

Revival 436

Chapter 436 435 Special Transaction

"What does Professor Wang want to do with Yang Jian?"

At this moment, on the rooftop, the special forces team leader Li Jun was still focused on the conversation between Yang Jian and Wang Xiaoming under the canopy in the playground ahead, but at this time, a familiar figure climbed up, asking between breaths.

The speaker was Zhao Jianguo.

Although he had been dismissed due to a work mishap and no longer worked at headquarters, his rich work experience led him to be assigned to the training base.

His main task at the moment was to receive the responsible person.

He had almost moved away from the core department.

"Not quite clear," Li Jun replied calmly. "But aren't you afraid of accidentally falling to your death by climbing so high?"

"If I accidentally fell to my death, it would be a relief from the daily worries," Zhao Jianguo said; "It's okay if you don't want to talk about it, but I heard that it's been quite unrestful at headquarters

recently, and it all has to do with the team leader's plan. I'd opposed implementing this plan for a reason, it's very risky to place hopes on a small group of people. It's not good for the nation."

"Moreover, this could result in a great loss of skilled personnel. If Yang Jian is unable to be selected as team leader, do you think he'd resign?"

"We only need to obey orders, rather than think so much," said Li Jun.

Zhao Jianguo laughed, "If even talents capable of handling S-class paranormal events can't be retained, it indicates significant flaws in the team leader's plan."

"But there's no better way to replace the team leader's plan, right? Supernatural events are on the rise, becoming more complex. At first, a single international ghost controller could handle an event, but now, we often require support; with the constant death of ghost controllers and the reduction of new international ghost controllers... this is a disaster that's brewing." Li Jun turned to look at Zhao Jianguo.

"Hence, we must be prepared for the situation to get out of control. Maybe we can't ensure safety everywhere, but at least we should secure safety within certain areas."

"There's nothing wrong with the team leader's plan."

Zhao Jianguo laughed, "Whether there's something wrong with it isn't for us to say anymore. Let's wait for the consequences. If this step is miscalculated, we are all sinners."

At this moment, under the canopy.

Yang Jian was staring at Wang Xiaoming, hoping for a reasonable explanation.

Wang Xiaoming looked up at the sky, "Humans are actually quite simple, not complicated. The instinct to maintain bodily functions, plus one's own thoughts and a bit of incomprehensible emotion, and ghosts, they aren't complex either. Stripping away their supernatural terror, they're not much different from us."

"If there's any real distinction, it's probably that they lack emotions and self-aware thoughts, existing in this world in a simple yet spooky way, or even within our own concepts."

"The reason why utilizing the Ghost Coffin for ghost transformation failed is that those who succeeded lost their emotions. Without emotions, the nature of the fierce ghost gradually took the upper hand, devouring the self-consciousness. What do you think is left in the end?"

Having said this, he withdrew his gaze and looked toward Yang Jian.

"A ghost," Yang Jian said coldly.

He was facing this very situation. The instincts of the Headless Ghost Shadow were influencing his thoughts, and once they had swallowed his consciousness, although Yang Jian wasn't a resurrected fierce ghost, it would be as if he was no different from one. By then, he would no longer be human, but also a ghost.

"Exactly. After the experiment succeeded, I didn't cultivate someone with ghost transformation as planned but merely nurtured a pure ghost—a new kind, with certain human features, more terrifying and more bizarre. That coffin wasn't prepared for people; it was for ghosts. It's a coffin for nurturing ghosts."

Wang Xiaoming's expression was somewhat downcast, as if the failure of the experiment had hit him hard.

Yang Jian heard the horror of that experiment in his words.

"It seems I've found the wrong person. Your experimental failure made me realize this path is impassable." After a moment, he stood up, decided to leave.

Since Wang Xiaoming's experiment could only breed ghosts and not solve Yang Jian's own issues, he saw no need to continue the conversation.

After all, the relationship between the two was not friendly, and it seemed like Wang Xiaoming was harboring some agenda of his own.

"Although the experiment failed, I can solve your problem," suddenly, Wang Xiaoming spoke up again.

"Are you deceiving me?" Yang Jian stared at him.

