

Revival 176

Chapter 176 Saving People in the End

Jiang Yan was still maintaining her driving posture.

In her eyes, there was nothing but darkness, with only a never-ending road before her. No matter how fast she drove or how much time passed, the road never seemed to come to an end.

There wasn't a speck of light to be seen on the roadside either.

Especially knowing that a real ghost could appear at any time.

Even while sitting in the car, she was still enveloped by fear.

If it weren't for the fact that Jiang Yan knew Yang Jian was coming to rescue her, and there was still a glimmer of hope, she would have already collapsed or even gone mad by now.

"It's been so long, your boyfriend probably isn't going to come, right?" the female sales representative in the passenger seat, pale-faced, stammered.

She wasn't dead yet. During the previous attack, she was fortunate enough that the car accelerated as if it had shaken off the ghost. After that, she locked the doors tightly and clung to the handle, which had allowed her to survive until now.

But on the wrist of the saleswoman, there was a bruise in the shape of a handprint.

It was left by the hand that had reached in from outside.

The hand was cold, stiff, yet it contained a terrifying strength—it had nearly crushed her wrist.

"How would I know?"

Tears were running down Jiang Yan's face: "He's already here, whether he'll rescue me or not, I don't know. Stop asking me; if Yang Jian doesn't come, we're surely dead."

"All we can do now is stay put and wait, survive as long as we can; beyond that, I don't know what to do."

However, while she was speaking, her phone rang.

Jiang Yan frantically looked at it and, confirming that it was Yang Jian calling, immediately answered.

"Open the car door."

"Where are you?"

Yang Jian said, "Cut the crap. I'm telling you to open the door."

"But, but I'm driving, and there are ghosts outside, I'm scared. Just now a ghost almost got in when it opened the door." Jiang Yan said, "Where are you? Hurry and save me."

"Quit saying these useless things, or I'm leaving," Yang Jian said.

"Don't, I'll do as you say, okay? I'm opening the door." Terrified, Jiang Yan hastened to open the car door.

As the door opened.

Sinister candlelight shone in, revealing Yang Jian standing outside the car, holding a candle.

"You're quite a nag, you know. Next time, I think I shouldn't bother rescuing you."

"Yang, Yang Jian, how come you're here?" Jiang Yan's eyes widened, but she quickly became ecstatic, almost crying with joy: "It's so good that you've come, I almost died, do you know that?"

After saying this, she threw herself out and hugged Yang Jian.

"You're still driving," the female sales representative beside her exclaimed in shock.

But when she looked outside again at that moment, the situation had changed.

Unbeknownst to them, the car had stopped, and as the darkness was pushed back by the candlelight, it became clear that the car had been parked by the side of the road all along, not moving on the road at all.

Deluded by a ghost?

The saleswoman, terror-stricken, felt her legs go weak and nearly collapsed in the car.

Had they not started the car at all from the beginning? Was everything she had seen just an illusion?

This was utterly terrifying.

"I knew you would keep your promise and come to rescue me. You didn't let me down. I'm so glad you're here. I love you to death." Overwhelmed, Jiang Yan hugged Yang Jian's neck, wanting to kiss him several times.

"Don't get so affectionate."

Yang Jian pressed a palm against her face and looked over at the woman in the passenger seat: "Who is she? Picked up from the roadside?"

"She's a car saleswoman. Didn't you ask me to buy a car last time? Some paperwork had to be done by you, so I specifically took the saleswoman to see you; how could I know there'd be an accident on the road." Jiang Yan, unable to kiss Yang Jian, clung ferociously to him, refusing to let go.

While prying her arms apart, Yang Jian asked, "She looks a bit pale. Was she attacked by a ghost?"

"Yes," Jiang Yan said.

"To not be dead is to have a big life," Yang Jian said as he withdrew his gaze, assessing that there was nothing wrong with the saleswoman.

"Move to the back seat, I'll drive. It's time to leave this Ghost Domain. We've been here long enough, and if we delay any longer, that ghost is going to come after us." Finally, Yang Jian managed to push Jiang Yan away.

Jiang Yan acted coquettishly, saying, "No way, I want to sit with you."

"Nonsense, do you think you're a sofa? Squeeze in and sit down, don't waste time," Yang Jian said.

"I can sit on your lap. I'm so slender, it won't affect your driving," Jiang Yan said.

Yang Jian said, "But you will affect my mood. You've already put me in a very bad mood. Do you really think I would come to this damn place for a stroll if it wasn't to save you? After we get back, your salary will be cut in half and your workload doubled."

He forcibly moved this clingy person to the back seat.

He blew out the Ghost Candle, and sat directly in the driver's seat to start the car, turning the steering wheel to leave the place.

The headlights flashed.

