

Revival 311

Chapter 311 Summoning Ghosts

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Yang Jian hadn't expanded the scope of his Ghost Domain, lest he provoke some unknown terror in this area.

But the eerie appearance of the Dried Corpse Bride, standing on the road behind him, facing this way, truly made him break out in a cold sweat.

Compared to the Crying Tomb Ghost, Yang Jian was even more wary of the Dried Corpse Bride.

At least when facing the Crying Tomb Ghost, his Ghost Eye didn't give any strong warning, but facing the Dried Corpse Bride was truly hair-raising.

Even the Ghost Eye could sense the ominous and bizarre nature; not to mention its Terror Level, but in terms of the threat to a ghost master, it was definitely the greatest here.

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He made no rash moves.

Because he vaguely felt that if this entity targeted him, he too would surely be unable to escape death.

No evidence was needed, just his own experience and the subtle intuition between ghosts, or rather, to put it obscurely, a sixth sense.

At that moment, Xu Feng, lying on the ground, also noticed something off about Yang Jian and initially thought the latter was planning how to make his move with a handgun in front of him. He didn't expect Yang Jian to turn and look in another direction instead.

Following Yang Jian's gaze, Xu Feng also saw the humanoid silhouette in the dark on the opposite side of the road.

The thing stood there motionless, yet it invoked an inexplicable terror in anyone who saw it.

It seemed that the echoing sound of weeping could be momentarily ignored.

"A ghost more threatening than this Crying Tomb Ghost... is it that same Dried Corpse that got on the bus earlier?" Xu Feng's heart tightened.

He wasn't afraid of the newcomer Yang Jian; he was afraid of encountering several ghosts at once and not being able to withstand them, dying here.

"Just hold on for a little longer, wait for the bus to restart, and once I get back on, I can be safe. I've survived until now; I absolutely cannot die unexpectedly here," he revealed a strong will to live in his voice.

Meanwhile, the man in the duckbill cap beside them seemed to be behaving strangely, as if he had a nightmare while fast asleep. His body twitched continuously, hands and feet flailed about in a panic, and he mumbled something under his breath, seemingly in imminent danger, desperate to escape.

Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, Xu Feng's lying down, the duckbill cap man's sleeping.

The three of them were fending off the attacks of the sinister ghosts in their own ways, but faced with such unpredictable and terrifying dangers, no one could guarantee they would be able to leave this place alive.

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He was still alive.

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However, death, though delayed, would bring greater terror to Zhang Haw.

Facing the cheongsam-wearing Dried Corpse in front of him, Zhang Haw could feel a chilling aura emanating from it and could smell a faint stench of decay that wouldn't go away. The pair of dark brown desiccated hands extending beyond the sleeves were truly reminiscent of something utterly nefarious.

Overwhelmed by great fear, Zhang Haw's consciousness became clouded; his thoughts stagnated, not knowing what to think, with nothing to do but watch everything unfold before him.

The only one who could remain calm in such a situation was Yang Jian, an anomaly.

Having been resurrected from death, he had lost some of his emotions and many feelings had been dulled; although fear was still there, it was no longer as pronounced.

"How will Zhang Haw die? What is the killing pattern of this Dried Corpse Bride? Or is the pattern of such a high-level ghost already too elusive, pertaining to some unsolvable existence? Can it only be avoided, not analyzed?" Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, and he was truly unable to analyze why Zhang Haw was being controlled.

Clearly being in the Ghost Domain, he should have been isolated from the outside world. Ordinary ghosts would not be able to detect people within the Ghost Domain, and even if this thing was extraordinary, to directly take someone away while ignoring Yang Jian's presence was indeed baffling.

But then, an eerie moment occurred.

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Human and ghost touched each other.

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It was just a touch, and he was dead.

And the dead body of Zhang Haw did not fall; it eerily began to move again, turned around, and while holding the hand of the Dried Corpse Bride, waved in their direction.

His face was ghastly pale, without the slightest hint of color, marked with a sorrowful crying expression, yet he forcibly squeezed out a trace of a smile—an expression as weird as it could get.

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At the same time, a rustling sound came from the nearby woods; a figure dressed in white mourning clothes, wearing a hat with a piece of white cloth falling over and obscuring the face, gradually emerged from the shadow of the trees and started walking towards them step by step.

The ghost that cried over the tombs in the forest came out~!

