it, slicing the seat open.

Instantly, his face changed dramatically.

Inside the seat was a hidden corpse, rather plump and fleshed, embedded perfectly like a meat cushion.

"The corpse hasn't decayed over time and remains supple; this isn't an ordinary corpse, it's a ghost."

Yang Jian's face darkened.

He had been sitting atop a ghost just now, separated only by a thick layer of cloth.

Sister Hong smiled: "You've seen it; the seat is different from the others because it hides a ghost. No one can fully control the supernatural bus; the true controller is the ghost inside. The so-called bus driver is connected to the ghost, manipulating the bus through it."

"Of course, you can forcefully manipulate it. Though the effect is similar, such imprudent actions can't last long. After a few times, the fierce ghost within the seat will resurrect, and then the bus will chase you down."

"Trust me, even if your powers are decent, you won't want to face this bus."

Sister Hong's words were still filled with dread for the bus.

"How do you establish contact with the ghost?" Yang Jian asked.

He understood that contacting the ghost was what Sister Hong referred to as the qualification.

Chapter 1394 - A Familiar Stop

Yang Jian and Sister Hong discussed together, revealing the terrifying secrets of this supernatural bus.

Their conversation was not hidden from others, and everyone on the bus heard them.

But these secrets were useless to them; even if they understood some of the bus's secrets, it wouldn't matter because they hadn't solved the problem of the ghost's resurrection. They didn't know life or death, so knowing more was futile.

"So, what's the method to establish contact and become the driver?" Yang Jian asked.

Sister Hong didn't hesitate and straightforwardly said, "It's simple, just put your hand near that corpse's mouth and let it bite you. Once it bites you, it'll recognize you as part of the bus, allowing you to control the bus without attracting the ghost's attention."

"However, even if you establish contact, it won't lower the difficulty of operating the bus. Successfully controlling the vehicle depends on the amount of supernatural you possess. To be honest, I'm not entirely confident in you, but you're the most outstanding in the current supernatural circle. If even you can't manage it, then others surely can't either."

Yang Jian continued to ask, "What price do I pay if I become the bus driver? I don't want to be trapped on this bus forever."

"The scenario you're afraid of won't happen. From now on, you'll sense the bus's presence, which should be beneficial to you." Sister Hong paused and looked out the window.

A stop for the supernatural bus had arrived.

It was an unfamiliar stop, a place Yang Jian had never seen before.

Outside the window was darkness, surrounded by endless wilderness filled with dry yellow weeds, and the platform was set on a dirt road in this wilderness.

"No particular danger has appeared." Yang Jian glanced at it but didn't pay much attention to the stop.

However, the supernatural bus still opened the door at this stop, but this time, it was the exit door, indicating a ghost needed to get off at this stop, beneficial for the ghost-tamers on the bus.

As expected.

A ghost stirred and got off the bus.

The ghost was dressed in tattered clothes, but its body was slightly bloated, and it wore a hat made of woven wild grass, resembling an old farmer.

Once off the bus, the ghost walked without stopping toward the endless wilderness, then stood motionless in it.

Quickly.

The bus reactivated and resumed its journey.

As Yang Jian looked back at the ghost in the wilderness again, its figure had already vanished.

Sister Hong seemed to recognize this wilderness, she gazed at it for a while before slowly withdrawing her gaze.

"Great, the ghost is off, so the bus is safer now. With Yang Jian and that woman in the cheongsam, there are only six ghosts left on the bus." Someone sighed with relief and felt fortunate.

Yang Jian no longer cared about the number of ghosts on the bus. He could manually adjust the number, which only these newcomers feared.

His only concern was how long to stay in this supernatural world.

"How many stops do you have left? I'm not planning to establish contact and become the driver immediately." Yang Jian continued.

"Four more stops." Sister Hong smiled.

Yang Jian nodded, "Alright, I'll act after the third stop."

Saying this, he covered the corpse on the seat like someone unaffected and sat down, forcing himself to adapt to the situation despite the uneasiness in his heart, as he would have to sit on this ghost once he became the driver.

The supernatural bus continued, and the scenery outside changed, no longer an incomprehensible supernatural place but a bustling city, with bright lights everywhere, and even pedestrians walking on the road not far away, indicating this stop was within a real city.

After traveling through the city for a while, the bus began to decelerate.

"This stop is reality, a good opportunity. I can get off here and definitely shouldn't travel with ghost-eyed Yang Jian. His missions are always fraught with danger; although my time on the bus hasn't been long, it has delayed the ghost's resurrection somewhat. Leaving now means survival."

Someone looking at the scenery outside suddenly had the thought of getting off.

And there were more than one ghost-tamer with this idea; several exchanged glances signaling the same intention.

Yang Jian's intimidation was daunting, and he was to drive the bus to take the woman in the cheongsam somewhere, a venture not meant for them. If they didn't leave now, they might not get another chance at the next stop.

"The moment the door opens, rush out."

These individuals watched the door intently, secretly prepared.

The supernatural bus stopped at a platform next to a road in this bustling city.

The platform was a regular bus station, not a supernatural stop, yet the bus halted.

Sister Hong laughed and explained, "If a regular platform location doesn't change for a long time, it highly likely attracts the supernatural bus to stop there because this ghost's judgment on stops isn't one-hundred-percent accurate; sometimes it mixes them up."

"Is that so?"

Yang Jian immediately understood why the supernatural bus stopped near a real-world platform.

It turns out the supernatural bus confuses stops between the supernatural land and real-world ones, like a program running for too long occasionally producing errors.

Soon,

The doors of the supernatural bus opened; this time, both the front boarding door and the exit door opened.

"Now's the time, leave the bus, return to reality."

In this moment, five or six ghost-tamers moved, leaving their seats to rush toward the exit door. Once they leave the supernatural bus, they'd be safe, free from upcoming dangers.

"Boom!"

Just as someone reached the door, the bus door closed suddenly and unreasonably.

"What's happening? The door closed again?"

These individuals froze momentarily.

But quickly, they reacted, all looking at Yang Jian on the driver's seat.

"Yang Jian, was it you? Why did you close the exit door, we haven't provoked you, you mind your business while we seek ours, we don't interfere with each other."

A man with several rotting spots on his face gritted his teeth and asked loudly.

Others also stared at Yang Jian, wishing to tear him apart if they weren't overpowered.

They dared to ride such a horrifying supernatural bus to survive; fear of a team leader wasn't an issue.

"If you get off and enter the city in your condition, you'll eventually trigger supernatural events due to ghost resurrection. Keeping you on the bus reduces many troubles outside, so stay on the bus and don't think of escaping midway." Yang Jian remained calm, spoke indifferently.

"Yang Jian, you're overreaching, which eye of yours sees me dying from ghost resurrection? I can live for at least three months in this state, during which I can find other ways to survive. What you're doing now is cutting off our paths."

The man with the rotting face showed a few crazed looks in his eyes.

"Yang Jian, open the door, let us leave, and we'll stay clear of each other's paths, how about it?" another ghost-tamer suggested.

Yang Jian said, "You're not the head of headquarters; I can't trust your words. Besides, I know better than anyone what desperate ghost-tamers might do. So accompany me through this journey and get off afterwards, but this stop, you can't leave. If you insist on fighting, fine then, let's battle here, if you can kill me, do as you please."

Yang Jian stood up slowly, holding a red long spear.

And then, everyone fell silent, the bus engulfed in brief tranquility.

Fight Yang Jian?

Don't be silly; he's the fiercest in the domestic supernatural circle. To them, every head of headquarters is revered, they're meant to stay far away if encountered, who dares challenge them?

"If you don't dare fight, get back to your seats." Yang Jian coldly commanded.

The others struggled with their expressions, unsure of what to do.

"Sit back down, or you'll die."

Yang Jian shouted again, striking the ground heavily with the spear in his hand.

The entire bus shook, even the lights inside flickered ominously. Some terrifying suppression had influenced the ghostly bus, as if it couldn't withstand Yang Jian's fury.

The ghost tamers' hearts tightened in fear, not daring to hesitate any longer. They immediately turned and returned to their seats.

Even the leading man didn't dare to oppose and shrank back submissively.

Everyone knew that if they really didn't sit back down, Yang Jian would kill them all in one go. He had the audacity and the ability to do so.