The female sales associate next to him caught a glimpse of a body that had started to decompose slowly walking towards them outside the car window, which scared her into screaming.

"Outside, outside, there's something outside..."

"It's just a ghost, what's with the fuss? Haven't you encountered one before? Keep shouting like this, and I'll kick you out of the car," Yang Jian said with a cold face, glaring at her.

The female sales associate shivered and quickly covered her mouth.

"Don't scare her. If you kick her out, who will handle the paperwork with you?" Jiang Yan stood up from the back, leaning forward, her face full of joy as she wrapped her arms around Yang Jian's neck.

"Sit properly, or you'll be next," Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan's smile stiffened for a moment before quickly retracting back, and she sat straight in the back seat, more obedient than a child listening to their teacher.

Yang Jian now had to go and search for that very annoying Tong Qian on the way.

Today, he had definitely taken on the role of rescue team leader.

If he didn't bring back a few people, it wouldn't be easy to explain to Zhao Jianguo.

If he only left with Jiang Yan and the female sales associate, Zhao Jianguo would probably explode with rage upon seeing them.

For the sake of police authority, he had to keep playing the good guy.

But when Yang Jian drove to the intersection they had left before, he found not only Tong Qian but also the previous survivors had disappeared.

"Are they hiding?"

Yang Jian glanced around and, not bothering to search, called out, "Three minutes. Anyone who comes here within three minutes can leave alive. Otherwise, stay in the Ghost Domain and wait for death."

He had already instructed them to let Tong Qian lead the survivors to wait nearby for him.

If they chose to run off, then it was their own fault.

Yang Jian didn't have the energy to go around looking for and saving each person.

He believed there were other survivors in the Ghost Domain, not just the group Tong Qian had gathered; otherwise, the Door Knocking Ghost wouldn't have left for such a long stretch of time. Under normal circumstances, it would have come looking for them by now.

The voice wasn't loud.

It echoed through the silent streets, and any survivor hiding nearby could surely hear it.

Soon.

Tong Qian walked out of a store, her hair tied into a high ponytail, swaying from side to side as she walked, complementing her police uniform and giving her a rather heroic appearance, except her complexion was not that great.

"I thought you were just saying you'd come back, I didn't expect you to actually have the heart to come save us," she said.

Yang Jian opened the car window, looked at her, and said, "If you died in Dachang City, there'd be one more ghost here, and then I'd probably have to clean up your mess, wouldn't I?"

"No matter what you say, since you were willing to come back to save people, I should thank you. Not just for the other survivors, but also for myself," Tong Qian said, showing her gratitude to Yang Jian instead of getting angry.

Yang Jian paused for a moment, then calmly said, "It seems you've come to understand some realities. That's good. Paranormal incidents can make a person grow up completely, and this reckless action of yours hasn't been without its benefits."

"Can you not speak to me in such a didactic tone?" Tong Qian said.

"Weren't you talking to me like that before?" Yang Jian smiled and said, "People always unwittingly become the very kind they despise the most, and yet they remain totally unaware."

While they were talking, more and more survivors had started to appear behind Tong Qian.

"One more minute," Yang Jian said, looking at the clock on his phone.

"Everyone gather round, we'll be able to leave here soon," Tong Qian commanded, while also asking, "Do you have a way to get out of here?"

"That's my business, you don't need to worry about it, just know that I can take you all out of here," Yang Jian said.

Tong Qian stared at Yang Jian for a few moments, her admiration for his ability evident even though she doubted his character.

Not every ghost controller dared to ride a bicycle around the Ghost Domain so casually.

What was needed was not courage, but confidence in one's own abilities.

Chapter 177 Wang Yue Appears

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"Is this all the people we have? Seems even fewer than before."

Yang Jian frowned as he looked at the dozen or so survivors behind Tong Qian.

Tong Qian said, "This is all we have, the rest must have gotten scattered. The Ghost Domain is strange; often the path you've walked on before changes when the next person follows, causing groups to lose each other. There's nothing I can do about that, so the number of survivors keeps diminishing."

"It doesn't matter, as long as you're still alive," Yang Jian said.

"What do you mean by that?" Tong Qian asked.

Yang Jian said, "If not even a Guide can be saved, then I can only view this mission as a failure, too. How many survivors we can save depends on fate, but at least one Guide must live."

"So I'm just a bargaining chip for you?" Tong Qian was both angry and upset.

"It's something like that," Yang Jian said. "You don't need to be angry, being valuable is a good thing. The worst is to be worthless. Look at them."

He finished and pointed at the distraught survivors who had been swept up in this without any rhyme or reason.

"Heartless," Tong Qian said.

Yang Jian revealed a cold smile, "It's not heartlessness; it's about making choices. Just like when I got involved in the supernatural events, no one came to save me either. I had to rely on myself. Know why I never get assessed to join the headquarters? Because I'm not yet ready to shoulder the safety of an entire city.

