

Revival 196

Chapter 196: The person who walked out of the Ghost Mirror

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Several consecutive gunshots echoed throughout the neighborhood, brief and urgent.

The sound was loud; even Yang Jian in his room heard it.

Is this... gunfire?

Immediately, Yang Jian frowned and became alert.

Why would there be gunshots in a normally quiet community?

"Could it be Zhang Wei testing a gun? No, something's off about the sound, the gunshots are too hurried, not like test firing... More like returning fire as if someone's in danger."

While he was pondering, suddenly, something caught his peripheral vision.

Yang Jian abruptly saw the black cloth covering the Ghost Mirror bulging outwards, outlining the shape of a palm.

It was as if a hand had suddenly reached out from within the Ghost Mirror.

"What's going on?" Yang Jian instantly tensed up.

The Ghost Mirror had been fine for several days; why was there suddenly activity today?

Could it be related to the earlier gunfire?

Or was it that, imperceptibly, some balance within the mirror had been broken and a ghost was trying to come out?

But before he could contemplate further,

as the black cloth covering the mirror was yanked down by the palm, the Ghost Mirror appeared before him once more,

Inside the mirror, a person identical to Zhang Wei was stretching his hand out of the mirror, his face showing a look of horror as he struggled to leave. However, eerie hands, greenish, pale, and decaying, reached out from all around the mirror, seizing Zhang Wei's body and legs and relentlessly dragging him back into the mirror.

It seemed that the ghost inside the mirror was unwilling to let this Zhang Wei go.

"This is different from before," said Yang Jian, his expression unchanged.

Previously, the ghost that looked just like Zhang Wei stood inside the mirror, motionless for three days without taking any initiative to step out.

But now...

"Brother Tui, save me~!" Zhang Wei struggled to push his head out of the mirror, like a drowning person coming up for air and calling for help.

Quickly, the hands inside the mirror pulled Zhang Wei back in,

this time, Zhang Wei had no strength to resist and was dragged further and further away.

"Could it be..." Yang Jian remembered the words on the human skin scroll.

If the message revealed by the human skin scroll was true, then the current Zhang Wei...

The next moment,

Yang Jian rushed to the front of the Ghost Mirror and, just as Zhang Wei's hand was disappearing into the Ghost Mirror, he immediately reached in and grabbed his arm.

The warmth of a living person traveled from his arm, confirming that this Zhang Wei was alive and not a ghost.

"Just as I suspected."

Yang Jian yanked hard, trying to pull Zhang Wei out.

But countless hands behind Zhang Wei offered him relentless resistance. Before Yang Jian could pull him out, the force made him stick to the mirror, with half of his body pulled in, instantly overwhelmed.

The force emanating from the mirror was surely not human; if it weren't for the fact he was stuck outside the mirror, he would have been pulled inside the Ghost Mirror immediately.

"Trying to compete with me for a person? All of you, get lost," Yang Jian's ghost eye opened.

A red glow permeated into the Ghost Mirror, then enveloped Zhang Wei.

Hoping to use the method that saved his cousin to rescue Zhang Wei.

However,

when he attempted the transfer, it failed.

On Zhang Wei's ankle lay a skinless, bloody hand clutching tightly; even the Ghost Domain seemed unable to affect it, and the Ghost Domain itself felt somewhat restricted.

"What kind of thing is this, able to grasp a person even within the Ghost Domain?" Yang Jian was shocked.

He could influence other palms, but that one hand remained unaffected.

There was no other way. If the ability of one ghost was not enough, then the ability of two ghosts should suffice.

The black ghost shadow under Yang Jian's feet also merged into the Ghost Mirror.

This was a dangerous move.

Once the Ghost Shadow was also pulled in and acquired a ghost's body, it was uncertain whether it would counterattack him after leaving the Ghost Mirror, especially since the human skin paper's warning still lingered in his mind.

But with the entrance of the Ghost Shadow,

Yang Jian felt the tremendous pulling force disappear.

The hand that was grasping Zhang Wei's ankle seemed to have chosen to let go.

"Bang~!"

Yang Jian fell backwards, dragging Zhang Wei out of the Ghost Mirror with him.

"Scared me to death, scared me to death. I was just doing my business when suddenly it got dark, and the next moment I encounter a ghost, and not just one." Zhang Wei sat on the ground, still shaken, then he looked around; "What, what place is this?"

"Brother Tui, is it really you? I thought I was seeing things just now, I didn't expect to find you here too."

Initial panic gave way to overwhelming surprise when he saw Yang Jian.

Yang Jian, however, didn't pay attention to him but abruptly looked at the mirror.

In the mirror, the reflection of Zhang Wei had disappeared, along with those hands, and the object had once again turned into a smooth mirror.

And the Zhang Wei who was pulled out...

"Are you really Zhang Wei?" Yang Jian was not sure, inspecting him with his ghostly eye, yet he discovered nothing abnormal.

He touched Zhang Wei's chest.

He felt a heartbeat and body temperature.

Incredible.

It was truly incredible how Zhang Wei ended up inside the Ghost Mirror.

"Why are you touching my chest?" asked Zhang Wei.

"Is it not okay?"

Zhang Wei said, "It's not like it's not okay, but it feels a bit... homoerotic. If someone saw us, they'd definitely suspect we're gay."

"Don't talk for now, let me think this through," Yang Jian picked up the human skin paper once again.

At that moment, the human skin paper displayed a sentence:

"Zhang Wei died... and then he came back to life, resurrected from the Ghost Mirror. The information I received before was true, but it seems that the resurrected Zhang Wei does not remember what just happened. His memory is frozen at the moment he first saw the Ghost Mirror. The Ghost Mirror brought back the Zhang Wei from the past, not the current one.

Is the him from the past and the him from now really the same person? I don't know."

"As the price for resurrection, a ghost has been released. I can't determine whether this is a good thing or a bad thing."

