

Revival 266

Chapter 266 Section 7 Middle

"You... are you, Yang Jian?" Wang Bin looked at the person in the ghost hunter's uniform with disbelief.

He had never expected Yang Jian to suddenly appear at this time, hadn't he disappeared for several days already?

He even thought that Yang Jian might have died.

After all, his daughter's life was tied to his own.

Yang Jian turned and said, "It's me, Uncle Wang, where are you going with Wang Shanshan on your back?"

Wang Bin looked around and, seeing those terrifying figures had disappeared, finally calmed his nerves; "Shanshan she... has passed away, her body has been lying at home for several days now, I planned to take it out to be cremated."

"Wang Shanshan is dead?" Yang Jian pondered.

Right, he had died once, and it was possible for Wang Shanshan to have died as well, but he was still alive, so logically, Wang Shanshan should have been able to come back to life as well.

"Let me take a look."

Wang Bin nodded and set down the body he was carrying.

Yang Jian lifted the white cloth and saw Wang Shanshan's body, still looking just as she had in life, pale and devoid of color, but there wasn't even a hint of the stench of decay on her, and no signs of rotting.

She was now a very special being.

Yang Jian couldn't tell whether the current Wang Shanshan was his ghost slave or something else.

Rising from the dead through the Ghost Mirror, having fully controlled the Headless Ghost Shadow, had brought about a series of strange changes, and no one knew what impact it would entail.

"She doesn't look as though she's dead, but rather like she... has just fainted." Yang Jian touched the back of her hand.

Cold, but not stiff, the skin was still soft, retaining its elasticity.

If Wang Shanshan died at the same time as him, her body couldn't possibly look like this after seven days.

"Really? Could my daughter possibly not be dead? Can you save Shanshan?" Wang Bin suddenly became very agitated.

Yang Jian pondered, "Though she's not dead, she now resembles more a living dead, existing between life and death, a special existence. But logically, she shouldn't be in a coma like this, unless..."

Connecting to something in his mind, he glanced at the half of the still twitching ghost infant corpse on the ground.

"Unless what?" Wang Bin pressed.

Yang Jian said, "She seems to be missing a force to keep her alive, a force that might have vanished with my changes."

Ghost Slaves and the ghosts spawned from them share a characteristic.

They live by relying on the Source Ghost and survive through the power of the Source Ghost. Previously, when Yang Jian died once, the source was lost, and so Wang Shanshan passed away. But she and the ghosts derived from her do not share the exact same characteristic; she herself was a living person, not a ghost.

Even if the source vanished, she still had her own life traits, so she should have just fainted instead.

Now, it was necessary to reintroduce the fierce ghost's power to her body to wake her up.

With that in mind, Yang Jian quickly grabbed her wrist.

The pattern of an eye on Wang Shanshan's wrist was so faint it had almost disappeared, a mark left by Ghost Eye previously.

The next moment, a red light emerged from Yang Jian's hand.

When he let go, the eye pattern became clear again, emitting a faint red light.

A part of the fierce ghost's power remained within Wang Shanshan's body.

Indeed.

Yang Jian's conjecture was correct.

In less than a moment, the once-dead Wang Shanshan suddenly opened her eyes and sat up straight.

"Ah~!"

Faced with this sudden resurrection, Wang Bin jumped in fright.

"She has come back to life, no need to panic," Yang Jian said.

"Daughter, is it really you?" Wang Bin could hardly believe his eyes, his daughter, who had died seven days ago, had actually come back to life.

Wang Shanshan's eyes shifted slightly; she looked at Wang Bin and then at Yang Jian, "Weren't you dead?"

She seemed to be able to sense Yang Jian's condition.

Yang Jian said, "I was dead, but I luckily came back to life. How do you feel now?"

"The same as before, yet somewhat different," Wang Shanshan said.

"Everyone who comes back to life feels that way. It's good that you're alive. Go back with your dad; rest well. Stay at home these next few days and don't go out. I need to go out and resolve the matter in Dachang City," Yang Jian stood up and said.

Wang Shanshan said, "That 'Seven'"

"What seven?" Yang Jian, about to leave, paused and asked.

"When I died, I seemed to have seen some strange things. I think I saw a person, no, it should be a ghost. I know where that thing is," Wang Shanshan said.

Yang Jian's face showed a hint of surprise, "You saw it?"

He hadn't seen anything, yet Wang Shanshan had—what changes had occurred within her?

Wang Shanshan nodded, "The number 'seven' you mentioned earlier refers to No. 7 Middle School. That ghost is at the entrance to No. 7 Middle School. It seemed like I saw that thing standing there while I was dreaming."

No. 7 Middle School?

That would be Dachang City's No. 7 Middle School, the school he, Zhang Wei, Wang Shanshan, and others had attended in the past.

Yang Jian shivered slightly, then woke up to the reality.

Right, Zhou Zheng died at No. 7 Middle School, and the Ghost Infant was born there. It's highly likely that the Ghost Infant sees that place as its birthplace, so it lingers there all this time.

So the message that Ye Feng wanted to send before he died was about No. 7 Middle School, but he didn't get to send the full message, only a "seven."

This caused many people to overlook this important information completely.

"Are you going?" Wang Shanshan asked again.

"Your information is very useful, of course I'm going." Yang Jian said.

Wang Shanshan said, "You might get eaten."

"..."

Yang Jian said, "If I don't go, everyone will get eaten. I have no choice, and there's also something very important hidden at No. 7 Middle School. I'll take care of the rest, you rest well."

"I'm off."

Without any further hesitation, he immediately controlled the Ghost Domain, forming a path of condensed red light, traveling across the residential complex, over rivers, and directly into the downtown area.

He took just one step forward.

The next moment, Yang Jian disappeared from the Guanjiang Residential Complex, and by the time he reappeared, he had already reached the vicinity of No. 7 Middle School in the city center.

He did not recklessly enter the school with the Ghost Domain, as to not abruptly fall into a death trap within the haunted territory.

Caution and prudence were maintained at all times.