"Despite no actual action, I can feel my heart racing. This Yang Jian is definitely more terrifying than imagined. It's only been a little over a year since he became a ghost tamer, less than two years. How did he become this frightening?" Someone said as they sat back down, clenching their fists tightly, and couldn't help but tremble all over.

Only when truly facing Yang Jian can one feel that sense of despair and oppression.

Although they were both ghost tamers, they weren't on the same level at all.

Under Yang Jian's cold gaze, the bus stop time had already passed.

Because of his control, no one got on or off at this stop.

"Why such a temper? Isn't letting them go a good thing? Saves trouble later." Sister Hong said with a smile, "After the resurrection of the supernatural, things will only get more serious. These few people are insignificant in the face of the changing times. You don't have enough weight to be a paste maker."

Yang Jian glanced and said, "A paste maker? Maybe, but what can be done about it?"

Sister Hong sighed softly, "Yes, what can be done? Which capable person doesn't want to change this world?"

She fell into memories again, recalling the past.

Yang Jian didn't say much, continuing to turn and sit down.

The ghost bus continued to move on to the next stop.

If starting from Dachang City, the first stop was the eerie wilderness, the second stop was the real city, and now they were on the way to the third stop, while the place Sister Hong mentioned was at the sixth stop.

Soon.

The fourth stop arrived; this stop was familiar to Yang Jian, as he had been here before, at the entrance of an abandoned village.

At this stop, a ghost wanted to get on, but Yang Jian closed the door and directly refused it.

So the number of ghosts on the bus remained at seven.

This number deducted Yang Jian and Sister Hong, so there were actually five ghosts on the bus.

At present, the number of ghosts in the compartment was not significant, nor was it particularly dangerous.

When it reached the fifth stop, the ghost bus arrived at a special place.

This was an old forest that seemed endless.

"This is... the old forest near the haunted house." Yang Jian remembered that when he was delivering a letter, the ghost bus had broken down near the old forest.

This time, the bus didn't break down and smoothly arrived at this stop.

If you got off here and walked along the path in the forest, you could eventually reach that haunted house.

There, Yang Jian and a group experienced the thrilling seventh day, nearly facing annihilation inside.

This stop's situation was somewhat unexpected.

The bus had just stopped steadily, and strange, terrifying figures emerged from the old forest, in large numbers, at a quick glance at least twenty or thirty.

These fearful figures surrounded the bus, ready to board at any moment.

"Yang Jian, don't let these ghosts get on the bus. There are too many, once the door opens, the bus will immediately be full." A ghost tamer said, voice trembling.

"In the end, it still lost control." Sister Hong, supporting her head, looked at the old forest outside and muttered to herself.

Without the maintenance and management of Old Lin at the haunted house, after some time, the ghosts in the old forest still drifted out, and their numbers increased.

The ghosts kept surging towards the bus, surrounding the vehicle entirely; without the protection of the ghost bus, everyone on board would face an attack from the fierce ghosts.

"It seems like I need to become the driver earlier; I can't let this ghost bus run amok any longer, I don't want to revisit old haunts."

Yang Jian was not careless; with a cold face, he reached into the seat.

Soon after, he felt a burst of pain as if something had bitten him.

When he withdrew his hand, a chunk of flesh was missing from his arm, with a row of neat bite marks imprinted on it.

"Before, you hit me like this; now do the same to them, knock them all away and drive the bus out." Sister Hong instructed.

Yang Jian, now back in the driver's seat, felt as if he had become one with the bus, with an indescribable connection, as if he instinctively knew how to drive this vehicle without anyone teaching him, like someone around was continuously guiding and instructing him.

"No need for your nagging." Yang Jian grasped the steering wheel and then stepped on the accelerator.

This was not an ordinary vehicle; driving it was challenging.

The steering wheel was heavy and difficult to turn, the accelerator seemed to be stuck, and although Yang Jian exerted force, its impact was minimal—the stationary vehicle only moved forward slowly, without immediately accelerating.

"Indeed, you're still too forced." Sister Hong looked at Yang Jian and doubted whether she had overestimated his abilities.

"Noisy." Yang Jian retorted coldly.

Then, the eerie of Ghost Lake manifested, even the ghost bus couldn't fully suppress this supernatural force.

Wet feet once again pressed the accelerator, and at this moment, he felt the obstacle suddenly diminish.

The ghost bus roared, accelerating suddenly and charging forward.

The ghosts blocking the way had no time to react before being knocked flying, then rolling to the ground with no further movement.

This scene was reminiscent of when Yang Jian was hit by Old Qin driving the ghost bus, a sensation only those who had been struck could truly understand.

Sister Hong laughed immediately upon seeing this; it seemed Yang Jian was indeed a qualified driver.

The other ghost tamers on the bus also breathed a sigh of relief, feeling fortunate.

"Bang!"

The fierce ghosts blocking the ghost bus's path were knocked away one after another. Yang Jian steered the bus along the path through the forest, attempting to escape here as quickly as possible.

Compared to the fierce ghosts in the forest, he was more worried about the old man from the haunted house wandering out.

The ghost bus sped up more and more, weaving through continuously.

Although the path was muddy, the bus was powerful and unstoppable, sometimes a path suitable for driving would appear out of thin air under the bus's headlights, ensuring there were no situations where there was no way to go.

This didn't happen.

"The feeling of controlling the ghost bus is quite good." Yang Jian took a deep breath.

This feeling was like driving an omnipotent machine, capable of freely running in supernatural realms, with nothing to stop him.

Among so many supernatural items, Yang Jian absolutely believed that this bus was the most powerful supernatural item so far.

Even when faced with a fierce ghost, he could step on the accelerator and knock the ghost aside, putting it into hibernation.

And the ghosts couldn't break into the bus to attack him.

"Leaving this thing here is too wasteful, so this time I'll just take it with me." Yang Jian immediately had this thought in his mind.

Chapter 1395 - Sister Hong Gets Off the Bus

Yang Jian had an idea to take control of the supernatural bus. He thought that rather than letting it go unchecked, it would be better to have it under his control. After all, the supernatural bus no longer had a driver. Although the bus was still in operation and could be of some use, it also posed corresponding risks.

There are pros and cons.

"Whether the bus can be taken away depends on the subsequent impact. You can't destroy an already fragile balance because of personal thoughts. You can only try to use it a few times experimentally first."

Even though Yang Jian had the idea, he wasn't impulsive and thought it would be better to be more cautious first.

The bus continued to move forward, and after passing the initial danger, this Old Lin could no longer stop them.

Everything went smoothly.

The bus finally drove out of this Old Lin.

Outside, although it was still dark, there was none of the oppressive feeling brought by the Old Lin, which made many people on the bus breathe a sigh of relief.

"It drove out smoothly. Human-driven supernatural bus can smoothly traverse the supernatural lands, which is a great advantage. Damn, if only I could drive that bus."

Someone who saw this scene felt envious and jealous inside.

But this thought could only remain a thought. Not to mention that the one driving the bus was now Yang Jian, even if that position was left vacant, there was no way to drive it.

It's not that ghost handlers haven't tried, but it's simply impossible for them.

"You don't need to control the bus all the time, it's too burdensome for anyone. You just need to control it a little at critical times." Sister Hong started advising.

Yang Jian wasn't the type to ignore advice or act recklessly. He immediately nodded and said: "I see, if that's the case, the energy spent driving this bus will be much less. Long-term driving isn't impossible."

He let go of his hands and released his feet.

The supernatural bus was no longer under his control, but at this moment, the bus was already on the road, and even without his control, it drove steadily and smoothly on the road.

"Given my current state, I could completely go without food or drink and serve as the driver on the bus for a long time. Although constantly using supernatural powers causes the ghost to revive, the bus's characteristics suppress the ghost, delaying the revival time. This extends the driving time again... I estimate that as long as I want, I could stably drive the bus here for decades without issue."

Yang Jian began to silently estimate.

If he chose this path, he would become the next Old Qin.

But he didn't plan to become the next Old Qin.

Rather, he leaned towards the pharmacy owner's theory. Instead of being just a repairman, it's better to forge an unconventional path. If successful, it could completely handle all supernatural incidents given enough time.

"I thought you wanted to revisit the old house, but evidently your destination isn't at this stop."

Yang Jian stopped paying attention to the automatically driving bus and then looked at Sister Hong:
"You're getting off at the next stop, right."