Yang Jian looked at this line of text and furrowed his brows deeply.

It appeared that Zhang Wei's death and resurrection were real.

The human skin paper was completely correct, it really could bring the dead back to life.

But there was a condition, one must leave their own shadow on the Ghost Mirror.

It's akin to... saving a game?

"Let's not worry about that for now. Zhang Wei's death must be related to the earlier gunshots, which means there's trouble in the neighborhood now." Yang Jian narrowed his eyes and promptly put away the human skin paper.

Gunshots meant that this was no ordinary matter.

He had a vague premonition that this was probably targeting him.

"Go downstairs and find a place to hide, it's dangerous here. Don't go out until I come back," Yang Jian said, "and don't touch that mirror or enter this room. Be careful not to be snatched back by the mirror again."

"No problem, Brother Tui," Zhang Wei nodded.

Having said that, Yang Jian immediately left.

Chapter 197: The Bizarre Finger

"Report, the detector shows that a new person suddenly appeared in the room. The one who had been staying there suspected to be Yang Jian has started to move. He's taking the elevator down from the fourth floor, looks like he's going to leave the villa."

From afar, across the river on the opposite bank.

An operative dressed in camouflage lay in a high position, surveying the villa's every move with a detector from a distance.

Next to him, a sniper lay prone.

A heavy sniper rifle was positioned on the ground, aimed with precision at the villa across the river.

The straight-line distance wouldn't be more than five hundred meters.

With such a sniping range, any sniper with even a little bit of training would absolutely not miss.

And to ensure a foolproof plan, there were three such sniper points.

"A new person? What's going on here?" Kong Feng furrowed his brows, unconsciously slowing his steps.

"Not sure. The detector didn't pick up a second lifeform in the villa before. It seems like it just suddenly appeared," the observer reported.

Kong Feng said, "Never mind that, keep an eye on the one who might leave the villa at any moment. The moment you confirm it's Yang Jian, take the opportunity to snipe him. You guys must fire the first shot."

"Understood," the observer said.

Kong Feng put down his earpiece and asked, "How's the setup around here?"

"All ready, just waiting for Yang Jian to show up," Daisy and several other members nodded their heads.

Kong Feng took a slow breath and said, "Then let's begin. Everyone else, stay hidden. I hope this mission is completed successfully."

Although it wasn't his first time hunting a Ghost Master, this time he felt an inexplicable pressure.

Was it the uneasiness brought on by Ah Hai's death, or some sort of premonition of death?

He didn't know.

But now that the mission had been accepted, there was no choice but to go through with it. He hoped this Yang Jian, like the other Ghost Masters, could be dealt with smoothly, without any complications.

"Zzt zzt..." The sound of electricity buzzed.

The observer from across the river said, "The target is about to walk out of the villa, entering the range."

Kong Feng's expression became stern, immediately looking towards the isolated manor villa.

From his angle, he could see Yang Jian's position and also instantly discern whether the plan succeeded or failed.

Long-range sniping was just the first step.

At that moment, the shooter pulled the bolt back, a golden yellow bullet larger than a finger was chambered, waiting for the moment it would fly out.

Aside from some Ghost Masters with exceptional bodies.

Many Ghost Masters could be sniped, a shot to the head and even if they had subdued an Evil Ghost, it would mean death.

At that moment, Yang Jian was indeed walking out of the villa.

The death of Zhang Wei had raised his alertness. There must be some dangerous individuals in this residential complex, and nine times out of ten they were here for him.

Opening the front door.

Walking out of the villa.

Having not gone out for several days, the sunlight outside seemed blinding, causing some dizziness.

"Target confirmed, take the shot," the observer immediately identified Yang Jian as he walked out and promptly told the sniper.

The sniper, who had already aimed at the front door, didn't hesitate.

"Bang~!"

A gunshot resounded, kicking up dust around, a specially made bullet flew out, heading straight for the target's head.

If it hit, the head would explode instantly.

Forget the Ghost Master, even Jesus would have to kneel.

The next moment.

A door of the villa was pierced through, the bullet flew into the house, blasting a chunk of cement off the wall, the golden bullet became deformed, deeply embedded inside.

The target... disappeared?

"What's going on? Where did the target go?" The observer was stunned for a moment.

Just now, Yang Jian, who walked out of the house, had vanished.

As if in the blink of an eye, the person had vanished into thin air.

"Report, target disappeared, target disappeared," the observer hastened to communicate.

Immediately cursed, "Fuck, pull back immediately, mission failed."

But before he could finish his sentence.

A chilling cold wind arose behind them, and the temperature around seemed to drop several degrees in an instant.

Without waiting for them to turn around.

A black shadow enveloped them as if someone had appeared behind them at some unknown time.

"Are you looking for me?" Yang Jian was enveloped in a red glow, his forehead's ghost eye fierce and eerie.

With his appearance, the air around seemed to be tinged with the scent of death.

"Damn it." The observer broke out into a cold sweat.

No longer caring about why the mission target suddenly appeared behind him, he only knew that this person was extremely dangerous.

Draw the gun, turn around, done in one fluid motion.

The action was polished to perfection, as if after countless rigorous trainings--under such reflexes, even if an enemy had a gun to one's back, there was still a chance to counter-kill.

But as soon as he turned around, his head simply fell off his neck.

No blood, no wounds, as if a piece was simply removed from a set of building blocks.

"Think you can counter-kill me? Not going to happen," Yang Jian still stood there, his ghost eye watching over everything.

"Maybe you've successfully killed other Ghostmasters before, but such success won't befall me."

"Run~!"

The man immediately scrambled away from Yang Jian.

However, he hadn't gone far before his body simply fell apart.

Arms, legs, scattered all over the ground, not a single part intact.

After harnessing the power of the Evil Ghost, taking care of two enemies wasn't difficult.

