

Revival 306

Chapter 306 Crying at the Grave

Zhang Haw, Zheng Yaowen and the three girls traveling with them, because they got off the bus rather late, ended up at the very back.

When the wailing at that grave in the field began, those who had gotten off first were out of luck. They made an inexplicable move. They knelt on the ground, facing the direction of that distant earth mound and started to cry. But before they cried much, the wailing stopped.

Several people died crying silently right before their eyes.

The look of sorrow on their faces just before death, and the despair and fear revealed in their lifeless eyes, made one's hair stand on end and filled their hearts with dread.

This was no longer merely a supernatural event. It was a horrific killing spree by a malevolent ghost.

The Crying Tomb Ghost in the field was killing these disembarked passengers in some unimaginable way.

In their terror, all people could do was scream and run for their lives.

But several passengers barely made it a few steps before they came to a sudden halt, turned around, knelt on the ground, and began crying toward that mound in the field.

Hearing those cries, Zhang Haw and Zheng Yaowen were scared out of their wits, almost falling apart.

Because these cries were like a death knell. Whoever knelt and cried on the ground was doomed to die. The bodies on the ground were proof of this.

They were about to run in another direction.

But a word from Yang Jian gave them a flicker of direction amidst their desperation.

Back to the bus?

For some reason, watching Yang Jian standing calmly in front of the bus door, they felt an almost blind trust. They believed the bus was the safest place, as the outside was just too terrifying.

Without a second thought, they scrambled toward the bus.

"Woo woo~!" The wailing continued, like an Evil Ghost claiming lives.

At this moment.

Among those who had left the bus before, only these five were on their way back, and the rest had scattered in all directions.

Although they didn't know where they had fled, the chances of surviving amidst these cries were probably less than one in ten thousand.

"The wails of this ghost will first kill those closest, but others won't escape their fate either; it's just a matter of time... With that in mind, this ghost is an indiscriminate killer," Yang Jian had also heard the cries but seemed unaffected.

He wondered if it was because he was inside the bus.

"Ah~!"

At that time, among the five who were running back, a girl in high heels stumbled, lost her balance, and fell on the ground.

"Feng Xiaolu, hurry up!" Zheng Yaowen instinctively looked back, intending to turn around and help her.

But no sooner had he turned, his and the girl named Feng Xiaolu's faces began twitching involuntarily, forming expressions of sorrow. As soon as these expressions came, tears uncontrollably fell... Within mere seconds, both cried out, one after the other.

Then, their bodies, beyond their control, knelt towards that mound in the field.

It's over~!

A feeling of utter hopelessness emerged in the minds of Zheng Yaowen and Feng Xiaolu.

These movements were all made unconsciously, as if their bodies were no longer under their own control, with only their consciousness remaining theirs.

Yang Jian watched this scene with an impassive face, as if these two deaths had no effect on him whatsoever.

He deftly made way.

The remaining Zhang Haw and the other two girls successfully made it back to the bus.

Only those three survived. None of the other passengers who got off made it back alive.

How much time had passed?

And all had fallen at the hands of a single ghost.

"If I had gotten off just now, if I hadn't known to get back on the bus to save myself, I wonder how long I could have lasted against this ghost," Yang Jian mused as he looked at the bodies kneeling on the ground facing the mound, unconsciously clenching his fist, feeling an inexplicable chill in his heart.

If he were to categorize the Terror Level of this ghost, he would definitely rank it as A-Level.

On par with the Door Knocking Ghost.

To establish a profile and name for this ghost, Yang Jian thought it could be called the Crying Tomb Ghost.

"Congratulations, you've survived this deadly predicament," he said, turning his gaze back to the three people whose spirits had nearly crumbled, speaking slowly, "Don't be so scared. I have been through similar experiences as you; the more you encounter, the more you'll get used to it."

Zhang Haw and the others were lucky enough to have had his warning, and three had survived.

Zhang Haw didn't speak, his body shuddering in fear; the two surviving girls also curled up together and began to tremble.

"Adapt as quickly as possible, and don't forget, you haven't left this place yet, you are still in danger."
Yang Jian stopped paying them attention and continued to look outside the bus.

At that moment, he realized that as people died, the crying outside also ceased.

However, the grave in the field still stood there, looking particularly eerie in the twilight that had just set in.

Wait a second.

Where did the Crying Tomb Ghost that was kneeling in front of the grave go?

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed as he noticed that the ghost that had been kneeling and crying at the grave had suddenly disappeared without a trace, as if it had vanished into thin air.

"Not gone, it's nearby..."

The next moment, when Yang Jian pinpointed the ghost's whereabouts, even he was startled.

A person dressed in mourning clothes had somehow reached the rear of the bus and was slowly walking towards the front entrance.

From the looks of it, it intended to board the bus.

"Damn it."

Yang Jian's hair stood on end.

If such a Crying Tomb Ghost got on the bus and started crying, the game would be over; everyone on the bus would die.

Should he stop it?

The thought flashed through Yang Jian's mind for an instant.

Using a Ghost Shadow might contain the ghost, making it kneel outside.

But everything here was too strange. Even if he stopped the Crying Tomb Ghost, the change he could bring about seemed negligible. Xu Feng had mentioned there would be another stop for this haunted bus. What if another ghost boarded then? Would he step in again?

"Fall back."

With clenched teeth, Yang Jian gave up the idea of stopping the ghost from boarding the bus.