After all, with responsibility comes accountability, and then there are some people you have to save whether you like it or not."

"If I don't become a Guide, I don't have to take on that responsibility, and I can look for a way to survive with a bit more freedom."

Tong Qian said, "You have the ability, so why aren't you willing to help a little? Saving a few more people won't harm you."

"Why doesn't a billionaire give me a few million? Giving me a few million won't make any difference to them," Yang Jian retorted.

Tong Qian was speechless, knowing she couldn't win against him.

Yang Jian continued, "Since everyone is here, it's time to go. Remember today's experience well; it will help you survive."

Saving these people was also a way to account for Zhao Jianguo's efforts; this trip wasn't in vain, as he at least got what he wanted.

Fortunately, this time he encountered the Door Knocking Ghost, one he was somewhat familiar with. Had it been any other ghost, Yang Jian would have had to weigh his options seriously; he would not dare to barge into an unknown supernatural event recklessly. The incident at Huanggang Village was a harsh lesson.

"Wait, hold on! Young man, wait!"

At this moment, an elderly lady, upon hearing Yang Jian was leaving, hurriedly lugged her belongings and rushed out from a shop nearby.

"Hmm?" Yang Jian raised his eyebrows.

"She's a survivor," Tong Qian said. "I recognize this lady."

Yang Jian lifted the handgun in his hand, extended it out of the window, and aimed it at her.

"What are you doing?" Tong Qian's face changed.

"Drop what you're carrying behind you, or if you come any closer, I'll shoot you dead," Yang Jian severely warned the elderly lady.

Tong Qian said, "She's just a normal person; don't get too agitated."

"She may be a normal person, all right, but what she's carrying isn't," Yang Jian said.

What she's carrying behind her?

Tong Qian glanced over and saw that the lady was carrying a large backpack with what appeared to be goods stolen from nearby shops.

"It's just some cigarettes, clothes, and stuff like that. She probably just wanted to take the opportunity to grab some things when she saw no one around."

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Yang Jian sneered, "There are goods for sale within the Ghost Domain? Do you really think this place is a street? I can't see any goods,. She has clearly brought back a ghost with her. With her approach, someone here is about to die again."

"What?" Tong Qian exclaimed in alarm.

She immediately tried to intervene. "Quickly throw away whatever is on your back, do it now!"

The elderly lady, while running, protected the items on her back. She had risked danger to take them from a nearby shop and was reluctant to discard them. "You didn't even call out to me before leaving. That's just too much. These things aren't an impediment; they won't hinder you," she protested.

"If she doesn't drop her stuff after crossing that line on the road, I'll shoot," Yang Jian declared.

Tong Qian was both angry and anxious. "Follow orders and drop your things or he will shoot!"

"You are the city officials. How can you shoot at a commoner like me? Stop trying to scare me. Let's get moving; I've caught up with you," the old woman said confidently, urging Yang Jian and the others to hurry up.

Yang Jian felt there was no other choice and raised the gun in his hand.

But just at that moment, the old woman suddenly screamed. Her body flew off the ground as she was ensnared by a rope that appeared out of nowhere, tightly looping around her neck and hanging her from a nearby streetlight. Her body struggled violently in mid-air, her old face turning crimson as she nearly suffocated.

"What's happening?" Tong Qian was shocked.

"Are you Yang Jian?"

The next moment, a man wearing a scarf and chomping on a cigar casually emerged from a nearby store.

"There are ghost masters here in the Ghost Domain?" Yang Jian's eyes narrowed as he became immediately alert.

"Let me introduce myself. My name is Wang Yue. Although we are from the same district, I believe this is our first meeting. I've long heard of the infamous 'Yang Jian with the Ghost Eye,' and today I see there's indeed a touch of the prodigy in youth about you. Impressive, impressive," said Wang Yue, puffing on his cigar as he clapped and approached.

Wang Yue?

Hearing this name, Yang Jian felt a sense of familiarity.

When he had caused trouble at the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, Ma Youcai, the surviving shareholder, had told him that Wang Xiaoqiang was connected to Wang Yue of the Rose Bar.

Could this be the same person?

"It seems you're quite unlucky to have been caught up in this paranormal event," Yang Jian remarked, his gaze shifting subtly.

It seemed that the paranormal event had originated from the Rose Bar.

Could he be one of the individuals from Hao Shaowen's phone list?

"Pretty unlucky indeed. Who would have thought that disaster would strike from above and that such a paranormal event would happen right in my own store," Wang Yue took a drag from his cigar and blew a smoke ring. "It's not easy to survive the clutches of that old ghost."

Yang Jian said, "You have only survived temporarily."

"I know, which is why I hope you can give me a hand," he said.