"As expected, this place is very strange. The gloom here is denser than anywhere else, and my Ghost Domain is being suppressed." Yang Jian frowned.

In this environment where gloom gathered like thick ink, the red light around him was being suppressed.

Normally he could easily cover the entire No. 7 Middle School with his Ghost Domain, but now it was being suppressed to just around ten meters.

"Unless I continue to increase the number of Ghost Eyes, just one Ghost Eye can only maintain a ten-meter Ghost Domain. But this should be enough." Yang Jian was not in a hurry to confront the unknown Source Ghost.

He decided to first locate the bathroom.

The entrance to a Supernatural Space.

Only by finding that Coffin Nail could he possibly pin down the Source Ghost. Even with his current strength, he was not confident in containing such terror.

Currently, he could easily deal with Ghost Infants from the first to the third stage. The fourth-stage Ghost Infant should not be too difficult either, but when it came to the Source Ghost, that was uncertain.

"However, this complicates things. The Ghost Infant is in No. 7 Middle School, and the Coffin Nail I'm looking for is also there. If the Source Ghost targets me first, my plan might not be very successful." Yang Jian said.

However, at that moment, his satellite-located phone rang.

"Yang Jian, it's me, Wang Xiaoming. Where are you right now?" It wasn't Liu Xiaoyu's voice but Wang Xiaoming's.

"I'm at the entrance of Dachang City's No. 7 Middle School. The 'seven' Ye Feng left behind refers to No. 7 Middle School. The Source Ghost is here." Yang Jian said.

Wang Xiaoming paused for a moment before saying, "The message meant that? I'm sorry, I overlooked it. Don't act recklessly. Although you've been resurrected, you probably can't solve that thing. I don't recommend direct contact. Follow the plan.

Have you completed your second step yet?"

He didn't want Yang Jian to become overconfident and go straight for the Source Ghost due to his newfound strength.

The Hungry Ghost had already devoured many ghost handlers, and its level was definitely beyond Yang Jian's. Even if Yang Jian had grown stronger, he was only qualified for direct contact.

"Unfortunately, the thing I'm looking for is also in No. 7 Middle School. I've sworn I'd never enter No. 7 Middle School again in my life, but here I am, back in this haunted place." Yang Jian said.

"Is that so?" Wang Xiaoming furrowed his brows deeply.

This meant the success rate would drop significantly since the target and the conditions coincided. If they encountered the Source Ghost first, it would complicate matters considerably.

"I've come up with a plan. Come back first."

But after just five seconds, he had a plan ready.

"What plan? Tell me about it first." Yang Jian said.

Wang Xiaoming said, "Take Zhang Han with you, and use him as bait to draw out the Source Ghost while you go for the item you need. If you succeed, then come back and regroup."

"You're sending Zhang Han to his death." Yang Jian said.

"This way there's more than a seventy percent chance of success." Wang Xiaoming said, "You're our last chance, the lives of millions hang in the balance, we can't afford to fail."

Yang Jian said, "Will Zhang Han agree?"

"He must agree." Wang Xiaoming said.

Yang Jian said, "No need for that. Once the plan succeeds, he's dead for sure. Even if he controls two ghosts, he cannot withstand an attack from the Source Ghost. The terror of a fourth-stage Ghost Infant is such that you should be well aware. And if Zhang Han dies and his ghosts are taken by the Hungry Ghost, I don't know what other changes might occur. I reject your plan, that's final."

"Don't get conceited. The Source Ghost's Terror Level is extremely high; you have no chance of winning if you encounter it." Wang Xiaoming said.

"If the situation goes south, I'll run. There's no need to send someone to their death. Do you know why I dislike you? Because you enjoy taking the moral high ground and use the interests of the public to pressure individual benefits. Thinking that because it's for the country, for the people, whatever you do is correct, and individual sacrifices are justifiable.

Everything must give way to you." Yang Jian said.

He knew that no matter if Wang Xiaoming's plan succeeded or not, Zhang Han was doomed. He wouldn't be able to withstand the attacks from first to the fourth-stage Ghost Infants, let alone the Source Ghost.

His sole purpose was to be bait, a way to buy a bit of time.

Wang Xiaoming said, "This is a battle of life and death, and necessary sacrifices are justified."

"If you weren't genuinely selfless, without any personal agenda, I would make you be the one to sacrifice first." Yang Jian said, "It's decided then, have someone prepare a container for containing this

thing. Preferably forge a coffin weighing several tons for this creature, seal it completely, so the Hungry Ghost can never be released."

With that, he turned off the communication and stepped into the school campus.

The gloom in front of him was dispelled by the red light, rippling to the sides.

But as Yang Jian entered, the surrounding gloom gathered once again, quickly refilling the place, and soon, Yang Jian's silhouette completely vanished from sight.

Chapter 267 There is a Mole

"Yang Jian rejected Professor Wang's plan."

Soon, the temporary command center outside Dachang City had already heard the conversation between Wang Xiaoming and Yang Jian.

"Ridiculous."

Cao Yanhua slammed the table fiercely, "He should follow the plan. This is about the life and death of an entire city; he should not be so reckless."

"Yang Jian has always been like this. I told you he wouldn't agree to Professor Wang's plan. I understand him; he has his own ideas. However, it's useless now; Yang Jian is already in action, and we can only trust him," said Zhao Jianguo.

"You understand him that well? How high do you estimate his chances of success are?" asked the special operations team leader, Li Jun, on the side.

Zhao Jianguo said, "A hundred percent certainty, there's no possibility of failure."

"You trust him that much?" Li Jun was somewhat surprised.

"Because this matter can only succeed, not fail. If he fails, Yang Jian will also die. Since he dares to act, it means he is very confident. I believe in that," Zhao Jianguo said.

Cao Yanhua said, "Now we can only wait for good news from Yang Jian. Are the things ready?"

"Outside," Zhao Jianguo said.

"Let's go have a look."

Cao Yanhua walked out, followed by a few others.

They came to a tent guarded around the clock by special personnel. Inside, there was nothing but a strikingly conspicuous golden chest in the center.