"Zhang Haw wasn't waving at me, he was summoning the Crying Tomb Ghost, he was... summoning ghosts." Yang Jian realized this and felt a chill throughout his body.

"Bang~! Bang~! Bang~!"

The sound of something thumping against the body of the bus, which had stalled, could be heard, emitting a muffled noise.

It seemed that another ghost was hiding on the pitch-black bus.

This ghost had not left the bus from the beginning. It stayed on the bus, but because of Zhang Haw's summoning, it seemed like it was about to come down.

All three ghosts were now fully exposed.

And there was one more ghost... An invisible ghost whose location had not been confirmed.

However, the man in the duckbill cap beside him was struggling more and more violently in his sleep, sometimes letting out terrified screams, at times choking himself, and occasionally kicking wildly as if a terrible ghost was incessantly chasing him in his dreams.

Seeing his condition, Yang Jian was almost certain that the ghost was inside this man in the duckbill cap.

No, it might not be inside his body, but in his dreams.

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Yang Jian thought of the global ranking of malicious ghosts, published by various countries on that website, where the ghost ranked second, codenamed Nightmare, was said to kill people in their sleep.

But the pattern had been deciphered by various countries; as long as one did not sleep, they could avoid being killed.

"Could this guy have encountered that codenamed Nightmare ghost?" Yang Jian felt his scalp go numb when this thought crossed his mind.

This situation was even more terrifying than a Level S paranormal event—a total of four ghosts were present, and not one was easy to deal with.

Any one of them alone could cause a major paranormal event.

And yet, at this moment, there were only these three people facing these ghosts.

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Zhang Haw, as a ghost slave, seemed to enable the Dried Corpse Bride's terror to spread. This beckoning directly summoned the Crying Tomb Ghost and another ghost from the bus.

"This situation can't be resolved by just self-preservation; we must find a way to break this deadlock, otherwise, if one person can't hold on and dies, what follows will be a continuous string of deaths, and no one will be able to leave here alive." Sweat was pouring down Yang Jian's forehead at this moment.

He hadn't encountered this dual pressure of time and death in a long time.

The only time he remembered facing something like this was at No. 7 Middle School against the Door Knocking Ghost.

Having come back from the dead, he perfectly mastered the power of the Ghost Shadow, killed his enemy Zhao Kaiming, and became an international ghost controller from Dachang City... Life seemed to have reached its peak with a bright future ahead. If he were to die here just because of picking up a cellphone, Yang Jian thought he would become the laughingstock of the ghost controller community.

"Xu Feng, since you're lying there dead anyway, you might as well help me out. Whether we can survive depends on you." Although Yang Jian couldn't hear, it didn't stop him from speaking—he suddenly turned around and covered him with the Ghost Domain.

However, what was eerie was that upon touching Xu Feng's rotten corpse, the Ghost Domain chose to avoid it.

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"What are you trying to do? Don't mess around, do you want us all to die together in this situation?" Xu Feng shouted hurriedly.

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Merging with the power of the Ghost Shadow, he had the strength of tons, and lifting a corpse was incredibly easy for him.

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He couldn't understand how this man had managed to survive this long, more resilient than either himself or that guy. Logically, this newcomer should not have been able to make it this far.

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Chapter 313 Launch Again

Xu Feng was currently overwhelmed with shame and rage. Lying on the ground pretending to be a corpse, he could perfectly avoid any vicious ghost attacks, and as long as nothing particularly bad happened, his chances of returning alive to the bus were almost certain.

Even if Yang Jian was hopping around in front of him, he wouldn't be scared.

In his eyes, it was nothing more than a dancing corpse that would soon be killed by the ghosts, definitely not surviving for long.

Little did he know, this guy would not act in a conventional manner, not thinking about how to protect himself but instead focusing on how to kill Xu Feng, grabbing him and throwing him towards the Dried Corpse Bride.

Why hadn't that damn guy fallen into a trap and died before?

Xu Feng was now lying on top of the Dried Corpse Bride, not feeling the warmth and softness of a beautiful woman's body, but rather like he was lying on a piece of cold stone, which let the chill seep into his body. Even in his state of playing dead, he was beginning to feel like he couldn't endure it.

Just by touching it, he felt like he was being eroded.

If he chose to attack him proactively, Xu Feng believed he would surely die.