"That's right, I'll be getting off at the next stop."

She said with a smile: "We agreed you'd wait for me here for fifteen minutes, but staying put for fifteen minutes is too hard. I suggest you turn off the engine directly, and if the bus ignites midway, then keep shutting it down, wait until I come back."

"I'm not giving any bad ideas, this is the safest way. By turning off the engine, you only need to face the ghosts on the bus, not the bus itself. Right now, the bus displays the number of ghosts as seven. Excluding you and me and the bus itself, there are actually only four ghosts getting off. Don't tell me you can't handle four ghosts."

"It displayed five, the number of ghosts is four. The remaining ghost is the corpse inside the seat? No wonder there was always a mismatch when I boarded the bus before, now I understand."

After listening to this, Yang Jian solved another puzzle in his mind.

"Rest assured, I will start the timer after the stop opens the doors, and fifteen minutes will not be a second too short for you. But if you haven't returned within fifteen minutes, I will not hesitate to drive away."

Sister Hong sighed: "Being so exacting with a woman is not very gentlemanly."

"Talking after the doors open also counts as time." Yang Jian said with a cold face.

"Boring."

Sister Hong pouted and then elegantly stood up.

Since the scenery outside the windows had changed again, the supernatural bus had somehow driven into a county. The architecture of this county didn't resemble modern style; it looked like it was from the eighties or nineties, somewhat old, and this town was deserted, the streets Silent, like a Dead City.

"This county was passed by before." Yang Jian looked around and recalled he had taken the supernatural bus through here last time.

"The bus's speed has slowed down, and it's about to stop. You figure it out yourself."

Sister Hong was already standing at the exit door, clearly more concerned about this matter than Yang Jian.

"Everyone, be cautious, Yang Jian will shut off the engine at this stop and wait for fifteen minutes. We must unite and hold out for fifteen minutes. Don't fight. If we argue and aren't united now, we will surely be wiped out."

The man with the rotten face stood up too and spoke to the other ghost handlers in the bus cabin.

"To be wiped out or not depends on the ghosts. Let's hope we have good luck and don't encounter anything too terrible. If we're unlucky, what good is unity? We'd die either way." someone else said.

"We got on the bus hoping for a way to survive, not the time for despair."

These people kept their voices low, fearing Yang Jian ahead, not daring to provoke too much.

At this moment.

The exit doors opened.

Sister Hong gracefully stepped off first, and within a few steps, she vanished into the deserted county.

Then, those ghost handlers inside the bus quickly got off.

Because now the bus was no longer their protection but was more dangerous than outside.

"I should turn off the engine and get off too." Yang Jian's internal timer had already started, and at the same time, he operated the supernatural bus to forcibly shut it down in this Silent county.

Once the engine was off.

The cabin lights flickered with a sizzle, a horrifying darkness attacked, and swallowed the cabin.

Yang Jian dared not stay on the bus. He immediately got off.

Soon.

The bus fell into a deadly silence, enveloped by darkness, unknown dangers lurking inside.

"With the bus turned off, all the ghosts need to get off. Sister Hong wasn't wrong. Encountering only four ghosts this time is quite lucky. If it were fully loaded with dozens of ghosts getting off together, nobody could withstand it." Yang Jian held the cracked long spear, waiting not far from the bus.

"Don't wander, this ghostly place is equally dangerous. We can't stray too far from the bus. Even if ghosts from the bus target us, we can only choose to endure hard. Trying to temporarily hide will only endanger everyone." The man with the rotting face had some leadership manner, trying to persuade others.

After all, the ghost handlers on the bus were unrelated. If the pros and cons weren't clearly explained, a few irrational ones could act wildly.

Thankfully, this batch of ghost handlers' minds seemed quite rational. They didn't move far from the bus nor ventured deep into the county; they just found a relatively empty and safe spot to gather, ready to deal with a ghost attack anytime.

"If these people aren't weak, their chance of survival is high." Yang Jian glanced and thought to himself.

He didn't mind these people much, whether they survived the fifteen minutes depended on their strength and luck.

"Here it comes, the ghosts are getting off."

Yang Jian's ghostly eyes locked on the bus shrouded in darkness after being turned off. At this moment, a strange figure slowly descended the bus.

Ghosts didn't belong to this stop, but were forcibly driven off due to special circumstances.

"Ghosts might not target me; if I can avoid confrontation, I should." Yang Jian watched coldly, letting the ghost get off, hoping it would wander away and reduce unnecessary trouble.

Chapter 1396 - The Terror of the County Town

On the eerie county town street, Yang Jian controlled the supernatural bus to stall, and got off to wait quietly for fifteen minutes.

This time isn't long, but when true danger arrives, forget fifteen minutes, even one minute feels endless.

"The first ghost that got off the bus didn't attack anyone. It seems this ghost's killing pattern is harder to trigger. It's a good start."

Yang Jian saw the first ghost wander away from the darkness-covered bus and disappear into the dead silence of the town without causing any impact.

However, there wasn't just one ghost on the supernatural bus.

Soon, the second ghost was forced down from the dark bus cabin. As soon as it alighted, it seemed to lose some kind of restraint. The environment that was already gloomy turned colder, and the supernatural phenomena intensified.

"The supernatural influence is affecting the surroundings, this ghost possesses a Ghost Domain, but the domain isn't strong enough, it doesn't affect me for now."

Yang Jian squinted his eyes, using Ghost Eye to peer directly to the source of the ghostly activity, ignoring the environmental impact.

He remained unmoved, didn't act.

But the other people who got off the bus weren't thinking the same, because they saw the second ghost didn't leave after getting off, but lingered nearby instead.

This situation is a very bad signal, indicating the ghost could attack people around at any moment.

"The second ghost didn't leave, it's nearby, and the Ghost Domain has appeared. Damn it, everyone be careful." said the man with the rotten face in a low voice.

"Shut up, say less. Don't draw the ghost over. You want to die; I don't." someone cursed immediately.

Another person said, "Everyone keep quiet, don't move recklessly, reduce signs of activity. Our chance of being targeted isn't high."

The crowd thought it made sense, so they immediately stopped talking, even slowed their breathing, trying to avoid ghost attacks in this manner.

Though the method is simple, it's effective amidst supernatural incidents.

However, the surrounding supernatural phenomena grew more serious. The town that was originally silent, at this moment, something rolled from the dim places right under everyone's noses.

"What kind of thing is rolling towards us? A human head?"

"No, it's a ball, an old ball."

"Don't touch it, avoid this ball."

They didn't dare be careless, letting the ball roll towards the nearby town, not daring to touch it.

However, once the first ball appeared, the situation spiraled out of control. A second ball appeared nearby, then a third, then a third... These balls appeared from nowhere, rolling towards them, and the numbers kept increasing. In just a moment, the ground around was covered with rolling balls.

"Damn it, so many, how to dodge?" someone was shocked and furious, yet continued to dodge actively.

"Bang!"

The moment a ghost rider accidentally contacted a nearby rolling ball led the seemingly solid ball to suddenly explode with a bang, splashing a foul-smelling, sticky black liquid like something rotting and decayed.

"This is a ball made of human skin, very fragile, it explodes on contact. I wonder what consequence the explosion brings." the man with the rotten face was startled.

Thud!

But this thought had just emerged when the ghost rider who burst the ball suddenly fell to the ground, his face ashen and eyes dim, losing life directly and dying on the spot.

"Now we know the consequence, the ball explodes and the person dies. It's a certain deadly killing pattern." someone was horrified.

Others instantly panicked too.

A small ball posed a fatal supernatural attack.

"Bang! Bang!"

In panic, more errors occurred, immediately followed by two more cracks of exploding balls, with two more ghost riders unable to resist this certain deadly killing pattern, falling and losing their lives peacefully, with no pain on their faces.

"The numbers are increasing, at this rate we'll all die. Who has Ghost Domain? Use Ghost Domain to isolate all the balls outside." hurried cries rang out.

Someone immediately activated Ghost Domain, yet those possessing Ghost Domain didn't save others, instead shielding themselves, disregarding others' lives.

The number of rolling balls on the ground reached an astonishing level, with nowhere to stand. In such a situation, relying on supernatural power to fight was the only recourse; no avenue was available.

Bang!

The sound of ball rupture sounded continuously, more people died.