"What help?"

Wang Yue replied, "Give me a lift, take me away from here."

"Why should I help you?" Yang Jian asked.

Although he found Tong Qian annoying, there was no deep hatred between them. Helping her was tolerable, but this Wang Yue had a shady reputation. It was unclear whether he was friend or foe. How could he possibly go back to rescue someone who might be an enemy?

Wang Yue responded, "There is no 'why.' You help me, I help you; it's a fair deal. Don't you want to accept my goodwill? You have the ability to leave this place, one more person wouldn't be a burden, would it?"

Chapter 178 Ghost Rope

Yang Jian sized up this Wang Yue.

He wasn't old, not even thirty, and though his mismatched gangster-like attire, complemented by a cigar and a scarf, seemed off-key, he exuded a sense of maturity and stability.

It was evident that Wang Yue had also dealt with his fair share of supernatural incidents.

His temperament and intellect had been honed through life-and-death experiences.

Looking at the struggling woman hanging from the street lamp, who was gradually running out of breath, he couldn't help but frown.

"What's the matter? Didn't you also want to kill her just now? I've done you a favor, saved you a bullet—that should be a good thing, right? Or are you blaming me?" Wang Yue noticed Yang Jian's gaze and immediately spoke up.

Yang Jian said, "No, it's just that something occurred to me."

"The death of Yan Li and his family of three bears a striking resemblance to this; they were hanged and left to die. Their bodies were left in the villa for two or three days, already crawling with maggots... Did you do this?"

Wang Yue's eyes flitted upon realizing his mistake.

He had overlooked such a detail.

In life, Yan Li and Yang Jian were partners, jointly dealing with supernatural events and had cooperated with each other; they might even be considered friends.

Without a response, Yang Jian's eyes hardened, "So, it was you who did it. That's really ruthless—eliminating witnesses, not leaving a single survivor."

Wang Yue's face shifted colors, then he said, "I had no choice, someone forced me to do it, it wasn't my intention. If you're looking for trouble, you should go after Zhao Kaiming. He's the one who made me do it, I didn't know about it at first."

"But you still did it, didn't you?" Yang Jian let out a cold smile. "You want to push all the responsibility onto Zhao Kaiming. Can you honestly say that Zhao Kaiming didn't promise you any benefits for agreeing to do this?"

"That's a different matter. I was also played by Zhao Kaiming. He wanted to use my intermediary position to get rid of Yan Li, hoping to cast suspicion on Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club and make you and Wang Xiaoqiang fight to the death. Right before the supernatural event broke out, he approached me and wanted me to join forces with Wang Xiaoqiang against you."

"Unfortunately, things got interrupted. But now, Zhao Kaiming should be dead, and I have no reason to work for him anymore. If you get me out of here, I can help you deal with Wang Xiaoqiang."

Yang Jian said, "Don't you think you're being too naive? You took care of Yan Li and agreed to target me; now you want me to save you?"

"Saving me wouldn't be bad for you—the people from Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club will be after you soon. Without help, you are likely to die at Wang Xiaoqiang's hands. Although many of their ghost controllers have died because of you, there's still one particularly formidable opponent, a man named Ye Feng, who commands two ghosts. Your chances against him aren't great."

"So, 'aren't great' means they also aren't one hundred percent sure of taking me down. That's why Zhao Kaiming sought collaboration with you, to have all of you work together to eliminate me?" Yang Jian's eyes narrowed, a hint of alarm in them.

Zhao Kaiming was diabolically cunning indeed, concocting such a venomous scheme.

"Correct, that was the plan. But now there's been a change. I have no intention of helping Wang Xiaoqiang. If you just get me out of here, I can help you instead," Wang Yue puffed at his cigar and said earnestly, "After dealing with Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club and with Zhao Kaiming's death, the next detective will definitely be you. Then, you will be the one calling the shots in Dachang City."

"That would be beneficial for you, after all, it's a win-win situation."

Yang Jian said, "I'm afraid it's win-win for you too, isn't it? Surviving, getting rid of their manipulation, and dissolving any hostility I have against you."

"Mutual benefit is key for people like us, staying alive is what matters; everything else is insignificant."

Wang Yue said, "Moreover, what supernatural event doesn't have casualties? Hundreds die here today, dozens there tomorrow; death occurs globally every moment. It's true I killed Yan Li and his family, but for you, it makes no difference."

"Zhao Kaiming wanted me to kill just to drag me into this mess. Now that it's out in the open, a simple nod from you, and everything stops here."

Yang Jian at this point opened the car door and stepped out, "What if I don't feel like it?"

Wang Yue was taken aback, and then deeply furrowed his brows.

He had thought his reasoning would persuade Yang Jian; after all, there had been no direct conflict between the two. He couldn't understand why Yang Jian wouldn't agree.