Things were abnormal everywhere here. It would be better to save his energy, to use all his strength for self-preservation rather than to confront an A-level ghost head on.

He didn't have a Ghost Candle and no gold container at the moment. If it came down to a direct confrontation, he would be at a significant disadvantage.

He retreated to the very back of the bus, pulling back not only increased the distance but also tacitly allowed the Crying Tomb Ghost to board.

Very soon.

The person in mourning clothes with a slow gait stepped onto the bus.

It wore a white mourning hat with a piece of white cloth hanging down, covering its face but faintly revealing the contours of its pale complexion. A deathly aura enveloped its whole body, devoid of any sign of life.

And just like that.

After boarding, the Crying Tomb Ghost took a seat nearest to the bus door and then became still as if frozen. It sat motionless, making no further movement and emitting no crying sound that was heard before.

Everything seemed to return to normal.

"Not crying anymore?"

Yang Jian felt surprised but then analyzed, "Does this ghost need to be in front of the grave to cry? Or does the bus have a suppressive effect on ghosts, putting them in a state of suppression once they board, preventing them from easily killing?"

Both possibilities existed.

But for now, it seemed that the Crying Tomb Ghost, dangerous as it was for having caused the death of that passenger, was temporarily harmless.

At this moment.

Yang Jian saw the number of passengers displayed on the bus's electronic screen go from 1 to 2 again.

Excluding Zhang Haw and others who had returned to the bus, only the Crying Tomb Ghost was counted as a passenger.

But among those who got off the bus with the crowd earlier, could there be an unknown ghost mixed in?

"There are still two ghosts inside the bus. One left just now, and another has come on board; the change in the numbers almost matches up." Yang Jian felt particularly heavy-hearted.

Because the identity of one of the ghosts on the bus had yet to be determined.

At this time, five minutes had passed.

The bus started up again.

With no one driving, the door suddenly slammed shut, and then the bus slowly moved away from the temporary stop under the electric pole, continuing along the road.

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Yang Jian, though confident in his ability to confront the Crying Tomb Ghost that had just boarded, differentiated himself from a typical ghost controller ever since he had tamed the Headless Ghost Shadow.

However, the weirdness here did not stem from just the Crying Tomb Ghost alone.

The unverified ghost inside the bus, the supernatural bus itself, and that grave mound out there in the fields—all of them represented potential dangers with unconfirmed Terror Levels.

Any reckless action from himself might trigger a chain reaction, causing all the potential terror to erupt at once.

By then, most likely it would be him dying here.

There's an essential difference between humans and ghosts, for humans can die, whereas ghosts cannot.

It is in this respect that he was at a definitive disadvantage.

Therefore, Yang Jian chose to calm down, refrained from any drastic actions, and quickly pulled Zhang Haw and the other two survivors back with him towards the rear of the bus, giving way to allow the Crying Tomb Ghost room to board.

As the bus continued its journey,

This eerie first stop had barely come to an end.

Outside the window, the grave mound amidst the fields stood still, and the temporary stop beneath the power pole was still erected, yet no lights could be seen around it, nor any village buildings, and there wasn't even a single passerby or a vehicle nearby.

The desolate fields seemed like the entirety of this dim world.

That grave mound subtly exuded an inexplicable terror.

A tomb before which even ghosts would kneel and weep—what exactly lay inside? It couldn't possibly be just a simple earthen mound, especially since there weren't many things near the bus stop to attract attention—the most noticeable feature was that mound.

"Now is not the time to ponder that solitary grave, the question is, what shall we do with this thing?" Yang Jian furrowed his brow deeply.

Ignoring another unknown ghost on the bus, just taking the verified Crying Tomb Ghost as an example, everyone had watched it board with their own eyes and it was still sitting there, absolutely still.

The distance between the humans and the ghost was at most around five meters.

Even though the Crying Tomb Ghost was currently sitting motionless, without showing any sign of harm, who could assert it wouldn't suddenly start to move again.

The terror of the unknown ghost lies in not understanding its rules and abilities, requiring analysis.

But to rashly go and analyze a ghost requires a hefty price—one this environment does not permit.

He remained cautious and serious, but the only survivor, Zhang Haw, and the two girls beside him were already scared to near paralysis. Their faces had transformed, resembling that of lunatics, hunched over with faces filled with fear and despair, and they continued to sob quietly. Had it not been for Yang Jian's intervention earlier, their situation might have been even worse.

After all, not everyone can overcome fear.

"You needn't be too tense, ghosts on the bus won't kill people indiscriminately. As long as you don't act recklessly, you'll be seen as just another passenger in the eyes of the ghost and will be directly ignored. Of course, if you decide to be foolhardy and try something, you might provoke the ghost and it could wake up, stand from its seat, and kill you," advised Yang Jian.

At this moment, Xu Feng from the last row raised his bloodshot eyes and spoke up.

"Will it get off at the next stop?" Yang Jian inquired.

"Maybe it will, maybe it won't; nobody knows. There are no rules to it. If you're lucky, it might get off at the next stop. If not, it might sit through several stops. But no one can guarantee that after one ghost alights, two won't board. The number of ghosts might just keep increasing," Xu Feng explained.

Yang Jian pressed on, "You've been here for seven or eight days, what's the most number of ghosts you've seen on the bus at once?"

At this question, Xu Feng suddenly bared a grin, "Asking about the number is pointless, but I can warn you of one thing: pray that this bus never reaches full capacity."

"There's a situation where the bus is full?" Yang Jian was taken aback.