If it weren't for the fact that he had used the Ghost Domain to save Zhang Wei and hadn't planned to close it, Yang Jian believed he would be dead by now.

Blown head, even with two ghosts under his control, he wouldn't survive.

But there are no ifs in reality.

The reality was he lived, and everyone else had to die.

"Bang~! Bang~!"

Then came two more gunshots.

From Guanjiang Residential Complex's direction, two shots were fired from two high points towards here, each aiming to assassinate.

This was a follow-up shot.

After confirming the first shot was a failure, the man who acted before would definitely be attacked by Yang Jian, so it was necessary to keep shooting to ensure the operation wouldn't fail.

But in reality, they had already failed.

The moment Yang Jian was in the Ghost Domain, ordinary assassination methods were doomed to fail.

The bullets passed through Yang Jian's body and exploded a clump of soil on the grassland behind him.

But Yang Jian did not fall to the ground; he disappeared again.

"First stage combat operation failed, commence the Second Stage combat plan," Kong Feng's face changed, he immediately said into the walkie-talkie.

"Boss, your three-stage hunting plan seems a bit dicey, the target looks a bit evil, feels like he's not human anymore...he's more like a ghost," one of the members said with some panic.

"Three-stage hunting plan, sounds like it nearly scared me to death, but looking at it seems like your plan is suffering setbacks, need me to give you a hand?"

Suddenly, a voice appeared behind them.

"What?"

The crowd was shocked and turned around fiercely to look.

But they saw Yang Jian, who had no idea when he had sat down on a bench by the roadside, propping his head and looking at them.

Some reacted instinctively to draw their guns.

"Now you've been surrounded," Yang Jian reminded from his chair, "If I were you, I'd throw down my weapons, put my hands on my head, and lie on the ground begging for mercy. Don't do anything stupid. Otherwise, people will get killed."

When did he get here?

A chill ran through everyone's hearts.

But Kong Feng understood.

This was the Ghost Domain.

The information stated that within the Ghost Domain one could experience hallucinations, unable to distinguish between reality and illusion. Moreover, once you entered the Ghost Domain, there was no way to leave by normal means; it was one of those unsolvable abilities.

"No one's being reckless? Good, can you tell me who sent you to kill me?" Yang Jian continued.

"Bang~!"

A gunslinger instantly drew his gun and fired. Before Yang Jian could finish speaking, a bullet pierced through his head.

"Don't shoot..." Kong Feng tried to stop him, but it was already too late.

Normally, this would be fine, but this was not a normal situation.

"Boss, don't worry, he's done for," the gunslinger said with a taunting smile as he saw Yang Jian's body fall to the ground. "What's all the fuss about? I've seen plenty of spirit tamers like him. Thinking they're so great because they have some special power, but actually they're not hard to kill at all."

"You're right, I've also seen plenty of armed men like you. Thinking you're above other spirit tamers because you've completed a few missions successfully. But to me, you're easier to kill than squashing an ant."

Suddenly, a gun materialized and pressed against the back of the gunslinger's head.

The cold pistol against his scalp made his hair stand on end.

"Wait, wait a second," the gunslinger said, his eyes filled with fear.

Yang Jian didn't bother listening to his babble and simply fired.

The body heavily fell to the ground, the back of the gunslinger's head blooming open.

"Immediately initiate the Second Stage plan, right now," Kong Feng ordered, panic-stricken, and then quickly led his men to retreat.

The next moment.

The sound of gas leaking filled the air, and plumes of golden smoke rose from all directions, quickly enveloping the area.

"Why are there always idiots who like to gamble with their lives? Isn't it good to be alive?" Yang Jian glanced at the golden smoke without much concern.

This stuff contained gold and could reveal unseen spirits or interfere with the actions of a spirit tamer.

However, before the smoke wafted over.

The sky turned red, and the surrounding area darkened suddenly, as if day had turned into night.

Kong Feng and his group were all enveloped in the Ghost Domain.

Since you're here, don't even think about leaving.

Yang Jian casually walked into this world, in the Ghost Domain, where he controlled everything.

At this very moment.

On the rooftop of a villa.

"The mission failed. Although Kong Feng had devised a three-phase hunting plan, and they were all perfect, unfortunately they met Yang Jian, a spirit tamer with the Ghost Domain. He can't be dealt with by common sense. They'll soon be wiped out by Yang Jian within the Ghost Domain. Ye Feng, you must take action," Wang Xiaoqiang said as he watched.

"No problem, but don't forget what you promised— that you can restrain his Ghost Domain," said a man in a coat as he lit a cigarette.

"Of course," Wang Xiaoqiang said, looking at the box in his hand.

"Then let's meet this Yang Jian," Ye Feng said as he flicked away his cigarette and jumped off the rooftop.

"Bang~!"

The landing wasn't as perfect as imagined; he fell flat on his face.

But quickly he shook his head like nothing happened and stood up: "I really shouldn't have climbed that high if I wasn't hurt."

At this moment in the Ghost Domain.

Yang Jian held a head in his hand, like an Evil Ghost, recklessly harvesting lives, mad and ruthless. In just a moment, these operatives had been nearly all dealt with.

"Actually, it doesn't matter if you don't tell me who sent you, I have a pretty good guess. Someone so impatient to kill me can only be one person—that would be Wang Xiaoqiang whose entertainment club I destroyed. Wang Xiaoqiang must hate me to the bone. But it doesn't matter. He's bound to die from the ghost revival eventually, he won't last much longer."

He casually tossed aside the head in his hand.

The head rolled on the ground, belonging to the captain named Kong Feng.

At this moment, Daisy and the other team members were frantically running for their lives.

She was panting heavily, her face etched with terror.

They never should have accepted this mission. The man was simply a devil in human skin, and anyone who faced him felt nothing but despair.

The captain was already dead, and most of the others were close to it.