However, lying on top of this ghost, his chances of being attacked were quite high.

So, that meant he had been tricked by Yang Jian.

Seeing Zhang Haw's body fall to the ground, apparently no longer under control, Yang Jian looked in the direction of the Crying Tomb Ghost.

It seemed a bit late. Now that Zhang Haw had summoned these ghosts, even if he stopped, there was no way to send these ghosts away, because summoning ghosts is easy, but dispatching them again is not that simple.

But the only good news was the thudding sound from the darkened bus nearby seemed to have stopped.

It appeared that one of the ghosts had not been summoned.

And as Yang Jian intervened, the ghost hidden on the bus fell back into silence, continuing to lurk somewhere on the bus without choosing to get off.

The ghost that was possibly Nightmare was still confronting the man with the duckbill cap; he wasn't dead yet, and dragging the ghost out for a while shouldn't be an issue.

Looking carefully, the only ghost Yang Jian now had to confront alone was the Crying Tomb Ghost in front of him.

One-on-one, although he might not definitely win, self-preservation was not a problem, especially since he had already plugged his ears.

"As I thought, it's coming for me. So far, I am the only one not besieged by other ghosts. If the Crying Tomb Ghost has to choose a target, I am the best candidate," Yang Jian thought as he saw the Crying Tomb Ghost emerging from the woods, steadily advancing towards him.

He wasn't surprised.

Because there weren't many people left to attack, and if there was anyone else who met the ghost's target requirements, it would only be him.

After all, Xu Feng was currently sprawled on top of the Dried Corpse Bride, and the man with the duckbill cap was still fighting the Nightmare. It was uncertain whether he would be killed off in his dreams.

"Let's see if it can walk into my Ghost Domain. If it's confirmed that it's attacking me, I'll have to fight back without hesitation. It would be terrible to be played to death by a single touch like the Dried Corpse Bride," Yang Jian thought grimly, preparing to counterattack tightly clutching a piece of straw rope in his hand.

It was the Ghost Rope.

It could hang a ghost, but its capabilities were limited; it could not hang many ghosts. However, it could still play a crucial role at a critical moment.

The range of the Ghost Domain wasn't large, only about five meters around him. Yang Jian was doing this just to ensure his own safety.

But too many ghosts had appeared nearby, and even self-preservation was quite strenuous. Fortunately, the two people next to him shared some of the danger, and of course, he also shared some of theirs.

A terrible situation arose.

He had no narrow escape from the Crying Tomb Ghost's assault, which, just as Yang Jian anticipated, relentlessly walked into his Ghost Domain.

This caused his face to suddenly darken.

When had his Ghost Domain become so worthless? Indeed, these ghosts could walk in whenever they wanted, and the number of ghosts that could be kept out by the Ghost Domain seemed to be dwindling.

Or is it that one layer of Ghost Domain is too weak, and I must stack two or three layers to be effective?

But Yang Jian was somewhat resistant to opening deeper layers of the Ghost Domain. He was concerned that the Ghost Eye might resurrect, and if he couldn't suppress it, it would break the balance of his body, resulting in death from Ghost Eye Resurrection.

"Take action."

He had chosen to unleash the Ghost Rope, which was the only ghost he could suppress on his own, so he usually carried it with him.

Immediately,

strands of grass rope began to float in Yang Jian's Ghost Domain. These ropes swayed mid-air as if they were vengeful ghosts ready to hang everyone there.

Since the Ghost Rope had indiscriminate attacks, it was the same for ghosts as well.

A rope fell on the Crying Tomb Ghost, looping around its neck and then suddenly tightening to hang it up.

The Crying Tomb Ghost's feet left the ground, suspended in the air, its body hanging in mid-air.

"Did it work?" Yang Jian's eyelids twitched, feeling something was off.

Was it that easy to control this ghost?

He observed for a moment.

It seemed the Crying Tomb Ghost had stopped moving, as if it was indeed restricted by the Ghost Rope, unable to make any bizarre movements and had stopped crying as well.

"Did I overestimate the Crying Tomb Ghost, or is my Ghost Rope too strong? Perhaps it never showed its full power before because I only encountered some anomalies?" Yang Jian couldn't help but think.

"Or does the Ghost Rope have a restraining effect on the Crying Tomb Ghost?"

He had many thoughts, but currently, that wasn't the priority.