The bus had a total of thirty-six seats. To be fully occupied, there would need to be someone seated in every one of those thirty-six seats.

But that seemed nearly impossible.

Even if people boarded by mistake, by the time they realized what was going on, they'd be scrambling to get off. And typically, exiting would lead to the same fate as before—death awaited them outside.

The extremely high mortality rate largely contributed to a high vacancy rate, making the bus appear very empty.

"No, that's not right. There's another possibility when the bus is full... it means that all the living passengers are dead, and all that's left are ghosts," Yang Jian thought of the worst possible scenario.

All thirty-six seats filled with ghosts.

"Looking at you, it seems you've realized, yes, a full bus isn't about the number of living people, but the number of ghosts. Alive, people can die, they can run, their numbers quickly dwindling, but ghosts are different. As long as they don't get off, they'll stay on the bus with limited reductions in their number."

Xu Feng sneered coldly, "I'm giving you extra tips because you're also a ghost controller, but I've said everything I had to say now. Whether you survive in the end is up to you. If you die here, don't blame me for not saving you. Under these circumstances, I can hardly save myself."

After finishing, he closed his eyes again, seemingly taking the opportunity to catch some sleep.

Yang Jian's gaze flickered. Although he knew Xu Feng was hiding a lot of information, it wasn't wise to ask too much. After all, it was quite nice of him to offer even a few hints. If any other ghost controller got a wicked idea, they could just kill you without a second thought.

"Looks like I'll have to rely on myself to get off the bus. Was that timing for getting off the bus mentioned by Xu Feng about waiting to enter the city area and making sure everything outside is normal? Or are there other conditions?"

There were simply too many things he didn't understand, not something he, who had just boarded the bus, could figure out.

Better to take care of the immediate situation first.

"Apart from those who got off earlier, right now on the bus I can confirm there are the bus driver's corpse, the Crying Tomb Ghost, Zhang Haw, as well as the two girls beside him, myself, Xu Feng, and that person in the back row who seems to have been sleeping all this time."

"The good news is that the old lady I suspected was a ghost got off with the crowd. Dead or not, at least she won't appear before me again."

"Aside from the confirmed ghost, the identity of the other one can almost be locked down."

Yang Jian glanced again at the back right corner, where the person wrapped in a cocoon was sleeping, still unidentifiable with the hat covering his face.

Is he the ghost?

"I cannot be completely certain, but at least I have a rough guess."

As time trickled by.

Yang Jian looked around the bus, searching for any useful clues. Yet, based on the information he had at the moment, it seemed the only way to get off was to wait for the bus door to open again.

Only this time, the bus should not stop in this desolate, eerie place, but in a confirmed safe area of the city.

"Are you all okay? You should have calmed down by now. If you've truly given up hope, then there's no need for me to worry. You can just fend for yourselves," Yang Jian said to Zhang Haw and the others nearby.

He had casually helped these people, doing what he felt was morally right.

If they maintained their current mental state, they would surely be doomed next time; there was no chance of survival.

"Big brother, do you have a way to get us out of this godforsaken place?"

Zhang Haw, having gradually adjusted to the fear, asked with a face full of hope.

Yang Jian shook his head and said, "No, I'm a victim too, knowing even less than the person in the back row. There might be a way to get out, but I haven't grasped it yet. If you want to survive, find a way to hold on until then. That's the most I can do."

If he could figure out how to leave this place, he wouldn't mind taking these people with him.

But only if they could survive that long.

"Then we'll rely on you," said Zhang Haw, looking somewhat agitated.

Yang Jian didn't respond, feeling in his heart that the chances of these three surviving were slim since their qualities were simply too poor.

And as everyone sat in silence waiting,

the outside sky had completely darkened.

The time displayed was eight-thirty.

The bus continued its journey until nine-fifty when the calm was once again broken; the vehicle began to slow down and steered towards the side of the road.

Slowing down and moving right, this was the sign of approaching a station.

Yang Jian glanced out the window and his face darkened again.

The place was yet another desolate wilderness, devoid of people all around.

No, not entirely devoid.

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, looking at two dim lights that had appeared in the distant woods, red in color.

The lights were faint, likely not from bulbs, but from lanterns or the like, blurred and unclear, appearing exceptionally eerie amidst the Black Night.

Soon, the bus came to a stop.

"Bang~!"

The bus door opened on its own, and the chilling wind poured in, causing everyone's hair to stand on end.

Sitting near the bus door, the Crying Tomb Ghost's face, covered by a white cloth, began to sway, as if the face beneath was about to be revealed.

Yang Jian, curious, tried to get a clear look, but unfortunately couldn't see clearly.

"Big, big brother, look outside..." The voice of a girl beside him trembled as she pointed outside the window, fear seeming to erupt in her eyes.

Through the headlights of the bus, one could make out a winding path through the woods behind the stop, the dirt road overgrown with wild grasses.

At the end of that path, an old wooden house faintly came into view.

The house was made of wood and seemed to have been standing there for a long time, with several parts already collapsed and overgrown with weeds, as if abandoned, showing no sign of human habitation.

But in front of this dilapidated house hung two red lanterns, casting their glow.

About two to three minutes after the bus stopped,

a change occurred in the distant wooden house.

A figure suddenly stood under the red lanterns, seeming to look this way.

"Please don't get on the bus," was what Yang Jian was thinking.

He was certain it was a ghost, mysterious and unknown, with an undetermined Terror Level.

But things just didn't go according to his wishes.

