

Revival 271

Chapter 271 The Unsolved Source Ghost

The gloom was more oppressive than the darkness, and Yang Jian had no idea what was around him; he couldn't hear a thing, couldn't see a thing,

At this moment, his Ghost Eye, capable of piercing through darkness, was as good as blind and of no critical use.

It seems the Ghost Eye hadn't revived. Dealing with this situation was still a struggle.

Or perhaps, under these circumstances, it wasn't just the Ghost Eye—anything less than fully functional felt significantly constrained.

Just as Zhao Kaiming had said, the fierce ghost was only a piece of the puzzle; Yang Jian might now be facing either a complete puzzle or one nearing completion.

"Tap, tap tap."

The sound of dress shoes walking across the floor suddenly erupted.

After half an hour of waiting, just when Yang Jian decided to purposely expose a flaw, there finally came a noise.

"It's approaching me," Yang Jian suddenly looked in the direction of the sound.

Although he couldn't see anything, he could vaguely gauge that the object was no more than ten meters from him.

And the distance was rapidly closing with the sound of footsteps.

Five meters, three meters... It appeared to be right before his eyes.

Yang Jian felt as if he could touch the ghost's body with just an outstretched hand.

"Should I make a move?" He broke out in a cold sweat, the urge to thrust the Coffin Nail in his hand toward the sound overwhelming.

"No, I can't be sure it's a ghost just from the sound of footsteps; if I were to nail a Ghost Infant like last time and waste another chance, I might just meet my end here."

He gritted his teeth and suppressed the impulse to lunge forward right away.

He decided to let the ghost make the first move; he absolutely wouldn't act first, unable to afford the consequences of failure now.

One meter away, the footsteps abruptly stopped.

It seemed as though the ghost stood right before him.

"It stopped?" Yang Jian clutched the Coffin Nail in his hand tightly, wavered in his mind.

Would a tentative attack be better?

But in the place where the footsteps had come from, there was no Source Ghost at all—just a pair of empty dress shoes that had walked over, and once the footsteps ceased, only the bizarre shoes stood in front of Yang Jian.

The real ghost had been standing behind him all along, motionless just like him.

The footsteps were bait.

Yang Jian used himself as bait to lure the fierce ghost into a trap, and the Source Ghost used a pair of shoes to create footsteps, likewise attempting to lure Yang Jian into its trap.

At this moment, Yang Jian was unaware of this fact; had he known, he would have found it utterly chilling.

"No, a probing attack is pointless. Wait a bit longer."

Caution and his many experiences with fierce ghosts allowed him to unknowingly avoid disaster.

After another short wait.

"It hasn't attacked me?"

By now, Yang Jian's nerves were stretched to their breaking point. He noticed that the ghost standing before him was unmoving.

Despite this, he was ready, prepared to drive the Coffin Nail in his hand into the body of the Source Ghost at the first opportunity.

But that opportunity didn't come.

The footsteps a meter away had stopped and remained silent for quite some time.

After another tense ten minutes.

The footsteps started up again.

"Tap, tap tap."

Within the gloom, a pair of dress shoes moved on their own, circling around Yang Jian.

Yang Jian stared fixedly at the direction of the footsteps, his head turning to follow them.

Still, he didn't attack.

By this point, he had begun to suspect that the footsteps might be a problem, similar to when he faced the Headless Ghost Shadow, which deliberately set a trap to provoke his attack.

The moment he exposed a vulnerability would be the moment the fierce ghost struck.

"There's something wrong with these footsteps..." Yang Jian was convinced of this, sensing an increasing eeriness around him.

The ghost that had disappeared, the footsteps encircling him.

The impenetrable gloom.

All of it concealed immense terror.

Though the conditions for the fierce ghost to attack were met, the ghost never showed, and Yang Jian was now eagerly wishing for its appearance, as it would give him the chance to act.

However, this standoff couldn't go on forever.

Just as the surrounding gloom began to encroach upon Yang Jian's body, there suddenly came a movement nearby.

A blackish-green hand exuding the stench of decay, almost completely rotten, suddenly reached out from the opposite side of the footsteps and snatched Yang Jian's throat.

It was icy, stiff, with a terrifying force, as if it could snap his neck in an instant.

"It's here? The footsteps were indeed bait."

Yang Jian's attention was completely drawn by the footsteps, and when they moved to the far right, the hand that attacked him came from the far left.

Moreover, the real ghost was so close to him, lurking right beside him.

Although his reaction was slow by a moment, at this instant.

All of Yang Jian's ghost eyes opened in an instant.

Ghost Domain was activated.

He immediately tore off the gold foil wrapping the Coffin Nail, grabbing the cyanotic arm with one hand and stabbing towards the body with the other.

Although the movements were quick, before Yang Jian could stab with the Coffin Nail, another cyanotic hand grabbed his wrist.

The attack was neutralized.

But after the Ghost Domain was activated, Yang Jian successfully enveloped the creature behind him within it.

The ominous gloom instantly disappeared, and everything around him was dyed red with blood, restoring his vision.

A figure wearing a shroud, with a numb cyanotic dead face, stood beside him.