Wang Xiaoming glanced at his palm, "That suicide video you gave me last time gave me a great inspiration. It's a new method to control fierce ghosts, quite extreme yet very effective. Later, I tried to analyze the purpose of your suicide and concluded that it wasn't suicide at all, but a necessary ritual. The purpose of this ritual was to actively trigger the killing rule among the fierce ghosts, causing those that would not intersect to collide because of your existence."

"There are only two outcomes to this endeavor. You die, and the ritual fails."

"You live, and the two conflicting ghosts are likely to crash like a frozen program, falling into a state of sleep that's not easily disrupted."

"Under such a state, if the ghost master is still alive, it must be terrifying, for with the fierce ghosts asleep, one doesn't have to worry about their resurrection, and the ghost master can use the ghosts' powers without restraint. Afterward, I paid close attention to you, confirming my guess was correct."

Wang Xiaoming slightly looked up at him; "You've been frequently using the ghosts' powers lately without any sign of their awakening—a luxury that someone who controls two ghosts does not possess. Even during your travels, you've utilized the ghosts' powers so extravagantly."

"So, either one of the ghosts inside of you has fallen into a sleep as I thought, or you yourself have gone mad, eager to die once the fierce ghost awakens. But I think you are still sane, so we can rule out the least likely answer, and the remaining conclusion is quite obvious."

Yang Jian's face remained calm, unmoved.

"You aren't surprised, are you? Because you left that video for me to see. When you committed suicide, you weren't sure whether you would succeed, but the method to control the ghosts was worth studying. So, that video was specifically prepared for me. For this, I must thank you. You've done better than I imagined."

"You've said so much, what do you want?" Yang Jian said, "Beating around the bush isn't like you, Bruce Pi."

Wang Xiaoming said, "Let's make a deal then. I need 'it' as a bargaining chip. In return, I will immediately devise a new plan for you to resolve your current issue, and at the same time, I will give this to you."

He took out a pitch-black, diamond-shaped, spiky object from behind the stool under him.

It looked somewhat like a large nail, but it felt oddly familiar to Yang Jian.

That rusty coffin nail.

"What is this?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Xiaoming said, "You've seen it before. The ghost that is being nurtured inside the Ghost Coffin, although the experiment was a failure, there were still some gains. I used your method to cause it to crash, and with Li Jun's help, I crafted it into a more familiar shape for you, one that doesn't cause fear easily."

"Does it resemble a coffin nail?"

"What?" Yang Jian was shocked at that moment.

The ghost was turned into this nail by Wang Xiaoming?

"Don't be nervous; it is very stable, at least for now. You know its specialty—the ghost can make three others lose their powers brainlessly. If we ignore some side effects, its value is equivalent to that of a coffin nail," Wang Xiaoming said.

Yang Jian's emotions were in turmoil, his mind exploding with information as some bizarre puzzles were unraveled because of Wang Xiaoming's presence.

If the ghost in the Ghost Coffin, after crashing, turned into this nail, doesn't that imply that the nail that held the Hungry Ghost before was also once a ghost?

A ghost of unknown level, but one that had crashed.

Thus, the saying that only ghosts can deal with ghosts has always been true.

Yet, an even greater mystery appeared.

If the coffin nail was a ghost, then who created it?

Could the nature of other supernatural objects also be ghosts?

But if a crashed ghost could be turned into such special objects, then what about the Talisman Paper, the Ghost Cabinet, and other objects that seemed to possess almost wisdom-like supernatural qualities?

Chapter 437 436 Professor Bai

Under the sunshade.

Wang Xiaoming sat motionless, a dark, diamond-shaped awl placed on the table before him.

As for Yang Jian, he had left.

"He refused?" Li Jun suddenly appeared beside him.

Wang Xiaoming said, "He'll agree. He just needs a little time. Plus, I enjoy dealing with those who refuse me because as they are refusing, they understand the price they must pay and the consequences that will follow. People who are clearly aware of themselves are often more trustworthy than those who impulsively rush at the sight of a slight benefit."

"What we need to do now is wait. I've already given him a subtle hint. He probably wouldn't dare to use that thing anymore. Without his last trump card, his only option is to trade with me, and my stakes are high enough."

"Let's go, there are more important things to deal with. Let Yang Jian be for now. Let him first get through the seven-day training," Wang Xiaoming stood up and said.

At this moment.

Yang Jian walked alone on the road to the training base.

His thoughts were complex.