Daisy felt her survival was only temporary, and that it was only a matter of time before the devil turned his attention to her.

"Hey, pretty big-chested foreign woman, could you not run? Your bouncing around is giving me quite the headache." Just when she thought she had run far enough, a man unexpectedly appeared in front of her.

The moment she saw Yang Jian, Daisy knew she was done for.

"Out of respect for your beautiful head, I'll let you take your own life. It would be such a waste if I were to do it," Yang Jian said with a smile on his lips, but his eyes were cold and chilling.

"If you let me go, maybe I can sleep with you," Daisy said immediately.

Yang Jian replied, "That's a pity. I thought you'd choose a smarter way to end your sinful life."

"Bang!"

Daisy suddenly fired a shot at Yang Jian.

"I told you, sneak attacks are useless. You can't even find out where I am, so how could you possibly carry out that so-called 'Three-Phase Hunt'?" Yang Jian said with a mocking smile, appearing behind her.

A pistol was pressed against her heart from the back.

"As a special courtesy to a beautiful woman, I'll leave you a complete corpse. This is a custom in Asia; consider it as following local traditions."

The gunshot rang out.

Yang Jian turned and walked away, while Daisy collapsed on the ground, her body limp and blood gushing out. Her eyes wide open, she stared ahead.

She couldn't believe she had been killed so easily.

Killed by a kid not even twenty years old.

However, at that moment,

Wang Xiaoqiang walked to the spot where the Ghost Eelfish had appeared and then pulled a withered finger from his suitcase, stabbing it violently into the ground.

The pitch-black nail sank into the earth.

What happened next was unbelievable.

The Ghost Domain that had vanished from sight began to reveal itself.

A reddish glow enveloped a thirty-meter radius nearby, with Yang Jian right in the middle, and a couple of surviving fish that had slipped through the net were scattering aimlessly like headless flies.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian suddenly halted and turned to look in the direction of the disturbance.

He saw Wang Xiaoqiang looking towards him with a cold expression, as well as the strange finger at his feet.

That finger seemed to be able to directly restrict the Ghost Domain.

Wang Xiaoqiang didn't speak; he immediately grabbed the finger on the ground and began retreating steadily.

The finger acted like a nail pinning down the Ghost Domain, pulling it along as he retreated.

It resembled a red line being stretched out.

And as the distance grew, the range of Yang Jian's Ghost Domain rapidly shrank.

"Seeking death,"

Yang Jian's gaze turned icy, and he instantly appeared in front of Wang Xiaoqiang. Whatever he was trying to do, he'd deal with this guy first.

"Friend, no need to be so hasty." A man in a trench coat stepped in front of him,

with a slightly arrogant smile on his face, as if he didn't quite take Yang Jian seriously.

"An ally?" Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly.

He wasn't surprised; in fact, he had expected it.

Wang Xiaoqiang had clashed with him before and was not his match. If he didn't have help, coming after him would be a death wish.

"You must be Ye Feng," Yang Jian said, scrutinizing the man.

He had already heard about him from Wang Yue.

A very special existence in the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, the only one to have tamed two ghosts.

Chapter 198 Ghost Cloth

"You... are that Ye Feng?" Yang Jian frowned as he sized up the man.

The man in front of him was under thirty, wearing a coat, a cigarette dangling from his mouth, a stubble on his chin, looking very ordinary, even a bit decadent; however, his eyes exuded an unyielding and proud defiance.

Such a look might only be seen in those of high ranking officials and nobility.

But if this Ye Feng had truly tamed two Evil Ghosts, he indeed had the capital to be proud.

"Correct, I am Ye Feng. I saw you at the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club; you are quite impressive," Ye Feng said with a light smile. "There's a sense of youthful brashness about you, to be honest, I rather admire you."

"To survive several supernatural events before the age of twenty, other ghost manipulators are far behind you. You have potential, what a pity that you chose the wrong path and joined the headquarters of ghost manipulators."

Yang Jian said, "So this time Wang Xiaoqiang sent you to deal with me?"

He now understood that the brilliantly arranged assassination plan was just a prelude; had it succeeded, it would have been best, but if it had not, this Ye Feng was the backup plan.

"Can't help it, I am acting on someone's behalf, and your meddling has affected the interests of many. Wang Xiaoqiang has been running the club for nearly a year now; even though it's not as famous as some international clubs, it was doing quite well. But your last meddling almost caused it to close down. Isn't your destruction everywhere a bit unreasonable?" Ye Feng said.

Yang Jian said, "What if someone wants to **** on your head, and you're expected to lick their *** for them? A dog might happily oblige, but what about a wolf, what do you think will happen?"

Ye Feng chuckled, "That's how society works; climb too fast, and you'll be pushed down. Otherwise, how would you justify those who've worked hard all day to reach a position where they can **** on your head? Dogs and wolves are the same; you have to be a dog first before you can become a wolf, and it's not just about doing whatever you want, otherwise, wouldn't the world become chaotic?"

"You're saying, I became a ghost manipulator, taming even ghosts and barely surviving several supernatural events, but in the end, I still have to follow your damn rules?" Yang Jian laughed mockingly.

"Yes, you can't escape this circle," Ye Feng stated. "You've only been hopping around in Dachang City for a month; you don't understand how terrifying the world of ghost manipulators can be. Compared to those top manipulators, you're still far behind. Do you think controlling two Evil Ghosts is your limit? Do you know how many Evil Ghosts Asia's top ghost manipulator can control?"

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian's face tightened.

Indeed, his previous suspicion was correct; controlling two Evil Ghosts merely lengthened the time for the resurrection of a more powerful ghost, but to continue living, one must seek the power of new fierce ghosts to maintain balance within.

"Are you saying this to scare me?" Yang Jian said coldly.