"Zhou Zheng?"

Upon seeing the ghost, Yang Jian's pupils suddenly constricted.

But before he could react with surprise, Zhou Zheng's jaw split open, revealing a mouthful of pitch-black ferocious teeth, biting straight towards his head.

If this bite landed, Yang Jian's head would be torn off in half, and he would be doomed.

He wanted to struggle, but then he also realized that his arm holding the Coffin Nail couldn't move.

Lacking any sensation, he couldn't feel the existence of that arm at all.

"That finger?"

Yang Jian noticed a particularly distinct withered finger on the cyanotic palm, which had pierced into his wrist.

It was this thing that pinned his hand in place.

"There's something else."

Just as Zhou Zheng was about to bite off Yang Jian's head, a grass rope suddenly fell from Yang Jian's body, quickly wrapping around the ghost's neck, trying to hang it.

However, the Ghost Rope failed.

Although the Ghost Rope was hanging the ghost, it could only force it to stand on tiptoes, unable to fully suspend it.

While it didn't achieve the expected result, it did alleviate the crisis.

The Ghost Tooth, almost touching Yang Jian's face, didn't manage to bite down because the Ghost Rope around its neck restrained it.

Yang Jian barely defended against the first wave of attack.

As planned, at this level, even if Yang Jian perfectly controlled the Ghost Shadow and suppressed the revival of the ghost eyes, he was only qualified to withstand the first wave. Without further means, he would still be doomed if the fight dragged on.

The Ghost Tooth could even bite through the Ghost Domain, easily devouring half his head.

"Drip, drip~!"

At this moment, Yang Jian's body was gradually turning black, a drop of ink-like substance dripping from his body.

The dense ink gathered together, turning into a Headless Ghost Shadow that slowly stood up from the ground.

This Headless Ghost Shadow took the rusted Coffin Nail from Yang Jian's hand and slowly stabbed it towards the Source Ghost before him.

"You lost," Yang Jian uttered with difficulty.

Now, the Headless Ghost Shadow was under his control, acting as an extra helper. As long as he withstood the first wave of attack, victory was at his side.

The plan was still proceeding very smoothly.

But just as Yang Jian was about to succeed.

Yang Jian felt a moment of dizziness, as if his consciousness blurred.

Then he regained his clarity.

Suddenly.

The ghost before his eyes disappeared.

The nearby gloom also seemed to recede, and the Ghost Domain, no longer suppressed, covered the range of one hundred meters once again.

"What's going on? Where did the ghost go?" Yang Jian was stunned.

"And my injury is gone?"

He found his arm could move again, but then he discovered that the arm that had been pierced by the withered finger no longer had any wound.

The voice of a phone recording came from the nearby classroom: Yang Jian, if you are hearing this message, my plan has already succeeded. It is in the school. Do you have a way to deal with that thing?

Yang Jian's eyes widened with shock at the message, a wave of cold surging through his body from the soles of his feet.

He quickly entered the school, picked up the phone, and looked at the satellite-positioned phone left by Zhao Kaiming.

Especially, he glanced at the time on it.

"Impossible."

Yang Jian exhibited an expression more horrified than seeing a ghost.

Time had reversed to forty minutes ago, back to when he first arrived here.

Chapter 272 Five-Second Plan

Clutching the satellite positioning phone that belonged to Zhao Kaiming, Yang Jian's expression was particularly ugly.

Just now, he had clearly been about to succeed, no, he would have succeeded, just one last step, and that Source Ghost had not been able to kill him, he had withstood that wave of attack, victory was in sight. But unexpectedly, in the blink of an eye, the result turned out to be this—the ghost had disappeared.

He had returned to forty minutes earlier.

Everything had started over.

"No, this can't be possible, how could a ghost manage to do something like this?" Yang Jian slammed the lecturer's podium forcefully, unable to believe the turn of events even now.

The solid podium shattered immediately, kicking up a cloud of dust.

But even so, it did nothing to quell the rage in his heart.

"What happened on your end, what changes occurred in the operation? You seemed like you were about to win."

At that moment, Wang Xiaoming's voice came from the satellite positioning phone.

They had been monitoring the operation the entire time.

Yang Jian's expression was extremely sour as he said in a hoarse voice, "Things have somewhat exceeded both our expectations. The plan was proceeding smoothly, but an inconceivable emergency occurred. Just when I was about to succeed, everything before my eyes shimmered, and I was sent straight back to forty minutes earlier.

The time here has been reset by the malevolent spirit, and that thing probably already knows it's in danger; it used this impossible method to escape from danger."

"But my memory hasn't reset, which means the plan that I was about to succeed with can't be carried out a second time; that malevolent spirit will surely be on guard."

Wang Xiaoming fell silent on the other end.

Even the temporary command center outside Dachang City had fallen into silence.

Everyone had been closely following Yang Jian's actions, and just as he had been on the verge of success, everyone couldn't help but leap up excitedly, but at the turn of a phrase, all their hopes had been plunged into the abyss.

"What time is it on your end?" Approximately ten seconds of silence later, Wang Xiaoming asked.