"Bang! Bang!"

The violent beating sounds from the bus started again.

The body of the Crying Tomb Ghost, hanging in the air, started to sway eerily, its movements growing wider, and with each swing, it inched closer towards Yang Jian.

"Could it be..."

Yang Jian turned around abruptly.

His face changed color.

Xu Feng's body, which had previously been pinning down the Dried Corpse Bride, had been tossed aside, and the Dried Corpse Bride had stood up once again, holding Zhang Haw's hand as before, beckoning towards Yang Jian.

"Xu Feng's creepy body could only restrain the Dried Corpse Bride for less than three minutes? Is this guy even a man? That's too short, and he was drained dry after just one time."

Yang Jian noticed that Xu Feng's decaying body was now half-dried, as if it had been eroded by the Dried Corpse Bride, gradually assimilating. However, Xu Feng himself wasn't dead yet and was glaring angrily in this direction, seemingly filled with resentment.

That was very bad news.

Xu Feng's body was special, capable of blocking most ghastly influences, but when faced with the Dried Corpse Bride, it was affected instead.

"However, my caution was right. The Dried Corpse Bride is a major taboo, one must never have contact with it, nor let oneself be targeted by it, otherwise, there's no chance of survival." At this moment, Yang Jian felt besieged,

as if he was surrounded, unable to fend off attacks from all sides.

If these things could be killed, it would be good, but the problem with ghosts is they can't be killed, and in a war of attrition, he would always be at a disadvantage.

However, just when he felt the situation was deteriorating again,

a horn suddenly sounded from the bus behind him, the headlights flashed on, and the lights inside the cabin were turned on.

The deathly still darkness vanished.

The stalled bus at that moment restarted.

Chapter 314 - Face-covering Cloth

The bus started up again.

As the lights in the carriage came on once more, Yang Jian immediately understood that the most dangerous moment had passed. As long as he could get back on the bus, he would temporarily be safe, at least not having to worry about being targeted by these ghosts.

"Let's get out of here," he murmured.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted subtly. He felt that if he continued to stay outside, he would definitely be caught by the Dried Corpse Bride. Although the Crying Tomb Ghost was temporarily suppressed by the Ghost Rope, the danger was not yet averted.

Without delay, he moved backward.

In the Ghost Domain, the next moment he found himself at the side of the bus. He then retracted the Ghost Rope.

With the Ghost Rope restriction lifted, the Crying Tomb Ghost fell to the ground with a thud, the sound muffled, like a corpse dropping, its posture twisted and strange.

But as the Crying Tomb Ghost fell, Yang Jian noticed a piece of white cloth falling next to it. This cloth, which the Crying Tomb Ghost used to cover its face, had the clear contour of a human face on it. The outline was hollow and eerie, with a sad crying expression.

Acting on a certain instinct, Yang Jian felt that this piece of face-covering cloth dropped by the Crying Tomb Ghost was special.

"You almost cried me to death. Taking a little something as compensation shouldn't be too much, right?" He didn't hurry off but instead went back to where the face-covering cloth had fallen, picked up the item, and while the Crying Tomb Ghost was still twisting on the ground trying to stand up, he swiftly made his escape.

After snatching the face-covering cloth, Yang Jian immediately chose to board the bus.

But as soon as he got on, the sight of the driver's seat made him tense up.

The body of the middle-aged driver who had been lying on the ground was now, inexplicably, sitting upright in the driver's seat, its cadaverous hands gripping the steering wheel, its silent, gray eyes open, staring at the road ahead as if prepared to drive.

"Did this corpse move while the engine was off?" Yang Jian immediately realized the gravity of the situation.

Could it be that the ghost on this bus was that of the driver's corpse?

No, that's impossible.

Someone had touched the body before, even stepping over it without any issue. Besides, the body had been on the ground for several hours with no abnormality. He had watched from the back seat very carefully; he couldn't possibly have mistaken that.

Or could it be that there was nothing wrong with the body, but the ghost inside the bus had propped it back up?

He couldn't make sense of it.

With all the strange things he had encountered today, everything was a huge mystery. Just trying to survive was difficult enough, let alone having the leisure to ponder the reasons behind it all.

"Forget it, as long as nothing goes wrong, that's okay. Right now, the priority is to wait for the bus to start driving away from this haunted place. Can't drag this out any longer; it would be bad if those ghosts followed onto the bus."