This terrifying supernatural occurrence hadn't lasted long, but the ghost riders getting off the bus were nearly wiped out already.

Moreover, this supernatural attack was indiscriminate, not just targeting them but Yang Jian too.

Countless balls rolled from all directions now towards Yang Jian.

Yang Jian's expression remained unchanged, the Ghost Eye slightly revolving. He had many ways to respond, like the Ghost Domain, Ghost Lake, Ghost Shadow...but he chose the simplest method.

The long spear in his hand was suddenly planted into the ground, and he leaped with force. His body soared up unnaturally high, then slowly descended, standing atop the spear.

The rolling balloons swallowed the spot where Yang Jian had just been, but when they touched the red spear, they didn't burst. Instead, they continued rolling forward.

"These eerie balloons are extremely fragile when they touch a person and will burst instantly, but they don't burst when they touch supernatural objects. No, it's not that they don't burst upon contact with supernatural objects, but they don't burst when they touch dead objects because the ground is also a dead object. If they burst upon contact, the balloons would pop as soon as they hit the ground, and they wouldn't be able to roll at all."

Observing the death of other ghost riders and combining it with the current situation, Yang Jian discerned some patterns.

The pattern wasn't very difficult; ordinary people could avoid such attacks by standing on higher ground if they discovered this. But the area near the bus was flatland, so one must go into the town to find higher ground, and that made the eerily silent town even more intimidating.

"As long as the ghost hasn't specifically targeted me, it's not worth taking action." Yang Jian stood atop the long spear, avoiding supernatural attacks, waiting calmly for the fifteen minutes to pass.

However, his behavior clearly attracted the attention of other surviving ghost riders.

They weren't foolish and immediately realized the implication of Yang Jian's actions.

"Head to higher ground, avoid the balloons." Someone immediately dashed towards the nearest building in the town.

Although the town was bizarre, there hadn't been any ghosts appearing so far. This person planned to return after escaping this wave of attacks, thinking it should be safe.

"Even Yang Jian doesn't want to go into this town; I won't either. If there's no high ground, I'll use other people's bodies as stepping stones."

Some ghost riders were willing to take the risk instead of entering the town, directly propping up a person's corpse. Under some supernatural influence, the stiff corpse stood upright, and someone immediately stepped onto it.

"It worked. The balloon didn't burst when it touched the corpse. Yang Jian indeed had a sharp eye, discerning the pattern at a glance and avoiding the most terrifying attack with the simplest method. If we had discovered this earlier, this many wouldn't have died."

They found the method.

The few surviving ghost riders successfully stayed alive.

"There won't be more than five surviving ghost riders; most are dead. One person, in a panic, ran into the town."

Yang Jian glanced slightly, ignoring the survivors and was more concerned about the one who escaped into the town.

This ghostly place required even Sister Hong to ask the bus driver to wait specifically, suggesting its danger.

At this moment.

The lone ghost rider named Zhang Qi, like the others, boarded the supernatural bus to handle the supernatural resurgence. Now, slightly panting, he arrived at a building in the town at the fastest speed, ascending the stairs to successfully evade the rolling balloons at the entrance.

"Damn it, the balloons are bouncing up the stairs."

Zhang Qi's expression changed, seeing the balloons had elasticity. After hitting the doorway steps, they bounced up as if consciously trying to follow him.

Not daring to linger at the entrance, he quickly continued up the stairs, reaching the second floor, where the balloons couldn't bounce any higher. These balloons could reach only halfway up the stairs at most, then had no choice but to roll back down.

"I'm safe. Once these balloons clear out, I'll return. This place isn't for staying long," Zhang Qi thought.

However, the rolling balloons at the entrance didn't disappear in a short time. Cautiously, he paid attention to the situation on the second floor.

The hallway was narrow.

There was only a small wooden door, old and peeling green paint. There was no lock, seeming like a slight push could open it.

Through the crack, it was pitch black inside, and he couldn't see anything.

"Is there any danger?"

Zhang Qi was apprehensive, but driven by curiosity, he cautiously opened the door a crack, peering inside.

He didn't want to stir up danger, only confirm it to decide whether to continue staying here.

However, upon opening the old wooden door, the scene inside caused Zhang Qi's eyes to constrict sharply.

Inside the room, stood row after row of people, neatly arranged. Their entire bodies were cold, and their faces were covered with yellow paper. The eerie yellow paper masked their features, barely revealing their outlines.

"So many...it's terrifying." A cold sweat broke out all over Zhang Qi, and his body stiffened slightly, an immense fear nearly engulfing him.

Because the door was open, a draft blew out from the room, carrying a smell of burnt paper ash.

Suddenly.

All these eerie yellow-papered people twisted their necks, turning in unison to look at Zhang Qi through the door crack.

"I've been discovered."

Zhang Qi's whole body shuddered violently, with only one thought in his mind, to escape.

Escape as far as possible.

Chapter 1397 - The Ones Who Failed to Awaken

Beside the stalled bus, an old leather ball rolled, and terrifying ghosts wandered nearby, with everything around shrouded within the Ghost Domain.

Just this time, many ghost tamers had died.

Yang Jian stood on a red supernatural weapon at the moment, avoiding the rolling ball on the ground while the ghost eyes were also spying around for any movements.

Despite the interference from the scary ghosts, his vision was not affected; because the Ghost Domain he displayed was much stronger than that of the ghosts. Only the balls rolling all over the place somewhat affected the next action, and it seemed these balls wouldn't disappear anytime soon.

He checked the time.

It had only been just over three minutes since getting off the bus.

"If the balls are still on the ground in a few more minutes, I'll handle them a bit. Can't allow the ghosts to linger near the bus and affect my actions." Yang Jian thought to himself.

But just at this moment.

The ghost eyes of Yang Jian caught sight of that same ghost tamer, who had previously fled into the county town to avoid the rolling balls on the ground, was now again risking everything, fleeing from the building in terror.

"The balls on the ground explode on contact; one touch means death. That ghost tamer knows this but still chooses to leave that building. It seems the danger inside is even more terrifying than outside. Only in such a case would he abandon staying in the town."

But after leaving the building, the ghost tamer named Zhang Qi, despite trying his best to avoid the balls on the ground and even using supernatural power to clear away some, still in a panic accidentally touched one of the balls.

The ball immediately exploded, just like before.

Zhang Qi looked in horror at the foul, rancid liquid splattered all over one of his legs, realizing he had been hit.

No chance to struggle, his face turned ashen in an instant; he collapsed on the ground unconscious, dead on the spot.

"Dead?" Yang Jian frowned, finding this scene somewhat ridiculous.

The ghost tamer didn't die in the county town but on the road, and this manner of death was self-inflicted.

However, what happened next quickly made Yang Jian understand why that ghost tamer named Zhang Qi was willing to risk death from the balls outside to escape that building.

At the building's stairway, a chilling figure with a straight body slowly walked out. His face was covered with a piece of yellow paper that seemed to grow together with the skin and flesh, outlining the contours of facial features, especially the deeply recessed eye sockets.

"A ghost was chasing that ghost tamer from behind, no wonder he fled so desperately from that building..."

This thought just emerged, and next, after the first ghost with the face covered with yellow paper walked out of the stairway, a second ghost followed right after, and the second ghost looked like a female ghost judging by the red clothes, but her face was also covered with a piece of yellow paper, hiding her features, leaving only an outline visible.

And before Yang Jian could be even more surprised, the third, fourth, fifth ... continuously ghosts walked out of that building, coming out in an endless stream.

In just a moment, the once quiet street of the county town became lively.

Those ghosts with faces covered in yellow paper gathered together, standing silently still.

The rolling balls struck the legs of these scary ghosts without causing any effect, and they did not break and explode, yet those balls unknown affected appeared deflated, losing their supernatural power, unable to explode.

"The supernatural power on the old leather balls is being deprived; is this the doing of these ghosts?"

Yang Jian's face was grave; he seemed to see a slight undulation on the yellow paper pasted on one ghost's face, as if it were breathing.

"What's the situation over there? Why did the once empty street suddenly fill with so many people? Wait, those don't look like living beings, damn it, are all those things ghosts?"

"What a joke? All are ghosts? The number alone could scare a person to death."

"This isn't an abandoned little town, it's simply a ghost town. Our arrival has alarmed the ghosts; now all these ghosts have awakened; this time, we're doomed, we're all going to die here."