"It's 8:10 p.m.," Yang Jian checked the time.

Wang Xiaoming said, "It's 8:50 p.m. on my end. Based on the current situation, the time reset is real. I'm very sorry, I've never encountered such a situation before. This is beyond any normal reasoning; strictly speaking, this ghost should be classified as unsolvable, and can no longer be contained within the rankings of Class A or S."

"My earlier deduction was wrong; Zhang Han indeed cannot serve as bait, or else we would lose another spirit fighter."

"Do you still have the Coffin Nail on you?"

Yang Jian replied, "Of course."

Wang Xiaoming thought for five seconds: "I've temporarily come up with a plan that might just work."

"Is there even a chance of success under these circumstances?"

Yang Jian said, "My operation just now was already very thorough, using myself as bait to attract the ghost's attack. After withstanding the first wave of attacks, I used the Coffin Nail to pin it down, ensuring nothing could go wrong. But with it resetting the time, no plan could possibly succeed."

"Your plan was bold, and the chances of success were very high. In my view, it almost had a 70% chance; especially after you withstood the first wave of attacks, the success rate was virtually 90%. Yet, unexpected changes still occurred, and that was my biggest concern previously."

Wang Xiaoming said, "I don't know the situation on your end, so I will just set out the plan I've come up with on the fly."

"Assuming time reset is real, then this time reset must only occur within a local area, and external time wouldn't be affected. At the very least, the time here with me and the time there with you have already diverged. I boldly speculate that this area is about the size of No. 7 Middle School.

That's a conservative estimate; the time reset area might even be limited to just the teaching building you are in."

"If that's the case, I suggest you engage in long-distance warfare and set up a sniper plan."

"Let's hear it," Yang Jian said, furrowing his brow deeply.

Wang Xiaoming said, "Figure out a way to shoot the Coffin Nail from your hand into that fierce ghost's body like a bullet, just like a sniper would. As for the sniper rifle that can fire the Coffin Nail, that'd be your Ghost Eye."

"I've been secretly collecting your data, and I've noticed that your Ghost Eye grows stronger with quantity. However, I've researched the Ghost Domain more thoroughly than you.

If you could maximize your Ghost Domain and try to consolidate it into a straight line, well, about the size of a Coffin Nail, as long as this beam of light extends beyond the time reset range and hits that ghost, you can transfer the Coffin Nail directly into the ghost's body."

"Achieving an instantaneous sniper effect."

"That speed is nearly that of light. The ghost might not even have time to react and reset time, considering you felt a flicker in front of your eyes when it reset time earlier. Judging by the speed of human neural responses, conservatively estimated, that's a 0.5-second interval."

"Taking 0.5 seconds as our data, as long as you can do what I've said, you could stand anywhere in Dachang City and snipe that ghost. It would be utterly defenseless. However, I don't know how far your Ghost Eye can extend, so I advise you to strive for the furthest distance you can reach, just in case."

"But the success rate of this method isn't high, and the risks are too great. After all, there's only one bullet. If you fail or choose the wrong target, you'll lose the Coffin Nail you have."

And this is just a preliminary plan I made up in five seconds; there are many potential problems that need to be overcome, such as how to find the Source Ghost and how to ensure that your Ghost Domain won't be disturbed..."

"Enough, I get what you mean. I'll find a way to do the rest. I'll just snipe the ghost from a distance," Yang Jian interrupted him.

Then, holding the Coffin Nail that he had not yet used, he turned and walked away.

Using the Ghost Domain, he left No. 7 Middle School directly.

Here, Yang Jian stood no chance. If the ghost could reset time once, it could do it a second time, while he only had one life. If the fierce ghost caught him, that would be the end.

Sniping the fierce ghost from a long distance seemed fraught with difficulties to Yang Jian, but it did offer a chance of success.

As long as there was a chance, he had to try.

He had no way out now after fighting to this point.

After observing the situation around No. 7 Middle School, Yang Jian eventually made his way to the rooftop of a communications building more than a thousand meters away.

Standing atop the tall signal tower, he could overlook everything at No. 7 Middle School.

The place was shrouded in gloom, and Yang Jian couldn't see clearly now, but under his Ghost Eye, he could barely make out the silhouette of the school through the haze.

If time had been reset to forty minutes ago, then the ghost must still be inside the school now.

No. 7 Middle School might be large, but at least he now had a definitive location, rather than searching blindly across the whole of Dachang City.

"To do what Wang Xiaoming said, I must overcome two conditions. First is for the Ghost Domain to penetrate the gloom of the school—after all, that's its home turf. The second is to be able to find and lock onto the Source Ghost when the Ghost Domain is condensed into a line."

Yang Jian's eyes sparkled as a mass of black shadow gradually emerged around him, as if some nefarious spirit had latched onto his body.

To push the power of the Ghost Eye to its limit, he had to suppress its revival with the Ghost Shadow.

Fortunately, the Ghost Shadow was currently in a crashed state, showing no sign of awakening no matter how its power was used, which gave him confidence.