"If you refuse, I have other ways to leave. It'll just cost more, but once I'm out, I will definitely join forces with Wang Xiaoqiang. That's terrible news for you, so I hope you think it through... Besides, if we stir up trouble here, and an accident leads to the revival of a fierce ghost, it won't be good for anyone," Wang Yue said.

Although conflicts between ghost controllers weren't rare, it was uncommon for them to fight to the death.

He didn't want to clash to the end with Zhao Kaiming and that's why he agreed to his terms. He also didn't want a fallout with Yang Jian, hence he sought reconciliation.

If they fought, both would lose.

After all, using the power of fierce ghosts meant draining one's own life, even for Yang Jian, who commanded two ghosts.

"You talk a good game, but the last thing I like to do is talk sense," Yang Jian said.

"You killed Yan Li's family and plotted with Zhao Kaiming against me. If it weren't for the Ghost Door Knocker incident that dragged you in, I would have died without understanding how or why... so..."

"Then what do you want to do?"

Wang Yue grew more cautious; he stopped moving forward and kept a close watch on Yang Jian's ghostly gaze and the thick inky shadow at his feet.

He knew some intelligence about Yang Jian.

About the two ghosts on him, he knew something, but not much.

"Of course, to take this chance and finish you off in one fell swoop, after you're dead, the situation with Wang Xiaoqiang will no longer be of concern. We would be evenly matched if we really went all out, but if you were part of the equation, I'd truly have something to worry about. Besides, I now have an assistant by my side." Yang Jian glanced over at Tong Qian.

Tong Qian's complexion changed, "Although I don't know the situation in Dachang City, he's right, making a fuss at this time is no good. We're still in the Ghost Domain, and that ghost might appear at any moment."

"Are you willing to help or not?" Yang Jian asked.

"If he doesn't die, I won't leave the Ghost Domain."

Blackmail.

It was a clear threat using the lives of these survivors as leverage.

"Alright, I'm willing to help you," Tong Qian had no choice but to agree.

Although she was reluctant, she could see clearly that this ghost controller called Wang Yue was a lawless killer.

Yang Jian was cold-blooded, but this guy was even more cruel.

"Very good," Yang Jian nodded.

Now, Wang Yue's face changed.

He had no confidence even in facing Yang Jian alone, let alone facing another criminal policeman.

"Let's go~!"

Without a second thought, he immediately turned and ran.

He had to escape, or else it was certain death.

These two combined posed a greater threat to him than that old ghost. At least the old ghost wouldn't be hellbent on chasing him down, whereas Yang Jian seemed determined to kill him.

"Thinking of leaving now, it's already too late," Yang Jian raised his hand and fired a shot.

"Bang~!"

At such a close distance, hitting a person was not difficult.

Wang Yue immediately let out a muffled grunt and fell to the ground.

Indeed, this thing was quite effective against ghost controllers.

But to think that a specially made gun could kill a ghost controller, Yang Jian still found it a bit unrealistic.

"Yang Jian," Wang Yue, lying on the ground with a ferocious look, addressed him, "You struck first. If you don't want me to live, then let's die together."

As the scarf around his neck came undone.

An old hemp rope appeared around his neck.

This hemp rope was tied in a dead knot around his entire neck, constricting it tightly, like a sieve.

Normally, with such constriction, one's neck should have snapped, and the person should have died.

But Wang Yue was still very much alive.

Ghost Rope Wang Yue.

People who knew his backstory would call him that.

"Looking like this, you're not far from a ghostly resurgence. It's perfect, I'll take care of you today, so you don't stir up another paranormal event when you do die," Yang Jian said fearlessly, taking bold strides towards him.

"Naive, think you can do whatever you want just because you're controlling two ghosts?" As Wang Yue spoke, the hemp rope around his neck tightened even more, and the sound of his neck bones cracking could be heard.

In an instant, his face turned red, an agonizing pain surging through him.

And just then.

Yang Jian abruptly stopped in his tracks.

He felt a cold chill on his neck.

Chapter 179 The Death of Wang Yue

Exorcists who survive paranormal incidents are rarely simple characters.

Yang Jian didn't underestimate Wang Yue, nor did he belittle him; otherwise, he wouldn't have coerced Tong Qian into helping.

Just as the old hemp rope around Wang Yue's neck eerily writhed and tightened once again, causing him excruciating pain, Yang Jian sensed something was terribly wrong.

This was the influence of employing the power of an Evil Ghost.

At that moment.

He suddenly felt a chilling coldness at his neck, the kind that made his pores shrink and his hairs stand on end in an instant.

Almost subconsciously, Yang Jian's Ghost Eye flared open.

He didn't have many Ghost Eyes left on his body.

Five eyes remained with the Ghost Shadow; currently, he only had the two Ghost Eyes at the front and back of his head.