It had taken tons of gold, with a thickness of five centimeters. Once sealed, the chest would be like a solid block of iron, impossible to open.

This was the coffin prepared for the Hungry Ghost of Dachang City.

"Spoiling that ghostly thing with a golden coffin," Cao Yanhua knocked on it, feeling somewhat heartache.

"The danger level is too high; only this can ensure absolute safety," Zhao Jianguo said.

However, at this moment, a communicator ran over in a rush, "Minister, there's a special situation."

"What happened?" Cao Yanhua asked.

"Yang Jian's location has detected the signal of the ghost manipulator Zhao Kaiming," the communicator said.

"What? That's still possible? Hasn't Zhao Kaiming been offline for a long time?" Cao Yanhua asked.

Zhao Jianguo said, "It should have been detected by Yang Jian's satellite-located mobile phone. Every ghost manipulator's mobile phone has at least three ways of location tracking, and the common satellite one is just one of them. There is also a locator function between ghost manipulators. Zhao Kaiming disappeared from satellite tracking and hasn't appeared for several days.

Now it seems that he must have found a way to turn off the satellite tracker, but he overlooked the locator between the ghost manipulators."

"That's correct, the signal was received through Yang Jian's phone," the communicator said.

Li Jun said, "The professor suspected before that he didn't die. The Hungry Ghost incident in Dachang City is deeply related to him. The entire incident, from emergence to outbreak, had the shadow of Zhao Kaiming. We wanted to investigate him, but after the spiritual events completely erupted, we had to put it aside temporarily.

If the incident ends, and Zhao Kaiming is still alive, the professor suggested that I immediately apprehend Zhao Kaiming."

"Who was in charge of Zhao Kaiming? Why haven't I heard any reports about this issue?" Cao Yanhua said.

"Shen Liang was responsible for him," said Zhao Jianguo.

"Where's Zhao Kaiming's file? Bring it up to me," Cao Yanhua said. "Also, bring a copy of the phone recordings from the communicator and the recent assessment reports."

After an investigation.

Cao Yanhua in the command room got angry again, threw the file, and pounded the table, "Damn it, this man's spiritual assessment report is so poor, he's no longer suitable to be a ghost manipulator, why was he still appointed in Dachang City?"

"Minister, did you forget? Zhou Zheng died, and the position of the ghost manipulator in Dachang City was vacant. Yang Jian's spirit was also affected in the Huanggang Village incident and was not suitable to take over the position. So Shen Liang reported to you, suggesting to use Zhao Kaiming temporarily until we found a suitable replacement.

Later, Dachang City has been pretty normal, and the matter was forgotten," said Zhao Jianguo.

Cao Yanhua's face turned red.

"The main issue is still about manpower. If we had qualified ghost manipulators, who would want to use someone with mental problems like Zhao Kaiming? And Zhao Kaiming had also gained merits before; his appointment was in line with the procedure. If you talk about mental issues, many of those ghost manipulators ready to enter Dachang City all have some problems," Zhao Jianguo said.

"Qualified ghost manipulators like Zhou Zheng and Tong Qian are becoming increasingly rare; they're almost all dead."

The more qualified the ghost manipulator, the more responsible they are, the more they strive, and the faster they die.

This is a very cruel reality.

"Notify Yang Jian about this matter right away, tell him to be careful of Zhao Kaiming," Cao Yanhua said. "We'll discuss the rest after the Dachang City incident is over."

One more variable added yet another layer of shadow to the operation.

At this moment.

Yang Jian, who had already entered the campus, was very carefully heading towards the bathroom on the third floor of the teaching building.

Inside his Ghost Domain, he was very safe, but outside his own Ghost Domain.

In that gloomy campus, Yang Jian scanned the surroundings and felt a chill run down his scalp.

The campus looked as if it were hosting a sports meet, with terrifying figures standing still like tombstones on the ground. Looking around, these figures filled every corner of the vast school.

Whether on the green belts, in the small river of the campus, by the entrances of the buildings, or at the windows of various floors, all were occupied by these ghostly figures.

And most of them were Fourth Stage Ghost Infants.

The number was not just tens or hundreds, estimates were over a thousand, or even more.

Once Yang Jian opened his mouth to say a word, all the Fourth Stage Ghost Infants would awaken and tear him to pieces; even with his Ghost Shadow to fight back, he reckoned he could not eliminate so many ghosts. And the First Stage Ghost Infants lying on the ground, their pair after pair of pitch-black pupils without any irises were like cameras, watching everything around them.

Anyone caught in their sight would be attacked.

Seeing and hearing, triggering these two conditions was too easy; any ghost controller who entered here would be seen or heard.

A dead end.

Only Yang Jian could use the Ghost Domain to hide himself and move unhindered before so many ghosts.

"Ye Feng must have accidentally entered here and was unaware of the Ghost Infants' method of killing, which is why he awakened the Ghost Infants and died," he thought to himself.

Honestly, the death of Ye Feng was somewhat a pity.

His Ghost Cloth could fend off any ghost attack, and with his Ghost Tooth, he could even bite through the Ghost Domain. If he had been alive for the plan afterward, that time at the hospital wouldn't have nearly been a complete wipeout.

However, he had walked into a dead end, surrounded by a horde of ghosts. Not to mention one piece of Ghost Cloth, even a hundred would be useless.

After all, ghost controllers have limits, while ghosts do not have these concerns.

"We've arrived."

Yang Jian had reached the stairwell, just three floors up to the bathroom door.

He still remembered the time when his class fled down this corridor, running and dying along the way, all killed by the Door Knocking Ghost, leaving only a few of them alive.

He glanced at the side of the corridor.

He did not see the corpses of his former classmates, which the Door Knocking Ghost must have taken away as Ghost Slaves. During the second Door Knocking Ghost incident downtown, he had even seen Wan Zihao's body.

It had rotted beyond recognition.

Without lingering on the past, he did not dwell on those classmates.

Using the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian directly stepped up to the second floor, then with another step, arrived at the third floor.