Chapter 273 - Successful Restriction

Wang Xiaoming's improvisational plan sounded great, making full use of Yang Jian's advantages and perfectly avoiding the Source Ghost's dominance. Aside from lacking in details, coming up with such a scheme in just five seconds was rather clever.

But even the best plans require good understanding and execution.

Yang Jian had strong comprehension abilities. Although his analytical thinking in calm situations was not as sharp as Wang Xiaoming's, he knew what to do as soon as he heard the plan.

"It's no wonder the forum says that S-level specters can destroy a city, and unrestrained, they could even demolish a country. Looking at it now, that doesn't seem like an exaggeration. If we can't resolve this and it leaves Dachang City to invade other cities, then the next city will suffer a catastrophic fate."

"Given a bit of time, destroying a country really wouldn't be difficult."

"Besides Zhao Kaiming, who's an anomaly, any Ghost Domain controller who has taken control of a ghost simply becomes food for this thing. Even if I perfectly controlled a revived ghost, I would only just qualify for direct contact. Who could withstand that last attack?"

Standing atop the signal tower of the communications building, Yang Jian, shrouded in complex thoughts, covered his body with the Ghost Shadow and then opened his Ghost Eye.

He pushed the Ghost Eye to its limit.

At that moment, he was enveloped in red light, which cast a glow on the surrounding gloom, dyeing the entire area red.

The Ghost Shadow had already covered his entire body; under such conditions, Yang Jian's body was, in a sense, a ghost, and the Ghost Eye could not be revived.

This resurrection from the brink of death solved the issue of his specter's resurrection once again.

Under his control, the surrounding Ghost Domain quickly condensed, reducing the coverage area to increase the domain's level of horror.

The extreme level of the Ghost Domain was indeed extraordinary. Back at the Guanjiang Residential Complex, he could cover at least ten kilometers, even under the dense gloom.

But here.

Even when condensed into a beam of red light, it extended just over a thousand meters in distance, reaching the limit at the entrance of No. 7 Middle School and unable to penetrate further.

The dark turquoise gloom there was so dense it seemed as though it could condense into a solid form, with a thickness that was somewhat unsettling.

Yang Jian stood atop the communications tower, unable to breach inside.

"No. 7 Middle School is equivalent to the Hungry Ghost's stronghold. It has turned that place into an iron fortress. The specter's power most profoundly affects that area, and my Ghost Domain would be eroded there, let alone at such a long range. The only way to resolve this is to get close to No. 7 Middle School or even to return to the school."

"But doing that would mean entering enemy territory. That specter would definitely be wary of my presence, plus there's the suspected time-resetting ability there. I wouldn't stand a chance."

Yang Jian frowned, "I can only contemplate the abilities of the Ghost Eye."

"Let's assume that specter's Ghost Domain is that dark turquoise gloom, and mine is the red light emanating from the Ghost Eye. If its gloom can condense, then theoretically the red light from my eyes should also be able to stack."

"Both are Ghost Domains; there's no reason for such a difference."

"Is it the method of stacking that's incorrect?"

His thoughts raced.

Since its emergence, the specter had been an unknown, studied worldwide, with each ghost possessing unique abilities. In the absence of precedents, controlling any ability was a groping process.

Moreover, this groping was slow, as for any Ghost Domain controller, employing a specter's power was akin to suicide, and typically, no one would use their abilities.

"Perhaps, having more eyes isn't necessarily better..." For some reason, Yang Jian thought of the original owner of the Ghost Eye.

That three-meter-tall giant shadow.

It didn't have so many eyes, just one.

But Yang Jian had nine.

"Perhaps stacking isn't about overlapping Ghost Domains, but letting the Ghost Eyes overlap." Yang Jian thought of a possibility.

"If a single Ghost Eye on the brink of revival could open a Ghost Domain, what if another Ghost Eye opened a domain within the first Ghost Eye's domain?"

A domain within a domain.

Yang Jian felt this was a method worth trying.

He transferred the Ghost Eye to the palm of his hand, stacked both palms with the Ghost Eyes overlapping, and then opened the first Ghost Eye to release the red light and create the Ghost Domain. Following that, he opened a second layer of Ghost Domain within the first, directing it towards the school.

An unthinkable scene occurred.

The Ghost Domain, which could only extend to the school's gate, suddenly got stimulated, transforming into a powerful searchlight that pierced the dark turquoise gloom and shone into the school.

"I can see inside the school." Yang Jian's face lit up with surprise.

His attempt was successful. The Ghost Eye was not merely about a single layer of Ghost Domain; each eye represented a layer.

Maybe when ten layers of Ghost Domains were stacked, that would be the truly terrifying Ghost Eye.

"I can only see the situation on the playground; the classrooms are still unclear. I need to add another layer." Yang Jian grew more confident, transferring a Ghost Eye to his forehead.

Then, he crossed his palms in front of him.

The three Ghost Eyes were lined up in a row.

He then opened the third layer of Ghost Domain within the second.

This seemed to have triggered some kind of terrible qualitative change.

The red light was even dazzling, and the entire world seemed to be drenched in blood, eerie and terrifying.