"No, you managed to live up to today, so you definitely have the courage. I don't need to scare you. I just want you to understand the vastness of heaven and earth. Do you think becoming an international ghost manipulator is glamorous? That's nothing but hard labor, though there's a chance for advancement, the rate of sacrifice is too high.

Joining the club, banding together for warmth, managing your own influence, and being the king of your domain, that is the trend of the future."

Ye Feng said, "As long as you live long enough, what won't you have, money, women, power... but you insist on walking the path to your demise."

"That's why I am willing to give you another chance, as long as you are willing to rejoin the club and compensate for some of the club's losses, I can refrain from taking action today."

Yang Jian suddenly laughed, looking at him as if looking at an idiot.

"Do you think I'm an idiot?"

"What?" The smile on Ye Feng's face gradually solidified.

Yang Jian said, "Hoping to fool me into surrendering directly, who do you think you are? We both have tamed two ghosts, how confident are you that you can kill me if we fought? Moreover, you've invaded my territory, killed my friends, and even created a three-phase hunt plan for me, and now I'm supposed to surrender to you? What do you think I am, a three-year-old child?"

"Like a dog, you must have licked plenty of boots in the past, haven't you? I refuse, because I don't know what youthful brashness means. I only know that the victor is king, to kill you, to annihilate the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, to slaughter Zhao Kaiming, from then on, Dachang City will be under my control."

As he spoke, a faint red light glimmered in his eyes, ferocious and eerie.

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"So there's no room for negotiation? But that's okay, at least during this conversation, you can't use your Ghost Domain." Ye Feng's expression was ice-cold.

He wasn't really trying to persuade Yang Jian, he was buying time for Wang Xiaoqiang.

At this moment, Wang Xiaoqiang, holding a withered finger, had already moved more than a thousand meters away.

This distance was so vast that the Ghost Domain seemed about to be ripped from Yang Jian's body, about to be forcibly torn apart.

But it wasn't.

The withered finger Wang Xiaoqiang had brought could only nail down Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, preventing it from moving easily and also limiting its range.

"Without the Ghost Domain, it's like you've completely disabled a ghost's power. What does it matter if you control a second ghost now?" Ye Feng spoke up.

"Do you really think I'm just standing here talking to you, doing nothing?" Yang Jian stared at him.

Ye Feng's eyebrows twitched, and then he suddenly realized something. He turned around and shouted, "This isn't good, Wang Xiaoqiang, be careful, he's coming for you!"

The shout reached Wang Xiaoqiang, a kilometer away, causing him to jolt in surprise.

The next moment.

Yang Jian's figure appeared in front of Wang Xiaoqiang, his ghostly eyes opened, emitting a faint red light, coldly staring at the person before him.

"Yang Jian~!" Wang Xiaoqiang's expression was somewhat ferocious.

"After I killed you last time, you actually came back to life. I just wonder if you can come back to life again this time."

"Do you really think I'm so easy to kill?"

Right after saying this, Wang Xiaoqiang's hands brutally tore the scalp from his head.

Blood-red flesh turned inside out, emitting a disgusting stench of rotting corpse.

At the same time, an unfamiliar face appeared before his eyes.

A highly decomposed dead man's face.

No, it should be a highly decomposed corpse, hidden beneath Wang Xiaoqiang's skin, as if a ghost was wearing his human skin.

In such a state, Wang Xiaoqiang was still somehow alive, not yet dead from the ghost's revival.

Did that ghost enjoy hiding in Wang Xiaoqiang's body so much?

Was there some filthy deal between this human and ghost?

"Wang Xiaoqiang, stop it, do you want to harm me?" Seeing this, Ye Feng quickly yelled out again, trying to stop his actions.

He was confident in dealing with Yang Jian alone, but if Wang Xiaoqiang released the ghost inside his body, then the situation would be different.

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The ghost didn't discriminate between friend and foe, who knew if it would side with Yang Jian to deal with himself.

Upon hearing Ye Feng's words, Wang Xiaoqiang shuddered slightly.

He grasped his own scalp with both hands and pulled it over the decaying Dead Man's Head, not wanting to let the ghost out and cause trouble at this time.

But how could Yang Jian let things go his way.

Just as Wang Xiaoqiang's scalp was about to cover the rotten face, a black shadow stood in front of him.

Chilly and eerie.

As soon as Ghost Shadow appeared, it grabbed Wang Xiaoqiang's scalp and started tugging it backwards relentlessly.

"Damn it, Yang Jian, stop it," Wang Xiaoqiang's skin was stretched out of shape, feeling as if the flesh all over his body was about to be torn off forcibly.

At this moment, he was both angry and frustrated, wanting to resist but not daring to do so.

"I think the ghost inside you needs some air," said Yang Jian coldly.

How could he allow Wang Xiaoqiang to cause trouble on the sidelines? It was the right choice to deal with this fellow first, then to contend with Ye Feng.

Otherwise, dealing with two people by himself would be very strenuous.

"Ah~!"

Wang Xiaoqiang screamed in agony, feeling the skin on his neck tearing apart.

Without bones, as if a Human Skin Mask, he was still alive, still capable of feeling the pain in his body.

The highly decayed Dead Man's Head was exposed once again.

This was a ghost about to be released.

"It's no use screaming, your face is mine today," Yang Jian was not going to let Wang Xiaoqiang go.

Under the tug of Ghost Shadow, the human skin on Wang Xiaoqiang's neck continued to tear, and with a mournful scream, the entire scalp covering the Dead Man's Head, along with the whole face, was ripped off.

It was Wang Xiaoqiang's Human Skin Face.

However, Yang Jian didn't believe this would kill him.

Last time, he also removed Wang Xiaoqiang's head, but it failed, and later he came back to life.

The only way was to completely destroy Wang Xiaoqiang's Human Skin Face.

The ghost cannot be killed.

Yet a normal human skin face can easily be destroyed.