Yang Jian swiftly retreated toward the back of the bus, ignoring the corpse at the driver's position.

Out of caution, he didn't sit at any random seat but chose to sit in his original spot.

Uncertain if the fourth ghost was still present, it might still be inside the bus.

When Yang Jian sat down, he didn't relax. Clutching the piece of face-covering cloth in his hand tightly, he observed the scene outside.

Would the Crying Tomb Ghost come after him for taking its cloth?

At that moment, the Crying Tomb Ghost had already stood up.

Without the face-covering cloth, Yang Jian could finally see half of the creature's face—only half, due to the angle.

But it was this half of a face that gave Yang Jian a spine-chilling sensation.

Instead of a face, it was more apt to say there was no face at all. The inside of the face was a gaping hole, as if someone had brutally scooped out the facial bones, a pitch-black abyss so deep it seemed bottomless, exuding an indescribable terror.

Yang Jian couldn't see anything inside that facial hole with his Ghost Eye, only darkness.

After the Crying Tomb Ghost stood up, fresh blood began seeping out from the face hole as if Yang Jian's taking of the cloth had disrupted some kind of balance.

However,...

Whether Yang Jian chose to take it or not was of little significance, as the cloth had already fallen. He had only thought that the item was valuable and didn't want it to be a wasted trip.

The Crying Tomb Ghost, which had lost its face-covering cloth, did not get on the bus to trouble Yang Jian, suggesting that perhaps the cloth hadn't been important to it.

The Crying Tomb Ghost had stopped crying and turned to walk back into the woods by the roadside.

No longer being affected by the beckoning of Zhang Haw from earlier.

Next to the woods where the episode had unfolded, a narrow path had appeared out of nowhere. The Crying Tomb Ghost quickly disappeared into the woods along the winding path, vanishing from sight in the blink of an eye, leaving no trace and no sound of crying, as if it had left the area.

"Did a ghost just leave?"

Only after watching the figure leave did Yang Jian regain his hearing. He couldn't help but look down at the piece of white cloth in his hands.

The cloth was coarse and old. Instead of calling it white, it had been stained to a dingy gray, somewhat grubby, with the outline of a crying face on it. He flipped it over to the other side.

Still, the same outline of a crying face.

There was nothing else particularly remarkable about it.

But Yang Jian felt that this piece was special, not because of the cloth itself, but because of the crying face.

Because once the crying face was removed, the Crying Tomb Ghost stopped crying.

Perhaps it wasn't the ghost crying, just the face itself...

The crying face?

Yang Jian was reminded, for some reason, of Tong Qian—Tong Qian's face was a smiling one, however.

Crying and smiling, two similar ghost faces.

Before he could ponder further, suddenly,

a loud crash came from outside the bus.

A hand slammed violently against the glass window next to him, followed by another hand grabbing the windowsill, and then a body vaulted into the bus.

It was the man in the duckbill cap.

By now, the cap had been lost, revealing a bald head, like that of a monk.

"It wasn't easy to survive, I almost got killed in my sleep. You can't possibly imagine that nightmare. An evil ghost appearing constantly beside you, and if you're killed by that thing, you die for real. But luckily, I woke up. Hey, I never thought the revival of the fierce ghost would actually save me."

The man in the duckbill cap glanced at Yang Jian with a self-deprecating smile, "You're special. Among the three of us, you'd have the easiest time surviving. You even suppressed the Crying Tomb Ghost, something a newbie just couldn't do. Xu Feng really misjudged you. What's your name? Do you mind getting acquainted?"

"Yang Jian, the person in charge of Dachang City," Yang Jian said calmly.

His information was easy to verify, so there was no need to hide it.

"My name is Lin Bei, a student at the Buddhist College. Although I haven't graduated, I'm kind of a monk," the man named Lin Bei said.

Yang Jian stared at him, "What about the ghost that was clinging to you?"

"I don't know."

Lin Bei touched his bald head, "Maybe it's waiting on me to fall asleep to attack again, or perhaps it has given up on me as its target, or maybe it's returned to this bus. That thing has no physical form; it seems it can enter dreams. And I'm just unlucky because the way I fend off fierce ghost attacks is by sleeping."

"Once asleep, I enter a special state where I'm very safe. But as it turns out, it's not useful in all situations."