The figure beneath the lantern swayed and began walking down the desolate path toward the bus.

"Big brother, can we get off the bus now?" Zhang Haw, who hadn't seen the scene, just wanted to leave the place quickly.

Yang Jian said, "Getting off the bus now is practically seeking death; this place is even more bizarre than the field of graves we passed earlier."

Before it was just a grave, just a Crying Tomb Ghost, but what lay outside now was a haunted house; getting off the bus could awaken some hidden terror, bringing about true despair.

Hearing that they couldn't get off, Zhang Haw had no choice but to endure the torment driven by fear, waiting anxiously.

About four minutes after the bus had stopped,

the figure that had emerged from the abandoned house finally arrived.

It was someone in a red cheongsam, head covered with a red veil,

like a bride about to be married.

However, Yang Jian saw that the woman in the red cheongsam had hands exposed that were withered and stiff; the dark brown skin clung tightly to the bones, resembling a dried corpse.

"Damn it."

Yang Jian cursed inwardly, feeling unsettled as he saw the Dried Corpse Bride board the bus, a strong unease reappearing in his heart.

His Ghost Eye was sending him a warning of danger~!

He could be certain the Terror Level of this Dried Corpse Bride was definitely higher than the Crying Tomb Ghost.

The figure with the red veil and cheongsam didn't choose a seat nearby but walked several steps forward, finally sitting down in the row in front of Yang Jian.

They were only a little over a meter apart, which was only due to being separated by the rear bus door.

As this entity sat down, the digital display in the bus showing the number of passengers changed from 2 to 3, since the previous Crying Tomb Ghost hadn't gotten off.

Fortunately, the situation in the bus remained as quiet as ever, with no incidents occurring, even though there were now three ghosts in the bus and still no one had died,

a bit of good news indeed.

Soon, five minutes passed.

This bus stop was passed without incident.

The bus continued on its journey, following the road ahead as it had before.

The time was now half-past eleven.

The bus stopped again, this time at a crossroads.

The surroundings were pitch-black, not a spark of light to be seen.

Yet the middle of the crossroads was somewhat illuminated, a stark anomaly, since no source of light was visible.

The bus chose to stop at the crossroads.

What was terrifying, however, was that there was no one at the intersection, at least not visible to the naked eye, no one standing there.

But after stopping for five minutes, the bus closed its doors and set off again.

The number of passengers in the bus increased from three to four.

An unseen ghost had boarded the bus.

The Dried Corpse Bride, the Crying Tomb Ghost, and the ghost whose identity had not yet been determined inside the bus still had not chosen to leave.

With four ghosts on the bus, Yang Jian's sense of crisis intensified.

If the number kept increasing like this, even if not at full capacity, the gathering of these ghosts could potentially cause unexpected changes.

Even the protection of the bus might not be effective.

Yang Jian clenched his fists, restless.

With the ghost that couldn't be seen now on the bus, no one could be sure where it was sitting.

It might be far from you, or it might be right beside you, a huge latent threat.

At this moment, simply speaking a word or standing up could provoke one of the ghosts to start killing.

And as the number of ghosts on the bus gradually increased, even breathing might be a mistake later on.

"Getting off is dangerous, but staying on might not be safe either. When will this bus finally reach the normal city area and stop?" Yang Jian waited silently for an opportunity.

But the bus's stops were one stranger than the other; none seemed normal, crazy to consider getting off haphazardly.

He checked on Xu Feng several times during the journey.

The guy seemed to have really fallen asleep, showing no reaction, completely ignoring the fact that several ghosts had boarded, with a level of indifference hard to match.

Chapter 308 Petty

Looking at the bus that had stopped with its engine turned off, Xu Feng's complexion wasn't good, because the engine cutting out meant he had to leave the temporarily safe bus and head outside.

If he forced himself to stay on the bus, he was certain to die, and it was the same for a ghost controller, without any exception.

He had once witnessed such a scene, when almost half the people in the bus had died, including a ghost controller stronger than himself. That time, he had been utterly clueless and only managed to survive by dumb luck, which made him understand the terror of the situation afterwards.

"There are three ghosts outside, I don't know if they have left. If they have, everything will be easy to handle. But if they're still lingering nearby, I can only continue to stall for time and wait for the bus to restart. I hope the situation won't continue to deteriorate further," Xu Feng glanced to the side.

He didn't stray far from the bus that had stopped, all the while staying alert to everything unusual around him.

"Never mind the dangers outside for now, I heard your conversation just now. That newcomer is also a ghost controller who tracked your signal. He should've been here to help you. Was it really okay to sell him out without saying a word?"

The man in the duckbill cap suddenly teased with a laugh, also monitoring their surroundings.

Xu Feng's expression remained very calm, "What does it matter to me if he dies out of ignorance about the bus's rules? Without my warning, he would have died during the first stop. Strictly speaking, I helped him. What can I do if the bus suddenly stops? In this situation, nobody would want to be involved.

With the three ghosts lingering outside already very dangerous, plus the possibility of that newcomer turning into a vengeful ghost after death, our survival chances out here would be minimized."

"So, strictly speaking, this is saving us."

The man in the duckbill cap said, "Maybe the other person is an expert. If you gave him a hand, it's very likely he would cooperate with you to fend off the ghosts that might appear at any moment. This would greatly increase our chances of survival.

You also said earlier that having more people on the bus is good, and after all, encountering multiple ghost controllers on the bus isn't something that happens easily. We've been waiting for days and have only encountered one."