This Ghost Domain, after condensing into a beam of light, was like a sharp knife directly tearing through the layers of gloom enveloping the school.

Everything was laid bare before Yang Jian's eyes, with not a single secret left hidden.

The gloom was no longer something to be feared.

"It seems... I've unearthed some incredible powers," Yang Jian was somewhat shocked himself.

This was still just the overlaying of three Ghost Eyes, what change would there be if it was nine Ghost Eyes overlaying?

Unthinkable.

Actually, this method was extremely stimulating to the resurrection of fierce ghosts, and if Yang Jian had not perfectly mastered Headless Ghost Shadow, by now he could have been finished.

The deeper the power of the fierce ghost is delved into, the closer one is to death.

Only the Ghost Shadow which had ceased functioning gave him face, being controlled and suppressed by him through the Ghost Eyes.

"Now, let me see where exactly your ghost is hiding."

Yang Jian felt confident at this moment, with a Coffin Nail by his side. All he needed was for this strange red light to shine on that Hungry Ghost, and then this matter could be declared over.

At this moment.

The red light, like a searchlight, swept across the sky of Dachang City, tearing through the layers of gloom, shining into the school from afar, and began to move, searching for its prey, its target.

The beam scrutinized the playground, then shone into the teaching building.

It especially lingered at the site of the recent attack.

But unfortunately.

The ghost was not there.

But there was no rush.

The red light shifted, illuminating the nearby experimental building, starting from the top floor and searching down, floor by floor, not missing any detail.

Yang Jian was extremely familiar with the school he had attended for three years; he knew exactly how to search without overlooking anything.

The ghost that made No. 7 Middle School its lair seemed to have the sensation of being bound by its own territory.

If this entity were wandering around Dachang City, Yang Jian felt that even spending a month might not be enough to pin down its location, given how vast the city was.

"Found it."

Suddenly.

The red light emitted by Yang Jian's Ghost Eyes, while passing the direction of the school's north gate, spotted that dreadful figure within the security room.

Zhou Zheng, at that moment, dressed in a shroud, with his deathly pale and livid face, was sitting upright and stiff in the chair of the security room, motionless, like a body displayed there, and his stomach was still bulging, with something terrifying moving inside.

The moment the red light touched the Hungry Ghost.

Its rigid body moved, and its head turned mechanically, its pupil-less eyes, emitting the unique ferocity of a Ghost Infant, looked towards Yang Jian's direction.

"Now is the time," Yang Jian roared internally.

The rusted Coffin Nail disappeared from his side.

The next moment.

This Coffin Nail appeared on the forehead of the Hungry Ghost.

It drove deeply into it, almost piercing the entire head.

A sniping attack from over a kilometer away, an assault that was almost instant, a combat method combining modern tactics with ghost hunting skills.

Even if this fierce ghost could restart time, it was futile.

Because it didn't have that kind of reflex.

"It's done."

Yang Jian stared fixedly at the Hungry Ghost, whose head was pierced, to see if the Coffin Nail could nail a ghost down as he had anticipated.

However, the ghost inside the security room now seemed to have lost all its eeriness, truly falling to the ground like an ordinary corpse.

The gloom over Dachang City was rapidly dissipating...

The Hungry Ghost incident, concluded.

Chapter 274 - Support Advancing into the City

"The gloom over Dachang City is dissipating."

Night had fallen, at half-past nine.

From the temporary command center outside of Dachang City came this astonishing piece of news.

The gloom that had enveloped Dachang City for nearly a month finally began to recede at this time, one should know that the observers outside the city had only seen the gloom grow denser and the situation worsen with no signs of improvement whatsoever.

"What? Is this information reliable?"

When the news reached Vice-Minister Cao Yanhua's ears, he awoke abruptly in his tent and sat up, "Quick, notify everyone else, call an emergency meeting."

In an instant, countless lights lit up around the command center, and all important personnel who were resting were woken up.

In less than ten minutes, the temporary meeting room was packed with people.

"Yang Jian succeeded, he has contained the Source Ghost, and it seems like the Hungry Ghost incident has been resolved for now. The gloom is disappearing, so we should be able to send people into Dachang City," Wang Xiaoming's voice came over the communication station.

"That's great, Minister, give the order, I'll lead the repair team into Dachang City immediately, and we'll restore water and electricity within eight hours," said a logistics officer, somewhat excitedly.

"Our medical and rescue personnel are also gathering, and we'll be ready in ten minutes, just waiting for the Minister's orders."

"The first batch of emergency supplies is ready for shipment, as long as the roads are clear, we can get the materials into Dachang City within half an hour."

Cao Yanhua was also somewhat excited, but he didn't let the joy cloud his judgment. He said, "What's the rush? Proceed as planned. Li Jun, Zhaojian Guoming, take the special forces and the ghost controllers who've come to support, and enter Dachang City. You must meet up with Yang Jian in the shortest amount of time."

"Bring the case with you; no more accidents. I'll be waiting for your report here."

"Don't worry, Minister, we guarantee the completion of the mission," Zhao Jian Guoming said.

Cao Yanhua stated, "Move out."