This commotion instantly terrified those barely surviving ghost tamers; they had never seen such a scene, just one ghost causing a headache, let alone the dense pack of ghosts standing on the street.

Some indeed said the truth, the number alone could scare a person to death.

"Get on the bus, as long as we get on the bus and leave this place, we can still live." A man with a decaying face shouted urgently.

"Yang Jian, start the bus quickly, otherwise, we'll all die here. I refuse to believe a team leader like you can survive before such a number of ghosts."

"Exactly, don't wait for that damned woman. With your status and position, you could have any woman once outside; do you plan to lose your life here for her? Hurry up and leave, if not, it'll be too late."

These surviving ghost tamers were not weak in power, but facing such a scenario, they could only rage impotently, urging Yang Jian to start the bus and leave.

Because this was the only way.

After all, confronting such a number of ghosts was entirely unrealistic.

"Fools."

Yang Jian said coldly: "The bus is currently stalled; whoever boards it dies. To start the bus, it must restart by itself. If you guys can make the bus restart, I wouldn't mind driving it around a few circles for you."

"You have a way to stall it, so you must have a way to start it. At this moment, don't hold it back. Letting me live, I'll serve you later. Even if it means calling you father." The man with the decaying face said.

"I do not have sons like you. If you were in charge at headquarters, then I might be inclined to help you; but now, you're on your own." Yang Jian remained unmoved.

He had his own matters to attend to, and couldn't change his plans for a few people.

"Damn, Yang Jian, you're really something else, driving us to this ghost place, killing us all. Had I known this, I'd have already taken out a few of your family members."

Under such life-and-death pressure, the man finally lost his composure, hurling abuses at Yang Jian.

The others also harbored deep hatred towards Yang Jian.

If it weren't for Yang Jian closing the bus doors, and not allowing them to get off at the real-world stop, none of these would have happened.

"I haven't made a move against you all; consider it as letting you off the hook. Don't think I don't know what crimes forced you onto this bus. In my eyes, leaving you here is actually a good thing. Otherwise, if you stir up trouble outside, it will cause big problems sooner or later."

Yang Jian wasn't angry, looking at them as if he were looking at the dead.

These people started to swear even more harshly after hearing that.

"Yang Jian, since you refuse to restart the bus and intend to kill us here, then let's all die together. I really can't believe it, a captain from headquarters could survive in such a desperate situation." The man with the rotten face gritted his teeth and said.

Yang Jian ignored their rants, not even considering them worth his attention, not even considering making a move.

"They're starting to move."

He frowned because he saw that the people with yellow paper covering their faces on the road had formed a terrifying mass, filling the entire street. Previously, they were just standing still without any abnormalities, but now these ghosts were starting to move.

With stiff bodies, they silently walked towards the supernatural bus.

The terrifying figures blocked all paths.

Every step the ghosts with yellow paper took, a nearby area of rolling balls withered away, and the surrounding Ghost Domain retreated with them.

This sense of oppression is unparalleled. Even if an individual ghost isn't very dangerous, gathering like this is enough to crush any captain from headquarters.

Even someone like Sister Hong, a ghost handler from the Republic of China Period, needed the bus to assist her to dare to go deep into this area.

"When the bus restarts and ignites, I must stay on the bus; otherwise, I'll be in danger too."

Yang Jian's expression was grave; indeed, earning money from Sister Hong was not easy, it required risking life and limb.

Amidst the surge of ghosts with yellow paper coming from all directions, deep in the county city, Sister Hong, wearing striking high heels, gracefully approached a nondescript building.

This building looked inconspicuous in the county, except for its double red doors.

The red paint on these wooden doors had peeled off due to time, leaving behind many strange marks: bite marks, claw prints, hinting at its past.

Fortunately, the doors remained intact, with even the locks untouched.

The bronze lock looked familiar, resembling the lock in front of the room in that ancient house, though they weren't the same.

Sister Hong took out a key from her qipao and opened the lock on the door.

With a creaky sound.

The old red wooden door opened, revealing darkness inside.

Without hesitation, Sister Hong walked in.

As she entered, flickering lights suddenly illuminated the inside.

Under the lights, rows of old-fashioned wooden beds appeared, all occupied by corpses dressed in Republic of China Period attire, with their faces also covered with yellow paper.

However, Sister Hong's arrival did not disturb those lying on the beds with yellow paper on their faces.

Because those lying on the beds weren't ghosts, but living people, all trapped in sleep, only removable yellow paper could awaken them.

But with everyone caught in their slumber, no one to remove the yellow paper for them, it meant these people would sleep on forever.

Sister Hong's arrival broke this balance; her eyes flickered, and she reached out to tear off one of the yellow papers.

The yellow paper revealed the face of a young woman, looking around seventeen or eighteen years old.

The next moment, the young woman opened her eyes as if resurrected.

Sister Hong had a trace of joy on her face, but it quickly faded.

The woman opened her mouth as if to speak, but the next moment, she began to crumble at an incredible speed, finally disappearing completely, leaving nothing behind.

The yellow paper can lead one into deep sleep, maintaining life for a long time, but the woman seemed to have slept for too long. Without the yellow paper, although she awoke, her body couldn't maintain its pre-sleep state and directly died again.

"Did I fail?"

Sister Hong murmured, reaching out as if to save the woman on the bed, but there was nothing she could do.

Yet she looked at the others: "I don't believe not everyone can wake up, even if only a few will do..."

Unwilling, she moved to another wooden bed, where a young man lay, also trapped in a sleep, displayed here like a corpse for nearly a century.

She tore off the second yellow paper.

The young man suddenly opened his eyes, waking up, seeing Sister Hong by the flickering light: "Zhang Youhong, how long have I slept?"

Long years seemed but a moment to him.

Sister Hong was about to respond when the terrifying phenomenon occurred again.

The man's body began to crumble at an alarming speed, just like the first woman, though he lasted a bit longer.

But, still, there was no reversing the decay.

The second man vanished in astonishment.

Chapter 1398 - Making a Wish

The agreed fifteen minutes had only passed eight minutes at this moment.

However, this supernatural place was already beginning to exhibit its truly terrifying nature, countless ghosts with yellow paper covering their faces surged from all directions, and the air was filled with the smell of burning ashes. But Yang Jian was not unfamiliar with all of this, as he had once with Zhou Deng passed by here on a haunted bus while delivering letters.

Only that time, the bus stopped at a crossroads, at that crossroads, there was a fire basin, and what burned within was this kind of yellow paper.....

The crossroads he passed should be within this silent county town, now just the same place but a different location.

The ghosts rushing in blocked the retreat of everyone wrapped within, including Yang Jian.

In this situation, merely relying on supernatural influences could make the nearby Ghost Domain disappear; the only way to survive was for the haunted bus to reignite and restart, and then the remaining people could escape onto the bus for refuge.

But now the bus had stalled, and to restart, they could only wait. How long to wait, no one could be sure, as it was a random duration.

However, the ghosts had already attacked.

The few ghost handlers who got off the bus dared not remain in place any longer, even facing the ball rolling on the ground, they had to take action.

"Get near the bus, it's our only path to survival, only when the bus restarts can we live on, as for the rest, it's up to luck."

In such an emergency, no one had the time to hold grudges against Yang Jian anymore; if they didn't want to die, they had to keep struggling, throw away all hatred, and try every possible means to survive.

"All actions, charge forward."

The remaining four ghost handlers did not fall into discord, nor act for themselves, but rather united with tacit understanding.

Because everyone understood that by themselves, the probability of survival was nearly zero, perhaps if they acted together, a miracle might occur.

These four ghost handlers managed, before the surrounding ghosts could encircle them, to use every means to dodge the rolling ball on the way, daring immense peril and finally successfully arrived beside the haunted bus.

At this moment, the bus's entry and exit doors opened, yet inside the carriage it was pitch black and nothing could be seen, only some eerie sounds vaguely heard from within.

"What do we do now? After the haunted bus stalled, not even ghosts can stay on the bus; if we board the bus now, we're certainly doomed." said a ghost handler's voice tremblingly.

The man with a rotten face steeled himself and said, "Wait, we wait here until the very last moment, if the bus hasn't restarted we must still get on, rather than facing so many ghosts, it's better to take a gamble; maybe the supernatural within the bus can't kill us, or perhaps once we board the bus we can struggle for a while, if luck's on our side, it might hold until the bus starts."