Because Wang Xiaoming now knew about the existence of the human skin parchment, even though Wang Xiaoming had never seen the parchment, it did not prevent this guy from guessing it, especially since Yang Jian's last suicide attempt by hanging had given him plenty of information.

"He wants the human skin parchment because his research on the Ghost Coffin failed. He must find another method to control fierce ghosts, and my successful case has given him enough confidence. He believes my method is the correct one, and even that fearsome entity capable of suppressing three ghosts with ease, Wang Xiaoming managed to mess it up completely. It just crashed and became a Coffin Nail."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly.

So, should he trade with him?

Yang Jian was all too aware of the special nature of the human skin parchment, and moreover, a terrifying trap had begun to emerge in the recent solution given to bring Tong Qian back to life.

If it hadn't been for his accidental discovery that Tong Qian's identity was that of a ghost, the crying face and smiling face would have already been switched to the ghost, who then would have perfectly controlled it, and the end result would have been a total annihilation.

Even now, thinking about it made Yang Jian feel a shiver of fear.

So, Wang Xiaoming wasn't wrong about certain things; the parchment's solutions are no longer trustworthy.

Although the solution is correct, it hides a trap that you can't detect. Yang Jian didn't dare to gamble that he would be just as lucky next time to see through the trap of the parchment and survive.

Even if he succeeded next time, what about the time after that?

If the trap in the parchment's solution worked even once, Yang Jian would be finished.

"I can't bet on this. Always going all-in, sooner or later I will lose everything, even my life," he lamented, shaking his head helplessly.

In fact.

Yang Jian had another alternative solution. Apart from the human skin parchment, he also possessed the peculiar Ghost Cabinet.

If he bargained with two conditions to ask for the Ghost Cabinet's help, he could solve his own problem as well.

Only, that would come with a definite price, but there would be no traps in the transaction. It just depended on whether you could meet the Ghost Cabinet's demands.

There might be no traps during the transaction process. But what about the outcomes after the transaction?

Once the Ghost Cabinet used Yang Jian to achieve all its objectives, no one could predict what consequences that might bring.

"Be it human skin parchment or the Ghost Cabinet, neither are good things. The slightest carelessness could spell my doom; dealing with ghosts is not that easy," Yang Jian sighed deeply, his voice filled with extreme helplessness.

This helplessness was like light being engulfed by darkness, leaving no hope or road for survival in sight.

Every practitioner who controlled ghosts was just like Yang Jian, groping in this realm of darkness, sharing the path with spectral beings, where one wrong step could lead to irredeemable disaster.

"Young man, don't sigh all the time. Be more positive. There are many beautiful things in this world waiting for you," Zhao Jianguo's voice sounded at that moment. He approached with long strides from behind, a faint smile on his face.

Yang Jian was a little surprised and said, "Weren't you executed by firing squad?"

"..." Zhao Jianguo's smile instantly stiffened.

How does this guy speak?

If you weren't a ghost controller, talking like that in public would definitely get your legs broken.

Too offensive.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I was just let go and now work at the training base, responsible for receiving you guys," Zhao Jianguo said.

"So you went from being the captain of the communications department at the headquarters to a waiter, pretty miserable, huh? Getting used to running errands and serving tea? How's the pay? Is it enough for gas?" Yang Jian asked a string of questions.

Zhao Jianguo wasn't annoyed and just chuckled, "Not bad, it's passable, quite leisurely, and I get to read the newspaper when there's nothing else."

"Reading the newspaper still means there'll be something to do," Yang Jian said.

"Even though you're still the same, to be honest, I'm pretty happy to see you're still alive. How about it? Have you seen Liu Xiaoyu?" Zhao Jianguo asked.

Yang Jian said, "That shorty who likes to dress up as a Lolita?"

"Don't young people all like that style?" Zhao Jianguo said.

"Do you think the word 'like' still exists in my life?" Yang Jian said.

Zhao Jianguo smiled, "You could give it a try, at the very least make a friend; she cares quite a bit about you."

"A lot of people care about me, but not in that way," Yang Jian said. "They're all concerned about whether I'm dead or not."

"Let's not talk about this. The matters of you young people are not something a semi-retired person like me can manage. You're on the wrong path. The first day of training is over there. You should really listen attentively to the first lesson; it could be very enlightening for you, at least help you overcome some of your fear of ghosts," Zhao Jianguo pointed to the right, leading the way, "Follow me, I'll take you there."