The two men quickly left the meeting room and began to gather their forces, preparing to enter Dachang City.

This vanguard had to be made up of ghost controllers because the situation in Dachang City was complicated and unique, and recklessly rushing in could encounter unforeseen dangers.

In just a moment.

On a main road leading to Dachang City, Zhao Jian Guoming, with fifteen ghost controllers and Li Jun with ten special forces members, were already driving towards the city.

Five armored vehicles stopped when they approached the alert area.

They observed again.

The gloom that had previously covered the road ahead had now dissipated by at least seventy percent. Although there were still remnants of gloom drifting, the road ahead was now visible, and even the outlines of buildings within Dachang City could be faintly discerned.

If it weren't at night and instead during the day, the conditions would undoubtedly be better.

"The gloom has indeed dissipated, and the situation has improved from what we observed before. Yang Jian really succeeded; the situation here is turning around," Zhao Jian Guoming said. "Li Jun, send a team to Guanjiang Residential Complex to pick up Professor Wang. I'm going to meet Yang Jian and at the same time secure that thing in the case, ensuring absolute safety."

"Be careful, there may still be Ghost Infants lurking in Dachang City," Li Jun said.

"You too."

"Let's go."

The five armored vehicles led the way into Dachang City, their headlights illuminating the path ahead, bringing a glimmer of light into the pitch-black city.

Yang Jian neither knew nor cared much about how the rescue effort outside was unfolding.

He had simply reported the situation here to Wang Xiaoming.

The information would be swiftly relayed to the headquarters of the ghost controllers, and he didn't need to worry about any other matters.

At that moment, Yang Jian moved a chair and sat at the school gate, his eyes still fixed on the motionless corpse inside the security room.

Fearing a resurgence of trouble or unexpected incidents, he had to guard it until he was certain the creature was safely contained.

The corpse of the Hungry Ghost that looked identical to Zhou Zheng, which had been motionless since a Coffin Nail pierced its head, was still in the same position as when it fell to the ground, indistinguishable from a normal dead body.

A still corpse was a good corpse.

Yang Jian was convinced of this.

If this thing could still move, the situation would likely change again.

"My guess was right, the Coffin Nail really can pin this Hungry Ghost here, rendering it immobile... But what exactly is this thing, that it can suppress even a ghost of this caliber?" Yang Jian, looking at the Coffin Nail on the Dead Man's Head, frowned slightly.

Unclear. It remained an unresolved mystery.

Perhaps there will be a chance to figure it out later.

"It seems that this matter is truly over. Now that the Source has been restrained, those derivative Ghost Infants have lost their power source and died instantly, just like what happened to Wang Shanshan before."

He looked up at the sky.

The lights of a helicopter were already shining towards this place. As soon as his operation succeeded, the backup from outside had already moved in.

"Yang Jian, it's me, Zhao Jian Guoming. I've confirmed your location, and I've entered Dachang City. I'll be there within fifteen minutes to help you detain that thing." Suddenly, Zhao Jian's voice came through the satellite-located phone.

Yang Jian responded indifferently, "Understood. I'm at the north gate of No. 7 Middle School."

The headquarters of the Ghost Controllers will soon take over here.

Although he no longer needed to worry about the remaining troublesome matters, but...

Yang Jian stared at the corpse of the Hungry Ghost.

There were two things on it that he somewhat reluctantly thought of giving up. One was a Coffin Nail, and the other was the burial clothes on Ye Feng's body.

The Coffin Nail was essentially a blade for dealing with fierce ghosts. Combined with his Ghost Eye, it could snipe any ghost from a distance. The burial clothes were very special; wearing them could resist

attacks from other fierce ghosts. Although there was a risk of the fierce ghosts reviving, Yang Jian was not worried about this.

With Ghost Shadow controlling the burial clothes, he would have the strongest shield, and fierce ghosts couldn't kill him at all.

"Forget it, it's better not to cause trouble at this juncture. I can't take the Coffin Nail, and perhaps I could take the burial clothes, but if they suddenly revived, I don't know what kind of Terror Level that would be. What if the ability to reset time isn't the Hungry Ghost's own, but that of the burial clothes? Wouldn't I have screwed myself over?"

Facing a fierce ghost of this magnitude, Yang Jian truly did not dare to act recklessly.

Not just for the sake of others, but for his own as well. Fierce ghosts were too dangerous; any mistake could change the outcome.

"You really did it, Yang Jian. You haven't disappointed me." Suddenly, a familiar voice came from not too far away.

A person also dressed in the Ghost Controller's uniform emerged from somewhere with a cold face.

Yang Jian hadn't turned around yet, but his Ghost Eye was already fixed on him.

"Zhao Kaiming?"

"Thanks to you, I succeeded. This feeling is quite good," Zhao Kaiming said as he limped closer.

The next moment, Yang Jian drew his gun and aimed it at him; "Dachang City ended up like this because of you. Shouldn't I settle the old and new accounts with you?"