The bathroom door was slightly ajar, looking very normal inside, without any signs of strangeness. Perhaps the haunting was gone, and it had returned to normal. He still remembered that when the door had first opened, a ghastly pale hand had reached out.

He had almost been killed by a Ghost Slave back then, but it was also because he entered that door that he was able to live until now.

After Yang Jian walked in, he immediately frowned.

A certain door had disappeared.

The bathroom was still a bathroom; it had simply been out of use for several months.

"No, I'm wrong, the place I am looking for is not in the school, it's near the pedestrian street downtown," Yang Jian's gaze flickered as he remembered the characteristics of the Ghost Domain, and he realized something considering the current situation.

He did encounter the Door Knocking Ghost in the school initially, but later the location of the Door Knocking Ghost changed, and so must have the Ghost Domain. The school he saw at that time was not the real school, but one created within the Ghost Domain.

That's why he appeared on the pedestrian street in the blink of an eye when he first escaped.

Because the Ghost Domain had shifted from the school's location to somewhere near the pedestrian street, it was just that the real world and the world of the Ghost Domain were out of sync.

He had been misled by inertial thinking.

"I must go back to the pedestrian street first, from there I can find that strange space again and retrieve the Coffin Nail." Yang Jian turned sharply to leave.

However, his satellite-located cellphone lit up.

A message came through.

"There's a mole, abort the mission~!"

"?"

Yang Jian scrolled down further and saw: "Zhao Kaiming is nearby, be careful."

Zhao Kaiming was still alive?

He furrowed his brow, but just as he was contemplating, suddenly, the bathroom door creaked open as if pushed by something and a shadow walked in from the darkness.

The person ignored the isolation of the Ghost Domain and walked directly into it.

Yang Jian's hair stood on end, and he was startled.

Someone could break into the Ghost Domain where he was hiding?

Who could it be?

The Fourth Stage Ghost Infant Ye Feng or the Source Ghost?

Chapter 268 Possessed Zhao Kaiming

The Ghost Domain was forcibly intruded upon; this wasn't the first time.

He had encountered it several times before.

Since the Ghost Domain is merely an extension of a malevolent spirit's power, under ordinary circumstances, it is undisturbable, nearly an unsolvable existence.

But it's different for ghosts.

Ghosts with a high Terror Level can easily step into another ghost's Ghost Domain.

It's like a pure suppression based on level.

Although Yang Jian had only opened a single ghost eye and maintained a Ghost Domain within a ten-meter radius, having it intruded upon so brazenly was somewhat humiliating.

At the bathroom entrance, a person of medium height stood ramrod straight, staring expressionlessly at Yang Jian who was turning to look back.

"It's you~!"

Yang Jian's expression tensed as he saw that the person who had suddenly barged into his Ghost Domain was none other than Zhao Kaiming.

His phone had just sent a message warning him to be wary of this guy.

"I thought it was that thing coming back, but it turns out to be you; you shouldn't be here."

Zhao Kaiming spoke, his tone very stiff and his demeanor cold, different from his previously slightly crazed manner.

"The person who should be saying that is me. You've shown up in a place you shouldn't have, and furthermore... you're still alive. No, that's not right; something's off about you, you're not Zhao Kaiming."

Yang Jian suddenly furrowed his brows and became alert; "Zhao Kaiming doesn't have the ability to walk into my Ghost Domain."

"My current state is quite bad, that ghost is inside me; this is the last step," Zhao Kaiming slowly raised his hand to look at it; "Although it can't quite be called controlling it, it's more like a reluctant cooperation, but this feeling is terrifying."

"Are you in the midst of resurrection?" asked Yang Jian.

"No, unlike most ghost masters, I am a very normal person, with a normal body, living normally. Maybe I am the only exception in the world, not controlling a ghost, yet able to be a ghost master," Zhao Kaiming slowly walked over.

The Ghost Domain couldn't put distance between him and Yang Jian.

There seemed to be some terrifying oddity attached to his body, one that could even suppress the Ghost Domain.

Yang Jian did not speak, but became even more vigilant.

Zhao Kaiming said, "I thought you were already dead; you should have died, your existence might interfere with my plans going forward."

"Have you always been curious about what I've been doing lately? I couldn't talk about it before, but now I can. I want to resurrect the ghost in my body."

"Do ghosts need resurrection?" Yang Jian asked coldly.

Ghosts can't really die, so how could they need resurrection?

Zhao Kaiming said, "Do they not need it? Be it Ghost Eyes, Ghost Blood, funeral clothes, or Ghost Shadows... Haven't you ever doubted these things? Ghost masters can only control a part of a ghost; these things are like they've been deliberately scattered, limiting a complete form of a ghost to its weakest. No, perhaps not just one complete ghost, but many."

"Ghost masters are like holding a piece of a jigsaw puzzle; if these pieces were to come together, what would they form in the end? Are these puzzles interchangeable, capable of achieving a result as long as they're all collected?"

"It's hard to imagine, isn't it? I didn't realize this at first either; it's all been told to me by this thing." He pointed to his head.

"The Ghost Infant in Dachang City was the result of my deliberate indulgence; I could have resolved it long ago, but that thing told me to wait, to keep waiting... Now, I think I understand what it means, it needs a perfect puzzle, and the Ghost Infant is just a tool for collecting those pieces."

"So it was you who killed Ye Feng and He Chuan?" Although Yang Jian's expression remained calm.

His heart was greatly shocked.

A ghost that could influence Zhao Kaiming's thoughts seemed to have given him tasks to help it achieve.

And that task was to nurture the Ghost Infant, let it grow, and ultimately seize a completely formed Ghost Infant through some means.

With this in mind, he immediately thought of his own piece of human skin paper.

The unseen ghost beside Zhao Kaiming and the human skin paper seemed to be of a similar nature.

His long-standing wariness toward the human skin paper hadn't been misplaced; that thing was terribly frightening.

Zhao Kaiming continued to approach: "Ghosts also need clothes to wear. Ye Feng's garment was quite good, and although He Chuan's ghost wasn't much, it helped make up the numbers. If I could add your pair of Ghost Eyes, that would be even better."