"Yang Jian, you've gone too far~! Do I not get a say when I'm right here?"

However, at this moment, Ye Feng had already arrived. He grabbed Ghost Shadow with one hand, while coldly looking at Yang Jian, attempting to retrieve Wang Xiaoqiang's Human Skin Face.

Wang Xiaoqiang's ability as an Evil Ghost was not strong, but his self-preservation was formidable.

Ordinary means really can't kill him.

After all, he is a ghost wearing human skin.

"Daring to grab this thing with your hands, you've got guts," Yang Jian looked at Ghost Shadow being captured, not surprised, but somewhat amused.

This thing was very peculiar.

It could manipulate anyone's body, as well as possess any ghost.

Yang Jian had always been extremely careful in controlling Ghost Shadow, daring not to let it possess a ghost's body.

Otherwise, Ghost Domain's suppression would likely fail immediately.

The next moment.

The black Ghost Shadow quickly fused into Ye Feng's palm.

If successful, he would just be a puppet walking corpse.

However... Ghost Shadow failed.

The black shadow, like thick ink, was slowly squeezed out, unable to invade his body.

"I have had a taste of your ghost many times, but perhaps you don't know about my ghost yet. I haven't properly introduced myself before. I am Ghost Cloth Ye Feng," Ye Feng said with a creepy smile that chilled one to the bone, like an Evil Ghost slowly revealing itself.

He took off the coat he was wearing.

On his body, he wore a strange funeral garment, adorned with 'fortune' characters, but stained with mottled blood, as if it had been pierced by something.

But one thing was for sure, this garment was definitely not meant for the living to wear.

"Ghost Cloth?" Yang Jian couldn't help but take a step back.

His attack had failed.

That strange funeral garment seemed to protect him from being harmed by other fierce ghosts.

However, there are no harmless Evil Ghosts in this world. While the funeral garment protected him, it certainly came with some severe consequences.

It's just that those consequences were borne by his second ghost.

It was just unclear what Ye Feng's second ghost was.

Chapter 199 Revival of the Ghost Rope

...

Whether it's dealing with a ghost master or a person, the most important thing is not how powerful your abilities are, but how detailed your information and intelligence are.

Ghosts, although terrifying,

once you have fought with one and discerned the ghost's behavioral patterns, and have mastered the methods and means to kill it, surviving from a ghost's clutches becomes much easier.

Apart from a few inexplicable supernatural events, there is usually a glimmer of hope in other situations—it just depends on whether you can find it or not.

Wang Xiaoqiang, bringing Ye Feng with him, must have come fully prepared.

They surely knew everything they needed to know about Yang Jian.

But Yang Jian knew nothing about Ye Feng.

He knew only that Ye Feng controlled two ghosts and was a very dangerous ghost master, but beyond that, he was a mystery.

So this was not a fair contest.

From start to finish, Yang Jian was at a complete disadvantage, and the fact that he was still alive and not dead could only be attributed to his incredibly indecipherable self-protective abilities in the Ghost Domain. If it had been any other ghost master, they would likely be a corpse by now.

"Taking you down isn't hard at all, but for you to take me down, it's not so easy. You have used the abilities of both ghosts, and this is all you have."

Ye Feng watched Yang Jian retreat, a cold smile appearing at the corner of his mouth.

Just as planned, as long as they could restrict his Ghost Domain, dealing with Yang Jian would become a very easy task.

Yang Jian frowned, silent, with a hint of wariness in his eyes.

He didn't care much about the ghost shroud Ye Feng wore; he was concerned about what the second ghost was. If he could ascertain that, today's matter could be quickly resolved.

Dragging this out wouldn't be good for either party.

Using the power of fierce ghosts excessively could still lead to death from ghost resurrection, even for someone who controlled two ghosts.

"What's the use of all this nonsense if your skills are only this much?" Yang Jian said.

"No need to hurry. You will soon understand that even if both of us control two ghosts, there is still a gap between us," Ye Feng said slowly approaching Yang Jian.

As he walked, from beneath the sleeves of his shroud, droplets of scarlet blood were dripping ominously.

Yang Jian, seeing the falling blood that was thick and dark as if extracted from a long-dead corpse,

thought of Yan Li's Ghost Blood.

Yan Li was a man permeated with Ghost Blood.

But he did not believe this was Ye Feng's ability. As far as he could tell, there shouldn't be two powers that were exactly the same.

"No, it's not blood. There is something else beneath his shroud," Yang Jian said, his expression turning stern.

He saw something crawling beneath Ye Feng's shroud, bulging it out ominously.

Whatever it was, it must be a very strange and dangerous entity that even the shroud on his body could not suppress.

Just like Yang Jian, although Ghost Eye and Ghost Shadow seemed balanced, in reality, there was a difference in strength. For now, it appeared that Ghost Eye was overpowering Ghost Shadow, and Ye Feng was similar.

The shroud he wore must be inferior to whatever was underneath it.

The dripping blood only proved that the second ghost inside Ye Feng was growing restless.

"To be on the safe side, I can't let him make the first move; I must subdue him," Yang Jian thought, his eyes narrowing. Although he kept retreating within the Ghost Domain, he would soon have nowhere left to retreat.

Rather than fear his other unknown ghost, it was better to take action first.

But at the moment, the Ghost Domain created by Ghost Eye was pinned to the ground by a withered finger, and Ghost Shadow couldn't cause any harm to Ye Feng; it seemed as though his own methods had been exhausted.

However, this was not the case.

He still had one ghost in his hand.

The Ghost Rope that he used to kill Wang Yue in the center of Dachang City and successfully imprisoned.

That rope could bind even fierce ghosts.

If the rope could bind fierce ghosts, it naturally could also bind a ghost master.

Right now, though, that thing was in the villa.

Retreat first.

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed as the Ghost Domain extended toward the nearby villa.