At this moment, both Ghost Eyes opened simultaneously, one looking ahead and the other behind.

But there was nothing out of the ordinary in either direction.

"Yang Jian, be careful," Tong Qian suddenly cried out as if she saw something alarming.

The next moment.

Yang Jian felt a terrifying force at his neck, an intense sensation of suffocation and dizziness washing over him.

He looked down.

Somehow, a grass rope had found its way around his neck, with both ends hanging in mid-air as if invisible hands were pulling fiercely at it, intent on strangling him alive. Before he could even react, a cold numbness took over his neck as if he had lost all sensation.

"Not a pleasant feeling, is it, Yang Jian?"

Wang Yue stood up slowly, shaking his head; "Bound by the Ghost Rope, even an Evil Ghost can't break free. Your control over two ghosts has only delayed the Evil Ghost's revival. When it comes to a fight for survival, there's not much difference whether one ghost or two are murdering."

"It seems fitting to strangle you to death today since I can't count on you to lead me out anymore."

Yang Jian was choking and couldn't speak; he was beginning to feel the lack of oxygen. If this continued, he would be strangled to death in less than five seconds.

However, at that moment, a slit opened on his neck, and his flesh was brutally torn open.

Two crimson Ghost Eyes burst forth, emitting a red glow.

Under the red light, the tightening grass rope gradually began to loosen.

"Hmm?" Wang Yue was taken aback by this development.

"Cough, cough cough."

Yang Jian coughed painfully and felt his neck regaining some sensation, barely able to breathe.

"Is that... Ghost Eyes?" Wang Yue immediately noticed the eerie eyes on Yang Jian's neck.

It was the power of the Ghost Eyes resisting the Ghost Rope.

"You think you can kill me so easily? You're far too naive."

Yang Jian raised his head, his eyes appearing somewhat fierce due to congestion: "Indeed, it's an unsolvable ability, without any signs. The force that tried to strangle me just now must have been a ghost, one that lives in this rope, unseen, without physical form."

"But your ability is limited, that's all you can do. After all, it's just one ghost."

"Is that so? I don't believe it," Wang Yue's eyes revealed a hint of madness; "Let's see who dies first."

As his words fell, the rope around his neck tightened again.

"Crack, crack~!"

Yang Jian could even hear the sound of his neck bones breaking, and at the same time, he distinctly felt the grass rope around his neck constricting continuously.

The two Ghost Eyes couldn't withstand the rope's eerie strangulation.

"Fighting with your life on the line?" His gaze turned icy: "Trying to kill me before the Evil Ghost revives? Naive."

He had figured out the consequence of using the Ghost Rope.

It kept tightening around Wang Yue's own neck, inevitably going to strangle him to death one day.

But Wang Yue had already used the power of the Evil Ghost several times, and the rope around his neck was nearing its limit; such an action would likely bring death closer.

Yang Jian wouldn't have things go as Wang Yue wished.

As the rope tightened once more, a pitch-black shadow stood up behind him.

It was like a person hidden in the shadows.

Except this person had a neck, but no head.

Headless Ghost Shadow.

This was the second ghost controlled by Yang Jian.

At this moment, as the Headless Ghost Shadow rose, its hands that seemed to be condensed from the darkness reached out to his neck, grabbing the grass rope, then started to yank it down, bit by bit.

The strange strength that was tightening around his neck couldn't match the power of the Headless Ghost Shadow and began to rapidly loosen.

"No, it's impossible." Wang Yue's eyes widened as he watched the rope around Yang Jian's neck gradually loosen.

"There's nothing impossible about it, my power over two ghosts is resisting your one ghost. If I lost, then what would be the point of me controlling two ghosts?" Yang Jian said.

At this moment, Wang Yue's complexion had turned beet red; he felt as if his neck was about to be snapped.

The Evil Ghost's power was backfiring on him.

"Since I can't beat you, let's die together. Even if I die due to the Evil Ghost's resurrection, you won't have it easy either," Wang Yue said with an air of desperate defiance.

He had no way out. Yang Jian wasn't planning to let him go; he had to do it.

The next moment.

Yang Jian saw Wang Yue's skin gradually turning pale, like a bloodless corpse, his feet slowly lifted off the ground, and eventually, he was hanging in mid-air. Although he was still struggling, it was clear that the rope around his neck was about to strangle him to death.

There was a strong premonition.

As soon as he was strangled to death, Wang Yue would be replaced and become a substitute for a ghost.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian also felt that the Ghost Shadow behind him was struggling to grasp the rope around his neck.

If Wang Yue was killed by the ghost, then it was very likely that he would also end up accompanying him in death.

Yang Jian tried to move but found that even his movements seemed to be bound, his body stiff in place, unable to budge.