"There won't be subjects like math, language, and English, will there?" Yang Jian asked.

"No, just consider it like listening to a story, it's very relaxing," Zhao Jianguo said.

Soon.

Zhao Jianguo brought Yang Jian to a room at the training base.

The room was spacious.

There were about a dozen newcomers sitting there.

Some familiar people were present, such as Zhang Lei, Wang Jiang whom he had seen before at Ping'an Hotel, and some strangers he had never met.

Without a doubt, these people were all ghost handlers.

At the other end of the room was a podium where a mature man with white temples, short hair, a serious expression, and looking full of vigor was lecturing earnestly. The blackboard was filled with some key words such as ghost, history, origin, conjecture, and the like.

"Yang Jian, you're late. Sit over here. Hurry up and listen to Professor Bai's lecture, it's a great theory class," Zhang Lei waved to signal him.

"I should go back to reading the newspaper. Take care of yourself, and try not to cause any trouble."

Zhao Jianguo gave a long and serious reminder, fearing that Yang Jian, the unruly one in a crowd, might stir up trouble.

Yang Jian ignored him and walked into the classroom.

He never thought he would attend a class again after leaving No. 7 Middle School.

Professor Bai on the podium glanced at Yang Jian, who had just come in, but did not say much. Unlike in the past, none of the lecturers would dare to criticize these students, as each and every one of them attending was extraordinary.

"Who is this Professor Bai?" After sitting down, Yang Jian asked in a low voice.

Zhang Lei said, "When he introduced himself earlier, he seemed to say his name was Bai Xuewen. He has been studying the history of various countries since college, especially with a special focus on folklore about gods and spirits. He is a very renowned professor and a great literary figure. Have you ever read 'Strange Tales from a Chinese Studio'?"

"I've seen a bit of it; Nie Xiaoqian has big breasts."

"'Strange Tales from a Chinese Studio' was translated by this professor. Wait, which version have you seen?" Zhang Lei looked at him strangely and continued, "Not only ancient texts, but he has also translated books from other countries. He's said to know at least five languages and is a national treasure. If not for the headquarters, how could we uncultured folks get a chance to listen to a lecture by such a prominent professor?"

Clearly, he held Professor Bai in high esteem.

"Professor Bai mentioned earlier that the historical records of ghosts could be traced back to the origins of human civilization, and since ancient times, our ancestors have had a tradition of worshiping spirits and deities..." Zhang Lei then caught Yang Jian up on the class content from earlier.

"He wants to apply ghost tales to explain the current supernatural events?" Yang Jian asked, a smile forming at the corner of his mouth, "Not a bad cover-up method, starting from history, paired with folk tales from around the world, turning a terrifying and strange occurrence into something that has supposedly already happened in history."

"That way, it can indeed reduce people's fear and help stabilize public mood."

Chapter 438 437: The First Lesson

Yang Jian listened to what Zhang Lei said and, coupled with some of the content of Professor Bai's lecture, roughly understood the intentions of the headquarters.

The emergence of supernatural events was itself abnormal, but as these events continued to occur and more and more people became aware of the existence of ghosts, a reasonable explanation was needed for the entire nation, and even the global community, to alleviate most of their fears. If not to completely overcome the fear, at least to reduce it.

Therefore, a set of arguments that everyone could trust and that had no flaws was needed.

Only in this way would the terror and strangeness of supernatural events be obscured, and the basic global order not collapse.

But to construct a set of lies that everyone could believe, which was undoubtedly a challenge, one could only search from the past, because all people believe in history. Top scholars like Professor Bai aimed to extract portions of this history, then piece them together to form a whole new narrative.

Of course, they also needed to ignore any holes in these stories as much as possible.

Perhaps this narrative would not withstand close scrutiny and consideration, but as long as the propaganda was sufficient, the vast majority of people would come to believe it.

Yang Jian tried to trace back to the past in search of answers but failed, because the answers only existed in the future. As the resurgence of Evil Ghosts continued, the truth would emerge, one revelation at a time, just as today he had learned the truth about the Coffin Nail. Sooner or later, he would understand the truth about ghosts as well. However, he was still quite interested in Professor Bai's unconventional discourse.