Even though the Ghost Domain was confined to a certain range, that range could be changed.

Immediately, a red light streaked along the ground and into the villa not far away.

"Thinking of escaping?" Upon seeing this, Ye Feng quickly gave chase.

Relying on some strange power, he managed to force his way directly into the Ghost Domain.

Knowing that Yang Jian was out of options, he wouldn't let this opportunity slip away.

If he couldn't eliminate Yang Jian today, he would leave a significant problem for himself in the future,

The blood beneath the shroud began to drip faster and more densely.

But Ye Feng still chose to suppress the other ghost because it wasn't time to act yet.

...

Yet the Ghost Domain was too small, there was no room to maneuver, and he was wearing that Ghost Shroud, which made other ghastly beings' powers extremely insignificant against him.

"Bang~!"

A gunshot rang out, and a bullet flew from some unseen place, striking Ye Feng directly.

Yet Ye Feng remained unscathed; the bullet fell powerlessly from the Shroud.

"It's useless, the Ghost Cloth isn't just a piece of clothing, it's a ghost. You think you can take me down with a few bullets? That's a dream," Ye Feng said.

"Bang~!"

Another gunshot sounded.

This time it was aimed at Ye Feng's head.

But the Shroud on his body seemed to be lifted by a gust of ghostly wind, covering a corner of his face.

The bullet was once again forcibly stopped by the thin Shroud.

No matter from which angle the attack came, none could harm Ye Feng in the slightest.

Let alone the other ghost residing within his body, just this Ghost Shroud alone was an unsolvable existence already.

The power of vengeful ghosts or the force of firearms, none could inflict injury upon him.

But Yang Jian's purpose in firing the gun wasn't to kill him, it was just to buy a little time.

Following the Ghost Domain, he arrived at the villa and quickly grabbed the sealed golden pouch.

Inside the pouch was the Ghost Rope.

"This thing has fully awakened. Ordinary people cannot control it. Once released, not just this place, perhaps the entire city would suffer. Therefore, it can only be used within the Ghost Domain," Yang Jian said with wariness.

He thought back to the previous incident involving the Door Knocking Ghost where the Ghost Rope had reawakened.

The entire street was filled with ropes dangling in search of lives to claim.

If touched, one would instantly be entwined and hanged to death.

The same fate awaited even those who could command ghosts.

Hence, the Rope could not make an appearance in reality; it had to be used within a specific range for easier confinement afterward.

Without giving it much thought, Yang Jian tore open the golden pouch inside the Ghost Domain.

An old rope appeared before him.

Without a second thought.

Yang Jian immediately threw the rope out.

"What is this?" Ye Feng had not seen the Ghost Rope; he only saw something flying towards him and then, on instinct, caught it.

The rough texture, chilling aura, it seemed like a worthless rope made from roadside weeds.

It didn't look threatening in the least.

However, when Ye Feng caught it, his pupils suddenly narrowed, and he cried out in shock, "Wang Yue's Ghost Rope?"

Damn~!

Almost instantly, he thought to throw the rope away.

And the rope was tossed.

Yet, he suddenly discovered many ropes drifting above his head.

Not just from above, but from the front, back, multiple ropes as if controlled by some force, all drifting toward his direction.

"Yang Jian, how dare you release a reawakened vengeful ghost?" Seeing this, Ye Feng understood that the Rope had escaped the ghost user's control and was in a state of awakening.

He was both shocked and furious.

"You want to drag me to death with you?" Ye Feng roared, becoming a bit unsettled.

Yang Jian said, "No, the last person to die will definitely be you. I think I can hold out longer than you can."

Nothing but Ghost Ropes were in sight now, they blocked the path forward.

Currently trapped within the Ghost Domain, both men were in a similar predicament.

The only difference was who would be the first to be attacked by the Ghost Rope.

Chapter 200 Mutual Consumption

The scope of the Ghost Domain was now restricted to a single narrow pathway, and some powers had slipped out of Yang Jian's control.

This red pathway extended along the asphalt road right up to the entrance of the villa.

At the end of this road, Yang Jian stood calmly, staring at Ye Feng at the other end.

Both were masters of two ghosts.

But in terms of ability, Yang Jian had to admit that he was slightly inferior, even if Wang Xiaoqiang didn't use that withered finger to limit the power of his Ghost Domain, he was still no match for Ye Feng.

The shroud on his body protected him from the attacks of other fierce ghosts.

Ghost Shadow could not have any effect.

And what was most concerning was that there was a second ghost inside his body.

"You think you can outlast me in a war of attrition? You should have some understanding by now, this shroud I'm wearing protects me; even if the Ghost Rope revives, you'll be the first to die," Ye Feng said, not daring to move forward.

Before him, ropes dangled and swayed.

Just a single touch, and one would be instantly entangled by the Ghost Rope.

Making his situation a dilemma of whether to advance or retreat.

"All talk," Yang Jian said with a cold face, "If I die, you'll die too. Once I'm dead, the fierce ghosts will definitely revive. Have you no idea how many ghosts will be here then? Do you really think you're Jesus incarnate, able to deal with so many ghosts?"

"You're clear-headed to think like that. If I die here, you won't live either," Ye Feng said with a frown.

Yang Jian replied, "You're wrong there. If you die, I won't die because I have this."

He pointed to a path on the ground covered by a red light.

"The ghost that comes out of your body, I will send away immediately, to some remote and uninhabited place. Then I will naturally be safe, but not you, you can't leave the Ghost Domain."

The Ghost Domain was his advantage, not his weakness.

It was precisely because of this that Ye Feng and Wang Xiaoqiang had devised a targeted plan.

"Since you're so confident, I'll just wait it out with you and see what happens," Ye Feng said with arrogance, not showing any fear at all.

This courage did not come from recklessness, but from his confidence in the shroud he wore.

Few ghost masters could possess such a self-protecting ghost.