"Alright, let's do it."

"I have no objections either."

These ghost handlers gritted their teeth and agreed to this crazy and suffocating plan.

After all, it was a gamble on their lives, they were just choosing the plan they thought held more hope.

At this moment.

The ball rolling under Yang Jian's feet was rapidly deflating, shriveling up, and a terrifying supernatural force was impacting his surroundings, which meant he was now leaving the Ghost Domain and thoroughly entering this county town's territory.

From this moment, he could be attacked by a group of fierce ghosts at any time, or even..... killed.

An eerie cold air rushed in, making one's hair stand on end.

Yang Jian didn't hesitate, the Ghost Flame ignited instantly, enveloping a circle around him, using the Ghost Domain of Ghost Flame to isolate himself from being targeted by fierce ghosts.

The Ghost Flame burned immensely, nearly swallowing him whole within the firelight, and the flame continued spreading outward, directly enveloping the front row of fierce ghosts.

The fire burned, trying to ignite the fierce ghosts.

The Ghost Flame indeed worked, the front fierce ghosts were ignited, their cold bodies became the fuel for the Ghost Flame and burned fiercely, while burning, the ghosts lost their action standing still unable to move.

But the next moment, more ghosts bypassed the burning Ghost Flame and approached again.

"The ignition speed of the Ghost Flame can't keep up with the speed of fierce ghosts coming in; even if my supernatural attacks are intense, when divided up, they'll seem insignificant."

Yang Jian immediately understood, so he didn't plan to use the Ghost Lake because these ghosts were enough to fill the lake in a short time, even the Ghost Lake wouldn't delay for long.

Drawing a red spear, he grasped the spear with his icy Ghost Hand, and quietly made a wish: "Within five minutes, I will not be attacked by fierce ghosts."

At this moment, he used the supernatural of the Wishing Ghost to delay time.

The supernatural of the Wishing Ghost took effect.

Blood seeped from the spear, dyeing Yang Jian's hand red, then spreading to his arm.

Just one wish and the supernatural corrosion was so substantial; it could be imagined how difficult it was to fulfill this wish.

Fortunately, Yang Jian only wished for five minutes, not ten minutes, or even half an hour, otherwise, the cost would have been even greater than now.

"No need to bear this cost, straightaway restart to let this supernatural erosion disappear." Yang Jian decisively restarted himself after the wish.

The dyed arm returned to normal as if nothing had happened.

The enveloping yellow paper fierce ghosts surged over, filled with danger and crisis, yet Yang Jian had not encountered an attack from fierce ghosts at this moment.

The wish made earlier had taken effect, for five minutes he avoided all attacks from fierce ghosts, staying protected.

"It really works, huh."

Yang Jian pressed forward with the spear, moving through the fierce ghosts without a hint of trouble, even bumping into fierce ghosts, they had no reaction to him.

"Is that what's happening?" Others by the bus were dumbstruck at this sight.

They thought Yang Jian and the ghosts would fight madly and eventually he'd hold out, die here, of course, they assumed Yang Jian would use some means to escape here, like restarting the haunted bus, or deploying a stronger Ghost Domain... but they had never considered Yang Jian would just say a word and the ghosts would indeed not attack him.

"This defies logic." The man with a rotten face was puzzled, with his experience, he couldn't understand how Yang Jian did it.

Could his words influence fierce ghosts?

Even if they could influence fierce ghosts, it couldn't affect so many ghosts.

But now, they couldn't afford to think any longer.

Because at this moment, the ghosts already surrounded the bus, unable to resist, they could only watch as the ghosts continuously approached.

Another eerie situation emerged.

A ghost handler suddenly clutched his throat, sensing a strong suffocation, then as seen by the naked eye, his body rapidly shriveled like the ball on the ground deflated in an instant, in the blink of an eye, he became a dry corpse crumpled on the ground.

Without any sign, he was killed by the supernatural.

Chapter 1399 - The Two Who Boarded the Bus

Yang Jian saw the gruesome death of the ghost controller and immediately realized that amidst these fierce ghosts, whose faces were covered by yellow paper, there existed a particularly terrifying ghost. Even though this ghost was somewhat limited by the yellow paper, it could still easily take the lives of the living.

He became especially vigilant, even though he had already made a wish; Yang Jian still felt uneasy.

Because making a wish is just a form of eerie protection, and since it is supernatural protection, it doesn't mean that extremely terrifying ghosts won't be able to break through this protection and attack him.

To be on the safe side, Yang Jian went in the direction of the flow of these fierce ghosts towards the supernatural bus.

The effect of the wish was still in place, and he had not yet been attacked.

However, the remaining three surviving ghost controllers weren't so lucky. With the death of the previous person, another ghost controller's body began undergoing terrible supernatural phenomena. At this moment, he stared in horror at his own hands, not knowing what was happening, as they started emitting a burnt smell and simultaneously began to visibly disintegrate.

Like a piece of burning paper that was reduced to ash.

"Unlike the earlier grisly death by venting of the living, this is a different way to die. There's another terrifying ghost hidden among them?" Yang Jian's ghost eyes frantically swirled, trying to locate the terrifying ghost.

Among the dense crowd, when a ghost begins to kill, certain traits will undeniably manifest. Once he finds them, he can pinpoint the location.

After locating it, Yang Jian planned to directly deal with this dangerous ghost.

However, the surrounding ghosts were moving, and his ghost eyes couldn't penetrate their bodies to see what's behind. He could only observe the state of each ghost through the small gaps appearing during movement, and this observation time was very brief, putting Yang Jian's observation skills to the test.

"The bus hasn't started yet; I can't stay here any longer. I'll risk it and get on the bus now." At this moment, the man with the rotting face was in a complete panic.

Even though the ghosts hadn't come close yet, two ghost controllers had already died without a clue. If he waited for the ghosts to come closer, there would be no way for him to survive.

Despair and fear drove him to madness.

Another ghost controller beside him also lost his sanity.

They didn't want to sit and wait for death, frantically charging towards the bus, unafraid even though the interior was dark.

Whether it was luck or a miracle that occurred,

as they rushed onto the bus, this stalled bus suddenly made a loud noise, shaking the vehicle. The darkness inside the bus dissipated, the flickering lights began to glow, and the eerie engine startup sound emerged from the bus.

Without a doubt, the supernatural bus had restarted.

The two who had scrambled onto the bus immediately felt a surge of joy at the brink of despair.

Indeed, their judgment was correct; staying with the supernatural bus and boarding at the last moment could save them if the bus restarted. This way, they could survive.

Unexpectedly, in this terrifying supernatural territory, they managed to seize the only hope for survival.

"Haha, the bus restarted, we survived. Nothing can kill us on the bus,"

the man with the rotten face shouted with a mad laugh, while the person next to him trembled with excitement, nearly crying.

"Wait, now is not the time to be happy. We must operate the bus to leave this horrible place. We absolutely can't stay here. Otherwise, danger will continue to arise, and we won't be so lucky next time."

This man didn't lose his sanity due to excessive joy; he quickly reacted, knowing what his next step should be.

Immediately, he rushed to the driver's seat on the bus and glanced at it.

The tear in the seat that Yang Jian had made earlier had disappeared, and the entire bus had seemingly rebooted to a certain state.

But none of this mattered.

"Yang Jian, you're too confident. You previously discussed in front of all of us how to operate the supernatural bus, and now I know how to connect with it too. I can also become its driver; maybe my control won't match yours, but as long as I can press the pedal, you're done for."

"I'll drive away from this county, and when I do, you'll die here with that woman in the qipao. You didn't give me a way to live, so I won't give you one either this time."

The man with the rotten face muttered to himself, showing a sinister smile filled with a sense of revenge.

After tearing open the thick cover, the fat corpse embedded in the seat was exposed, and he mimicked Yang Jian's earlier actions by reaching his hand over.

The corpse, dormant for ages, suddenly sensed something and bit down on the man's arm.

Though it was somewhat painful, it was nothing to a ghost controller.

Immediately.

The man with the rotten face established a connection with the supernatural bus, becoming the new driver and roughly understanding how to operate it.

"Perfect, everything's going smoothly." He covered the corpse with the seat fabric again and sat in the driver's seat.

"Now I'm the driver. Let's see how I drive the bus away."