Professor Bai continued to lecture from the podium, "Looking at the history of the globe, the term 'ghost' has almost always existed alongside the history of human development. It's just that the name differs slightly in the literature and historical records of various countries. This entity can be called a ghost, a spirit, or an evil spirit, among other such names."

"Of course, the name is not important, is it?"

"And our country's history provides much more detailed accounts of ghosts. No matter the dynasty, the official history, unofficial history, or even folk tales, the occurrence of the word 'ghost' is unavoidable. This shows that there is a historical basis for these beings, and they are not unfounded myths or fabrications."

"You are simply talking nonsense. The ghosts in stories are not the same kind we encounter. The books say ghosts are afraid of Daoist priests and Peach Wood Swords, but do you think the things we encounter would be afraid of that? Why don't you have a Daoist priest stab me with a Peach Wood Sword to try? If he can't kill me, then I'll kill him and see who dies first."

One person, feeling their intelligence insulted by the lecture, stood up in annoyance and said.

Twisting horrific supernatural events into such interpretations, what then were they themselves?

Were they nothing more than worthless, less substantial than even a piece of wood?

"You may sit down. This is merely my personal opinion; you don't have to take it seriously. I am simply expressing my point of view, and I hope you'll continue to listen patiently," said Professor Bai, who did not take offense but simply beckoned the person to sit down.

Yang Jian's expression remained calm; he thought that person was too hot-tempered, very unsteady.

This lecture was clearly designed to eliminate most people's fear of ghosts, uncovering the identity of ghosts from a historical and literary perspective, rendering the unknown fear less frightening.

Treat this class as a session for psychological comfort; there's no need to get agitated over this.

Professor Bai continued the lecture, starting from the origins of human history, addressing stories of the supernatural from various dynasties, all of which were clearly recorded and could be researched—they were deliberately chosen as material.

Some people were skeptical, some were drowsy and close to sleeping, while others simply played with their phones.

If this group were a class of students, they could all be labeled underachievers—not a single one would pass if there were a test.

"Oh yes, speaking of the current profession of international ghost tamers, this too is something that can withstand historical scrutiny. It is an occupation that has existed since ancient times, not a mere fabrication. It's just that the name varied with the times, so everyone's understanding is also different. The things you believe don't exist often reveal themselves when you follow the footsteps of history to discover a hint of evidence," said Professor Bai.

Picking up a piece of chalk, Professor Bai turned and began to write on the board while speaking, "The duty of international ghost tamers is to manage the supernatural events of a city, protecting the city's residents from harm by Evil Ghosts. This position actually appeared in ancient times too, it's just that it wasn't called 'international ghost tamers' back then. At that time, they were called... City Gods."

"The duty of the City God is to capture Evil Ghosts and protect the people, isn't that very similar to your nature?"

Professor Bai turned around, the two vigorous characters on the blackboard behind him were sharp and eye-catching: City God.

Upon seeing the word, Yang Jian's brows knitted slightly.

International ghost hunters... City God.

The two indeed had much in common, almost as if they were products of different eras with essentially the same nature.

"You've brought up the City God, why not invite the Tathagata Buddha to catch ghosts instead? We wouldn't need these ghost hunters then. Just burn some incense and kowtow a few times in a temple, and the supernatural incidents would be resolved."

The man who had just sat down flared up with annoyance. "How dare you bring up such heretical nonsense to lecture us?"

Professor Bai did not get angry; he just smiled.

"Hey, can you keep it down a bit? Don't fart around, farting around," Zhang Lei said, his face stiff as he turned and warned the man.

"Did I speak to you? Or could it be that you also agree with this heretical nonsense? Do you burn incense and pray to the gods and Buddhas for protection when you go on a mission?" The man snorted coldly, "We all know very well what we're actually facing. Bringing up this stuff is an insult to me."

"I survived through sheer difficulty, facing such terrifying things to get where I am now, and it wasn't by the grace of gods or Buddhas."

"No one is forcing you to accept any of this. I just hope you could show a little respect for Professor Bai and others. This is a training base, not some street market outside; don't just curse at people, no one here caters to your temper," Zhang Lei said in a stern voice.