"At this moment, the one controlling the Ghost Rope is no longer Wang Yue, but that ghost... does it intend to fight to the death with me during the Evil Ghost's resurrection? To drag me down with it?"

He immediately understood Wang Yue's intent.

It was clear that he was seeking to take someone down with him in his last moments.

Unable to deal with Yang Jian himself, he had chosen to die at the hands of a resurrecting Evil Ghost, letting a real ghost confront Yang Jian, because even if Yang Jian controlled two ghosts, he couldn't match a resurrected ghost without any restrictions, fully unleashed.

It certainly was a crazy, yet very effective method.

"Tong Qian, kill him now, or we'll all die here," Yang Jian immediately said.

He didn't choose to fight to the death, but instead asked for Tong Qian's help, as there was no need for him to overexert the power of the Evil Ghost against a ghost that was reviving.

"Fine."

Tong Qian was somewhat decisive, immediately unleashing her long black hair, revealing a pale, androgynous Ghost Face on the back of her head.

The Ghost Face smiled, eerie and sinister.

"Giggle, giggle~!"

Ghost Face opened its mouth and let out a strange laugh towards Wang Yue, who was close to being strangled to death.

The next moment.

Wang Yue, whose neck had been hanging down, suddenly raised his head and smiled back at the Ghost Face with a laugh.

After that laugh, he immediately stopped breathing.

Wang Yue, now without breath, had his complexion frozen, still maintaining that smile, an expression eerily similar to that of the Ghost Face, both creepy and sinister.

"We did it, he's dead," Tong Qian turned around, covering the Ghost Face with her hair and once again tying it up in a ponytail.

"Of course he would die. The full force of the Evil Ghost was pressed upon me; killing him at this moment was as easy as pie," Yang Jian said, feeling the pressure on his neck loosen a bit.

The Ghost Shadow suddenly yanked hard.

The Ghost Rope slipped off his neck and fell to the ground.

But it disappeared without a trace in an instant.

And Wang Yue, still with that rigid smile on his face, hung eerily in mid-air, the other end of the rope tied to the nearby street light, his body swaying gently.

It looked as though he had died by hanging.

However, the next moment.

"Ah~!"

Screams came from behind, where the survivors were gathered near the car.

A survivor was suddenly bound by a rope made of grass that lifted off the ground and left them hanging in mid-air.

"What?" Tong Qian quickly turned around to look.

But she saw countless grass ropes hanging from the dark sky above, each with a noose at the top, swaying in the air; whenever they touched a person, they would bind tightly around the person's neck as if they were sticky, hoisting them up from the ground.

In just a brief moment.

Four or five survivors were entangled by the Ghost Rope and began to struggle painfully in mid-air.

And as time passed, there were ropes hanging down the entire street, swaying gently, seemingly endless at a glance.

Every one of those ropes was like an Evil Ghost seeking lives, drifting through the city.

Chapter 180: Imprisoning Ghost Rope

On the deserted streets, there were originally only Yang Jian, Tong Qian, and a few other survivors preparing to leave, but the area changed with the death of Wang Yue,

On the road devoid of people, countless old, corpse-smelling ropes, each with a noose at its end, hung down from the dim sky above. These ropes drifted in every corner of the Ghost Domain, sometimes beside the road, sometimes within shops, and sometimes even inside vehicles.

And the sheer number of ropes hanging down was enough to make one's scalp tingle.

Without counting, one could tell at a glance there were at least tens of thousands of ropes, and the number seemed to be increasing.

This was an ability that the deceased Wang Yue could not possibly achieve.

He could probably only control a few ropes.

"Wang Yue is dead, the fierce ghost inside him has resurrected," Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, and immediately understood the situation upon seeing this.

At this moment, a rope dangling from the gloomy sky floated towards him, aiming to loop around his neck and hang him, but it was violently seized by the Ghost Shadow behind him.

With a fierce tug from the Ghost Shadow, the rope fell and turned to dust, disappearing without a trace.

The rope was not real; it was an illusion created by the ghost's power, but to ordinary people, there was no difference between the fake and the real.

It could still hang someone to death.

However, Yang Jian's action seemed to have enraged the other dangling ropes, which began to drift towards his location in increasing numbers.

The ropes were becoming more densely packed around him.

"What do we do now?" Tong Qian panicked.

One crisis had not subsided before another supernatural incident arose. If they didn't find a solution quickly, everyone would soon be hung up and killed here.

But Yang Jian was not panicked: "It's simple, contain this ghost, resolve the Ghost Rope incident, and everything we see now will naturally disappear. Besides, this thing can be of great help to me."

A rope that could hang people and also bind other ghosts was invaluable, and if he could obtain it, it would be of extreme importance to his future actions.

After speaking, he immediately returned to the side of the vehicle.