"Everyone will die; I just hastened their departure, and besides, killing me in front of those Ghost Controllers wouldn't benefit you. In fact, some people might take the opportunity to discredit you, wiping out your achievements. Hey, no one wants to see a grassroots hero rise and sway the global situation—you need to be extra careful in the future," Zhao Kaiming said.

"The greater the merit, the greater the danger, especially since you don't have your own power."

Yang Jian said, "Do you think I'd be swayed by a few words from you? If your plan has already succeeded, then you must now be just an ordinary person. If I shoot you, you're as good as dead."

"Of course, your bullet can kill me, but I'm not in front of you. I should have already left the school by now, and at a sufficiently safe distance. I guess we'll never meet again unless I am dead."

As Zhao Kaiming spoke, his body suddenly started to disintegrate, turning into a dark cyan haze that dissipated on the spot.

Just like those vanishing Ghost Infants.

"This guy... I'll have Zhao Jian send people to look for him later. Sooner or later, he will be trouble." Yang Jian put down the gun and continued guarding the corpse.

He knew it was just an illusion, the same principle as the illusions he had created in the Ghost Domain. But now that the Source Ghost was restrained, the dark cyan haze was collapsing, and his fake could not hold up for much longer.

The fifteen minutes passed quickly.

The sound of car engines came through, with several beams of light shining in this direction, followed by two or three armored vehicles stopping.

About a dozen Ghost Controllers quickly got out of the vehicles, led by Zhao Jian.

"Haha, Yang Jian, that's great! I knew you would succeed, you didn't let us down; you are the hero who saved Dachang City," Zhao Jian said with a joyous laugh, walking over excitedly.

A hero?

Yang Jian recalled Zhao Kaiming's parting words.

Nobody wants to see a grassroots hero rise.

He furrowed his brows slightly, then calmly said, "The corpse of the Hungry Ghost is inside. Let's detain that thing first."

"Sorry, that was my oversight," Zhao Jian immediately ordered his men to move.

A heavy box was quickly rolled out from one armored car to start detaining the already restrained Hungry Ghost.

Chapter 275 - Reception

"Is this... Zhou Zheng?"

Zhao Jianguo was shocked when he saw that corpse being carried out of the guard room by other ghost hunters.

"It's just someone who looks the same, the identity of the ghost isn't important anyway," Yang Jian said.

"That's true," Zhao Jianguo quickly settled down.

Looking at the rusty coffin nail on the corpse's head, it could be inferred from the previous communications that this was a very important object for restraining the fierce ghost.

Without it, there was simply no way to deal with this Hungry Ghost.

"I haven't touched the body, nor do I want to. I'm handing it over to you today and I hope that in the future no one will disturb it."

Yang Jian stood up and said calmly, "This thing's Terror Level is beyond your imagination. Don't try to do anything with it under the pretext of research. The best outcome is to seal it in a box forever."

"I'll also talk to Wang Xiaoming about this. I have no objections to him researching other ghosts; this thing is not something he can handle. If it breaks free again, there's probably no one in this world who can deal with it. Its complexity is high; it's a conglomeration of fierce ghosts, and the experiences in dealing with other fierce ghosts are useless against it."

"Moreover... there are many terrifying aspects of it that have not yet been revealed. I managed to restrain it by being crafty. If it's possible, I hope we never encounter this ghostly thing again."

Without the special existence of the Coffin Nail, any ghost hunter would be lucky to protect themselves in front of this ghost, let alone confront it.

"Yang Jian, rest assured, we'll handle the rest. And with us here, even if this thing truly awakens, we will be able to resolve it," a ghost hunter proclaimed.

Yang Jian's expression changed as he looked at the man: "Just by what you said, I can tell you truly know nothing. If this thing actually wakes up, you all are going to die."

"Yang Jian, although we recognize that this thing is difficult to deal with, it's not to the extent that there's no one in the world who can handle it, as you say. You've contributed a lot this time, and we respect you for that, but that doesn't mean you can belittle us at will. Frankly, among us here, any one of us could be considered one of the top ghost hunters in the country.

With teamwork, resolving an S-level terror incident isn't difficult," the man said gravely.

"Can't even get into Dachang City, but still considers themselves top ranked," Yang Jian replied indifferently. "I think you're ranked at the top for bragging."

The man instantly felt displeased, "Putting aside other matters, at the very least we are your seniors. We gave up our own tasks to come to support you, a newcomer. Can't you show a bit more respect?"

"I'm just reminding you all to understand the severity of this matter. This thing isn't like the minor spooks you're used to handling. I've done what I needed to do; I don't want any issues now that I'm handing it over. If you still approach this matter with the same attitude you had for previous supernatural events, then that's just naive."

Yang Jian said calmly, "Just the dark clouds shrouding the city alone have cut off all ghost hunter support. Think hard about what that implies. If this fierce ghost is released, it would be enough to top the current rankings of fierce ghosts, replacing that 'Ghost Call,' and yet you think it's not difficult to resolve this incident with a joint effort."

"If I had Professor Wang to plan, study patterns, plus that Coffin Nail, indeed this incident wouldn't be difficult. I'm not boasting," the ghost hunter insisted. "I do have that confidence."