"Now doesn't seem to be the time for this discussion. There is no absolute safety in front of a fierce ghost, even on the bus," Yang Jian spoke, his gaze drifting outside the window.

He saw that the Dried Corpse Bride was still there, seemingly motionless, with that withered palm still clasping the dead body of Zhang Haw, standing like a couple on the opposite side of the road.

It seemed that the ghost had no intention of boarding the bus again.

If that was the case, it was good news.

But then he noticed that Xu Feng's corpse had disappeared; it had just been lying there before.

"You almost killed me just now," came the grinding voice of Xu Feng. Seizing an opportunity, he had managed to get to the side of the bus and then immediately sprinted aboard.

He survived?

Yang Jian was taken aback upon seeing him.

Trapped under that Dried Corpse Bride for three minutes, yet wasn't killed by that ghost?

Indeed a tough life.

"That's not exactly fair to say. Given the circumstances, a no-exit situation was forming. I was just fighting to save myself. If I hadn't stopped Zhang Haw's body from attracting more ghosts around us, do you think there would have been any chance for you to return alive to the bus?"

Yang Jian's face remained calm, his eyes harboring slight hostility as he looked at Xu Feng.

"Your body is a very special item. It's a pity to use it just for self-defense; it's most suitable for suppressing ghosts. Moreover, this time you suppressed a female ghost, which should be a fair trade for you."

Xu Feng glared back, "You were just taking the chance to try to kill me. Suppressing the ghost is nothing but an excuse."

"Even if it were, so what?" Yang Jian stared back, undaunted, "If you're dead, just lie there quietly and don't stir up trouble. You nearly killed me just for the sake of improving your chances of survival. I've been more than polite to you. If we weren't on this bus, do you believe I would bury you ten thousand meters underground? Let you lie there enough?"

He could tell that Xu Feng's abilities were formidable against fierce ghosts, with very strong self-preservation skills, stronger even than Lin Bei's.

But the weakness was clear.

Too strong a self-preservation often meant a lack of proactive offensive capabilities.

Perhaps, for this reason, these two men had managed to survive on the bus so far. Others from their batch, or those who appeared even earlier on the bus, had long since perished.

"Don't be overconfident for too long. You only survived this time by luck. The ghosts attacked us, but next time you may not be so lucky. Acting tough here is useless. The last one standing is the winner," Xu Feng spoke coldly, not finding anything wrong with his capabilities, but rather feeling fortunate to have such a capability for self-preservation.

In the past, he remembered those he knew who managed ghosts; they either died during the revive of fierce ghosts or fell inexplicably in some strange paranormal event. One by one, the news of their deaths came.

Only he had been a person in charge in Xiaochun City, coasting through life and surviving to this day.

Yang Jian, with a hint of mockery, "How long I'll live, I don't know. But one thing I'm sure of is that I'll outlive you. You'll know if you ever get the chance."

Chapter 315: Route passing the cemetery

Although they had faced grave dangers, their luck was still not too bad as all three ghost charmers had survived and returned to the bus; the only one truly unlucky was Zhang Haw, a mere mortal among them.

Without any suspense, all the ordinary passengers died; they didn't have the slightest ability to protect themselves and couldn't withstand the ghosts' repeated attacks.

The Dried Corpse Bride was still holding Zhang Haw's hand, standing across the street without leaving. Seeing that she made no other move and didn't try to board the bus again, everyone felt relatively at ease. Moreover, with the bus starting again, and based on their partial understanding of it, they could determine that their current state was probably safe.

However, Xu Feng's survival only deepened the conflict with Yang Jian.

But both men were very clear in their hearts that they had lost the best chance to kill each other.

Yang Jian's best chance was when Xu Feng lay among the corpses; he had to throw Xu Feng out to stop Zhang Haw from attracting ghosts by holding hands, rather than killing him.

Xu Feng feared that Yang Jian wouldn't survive this power outage and getting off the bus, which would worsen the situation after the ghosts' revival, so he wanted to trap Yang Jian to death during the moment the bus lights went out. That attempt failed as well.

Yang Jian was too alert and prepared; such an opportunity would not come again.

Five minutes had passed since the bus lights came back on.

As the five minutes elapsed, both the front and back doors of the bus, which were originally open, suddenly closed with a bang.

The window next to Lin Bei that had been opened also closed by itself at that moment.