"It's precisely because it's hard to come by that I don't have high hopes. I don't even know when his seat will come into play. If there's no trouble, I could give him a hand, but not when there's an incident. So, it's better to take care of the present. If we can't survive the present, talking is useless," Xu Feng said.

"As for the expert you mentioned, that's even more unlikely. I have gone through the files at the ghost controller headquarters. The latest update was fifteen days ago. I remember the names of all the top ghost controllers, and he's just a pure newcomer. Relying on him to be of great help? Here, the only truly capable people are just you and me.

If it weren't for being trapped by this bus, we would definitely be among the top existences in the ghost controller circle now," he said with strong self-confidence in his words.

"What's there to be confident about with a freak accident?" the man in the duckbill cap commented.

The conversation between the two men wasn't hidden from anyone.

Perhaps they were accustomed to this kind of exchange, since they spent all day in the eerie bus, and after someone died, only ghosts remained. So it didn't matter what secrets came to light. Even if someone heard, ordinary people couldn't easily leave the bus and they would soon become dead.

And the dead can't remember secrets.

However, Xu Feng had overlooked the presence of Yang Jian.

He hadn't seen Yang Jian get off and thought he was already dead on the bus. After all, that was the experience in the past, no exceptions.

However, Yang Jian managed to leave by using the Ghost Domain in the last moment before the lights inside the bus went out.

Not only did he get off, but he also spontaneously helped Zhang Haw and the other two ordinary people.

Yang Jian was now standing by the side of the road, only about ten meters from Xu Feng and the man in the duckbill cap. However, hidden as he was within the Ghost Domain, they hadn't detected him.

The two men seemed to have no resistance against the ability of the Ghost Domain.

"This strange bus can also stop running? People who stay on it after it stops are bound to die. Xu Feng needs someone to 'hold a seat' on the bus, and not just anyone, but a ghost controller... He purposefully stepped off at the very last moment just to secure my position, to leave me, the one closest to the door, inside the bus, ensuring my death."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly; he had overheard the entire process.

But he wasn't angry about Xu Feng's selfish actions.

For survival and self-preservation, it was not surprising for a ghost controller to do such things. If it had been him, he wouldn't have saved Xu Feng either if he were in trouble. The only difference was that he wouldn't deliberately trap others.

Of course, not being angry didn't mean he had no opinion about Xu Feng.

Whether it was the intentional reminder not to get off earlier or the decision to leave him inside the bus, both actions were purposeful, taking advantage of his knowledge to manipulate him, a newcomer to the bus.

"Isn't it a bit inappropriate to discuss me in front of me like this?"

Yang Jian suddenly became visible at this time, his figure appearing out of nowhere on the road, watching them with a cold gaze.

Hmm?

Upon hearing his voice, Xu Feng shivered violently and then looked at Yang Jian with extreme shock, "Weren't you on the bus? How could you possibly be here?"

Just now, he had deduced that it was impossible for Yang Jian to have gotten out of the carriage.

Even if he moved very quickly, he would have been trapped inside.

"I've got quick feet, so I got off the bus quickly, and that's why I left," Yang Jian said. "Sorry to disappoint you, but it looks like this newcomer is going to be a bother for you."

"Interesting."

The man in the duckbill cap next to them was startled for a moment before laughing, "I thought someone who was supposed to be dead had actually survived and left the bus. I was keeping an eye on you the whole time; the moment the carriage went dark, you disappeared. I thought you were dead for sure, but you managed to escape."

After all, as a ghost controller, he had seen many strange things and quickly stopped finding them strange.

Those who could control vengeful spirits were not to be judged by common standards.

"And here I was, thinking the person sitting in the back row was a ghost. Turns out it's a human. When did you get off the bus?" Yang Jian asked.

"There's a window in the back row; I escaped through the window," the man in the duckbill cap said, shrugging his shoulders, looking pretty relaxed.

Yang Jian said, "The windows can't be opened. I tried."

"They can't usually be opened, but once the engine is off, they can open, just like the doors. The doors won't open while the bus is running; when the engine is off, the restrictions are lifted. This is an emergency situation on a Ghost Car and doesn't happen often.

Once it occurs, all spirits and passengers must get off; otherwise, it becomes extremely dangerous, more perilous than facing a vengeful spirit. For people like us, that's a checkmate situation, with no chance of survival. Fortunately, this time it wasn't so bad. There were only three ghosts on the bus, and... they're not here now. They must have left," the man in the duckbill cap said.

"Since you're not dead, let's cooperate and strive to survive together. As long as you can leave the Ghost Car with us afterward, there will be unexpected gains," Xu Feng immediately changed his tune, seeking cooperation.

Yang Jian looked at him and said, "I refuse to cooperate with you."

"Why? Is it because of what just happened? There's no need for that. In the adult world, it's not about right or wrong, just pros and cons. If you were in my shoes, you'd do the same, all in the name of survival."

He spoke righteously, without the slightest sense of shame about his previous actions.

"That's true, but people always have their tempers. You could have withheld information from me, but you shouldn't have deliberately set me up. After all, I'm a bit petty," Yang Jian said.

Xu Feng said, "Whatever, if that's the case, then we're on our own. I won't rescue you. Good luck to you."

If Yang Jian refused, then Xu Feng wouldn't press it; a newcomer wouldn't be much of a help in cooperation, so seeking an ally was better than having one more enemy.

"Before I leave this Ghost Car, at some point, I'm going to attack you. If you survive that, we'll call it even. If not, well, goodbye," Yang Jian said.