"So you want to kill me?" Yang Jian said.

"It's not me who wants to kill you, it's it that wants to kill you. I'm just lending it a little help. Although it seemed to be very wary of you before, now it seems not to be wary anymore," Zhao Kaiming pointed to his head and said.

Wary?

Yang Jian was stunned for a moment, then suddenly realized what it meant.

What it was wary of was likely not him but that piece of human skin paper.

Unseen to him, that human skin paper had become his talisman.

But the human skin paper was not well-intentioned either; it was also using him and planning something.

However, before he could think further.

The next moment, Zhao Kaiming suddenly charged over, his speed freakishly startling, his numb, cold face, devoid of emotion, coming right up to Yang Jian's.

An ice-cold hand directly gripped Yang Jian's throat.

The strength was unbelievably great, like a frenzied person squeezing out all their body's potential.

Zhao Kaiming immediately opened his mouth.

Through the Ghost Eye, Yang Jian faintly saw the outline of a hand emerging slowly from deep within his throat, seemingly trying to invade his body and gouge out his eyes.

Was that the ghost that had possessed Zhao Kaiming's body?

It should be said that it was an invisible ghost, to be exact.

"Your story is fascinating, and your plan isn't bad, but you overlooked one issue."

Yang Jian's face turned cold as he grabbed Zhao Kaiming's arm. With a slight exertion of force, the arm twisted eerily half a circle, hanging limp and powerless.

There was still a numb expression on Zhao Kaiming's face, devoid of any reaction, as if he couldn't feel the pain anymore.

"And that is, you shouldn't have encountered me before your plan was successful," Yang Jian said forcefully, kicking out hard.

Zhao Kaiming was sent flying, clearly no match at all.

An arm was ripped off casually.

Instead of blood flowing out, it writhed eerily in his hand.

As soon as Yang Jian let go, the arm, as if seized by an invisible force, flew back and reattached itself to Zhao Kaiming's body.

"Damn, it can do that?"

This was the first time Yang Jian had seen such a thing. He had encountered ghosts with resurrection abilities before; Wang Xiaoqiang's ghost could keep resurrecting him, but Zhao Kaiming's ability was even more terrifying.

"It's useless. With that ghost attached to my body, you can't kill me. Nothing can kill me. However, I didn't expect you to have changed so much from before, to something beyond my imagination," Zhao Kaiming said.

Zhao Kaiming stood up as if what had just happened hadn't affected him at all.

"A ghost that can't be killed, but can't you still be killed?" Yang Jian approached,

not giving the ghost inside Zhao Kaiming's body any time to react.

The Ghost Domain allowed him to appear instantly next to Zhao Kaiming, and with a few casual tugs,

all of Zhao Kaiming's limbs were removed.

With the Ghost Shadow, Yang Jian could easily remove any part of a person's body, and ghosts were no exception.

However, as soon as he let go, the limbs flew back, and Zhao Kaiming was intact again.

"It's useless; you've only removed my limbs, but you can't touch the limbs of that ghost. I have merged with it, and I can recover like this countless times. If you want to kill me, you have to kill the ghost as well," Zhao Kaiming explained.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted, and he directly removed Zhao Kaiming's head.

His head was still alive, not dead.

"I see I can't deal with you, but you also can't kill me. Don't waste time on me. That ghost should be returning already. I can feel it. If you don't believe me, you can go and check," the head of Zhao Kaiming spoke.

Was he referring to the Source Ghost?

Yang Jian once again opened a Ghost Eye and looked through a corner of the Ghost Domain outside.

Indeed.

He saw a blurry figure slowly approaching from outside the school.

Amid those still and silent Ghost Infants, this figure stood out conspicuously.

The Source Ghost had appeared.

But before he could observe any further,

the Source Ghost suddenly stopped, looked up sharply in his direction.

Yang Jian, lying in the Ghost Domain, felt as if he had been seen.

No.

He was definitely seen.

Yang Jian immediately felt a chilling sensation.

"This guy must have a Terror Level that's too high, seeing through the Ghost Domain with just one glance."

Wait a minute.

If he had been seen, then wouldn't the Hungry Ghost attack him next?

The attack patterns of the Source Ghost piled up one on top of the other.

"I lack something to imprison this Source Ghost. Engaging it now is meaningless. I need to leave this place and get that Coffin Nail, to avoid capsizing the boat."

"Zhao Kaiming, you go and keep it company for now. You're not my match at this moment. I'll deal with you thoroughly when I get back."

With that thought, Yang Jian tossed his head towards the direction of the Source Ghost and then left the place using the Ghost Domain.

As the red light flashed in the window of the third-floor toilet, Yang Jian disappeared.

A head dropped from the window, rolling to the side of the Source Ghost.

The Source Ghost looked down, reaching out to pick it up.

But the head flew up, returning to the third-floor toilet.

The Source Ghost paused for a moment, seemingly hesitating between chasing after Yang Jian or the nearby Zhao Kaiming.

In the end, Zhao Kaiming, who was closer, became its target.

"Yang Jian coming here alone must mean he wants to imprison the Source Ghost. Daring to act shows he has a corresponding plan. My recent interaction with him has indeed shown he's become more terrifying than before. I intentionally leaked so much information to him, hoping he would catch on."

Zhao Kaiming's head flew back, but another thought emerged in his mind.

"I can't fully trust what this ghost says, so I have to change the plan, keep a trump card.

Once this ghost takes over the Hungry Ghost's body and fulfills my conditions, resurrecting my family, I'll destroy the bridge after crossing the river, using Yang Jian to imprison both ghosts together, making sure this ghostly entity disappears from my life forever, to prevent any irreversible changes in the future due to this ghost."

He had calculated everyone, and now he was even scheming against the ghost by his side, all to achieve his own goals.

Chapter 269: Return

...

"Why did Zhao Kaiming tell me all this? He could have chosen not to reveal so much information to me."