The entire bus was sealed tight, like an enclosed environment. No one could get off, not even the ghosts.

"It seems we've completely gotten rid of that thing," as the bus started up and began moving again.

Yang Jian could see the shape of the Dried Corpse Bride growing distant behind them; the creature didn't choose to follow but stood there, still holding Zhang Haw's hand, like two statues, without any movement.

But this didn't mean all the peril had left them.

At this moment, the number on the electronic display on the bus still read: 1.

There was still one passenger.

It meant there was still a ghost inside the bus.

But there were only three people on the bus, and this count of passengers surely didn't include the ghost charmers; otherwise, the number would have changed.

And the time was still around three in the morning; there was still a chance for the bus to make stops.

There might still be ghosts boarding the bus ahead.

And at that time, it was unknown what kind of ghosts they would have to face.

Just thinking about this, Yang Jian felt enormous pressure, as it was clear there could be more dangers ahead, and the only way was to leave this place when the bus entered a safe stop.

If he stayed on the bus, he would eventually die someday.

Half an hour passed.

Fortunately, the restarted bus did not make a fourth stop, which meant that no new ghosts had boarded the bus so far.

However, at four o'clock in the morning,

the bus passed through a very strange place.

A cemetery.

Graves densely populated either side of the road, each one protruding like little hillocks; some graves were marked with tombstones, bearing a person's portrait so indistinct it was only a vague outline due to the vehicle's movement and the poor lighting outside.

Some graves were sunken, as if something had left them, unable to support the raised mound of earth.

"What the hell is this place?" Yang Jian wondered in his heart.

The expanse of graves stretched to the edge of darkness in the distance, immeasurably numerous. It was certain that this place was not of any reality known.

It was yet another incomprehensible, bizarre location.

"We mustn't stop here at all costs, otherwise, god knows how many ghosts will board this bus."

The multitude of grave mounds made one's scalp tingle, each exuding a sense of bad omen and strangeness—far more severe than the solitary mound encountered during the Crying Tomb Ghost incident, truly resembling a grand cemetery.

"Damn it, if we stop here, the bus might fill up with ghosts in an instant, and then we would truly be done for." Xu Feng also noticed the situation outside and looked very troubled.

He, just like Yang Jian, could sense the horror of this place.

Meanwhile, Lin Bei seemed to have lost all concern at this moment, curled up in a corner asleep, as if all the terror outside had nothing to do with him.

The bus drove on this road surrounded by graves for a full ten minutes yet still had not exited the graveyard, which gave a sense of its vastness.

However, Yang Jian soon realized that despite the numerous graves, he had not seen a single ghost. It seemed that the horror was superficial, and the situation here was much better than at the previous stops.

This thought had barely surfaced.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian saw that the continuous line of graves along the road had a break in it, leaving a clear space.

On the clearing, a path led straight up a small hill.

In this dim, lightless world, on the hill surrounded by grave mounds, sat a little wooden cabin.

The wooden cabin was old and seemed to be on the verge of collapse, as if long neglected. It was crudely built, giving off the impression that it could fall apart with just a few kicks.

"A wooden cabin in a place like this?" Yang Jian felt disbelief.

Who would live in such a cursed place?

Or perhaps, the cabin wasn't built for living at all.

The bus gradually passed by, not stopping as it went by this peculiar cabin. After passing this special spot, more continuous graves appeared ahead, just like before.

However, shortly after the bus left, the door of the small wooden cabin standing amidst the graveyard suddenly creaked open.

A person walked out from within the cabin, their features unclear, only a tall and thin silhouette was visible.

This person stood in the doorway of the cabin, apparently watching the direction the bus had left in.

After looking for a long time, and once the lights of the bus had completely vanished into the distance, the person returned inside the cabin and the door creaked shut once again.

The graveyard fell back into an enduring, deathly silence.

Half an hour later, they finally passed through the ceaseless graveyard, and Yang Jian's heart could finally settle down.

What was even more astonishing was that in front of the bus, a city had unexpectedly appeared in the distance.

It was unclear which city it was, but it shone with bright lights that were visible from afar.

Only after moving forward did it become clear that it was indeed the glow of a city and not an illusion. Following the bus's current trajectory, it was headed straight into the city.

"The chance to get off is coming," Yang Jian sensed in his heart.