The ghost controller beside asked, "Can you actually do it?"

"I know I can. Although Yang Jian is formidable, I'm not bad either. Time is tight; no time to waste. Yang Jian must've realized the bus restarted; we must set off immediately, preventing him from boarding successfully." The man with the rotten face felt confident in his heart,

Immediately, he attempted to operate, striving to close the bus doors.

As long as the doors were closed, he could isolate the fierce ghosts outside and keep Yang Jian out, achieving two goals at once.

"Stay here, ghostly things and Yang Jian." The man with the rotten face used supernatural power, manipulating the old button, trying to close the door.

The supernatural forces on this bus were suppressed, making it very challenging and dramatically weakened even when attempting to use them. Therefore, the bus driver must have sufficiently formidable supernatural power, exceeding the bus's suppression.

Initially thinking he could easily close the door and drive the bus, reality brutally slapped him.

The bus door didn't budge, not showing any signs of closing.

"Damn, how come it won't move? Is this thing that hard to control, even though I am the bus driver?"

The man's expression turned more sinister because he saw the ghosts were outside the bus, and even Yang Jian was closing in.

If he didn't close the door now and let the ghosts and Yang Jian on the bus, it would be too late.

"Hurry, no time left, close the door first. Once closed, the bus will start moving by itself, and we can survive." The remaining survivor continuously urged while observing the situation outside.

"Stop nagging; I know. But this thing is harder to control than imagined."

The signs of decay spread on his face as he used supernatural power beyond a certain limit, starting his ghost revival.

But even after pushing to this extent, he still couldn't manage to close the door.

"If you don't close the door, we're all going to die. I see Yang Jian already approaching, he's less than ten meters away. Once he gets on the bus, all our efforts will be in vain," the urging voice continued.

"Ah!"

The man shouted, struggling desperately, risking the resuscitation of the ghost, using all his Supernatural Power, trying to create a miracle once again.

"It's moving, the door seems to have moved a bit."

"Really?" The man with the half-rotten face said, surprised and delighted.

Another ghost handler said, "It moved a bit just now, but now it's still again."

"Damn."

The man with the half-rotten face couldn't help but curse; he knew he wasn't trying hard enough, wasn't using enough Supernatural Power. Only by letting the ghost continue to revive could he possibly fully close this door.

But if he did that, he might end up dying from the ghost's revival, or he might be stuck on the bus forever, unable to get off.

Because once he got off, without the suppression of the supernatural bus, he would definitely die from the ghost's revival immediately.

There was no time to think about future matters now.

To survive, the man with the half-rotten face completely let go of all constraints, risking his life in the struggle.

And his opponent was merely a button on the bus controlling the opening and closing of the doors.

This is a hugely uneven fight.

But the burning of life can always create some impossible situations.

Under the desperate circumstance of risking the ghost's revival, the bus door indeed started to move, slowly closing.

The man in the driver's seat now had most of his face rotten, and the signs of decay continued; he couldn't stop it. Even on the bus, he couldn't suppress the ghost's revival, only slow it down.

"Succeeded."

This was witnessed by a ghost handler sitting next to him, and he was utterly ecstatic because he understood the driver had lost his usefulness, and he was the one who would survive this ordeal.

But at this moment.

The closing door suddenly got stuck, a charred black hand now resting on it, forcibly preventing the door from closing.

"The time hasn't come yet, don't be in such a rush to leave," Yang Jian's voice rang out in the silent compartment; he had now reached the door.

And with Yang Jian's strong push, the closing door was forcibly reopened.

"Yang Jian is getting on the bus. What are you doing? Close the door, hurry up..."

However, no matter how the ghost handler shouted, the man in the driver's seat remained motionless. Even though his hand was still on the button controlling the bus, his body was rigid and lifeless.

The man's face had completely rotted away, and he was thoroughly dead.

He had exhausted all his Supernatural Power; although he managed to close the door in the end, he succumbed to the severe ghostly erosion, dying from the ghost's revival.

With the loss of the driver's control, Yang Jian easily forced the door open and walked onto the bus with an expressionless face.

"Not a bad choice, staking everything to escape onto the bus, then using my previous method to become the driver, to operate the bus, close the doors, and wait for the bus to drive automatically to leave this county, escape the ghosts outside, and successfully survive."

"Every step was not wrong, but unfortunately, the strength was lacking a bit. It barely controlled the bus to some extent only by pushing to the point of ghostly revival. If you had controlled two ghosts, maybe you really could have succeeded."

Yang Jian glanced at the corpse sitting in the driver's seat.

Indeed, there is no lack of talent in the supernatural circle, what many lack is just a bit of power and luck.

"Do you know why from boarding to alighting I never acted to kill any of you?" At this moment, Yang Jian looked at the only remaining ghost handler and asked.

The ghost handler backed away repeatedly, not daring to answer.

"Because I was once in your shoes, I was willing to give you a chance to survive, but unfortunately, you couldn't grasp this opportunity, so don't blame me for bringing you to this ghostly place. In fact, if the bus had stalled halfway, the result would have been much the same." Yang Jian said with a cold expression.

"If you really wanted to give us a chance to survive, then you should have let us off the bus earlier. In a place like this with our abilities, it's impossible for us to survive. Isn't that the same as killing us?"

The only remaining ghost handler mustered up the courage to retort.

Yang Jian sneered: "Don't be naive. My willingness to give you a chance does not mean letting you wreak havoc outside. Not acting to kill you all is already my greatest mercy. Rest assured, I won't act to kill you now; this journey is still ongoing, I hope you manage to survive."

Having said this, he pushed the corpse off the seat and sat once again in the driver's position.

The bus was already moving, and he skillfully controlled the door to close.

What required desperation to accomplish just now was just a breeze for Yang Jian now.

With the door closed, the bus started.

Yang Jian drove the supernatural bus once again, charging madly, directly carving out a path through countless ghosts.

Although the number of ghosts was frightening, the supernatural bus was even more terrifying. These ghosts couldn't obstruct Yang Jian's path, easily knocked down, even run over by the wheels.

However, the sheer number of ghosts filled the road, and though the bus was obviously useful, it couldn't go fast, only wobbling slowly along the road.

"Three minutes left. If it stalls again, there's bound to be big trouble. It's better to just wait on the bus for Sister Hong's return in these next three minutes," Yang Jian mused.

Therefore, he did not drive the bus away, just controlled the steering wheel to let the bus circle around the original spot.

However, while Yang Jian was driving.

At some unknown time.

Two eerie figures with faces covered in yellow paper were now sitting motionless in the last row of the bus seats.

Evidently, two ghosts had boarded the bus along with Yang Jian.

And at this moment, Yang Jian was completely unaware.

Chapter 1400 - 1367: Five New Passengers

"When did two ghosts get on the bus?"

Driving the supernatural bus around the quiet county, Yang Jian suddenly noticed that, unbeknownst to him, two ghosts had taken seats in the last row, which made him feel a bit suspicious.

"When did the ghosts board the bus? I remember that when I got on earlier, no ghosts were following me."

After noticing the anomaly, he tried to recall the earlier scenario, but couldn't discover anything.

It seemed as if these two ghosts had been on the bus even before he boarded.

"Did they get on with those two ghost tamers earlier? Never mind, now is not the time to think about this. The ghosts can't kill anyone on the bus, so just let them stay; I still have to control the bus and don't have time to deal with this."

Yang Jian, while wary, had no choice but to temporarily ignore the two ghosts inside the bus.

At this moment, with the bus crashing around, the surrounding ghosts stopped advancing and chose to stand motionless.

The bus looped around, forcefully clearing a patch of land, and the ghosts hit by the bus were crushed beneath the wheels and then mysteriously vanished, leaving not a single body on the ground, which was instead clean and intact.

A chilly wind gradually picked up outside, not strong, but it made the bus doors rattle as if struck by something invisible, even causing the bus itself to sway slightly.

Fortunately, the supernatural bus was sturdy enough to withstand the bizarre phenomena outside.

"Yang Jian, did you see that? The ghosts in the bus seem to have moved," suddenly, the remaining ghost tamer exclaimed in alarm.

At this moment.

The two ghosts in the last row of the bus had somehow changed their positions, now sitting in the first two rows. Although they were still sitting in the same posture with their faces covered in yellow paper, this scene only added to the terror.