"Moreover, his attack on me seemed more like a test to assess my abilities, rather than a desperate, do-or-die attempt to succeed. Otherwise, he would have clung to me tenaciously, using the appearance of the Source Ghost to drag me to my death in the school. After all, if he could enter my Ghost Domain, it means he could let other Ghost Infants in as well."

Yang Jian frowned.

He vaguely felt that Zhao Kaiming's verbosity was a deliberate attempt to remind him, to disclose the secrets of the ghost by his side and to warn him to be on guard.

Since when was this guy so kind-hearted.

"However, according to what he said, he wants that ghost to seize the Hungry Ghost's body for resurrection. It seems that the plan is going smoothly... But even if that ghost succeeds, it doesn't matter to me. To me, it's all the same, still having to deal with the Hungry Ghost, just with a switch of identity. There's no difference."

Yang Jian thought for a moment, and since it had no impact on his actions, he decided to leave it be.

But he was very short on time; now that Zhao Kaiming was confronting the Source Ghost, if he could get that Coffin Nail before Zhao died, he might be able to benefit as the opportunist.

Just a few seconds.

Yang Jian had appeared on the pedestrian street, exactly where he had fled from the school.

Very precise.

"Let me see exactly where that door is."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted, his world turned blood-red, then with a flash of red light, a school building abruptly materialized in front of him.

He now stood at the school gate, facing the situation of No. 7 Middle School.

This was the simulation of the scene in the Ghost Domain, so he could find the original path.

"My current position is at the original school gate, no mistake, there's Wang Shanshan, here's Zhang Wei, over there Miao Xiaoshan... and here's where I was." Yang Jian identified his location by replaying the scene.

"Starting now, I'm going back to that third-floor restroom."

Through the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian could change positions at will. He crossed the school playground, which in reality was passing through an alley, turned towards the teaching building, which in reality was passing by a road.

Arriving at the teaching building was in fact standing in front of a temple.

The Hongfa Temple in Dachang City.

He went up three flights of stairs, which were actually climbing the temple steps.

Standing at the restroom door, in reality, he was standing in front of the temple's main gate.

"The real location is in this temple?" Yang Jian was stunned.

It seemed far-fetched, but this method of scene replay for navigation should not possibly be wrong, and if there were any deviations, they couldn't be far off, at most around ten meters.

"I've been to this Hongfa Temple several times before, it's a small temple, and it doesn't seem to have that door."

"No, it's below."

Yang Jian found a basement under the Hongfa Temple through the Ghost Domain. Inside the basement, he also saw a few people hiding from disasters, which seemed to be a secret area known only to insiders of the temple.

Of course, he also saw that door.

Without hesitation, Yang Jian walked in, directly entering the basement.

The basement's style did not seem to be built in modern times, using very old blue bricks.

At the end of the basement was the door.

An old wooden door.

But at this moment, he saw the old wooden door covered with gold foil, tightly closed, relocked.

"Someone has been here," Yang Jian thought to himself.

With gold foil on it, his Ghost Domain could not interfere. He could only tear it off to open the door and go inside.

"Who, who's there?"

As he was taking action, a voice echoed from the dim passage.

A bald man in plain clothes, alerted by the noise, came towards him with a flashlight in hand.

"You, what are you doing? Let go immediately, that door must not be opened. My goodness, how did you sneak in here?" The bald man was visibly startled upon seeing Yang Jian's actions.

Yang Jian turned and said, "Master, do you know what's behind that door?"

He recognized the bald man, a familiar face from the temple he had seen a couple of times when he visited in the past.

"Don't ask so many questions, come here quickly."

The Bald Master's face had turned pale with fright, as if he knew there was something dreadful inside.

However, Yang Jian did not stop but continued ripping off the gold foil; "I need to retrieve an item that will contain the ghost haunting Dachang City and resolve this supernatural incident."

Hearing this, the Bald Master paused in his steps: "You want to take the Demon-Subduing Pestle?"

"Demon-Subduing Pestle? No, the Coffin Nail," Yang Jian replied.

...

However, after thinking for a moment, he realized that the two objects were similar in shape and closely resembled each other. It was possible that the "Demon-Subduing Pestle" the Bald Master spoke of was actually the coffin nail, just referred to by a different name.

"If you take that thing away, something extremely terrifying will come out," the Bald Master said.

Yang Jian said, "If I don't take that thing, the whole Dachang City is doomed. Master, you know quite a bit, can you tell me who mentioned this?"

"I can't tell you that. Are you sure you want to take that thing to save Dachang City?" the Bald Master asked.

Yang Jian said, "Very sure, and I don't have time to explain to you anymore. You can't stop me. Master, you might as well save your concerns."

The Bald Master's expression changed, and finally, he let out a long sigh, "Then I won't stop you."

Yang Jian paused for a moment, looking at the monk, feeling that he knew something.

The architectural style here, as well as the era, bore some resemblance to the dilapidated house from the Republic of China Period in Guanjiang Residential Complex.

It was unfortunate that the old man guarding the house from the Republic of China Period had died, leaving no one behind to carry on. Otherwise, it would have certainly been possible to uncover some unknown secrets.

"Once I've dealt with the situation in Dachang City, I'll have time to come back and have a chat with you," Yang Jian said as he ripped off all the gold foil and gently pushed.

The door opened.

The lock broke automatically.

A cold wind blew through, raising goosebumps on the skin, seeming to drop the surrounding temperature by several degrees in an instant.

"Young man, be careful. It's very dangerous inside there," the Bald Master said, trembling with fear.

"Got it," Yang Jian said and walked straight in.

He had been here once before and didn't feel scared.

Indeed, his guess was right.

A familiar place.

An desolate, lifeless dark space.

Behind him was only one moldy, moss-covered cyan wall.

Any ordinary person who walked into this place would certainly be scared to death.

"The scratch marks are still there, there's no mistake, this is the place."

Yang Jian turned his head and saw the wall, marked with numerous ferocious scratches with blood remnants, which, although already blackened, appeared to be only a few months old from the traces and not that ancient.

These scratches were left in desperation by Duan Peng and Zheng Fei, whom he had brought in for revenge.