"We're not going to die, are we?"

Jiang Yan's face was pale inside the vehicle, her body trembling with nervousness. Seeing Yang Jian come back, she cautiously asked.

"No, it's just a minor issue," Yang Jian said.

A minor issue?

The female sales clerk beside them was nearly crying from fright.

Grass ropes were descending from the sky, and every contact with one outside led to a person being hung up, soon to be killed, yet it was called a minor issue.

Yang Jian lit a Ghost Candle at the driver's seat.

The green flame flickered, and the ropes that were drifting inwards were immediately dispersed by an invisible force. The survivors who had been hanging were also saved, falling to the ground from mid-air.

"Do you have any gold containers for containment?" Yang Jian asked, holding the Ghost Candle.

"I prepared a sealing bag," Tong Qian said.

She took out a small package from her body, and upon opening it, a golden carry bag was revealed.

Though it was a carry bag, it was specially made, with a sealing opening, capable of holding some peculiar things.

"Good, hold onto the Ghost Candle; I'll go deal with that rope. Once successful, we'll leave here," Yang Jian took the carry bag and temporarily handed the Ghost Candle to Tong Qian.

"Do you need my help?"

"No need, you've already helped," Yang Jian replied.

After speaking, he stepped out of the candlelight's coverage and headed straight for the corpse of Wang Yue.

Luckily, the Ghost Rope had only just begun to resurrect.

If this thing had hung hundreds, even thousands of people,

it would be like finding a needle in a haystack to locate the real Ghost Rope among tens of thousands of ropes.

And it was also fortunate to be within the Ghost Domain of the Door Knocking Ghost; if they were outside, who knows what other situations might arise.

After stepping out of the candlelight's range,

Yang Jian looked up at the body of Wang Yue hanging in mid-air, with a sinister smile on his dead face.

But his focus was not on Wang Yue, but on the rope around his neck.

That rope must be taken down.

"This thing is very strange; normal people absolutely mustn't touch it, or they may not be strangled to death by this rope, so..." Yang Jian's gaze shifted.

The Ghost Shadow behind him stood up once more, and it weirdly elongated.

Shortly, the height of the Ghost Shadow surpassed that of Wang Yue, who was suspended in mid-air.

The hands transformed from the Ghost Shadow reached towards that rope.

But before the Ghost Shadow could touch it,

suddenly,

Wang Yue, hanging in mid-air, stretched out his gradually chilling hand and directly seized the Ghost Shadow.

A face with a strange smile floated before Yang Jian, eyes wide open as if still staring at him.

As if issuing a warning.

"Not at peace even in death, are you being controlled by a ghost?" Yang Jian frowned.

"Since that's the case, I'll deal with you first."

The Ghost Shadow gradually entered Wang Yue's body.

And as the Ghost Shadow invaded, Wang Yue's corpse began to tremble slightly.

Yang Jian wasn't trying to manipulate Wang Yue's corpse, but to destroy it.

The next moment,

Wang Yue's body started to collapse, as if his feet fell soundlessly, followed by his hands, and then the body.

The entire corpse was like a wooden puppet falling to pieces,

Indeed.

The Ghost Rope was the key; the corpse was just an attachment.

To be safe, Yang Jian didn't completely dismember Wang Yue's corpse but left half the body intact.

Ensuring the Ghost Rope was still tied around his neck.

If the Ghost Rope left Wang Yue's neck, who knew what accidents might happen.

With Wang Yue's corpse no longer an obstacle, the Ghost Shadow once again grabbed the grass rope.

This time it went smoothly, without any resistance.

"Yang Jian, hurry up, look around." Suddenly, Tong Qian's anxious voice came from behind him.

At this moment,

The sky around them began to darken rapidly.

Although it was dark before, it was not completely black, just dim, and still visible, but now... all light was disappearing.

"The Door Knocking Ghost is coming." Yang Jian was shocked.

He had seen this kind of darkness several times before.

It was a harbinger of that old man's appearance.

They had delayed too long here; he estimated that the other people in the Ghost Domain had all been killed by that old man, so now it was time to find these last survivors.

"Don't worry, there's still time."

Yang Jian's Ghost Shadow suddenly yanked.

Wang Yue's head fell off, and the Ghost Rope was pulled down as well.

At the moment the rope was pulled off, it bizarrely wrapped around the Ghost Shadow's neck and quickly tightened, soon deforming the Ghost Shadow's neck as if trying to hang it.

But the Ghost Rope failed.

Because the Ghost Shadow had no head.

The noose slid off the Ghost Shadow's neck.

"Pack it up." Yang Jian handed a bag to the Ghost Shadow.

Controlling the Ghost Shadow, he put the Ghost Rope into the bag.

Then he completely sealed it, successfully imprisoning it.