However, as he spoke, the dangling Ghost Ropes from the sky began to converge towards Ye Feng.

Similarly, another portion of the Ghost Rope drifted towards Yang Jian.

The situation was the same for both, no one was given any special treatment.

In front of fierce ghosts, all are equal.

The rough, worn ropes seemed as though they had hung somewhere for countless years, bearing a sense of profound historical weight.

Yet even so, these ropes hadn't broken. Stained with marks resembling blood, they seemed to have been soaked in the blood and flesh of corpses, emitting a faint stench of decay.

These seeming ropes had no target, only drifting aimlessly with the wind.

But in reality, they had already surrounded the two men.

Suddenly.

A rope drifted over, leaving no space to dodge, and landed on Ye Feng's shoulder.

According to the previous pattern, the next moment Ye Feng should have been bound around the neck and hoisted straight up from the ground, hanging to death in midair.

But a strange scene occurred.

The rope, as if blown by a chilly wind, slowly drifted off Ye Feng's body again.

The other ropes that landed on him did the same.

"See, the shroud I wear keeps the other ghosts from attacking me. If we keep this up, you're dead for sure," Ye Feng said with a hint of mockery.

Yang Jian said, "I told you before not to brag. If the shroud is so powerful, why don't you fly into the sky and shit on my head? Controlling fierce ghosts comes with a price. While your shroud is killing you, it definitely also won't allow other ghosts to kill you."

"Is that what you call protection?"

Ye Feng's expression darkened.

As unpleasant as it was, Yang Jian's analysis was correct.

The shroud was indeed killing him continuously.

The longer he wore the shroud, the more his body became like a corpse, a dead man.

Once his time was up, Ye Feng would die, and then he would resurrect, becoming a true ghost donned in the shroud.

"Don't forget, I control two ghosts," Ye Feng said.

"I haven't forgotten, but even two ghosts have their limits. It's just the revival time is a bit longer. I think you've been controlling two ghosts for at least a month longer than me, if not more. So if we both wait it out, your chances of reviving are definitely higher than mine," Yang Jian said with a faint smile. "Youth, that's my

biggest advantage."

"Besides, I also have this."

He suddenly pulled a candle wrapped in gold foil from his back pocket.

After he took it out, it was crimson like blood, emitting a strange, blood-like odor.

"Is this... a Ghost Candle?"

Ye Feng had become a necromancer longer than Yang Jian had, and likewise, he had access to more information than Yang Jian.

He immediately recognized the origin of this candle.

"You know? That's good, saves me the trouble of explaining," Yang Jian said as he immediately lit the Ghost Candle.

The flame of the Ghost Candle emitted a sinister green color.

Under the light of this candle, the looming Ghost Ropes nearby were immediately swept away.

Inside the candlelight, not a single Ghost Rope could drift in.

"Indeed, after you came out from Huanggang Village, you must have made some shady deal with Professor Wang. That thing must have come from him," Ye Feng said in surprise and anger, losing his previous confidence.

He knew about the Ghost Candle.

A product of the laboratory.

It had a very powerful characteristic: once the Ghost Candle was lit, it would not be attacked by vengeful spirits until it completely burned out.

Not only other ghosts but even the spirits inside the body of a necromancer themselves would be suppressed.

"This Ghost Candle still has two-thirds left, and given the current rate of burning, it should last at least an hour," Yang Jian declared, "Can you last that long?"

"..." Ye Feng chose to remain silent.

However, as the two conversed, the surrounding Ghost Ropes still fluttered and landed on him.

But they were quickly swept away by the Ghost Cloth on his body.

Yet, this was only temporary.

More and more Ghost Ropes fell on him, one after another, endlessly.

His entire being was like sitting under a lush willow tree, letting the willow branches droop down and waft over him with the wind, swept away time and again, drifting back time and again.

The true power of ghosts has no limit.

But Ye Feng was human, and he had limits.

Soon.

The palms of his hands exposed outside of his shroud gradually lost their color, becoming pale, stiff, and this change was continuing to spread.

Once this change spread throughout his body, he would be a dead man, a true corpse.

However, under the shroud, something was wriggling, and viscous blood dripped down, drip, drip.

This change was delayed, not as rapid as one might expect.

But if this went on for an hour.

Ye Feng estimated... he would die from the revival of the vengeful spirits.

After all, using the power of the shroud non-stop for an hour was too stimulating.

"So what if you have a Ghost Candle?" After a long silence, Ye Feng, in a mix of conflict and jealousy, gritted his teeth and said.

Yang Jian replied, "Sorry, having a Ghost Candle is a big deal. Even if you control two ghosts, even if your shroud can protect you from being killed by other ghosts, even if you're experienced, as long as I wish, I can still wear you down."

"You're only smug for the moment. Once the Ghost Candle is used up, let's see what you'll do," Ye Feng said.

"That shroud of yours looks like it has high research value," Yang Jian said. "I think it should be worth a Ghost Candle."

"Damn it."

Ye Feng cursed in his heart.

He felt that if this continued, he really might die here.

He had to take the initiative.

Right then, he stood up, with a grim face, and forced his way through the Ghost Ropes in front of him, heading towards Yang Jian.

"In a hurry now? Come on then, can you make it over here?" Yang Jian said.

A distance of over a hundred meters.

Not too far, walking over wouldn't take too much time.

It's just that the Ghost Ropes on the road were dense and thick, and they could barely see each other clearly anymore.

"Once I catch you, you're dead," Ye Feng said.

Yang Jian replied, "Yeah, yeah, I get it, but you better hurry up, don't keep me waiting too long."

Damn~! This kid.

Ye Feng felt somewhat stifled, a sensation of having strength but nowhere to apply it, but there was no choice but to brace himself and go forward.

Ghost Ropes were everywhere here, and by now, he could not easily leave the Ghost Domain.