Drip, drip!

The sound of dripping water echoed in the dark space.

Quiet, faint, yet so distinct, especially clear in the dark environs.

Yang Jian didn't rely on his own eyes to see; everything was pitch black and unclear, so he simply opened his ghost eye.

Under the ghost eye, the surroundings were no longer dark, everything became clear.

A bone-chilling tree, rooted in the ground, had many strange things hanging from it: dried-up human heads, old pieces of cloth... and a three-meter-tall giant black silhouette was nailed to the trunk of the White Bone Tree.

It had the outline of a human but none of the features, just a black shadow that had condensed together, somewhat resembling the Headless Ghost Shadow.

But it was different from the Headless Ghost Shadow.

This thing had a physical form.

A rusty coffin nail pierced through the chest of the tall black silhouette, nailing it to the tree.

The dripping sound came from black blood continuously dropping from that wound.

"I never thought I'd come back here one day," Yang Jian said as he saw the spot where the giant black silhouette's head should be.

There was a gap there, as if it was missing an eye.

He knew that releasing this thing could possibly be terrifying, but now he had no other choice; he urgently needed the coffin nail.

To gather some intelligence, he first took out his phone and took several photos of this thing, so he could show them to Wang Xiaoming for research later on, in case they encountered it again without knowing how to deal with it.

"I really don't know whether it's right or wrong to release this thing to deal with the Hungry Ghost," Yang Jian thought, hesitant. Yet, he still reached out for the coffin nail.

But just as he was about to touch it, he paused, turned around to the door, and picked up several pieces of gold foil that had been torn off earlier, deciding to wrap the thing up first.

Through the gold foil, Yang Jian grabbed one end of the coffin nail.

Perhaps because the gold foil insulated it, he felt no particular sensation in his body when he touched the object.

Having mastered the Ghost Shadow, Yang Jian simply pulled it out with a single motion.

The coffin nail which had been nailing the giant black silhouette was successfully removed without any impediment.

Chapter 270: Luring the Fierce Ghost

The rusty Coffin Nail was held tightly in his hand, making Yang Jian feel as if he was grasping the last hope of Dachang City, heavy with significance.

He believed that this thing would certainly be able to restrain the Source Ghost.

If not, then Dachang City really was beyond salvation, and even if he had the ability to face the Source Ghost directly, it would still be impossible to imprison the ghost.

"After removing this Coffin Nail, what should be done with this thing..." Yang Jian looked at the three-meter-tall shadow still clinging to the White Bone Tree.

There was no movement for the time being.

He didn't know if it was due to being constrained for too long that it fell into some kind of slumber, or if the thing wasn't as terrible as imagined.

No matter.

He could take care of this end but not the other.

Now that Dachang City was on the verge of becoming a living hell, he'd focus on getting past the present crisis first,

Without paying it any further attention, Yang Jian turned around and left.

Outside the door, the Bald Master was still anxiously pacing back and forth, waiting. Upon seeing Yang Jian emerge, he immediately asked, "What's the situation inside? Are there really Evil Ghosts? Is that the Demon-Subduing Pestle in your hand?"

"There's no need to explain too much to you, Master. Close this door immediately and stay away from this place. I can't guarantee the thing inside won't leave there. Right now, I have more important things to do." Yang Jian knew taking away the Coffin Nail made this place very dangerous.

But that was the only option now.

After he finished speaking, he directly left using his Ghost Domain.

The Bald Master, witnessing Yang Jian suddenly vanish before his eyes, was startled at first but quickly, shivering, hurried to close the door again.

However, when he shone his flashlight inside, he froze.

Behind the wooden door, there was no longer a pitch-black room, just an old wall of bluestone bricks.

The eerie place from before seemed to have vanished into thin air.

"I've seen a ghost," the Bald Master grew more panicked.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian, having taken the Coffin Nail, immediately hurried back to No. 7 Middle School. With his Ghost Domain, such a distance was practically nothing.

"Ten minutes, it only took ten minutes from the moment I left No. 7 Middle School to my return to take the Coffin Nail. I wonder how Zhao Kaiming is doing? Has he managed to hold on during this time?"

As Yang Jian arrived at the gates of No. 7 Middle School, he held the rust-streaked Coffin Nail, ready to begin the formal confinement action.

But the campus of No. 7 Middle School had undergone changes different from before.

The Ghost Infants that previously stood densely packed and motionless in the schoolyard had now all disappeared.

Yes.

He hadn't seen it wrong. Yang Jian scanned the surroundings and astonishingly found not a single Ghost Infant.

"Many things I don't know about must have happened in the time I was away," Yang Jian speculated darkly in his heart.

"Has the Source Ghost left? Or did Zhao Kaiming's plan succeed?"

He carried this doubt with him.

He needed to search carefully.

With newfound confidence, Yang Jian was no longer so sneaky. He opened all the Ghost Eyes he could and spread his Ghost Domain out from a range of ten meters.

From ten meters, to twenty meters, then to thirty meters... in the suffocating atmosphere of the surrounding area, his Ghost Domain could only reach a circumference of one hundred meters.

This was the limit.

He delved deeper into the school, beginning a systematic search. He had to find the Source Ghost, as he could not afford to keep wasting time.

"What's that?"

Suddenly, Yang Jian's expression changed, and he vanished on the spot, reappearing instantly in a classroom on the top floor of a teaching building.

An satellite tracking cellphone was placed on the teacher's desk in the classroom.

At that moment, the cellphone was repeatedly playing a message, "Yang Jian, if you're hearing this voice message, my plan has already succeeded. It's in the school. Do you have a way to deal with that thing?"

"Did that guy leave this for me on purpose, knowing I would come back?" Yang Jian frowned, walked over, and shut off the recording.

The plan succeeded?

Did that mean that Zhao Kaiming's ghost had been resurrected through the body of the Hungry Ghost?

The two ghosts had merged into one.

"Tap, tap tap~!"

Just then, Yang Jian heard a series of footsteps coming from the corridor outside, like someone wearing leather shoes passing by, the footsteps exceptionally clear.