Yang Jian didn't turn his head; his ghost eye merely glanced over, and his expression became grim: "Are the ghosts in the bus constantly changing seats? What does this mean, are they no longer confined by the bus? Or is this just an unconscious supernatural behavior?"

He couldn't understand, as this was the first time he had encountered such a situation.

Yet, considering that various situations can happen in the supernatural world, Yang Jian wasn't surprised; thus, he merely kept his ghost eye on the ghosts inside the bus, staying alert to their movements to prevent any unexpected incidents.

While Yang Jian continued waiting.

In another nondescript building within this quiet county, all anomalies had subsided, and the lights inside had gone out.

Sister Hong slowly emerged at this moment, her face neither joyful nor sad, only carrying a sense of inexplicable regret.

However, following behind her were five people dressed in old-fashioned clothes, both men and women, clearly not from this era.

"Two minutes left, no time to waste; we must leave now, or we'll miss the next round of the supernatural bus," Sister Hong urged; she immediately made a move, even directly utilizing the Ghost Domain.

The six of them vanished instantly.

And the ordinary building, subjected to the erosion of time, began to collapse and disappear bit by bit.

Quickly.

Sister Hong arrived at the bus stop, but what blocked her way were several terrifying ghosts with yellow paper covering their faces. Though they remained still, their supernatural powers disrupted her Ghost Domain, preventing her from crossing the road ahead of her.

"Don't hesitate; keep moving, we have time," Sister Hong decisively led the others through the dense 'crowd'.

The group remained silent on their path, knowing the taboos, clearly not inexperienced rookies. Their movements were swift, and each step landed exactly on the spots Sister Hong had traversed, avoiding contact with any nearby ghosts.

In just about a minute, they crossed the dangerous road and reached the bus.

Sister Hong arrived, and Yang Jian, who was driving the bus, saw her; he immediately stopped the bus without hesitation and opened the bus door.

"Get on the bus," Sister Hong immediately boarded.

But once the door opened, several ghosts around also began to move, seemingly wanting to board the bus as well.

"Sister Hong, you didn't mention that there were others to pick up; don't you think you owe me an explanation?" Yang Jian stared at the people behind Sister Hong; they seemed human but felt like formidable ghosts, emanating an aura of coldness without any signs of life.

Yet, these individuals had the awareness of living people.

"They are people from the Republic of China Period, kept alive until now using some means. My task is to bring them out because this is the last deadline; if I don't get them out, they'll all perish here."

After boarding the bus, Sister Hong briefly explained the situation.

"Don't worry; they're normal people, and there won't be any problems."

"Normal? I can't see anything normal about them," Yang Jian said coldly, "A single revived ghost tamer from the Republic of China Period like you is already troublesome, and now you add these five. Are you trying to rebuild a team of Republic of China ghost tamers? If that's the case, I won't agree."

"It's better to eliminate uncertain factors early, to avoid greater disasters in the future."

Saying so, he intended to immediately close the bus door, leaving the group and the swarming ghosts behind in the quiet county.

"Yang Jian." Sister Hong, at this moment, put away her playful smile and became somewhat serious, grabbing Yang Jian's wrist to stop him.

With this interruption.

The five people outside quickly boarded the bus, and at the same time, ghosts approached the bus door.

Only then did Sister Hong swiftly retract her hand, but her hand was already burnt, with scorched marks appearing on her once fair palm.

"We had an agreement, it's not fifteen minutes yet, you promised to wait for me."

Yang Jian glanced at the time and coldly said, "Now it's been fifteen minutes, the agreement is fulfilled, we're even, so if I go ahead and start killing now, I suppose it's permissible, right?"

"They won't cause trouble when they return to reality, I can guarantee that. What do you think?" Sister Hong promised.

"You used to be a top ghost handler, your eyesight should be sharp. Although they possess the consciousness of living people, their bodies exude the aura of fierce ghosts. Under these circumstances, the likelihood of their consciousness being eroded by supernatural forces is high, eventually turning into fierce ghosts with human consciousness. And I don't think you can keep an eye on these five people,"

"I don't know what these people have to do with you, but you have to understand, the past is past. They are people stuck in a previous era and shouldn't remain in this era."

Yang Jian worried that Sister Hong brought back five terrifying fierce ghosts and wanted to eliminate the possibility, but it's clear Sister Hong disagreed with this approach.

"Young Hong, he's just a supernatural bus driver, a bit overzealous, don't you think? We can join forces to kill him and then take over the bus,"

A man in a long gown and wearing broken glasses spoke coldly.

"We need some resources to integrate into this era, robbing him might be a good choice. I have my eyes on his weapon."

Another young man in a gray-white shirt also spoke up, his gaze equally cold, devoid of human emotion.

"Courting death."

Yang Jian immediately stood up from his seat and strode forward with a red long spear in hand.

"Shut up, all of you."

Sister Hong turned around and sternly rebuked them, then looked at Yang Jian and said, "I'll be responsible for them. If something happens, I'll handle it. Now, you just need to keep driving and get us all out of here. Once we return to reality, we'll leave and won't cause you any trouble."

But the next moment, Sister Hong was greeted by a swift slash of the spear.

The slash came swiftly, almost aiming directly at Sister Hong's head, clearly intending to slice her in half.

Sister Hong's pupils contracted, seemingly not expecting Yang Jian to suddenly act violently.

She stepped back slightly in her red high heels, and her figure instantly vanished from sight, reappearing in the back of the bus.

"Do you really want to kill me?" Sister Hong furrowed her brows deeply at this moment.

"Initially, the idea wasn't solid, but your behavior made me resolute. I think we should just settle it here, personally burying you all," Yang Jian slowly raised the long spear and said expressionlessly.

Sister Hong sighed, revealing that familiar smile again: "But even if we're going to fight, we have to leave here first. If you don't control the bus soon, we're all going to die here."

At this moment, the bus door wasn't closed yet.

Ghosts began to board one after another, and there were more outside heading this way.

Soon, the entire bus would be full.

Once full, the ghosts inside the bus would lose control and start killing, making room for the living.

"Next stop, life or death."

Yang Jian realized this wasn't the place to act; there were too many ghosts here, too dangerous. A safer stop was needed.

Otherwise, even winning would mean mutual destruction.

Thus, he temporarily suppressed the urge to kill, turned back, closed the bus door, and then accelerated, driving the supernatural bus swiftly out of the town.

Meanwhile, inside the bus, it was already filled with ghosts, who seated themselves one after another, as if determined to fill every seat.

"Another life or death decision? Alas, if you truly refuse to back down, then at the next stop, I'll have no choice but to act." Sister Hong quickly found a seat and sat down, advising, "We're not enemies; there's no need to make things so tense. I can make them apologize to you, and let's consider this matter done, how about that?"

Yang Jian at the front remained silent, saying nothing, as if already determined.

"Such a troublesome situation," Sister Hong's eyes shifted, thinking up solutions.

Actually, the root of all this is Yang Jian's lack of trust, which Sister Hong regretted planting, since initially, she hadn't taken this unremarkable junior Yang Jian seriously. Who knew after a period, this Yang Jian would become influential?

Yet even so, Sister Hong still didn't take Yang Jian to heart, leading to many misunderstandings on this trip.

"Is it really time to fight?" Sister Hong understood that once they fought in this supernatural place, it would be a fight to the finish.

Either Yang Jian leaves alive, or she leaves alive, with one party permanently staying here.

With such complex feelings, Sister Hong saw that the supernatural bus had now left that terrifying town and was heading on the right path.

"Next stop is... the cemetery. Is it a coincidence or some ominous sign?" Sister Hong's gaze shifted, knowing the location of the next stop.

"Is this Yang Jian really turning against that cheongsam woman? Is it good or bad? But if they're going to fight, it shouldn't be in this haunted place. Aren't they trying to kill me too?" In an unremarkable corner of the bus, the only surviving ghost handler was trembling at the moment.

He felt his luck had run out, about to be dragged into another conflict, dying without knowing why.

The bus continued, everything was calm on the road.

Gradually, a few old tombs appeared in the distance, but as the vehicle moved forward, more and more old tombs emerged, eventually forming a cemetery that stretched endlessly.

It's here.

The next stop, the cemetery was coming soon.

"You all really fit in well. Old people should be buried in old tombs, no need to come out and cause trouble again." Yang Jian said coldly.