Yang Jian just smiled lightly, not arguing with the man any further.

Plans, Professor Wang's plans were completely made by trial and error with human lives; the first contact had nearly wiped out the entire team. Now that all the mysteries were resolved, of course, it seemed easy.

People probably refer to armchair strategists like this man.

"Lucky you're not in Dachang City," Yang Jian remarked before turning and walking away.

"Yang Jian, where are you going? There's a lot more that needs your assistance," Zhao Jianguo said anxiously.

Yang Jian replied, "There's nothing that requires my assistance. If you need help, go find Wang Xiaoming. I'm going to sleep."

"Then rest well, you've worked hard on this case."

Zhao Jianguo thought for a moment and realized Yang Jian had risked his life for dealing with this Hungry Ghost recently, so he refrained from saying anything more.

Yang Jian didn't respond and soon left No. 7 Middle School on foot.

"Team Leader Zhao, has this Yang Jian always been this arrogant?"

The ghost hunter who had spoken earlier, Guo Fan, frowned slightly, "He doesn't follow orders, doesn't accept discipline. Having such a person as a ghost hunter in charge of Dachang City will become a hidden danger sooner or later."

"Enough, spare me your comments."

Zhao Jianguo scolded, "Yang Jian is right, this incident is not that simple. It's not an ordinary paranormal event, if it were so easily resolved, it would have been dealt with long ago and wouldn't have dragged on until now. I know far more than you do, there are some secrets that cannot be spoken of. You all should have some understanding of this.

Moreover, whether Yang Jian might become a hidden danger is not for you to judge."

"I know some of you feel uneasy because Yang Jian handled this paranormal incident alone, earned tremendous merit, became world-famous, and you're not happy about it. But no matter how unhappy you are, you can't show it."

"Is the corpse taken care of?"

After finishing, he changed the subject and spoke again.

"Team Leader Zhao, the corpse has been handled. The containment process went smoothly with no unexpected incidents, it seems Yang Jian has confined the ghost very strictly," another ghost handler said.

Zhao Jianguo glanced over and saw that the corpse was wrapped in gold foil like a mummy, and also bound with golden cords, tied with death knots, before finally being placed inside a golden box.

The thick box was bulletproof; escape from within was an absolute impossibility.

"Very well, weld the box shut, prepare to transport it back, and be extra careful on the way. Some foreign forces have infiltrated the areas around Dachang City; some have ill intentions towards us, hoping we fail to solve the Hungry Ghost event. So be extremely vigilant," Zhao Jianguo instructed again.

"The rest of you, follow me to patrol Dachang City; the minister is waiting for our safety report."

Of course, Yang Jian's reason for rushing back was not to sleep.

But because he was worried that Wang Xiaoming might take advantage of his absence to move his Ghost Mirror. After all, Wang Xiaoming had seen the Ghost Mirror.

Of course, Zhang Wei, Zhang Xiangu, had seen it too.

But they were normal people, avoiding it as much as they could, where would they know the value of the Ghost Mirror. But with Wang Xiaoming's intellect, he definitely understood the value of the Ghost Mirror.

If he were to steal and run off with it, getting it back would be problematic, especially since this fellow once dared to tamper with the paranormal incident archives and conceal all key information for the sake of a Ghost Coffin.

"Although the Ghost Mirror is no longer of use to me, it still has the ability to resurrect others, which is crucial. Besides, there are other deeper aspects that have not yet been unearthed. There's definitely some other intent for this object to be deliberately placed in that room a hundred years ago," Yang Jian thought.

As Yang Jian pondered, he used the power of the Ghost Domain and returned directly to his residential complex.

By then, lights had been turned on in the complex, the generator was rumbling continuously, several armored vehicles were parked around, and specialized personnel were on guard.

Yang Jian saw Wang Xiaoming being escorted out of the safe house.

He looked extremely haggard and pale; it seemed he had not had an easy few days.

"Yang Jian, you did a great job this time. On behalf of Professor Wang and the citizens of Dachang City, I thank you. If it weren't for you, this incident could have spiraled out of control," said Li Jun, the resolute-looking special forces team leader, as he was the first to notice Yang Jian's sudden appearance and approached him with respect.

"No need for such courtesy," Yang Jian said.

"Yang Jian, thank goodness you're alive, I was so worried about you," Jiang Yan exclaimed, running over to him in ecstatic surprise.

Yang Jian said, "Don't come near me, why do you reek so strongly of feces?"

Jiang Yan stopped in her tracks, embarrassed, "It's all because of that Zhang Wei; he had diarrhea and sprayed feces everywhere in the safe house. It was disgusting; the whole place stank."

"How did he wipe his butt then?" Yang Jian thought of the human skin paper.

He couldn't have used it, could he?

"How would I know?" Jiang Yan said.

Yang Jian said, "I'll go ask him. You should go wash up. Dachang City is now safe, and for some time to come, there won't be any paranormal events."

The Hungry Ghost incident had caused quite a stir, and though the aftermath was severe, it had one benefit.

That is, other paranormal events were inadvertently resolved by the Hungry Ghost as well.