"What?"

Yang Jian's face changed abruptly, and he looked in the direction of the corridor.

Within his Ghost Domain, he could see what was happening in every corner, yet he couldn't see the person—or rather, the ghost—in the hallway.

No, it was that ghost.

"You've got to be kidding me. My Ghost Domain has been forcefully entered, and I still can't see that thing?" A chill ran through Yang Jian.

He immediately stepped out.

There was nothing in the corridor, which was still shrouded in red and within the coverage of his Ghost Domain.

However, there was now a line of pitch-black footprints on the floor.

In the Ghost Domain, these footprints were particularly conspicuous, but as soon as he saw them, they quickly faded away.

Tracking the remaining footprints, Yang Jian deduced that a ghost had come this way, closing in on him.

An invisible ghost.

"The Source Ghost?" Yang Jian tensed up all over.

Indeed, Zhao Kaiming's plan had succeeded, causing an unforeseen change in the Source Ghost.

Now, it was unclear whether the entity was the Hungry Ghost or an unknown ghost possessed by Zhao Kaiming.

The only certainty was that the thing was right beside him.

...

It was just that he couldn't see it himself, not even the Ghost Domain or the Ghost Eye could be detected.

The Terror Level had already far surpassed Yang Jian's.

"The Ghost Domain is being eroded..." Suddenly.

Yang Jian felt his Ghost Domain, which he had expanded to a hundred meters, rapidly shrinking.

Dark cyan miasma spread over, continuously pressing against his Ghost Domain, and the speed was shockingly fast. In just a short moment, his Ghost Domain had shrunk to only fifty meters, and it was still decreasing.

"Once my Ghost Domain is completely eroded like this, it's very likely I'll die here. Without the Ghost Domain, it's very difficult to leave by walking."

Yang Jian's complexion wasn't too good.

Although he had anticipated the horror of the Source Ghost, it was only after he truly faced it that he realized this all-around suppression was enough to make one despair.

Fortunately, he wasn't worried about the resurrection of the Evil Ghost anymore; otherwise, there would have been no chance of winning at all.

"I must think of a way to resolve the current situation," he began to think rapidly.

Yang Jian knew about the changes that occurred in a Fourth-stage Ghost Infant, but after that Hungry Ghost, many unknown changes had happened. The so-called patterns were likely invalid now, and with Zhao Kaiming's plan succeeding, this supernatural event had become quite complicated.

Yang Jian estimated that any Necromancer from around the world, if picked randomly to face this supernatural event, would probably kneel before it.

But then... looking at the rusty Coffin Nail in his hand.

Yang Jian still had a chance to win.

Just one move, and this supernatural event would be completely resolved.

"Lure it in."

After a moment of hesitation, Yang Jian decided to actively shrink his Ghost Domain.

Maintaining a range of just one meter around himself.

If that ghost could enter his Ghost Domain, then as long as it came inside, he could strike back.

In the first encounter, Yang Jian felt he could still hold on.

The next moment.

The dark cyan miasma rushed at him, as if to devour him.

But as it made contact with the one-meter range around Yang Jian, it stopped, as if there was an invisible wall blocking it, cutting off that final step.

The red light around him was as dense as blood, looking almost equal to the ambient miasma.

After maintaining the Ghost Domain at this small range, it seemed not so easily eroded anymore.

But Yang Jian saw that strands of dark cyan miasma from outside were still drifting in.

"So I'm still affected like this? If the area covered by this dark cyan miasma counts as a Ghost Domain too, then this Ghost Domain is much stronger than mine," he thought without fear, choosing to wait for his prey like a hunter lying in wait.

The moment the Evil Ghost attacked him would be his chance to counterattack.

This was the only way to catch that invisible Source Ghost.

Around him, the silence was terrifying.

There wasn't a single sound, the whole world had fallen into a deathly stillness.

Yang Jian stood still, unmoving, using himself as bait to lure the Evil Ghost into the trap.

He knew that the Evil Ghost wouldn't let him go because the Ghost Eye on him was what the Evil Ghost needed, and its earlier appearance was the best proof.

With the dark cyan miasma invading the Ghost Domain.

The cold around him seemed to become ever more chilling.

Silence, coldness, darkness, a horrifying ghost lurking around.

In such an environment, it wasn't a person's courage that was being tested, but their willpower. Even a Necromancer might break under such a life-or-death trial.

Yang Jian's face was expressionless, showing not the slightest fear, standing like a corpse, totally still.

Ten minutes passed.

Apart from the initial footsteps that had appeared, there was no other movement.

Twenty minutes passed, and still not a sound around him.

Thirty minutes passed, and the Ghost Domain around Yang Jian had gradually become dimmer; the invading dark cyan miasma was increasing.

"Is that thing trying to wear me out? Does it want to deplete my Ghost Domain, or does it sense the threat of the Coffin Nail and feel cautious?" Yang Jian frowned deeply.

This prolonged silence was unusual.

"I'll sell it a flaw; the bait isn't tempting enough, it might not fall for it. It will choose the safest way to kill me."

Yang Jian felt that dragging this out wasn't the solution, so he completely wrapped the Coffin Nail in his hand with gold foil.

If the Evil Ghost could sense the threat of the Coffin Nail, then maybe this could block its perception.

He actively started to shrink the Ghost Domain even more.

Slowly proceeding.

From the range of one meter, he started to decrease to half a meter...

And in the miasma that Yang Jian couldn't see, just less than two meters behind him.

A human silhouette stood deathly still.

It was wearing an old shroud, and underneath it, a pair of rotten-looking dark cyan hands had a bizarre finger that was grotesquely withered and different from the others.

On its emaciated body, its belly swelled like a beer belly, and vaguely, you could see something writhing inside, like heads rolling or a human face screaming.

The dark cyan face of the dead, rigid and numb, a pair of black eyes without pupils eerily watched ahead.

If one looked closely, they could tell.

This person was... Zhou Zheng.

The Necromancer who had died at No. 7 Middle School, killed by the Ghost Infant, Zhou Zheng.