He held up a finger and very seriously told him, "I'm giving you a heads-up as a return for the warning you gave me earlier, so you can be a bit more prepared."

"Are you saying this to get me to finish you off right here?" Xu Feng's face turned cold, and he spoke with a hint of threatening intonation.

Yang Jian smiled slightly, "I may be new, but do you think a newcomer has to be easy to deal with?"

"Another arrogant young man. Gets a little skill and thinks he's above everyone else," Xu Feng said with a cold laugh.

"Then try and see if you can take me down," Yang Jian replied calmly.

As the two faced off, a mournful wailing suddenly drifted from the dark woods by the roadside.

A chilling sense of dread arose in everyone's heart.

The Crying Tomb Ghost... hadn't left.

Chapter 309 Deafness

Yang Jian and Xu Feng were at each other's throats just a moment ago, bearing looks that said "I can't stand the sight of you, and you can't stand the sight of me," ready to throw down.

But as the mournful cry echoed from the woods near the road, they both stopped their argument as if in agreement, their nerves tensely and subconsciously tightening as they looked in the direction of the sobbing.

They both knew all too well what that crying signified.

The Crying Tomb Ghost was nearby.

And it was very likely that it had already set its sights on them.

It could be deduced from the conversation between Xu Feng and the man with the duckbill cap that although the ghosts that alighted from the bus might leave, there's also a chance that they didn't depart entirely but lingered nearby.

The current situation was the latter.

"Don't start trouble at a time like this—if there's something to sort out, we'll do it on the bus later."

Xu Feng said coldly, no longer paying attention to Yang Jian but instead turning his attention to the crying.

"That's assuming you can even make it back to the bus alive," Yang Jian said with a faint smile, not taking his threat seriously.

He was very wary of ghosts, but when it came to humans, he felt he had the capital to be arrogant.

Unfortunately, he dealt with ghosts more often than with people, so opportunities to flaunt his arrogance were rare.

"I really don't know where a rookie like you gets your courage from. You've been a ghost controller before, so you should be clear about the classification of fierce ghosts. This thing can kill people just by sobbing, and it has a certain autonomy. If it were outside, it would be classified as an A-level ghost straight away.

The headquarters doesn't have many records of this kind of ghost, and the number of ghost controllers who can resolve such incidents on their own in the country can be counted on one hand."

Xu Feng was also very experienced, immediately categorizing the Crying Tomb Ghost as A-level.

Apart from the rare S-level paranormal incidents, A-level was the highest rating up to that point.

"As a rookie, it's impossible for you to deal with this kind of incident. You're not qualified to talk big."

Yang Jian responded calmly, "You belittle newcomers as if surviving up to now is a great achievement. Sometimes, a ghost controller's strength isn't determined by how long they've lived. If you were capable, you would have gotten off the bus already—why are you still trapped on the Ghost Car?"

"No more talking. If you've got the time to bicker, you're not paying attention to the situation. The cry is already here—think of a way to protect yourself. If we can get through this attack, we'll be safe once the bus starts moving again," the man with the duckbill cap said very seriously at that moment.

The last thing he wanted to see was the two of them getting hot-headed and coming to blows.

Otherwise, if an accident happened, they might all end up dead there.

"Woo woo~!"

The crying continued nearby, the voice dry and hoarse, indescribable in words, giving off an inexplicably eerie feeling. When he first heard it, it didn't affect him much, but as the crying endured, Yang Jian inexplicably felt the urge to cry along, tears already swirling in his eyes.

His serious face began to show an involuntary sadness.

Recognizing this change in himself, although he tried to restrain it, he couldn't control his own actions.

If this continued, he would soon cry along with the voice like those who had gotten off earlier, and then die amidst the cries.

Without a second thought,

he took a step back, retreating into his Ghost Domain, attempting to use it to block out the crying.

The crying didn't completely disappear but was instead reduced to the faintest whisper, barely audible unless one listened intently.

"The Ghost Domain is having an effect, although it hasn't completely blocked the crying, it has eliminated most of the influence..." Yang Jian let out a slight sigh of relief.

The Ghost Domain was very effective for self-preservation; it had saved his life numerous times in paranormal events.

But relying on the Ghost Domain's isolation wasn't entirely foolproof.

Less than a minute after isolating himself, Yang Jian noticed the crying within the Ghost Domain was rapidly intensifying again. He wasn't sure if he was being targeted by the Crying Tomb Ghost or if everyone else was experiencing the same—this eerie crying seemed to grow stronger as time passed.

"Big, big brother, how did you suddenly disappear just now, where is this place, I want to go home, I don't want to die here, ah, that crying sound has appeared again, what do we do now?"

In the Ghost Domain, Zhang Haw was still not accustomed to the situation before his eyes, completely disfigured by the terrifying crying sound he heard.

Only after experiencing it did he understand the true terror of that crying sound.

The other two girls had nothing to say, huddling together, shivering uncontrollably, and sobbing quietly, looking as if it was a feat that their sanity hadn't already crumbled.

"Looks like it will be hard for you to leave here alive, so if you have any last words, record them on your phone quickly. At this critical moment, you could die at any time, and I can't help you much," Yang Jian glanced at them and paid no further attention.

It was already a miracle that these three ordinary people had survived this long.

After giving them a hand, there was nothing more he could do.

Without becoming a spirit manipulator, it was really hard to survive such supernatural incidents, and perhaps dying sooner would be a release for them, better than suffering constant fear and threat.

Ignoring their plight, Yang Jian couldn't help but touch his face at that moment.

Somehow, a tear had made its way down his cheek.

He cried.

The influence of the Crying Tomb Ghost on him was getting deeper. Even he, who could control the Headless Ghost Shadow and possessed ghost eyes, couldn't completely eliminate the influence of the Crying Tomb Ghost.

"The second layer of the Ghost Domain."

Yang Jian, however, was not panicked; he simply covered his ghost eye with the palm of his hand, causing both ghost eyes to overlap, and activated the second layer of the Ghost Domain.

The crying sound that gradually grew louder was once again weakened to the slightest whisper, becoming faint as if it had disappeared once more.

Yet the second layer of the Ghost Domain still didn't completely isolate the sound, as the crying continued to seep through.

And soon, just like the situation in the first layer of the Ghost Domain,

The crying gradually grew louder again.

It was like a lethal talisman of a curse; you could weaken it by various means, but you could never completely get rid of it.

However, by comparing the first and second layers of the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian discovered some characteristics of the crying sound.

"The reason the sound grows stronger is because of the echo... The crying of the Crying Tomb Ghost can't naturally fade away; it keeps wandering around a certain area, resonating over and over within that region, growing stronger and more terrifying.

At first, ordinary people might withstand it a bit, but eventually, when the crying intensifies to a certain degree, even the top spirit manipulators can't endure it."

His gaze shifted slightly, discovering a pattern through the comparison of sounds within the two layers of the Ghost Domain.

That is to say, to not be killed by such crying, one would have to flee at top speed the moment it begins. If you run fast enough, you can escape the reach of the crying sound and almost certainly avoid being killed.

If he were outside, Yang Jian would slip away the moment the Crying Tomb Ghost began wailing.

But it seemed that this was no longer the world he was familiar with, and if he left the bus at this time and it drove away, he might be trapped here forever."

Such a choice could only be made as a last resort; it definitely couldn't be a priority.

"If we can't escape from the sound, then we must isolate the sound," Yang Jian attempted to cover his own ears.

Using the most basic and common method.

But it was almost without effect; covering his ears could not completely block out the gradually intensifying crying sound, which would keep strengthening over time, starting from a whisper. Plugging his ears was inherently unable to fully isolate sound, unless one was... deaf.

At this thought, Yang Jian immediately tried it out.

He directly controlled the Ghost Shadow to invade his ears, temporarily making himself deaf.

It was fortunate that he had recently read some medical anatomy books, and Yang Jian knew which part to affect to induce deafness without affecting the brain. He dared not mess with his own brain; if he accidentally killed himself in the process, that would be truly tragic.

With both ears blocked, Yang Jian immediately became temporarily deaf.

Chapter 310 Unaffected

As Yang Jian lost his hearing, the cries around him abruptly ceased, and the world became quiet. He could no longer hear any sound, including that eerie wailing that had previously invaded his mind.

The dreadful effect of the ghostly wails on him disappeared as well, as if everything had returned to normal.

"Damn, that actually worked."

At this moment, Yang Jian couldn't help but curse inwardly.

These ghostly things, if they wail for a while, it's almost certain death, but who would have thought turning oneself into a deaf person would make them immune to its influence.

If ordinary people knew this, they might actually have a chance to survive.

But it seems a bit late now.

Yang Jian glanced at Zhang Haw and the two female companions; even being in the second layer of the Ghost Domain, he could not save them. The three people were now lying on the ground with rigid faces, a sad, crying expression on their faces before death, looking as if they had literally cried themselves to death.

Their petrified expressions sent shivers down the spine.

"No, that's not right, Zhang Haw hasn't died." Yang Jian thought Zhang Haw with his rigid expression was already dead, but then he noticed that Zhang was only out of control, still alive.

"How is this possible? The two girls next to him are dead; why is he the exception? He is just an ordinary person after all."

Baffled and puzzled.

But such questions could only be kept in his heart, now was not the time to be concerned about this, and although Zhang Haw was a bit strange, he posed no threat.

"Is Xu Feng dead? Under such wailing, if you don't make yourself deaf, blocking out all sound, even a top ghost manipulator like him would die. The killing ability of the ghostly cries has the characteristic of growing stronger; if one doesn't react in time or chooses to confront these cries, they will definitely be at a disadvantage in the end."

Yang Jian lowered the palm from his forehead, folded away the second layer of the Ghost Domain, and then stood within the Ghost Domain looking for Xu Feng.

Soon.

He saw Xu Feng near the bus by the roadside.

Right now, Xu lay motionless on the ground as if he had already died, his body ice-cold, seemingly deceased for some time. Moreover, the most unsettling thing was that his corpse was rotting in several places with putrid corpse-water seeping out and emitting a foul stench.

It looked exactly like a body that had been left to rot for several days.

Yet it was such a corpse that Xu Feng's eyes remained open, constantly moving and alert to the surroundings.

Despite this condition, he was still alive.

"He managed to withstand the onslaught of the Crying Tomb Ghost in this way? This can't be done by merely controlling evil spirits." Yang Jian's gaze flickered as he felt there was something very special about Xu Feng's state.

It seemed like he had completely become ghoulish, no longer merely a ghost manipulator.

But oddly enough, even to this extent, he was still able to maintain his own consciousness.

It was somewhat like his own situation, with the ghost machine dead within him, allowing him to use the powers of the ghoul unrestrainedly, not worrying about the revival of the ghoul and the subsequent risk of it killing him.

"Could it be that he also found some method to deal with the problem of the ghoul's revival? Turning into a kind of aberration like me?" Yang Jian couldn't help but suspect.

He didn't think his situation was unique; after all, the community of ghost manipulators had been forming for at least a year by now, and with so many of them around the world, it was inevitable that some would be lucky enough to have their own opportunities during encounters with the supernatural.

"Looking at it, he is not going to die easily."

Yang Jian took another look at the man in the duckbill cap, only to find him sitting on the ground with his head down, seemingly asleep.

Beyond that, he couldn't detect anything bizarre about the man in the duckbill cap, who appeared to be a normal person, with no change in his body and no sense of the evil ghost he controlled.

But curiously, such an appearance of ordinary sleep allowed him to survive the ghostly cries.

Indeed, there was a reason why these two people were able to stay on the bus until now, both quite exceptional and indeed very different from ordinary ghost manipulators.

Normal ghost manipulators facing such a situation could only delay time at the risk of revival, but they didn't need to.

After pondering for a moment, Yang Jian decided to approach Xu Feng to inspect the situation.

If possible, he didn't mind causing a little destruction.

As he arrived beside Xu Feng, Yang Jian looked down at him lying on the ground as if dead.

"You actually withstood this wave of assault?" Xu Feng stared at him, seeming unable to move, but still felt some surprise when he saw Yang Jian.

Logically, rookies are likely to die this time, considering it was an A-level ghost, and there's no reason for a newcomer to withstand it.

Yang Jian couldn't hear him speak and didn't know how to read lips, but by seeing Xu Feng talk, he confirmed that the guy was very much alive.

"Is he unable to move in this special state?"

Looking at Xu Feng, who was motionless, he couldn't help but doubt.

He wanted to kick him to try it out, but considering that Xu Feng's body was already abnormal with decay in multiple places, it would be better not to touch him. However, not touching didn't stop Yang Jian from testing him.

He felt in his pocket.

He drew a handgun.

This was a specially made handgun, currently the only weapon Yang Jian was carrying. After all, when he had left the house earlier, he had never considered encountering this kind of situation and only planned to make a quick round before returning, so he hadn't brought many critical items with him.

"What are you trying to do?" Xu Feng immediately puffed up at seeing Yang Jian pull out a gun and glare at him angrily.

He could also tell that Yang Jian's handgun was specially made and was not entirely sure how it would affect him.

Yang Jian, however, did not hesitate and immediately loaded the bullet and aimed at Xu Feng.

"He still doesn't get up in this situation. It seems his death has rotted him to the point of immobility." Seeing no reaction, Yang Jian further confirmed Xu Feng's weakness when using his ghost abilities.

Unable to move.

No wonder he kept his abilities a secret and didn't report them, the headquarters' archives had written nothing.

It was a rather useless ability. If someone saw his records and they were leaked, who knows, he might get targeted by mercenaries or others, bound and taken away for research.

But behind this seemingly useless ability, there lurked something unusual.

He had endured the Crying Tomb Ghost's crying for so long without dying; such 'playing dead' was indeed a strong self-protective ability.

"Should I take care of him now?" Yang Jian's eyes shifted as he started to weigh his options.

Following the principle of kicking a man while he's down, now was an excellent opportunity to strike. He had discerned the pattern early and was unaffected by the Crying Tomb Ghost, while Xu Feng had no choice but to play dead to protect himself.

"What are you looking at? Don't tell me you want to kill me. Don't be naive. If the crying couldn't kill me, do you think you can?" Xu Feng spoke with a cold laugh, lying on the ground yet not taking Yang Jian seriously at all.

Yang Jian still couldn't hear him speak, but he guessed it was definitely nothing pleasant.

"Can't stop moving that mouth of yours, can you? It's probably better to just take care of you." He made up his mind immediately, ready to act the villain and repay kindness with enmity.

Anyway, Xu Feng had already been reported missing by the Ghost Manipulators Headquarters and was almost certainly presumed dead. Even if Yang Jian really did get rid of him, no one would trouble him for it.

The next moment, the Headless Ghost Shadow under Yang Jian's feet slowly stood up from the shadow, ready to take Xu Feng's head.

Without a head, he definitely wouldn't be able to live.

However, just as he was about to act, Zhang Haw, who had previously been acting strangely within the Ghost Domain, stood up for some reason and began to walk away slowly and stiffly.

He was moving away from Yang Jian, step by step, until he forcefully left the Ghost Domain.

"Hm?" Yang Jian's eyelids twitched.

He had every reason to be concerned about such a bizarre occurrence within his Ghost Domain.

He turned sharply to look.

One of the things he was most wary of stood on the opposite side of the road not far away.

It was a woman wearing a red cheongsam, with a red kerchief covering her head, revealing a pair of dark brown, dried-up hands.

It was the Dried Corpse Bride who had gotten off the vehicle earlier.

Yang Jian broke out in cold sweat,

When had that thing appeared there, or had the Dried Corpse Bride never left at all? Had she been watching everything from there the whole time?

But it seemed the Dried Corpse Bride was not targeting him; rather, she was focused on Zhang Haw.

Zhang Haw walked uncontrollably out of the Ghost Domain, across the road, and kept nearing the Dried Corpse Bride.

"Now he's really beyond saving." Yang Jian mourned for Zhang Haw in silence.

Although he was a stranger, being targeted by such a ghost was like having several lifetimes of bad luck,