"Alright, alright, let's all calm down. It's not a big deal. Let's just treat it as a story. No need to argue. If my lecture is wrong, it's normal to curse a bit since misleading the youth indeed deserves to be cursed," Professor Bai tried to calm things down, still very amicable and without a hint of anger.

"It's quite an interesting theory, Professor Bai. Please continue your lecture. If anyone dares to disturb again, I won't mind throwing that person out," Yang Jian said, indicating with a wave of his hand that he was quite interested in continuing the lecture.

"Who's so arrogant to throw me out?" the man barked.

Yang Jian turned his head to look at him, "I am that arrogant. If you don't keep quiet, I won't let you live to take office."

The man was momentarily stunned upon seeing Yang Jian, and although he wanted to retort, he immediately stopped himself.

That man was... Ghost Eye Yang Jian.

Someone not to be offended.

Swallowing his pride, he sat down obediently.

In this group, there was a consensus; oppose anyone but never Yang Jian, as they were not on the same level as him.

As soon as Yang Jian spoke, the classroom immediately fell silent, not a single person dared to chatter any further.

"Professor Bai, please continue," Yang Jian said.

Professor Bai smiled with a hint of gratitude, then proceeded with his lecture.

Chapter 439 438: The Horror of Completed Gestation

Yang Jian of course knew that Professor Bai was spouting nonsense. Once these literary masters start to bluff, they can disorient you to the point where you can't find north, and every sentence they utter is grounded and evidenced, leaving you unable to find a reason to rebut, because quite simply, he has read more books than you, and you cannot win a debate against him.

Except for some hot-tempered old guys who like to jump up and fart about it.

But Yang Jian understood more clearly that the real purpose of this rhetoric was actually to cover up a part of the truth, to make people able to accept the present appearance of malevolent spirits, and at the same time, not to completely despair.

This was beneficial for ordinary people.

It was also beneficial for the stability of the global order.

Therefore, Yang Jian was very interested in what kind of story Professor Bai, brought in by headquarters to lecture, had prepared to convince everyone.

"Perhaps my view won't be accepted by the majority, which is normal. Just with a mouth and the citing of stories from the past and present, it's indeed insufficient to convince people. Please look at this photograph."

Professor Bai continued the lecture, and after a while, he switched on the projector next to the lectern and displayed a few prepared images.

The pictures showed ancient coffins of foreign pharaohs.

"When you see these pharaohs' gold coffins, do any of you think of anything?"

Professor Bai said, "A coffin needs to be made of gold, and a special pyramid constructed to safeguard it. It may be a custom for ancient kings to build opulent tombs on a grand scale, but from a certain special angle, perhaps they didn't just build these tombs and fashion gold coffins as a mere cultural burial tradition of their time but for a much more significant purpose."

"To imprison malevolent spirits?" A student called Wang Jiang, who was among the listeners, asked with a somewhat grave tone.

Professor Bai laughed, "I wouldn't exclude that possibility."

While Yang Jian continued to attend the lecture.

On another side.

About ten kilometers away from the training base, there was a special research facility.

This research facility was built especially for Wang Xiaoming.

The previous conversation, though it did not quite allow Wang Xiaoming to achieve his objective, did help him define the direction of his research going forward.

Although he abandoned the attempt to use the Ghost Coffin to create malevolent spirits, the new direction he pursued was still highly feasible, and the experiment had already succeeded.

But it wasn't enough.

Although Wang Xiaoming had successfully created a Coffin Nail, it was only owing to many trials during the experiment and was still not perfect; it had flaws.

This was not acceptable.

He had to do better, so he needed to start from the source.

Human skin paper was Wang Xiaoming's goal.

A spirit suspected to know a great deal of information.

It doesn't matter whether that thing was a ghost or something else. He only wanted the information within, which was of great value to him.

After entering the research facility, Wang Xiaoming, as usual, went to his working area.

"The Ghost Coffin experiment has already failed. Let's seal up this thing. Its potential danger is significant, and it should not be studied further." Wang Xiaoming stood in front of a special golden glass,

In a small room in front of him, there was a coffin.

Red paint was applied to the somewhat aged coffin wood, and under the dim light, it appeared eerily enchanting. Despite the lid of the heavy coffin not sheltering any corpse, the feeling it gave off was extremely gloomy and uneasy, as if something inside was gestating.

This was an unknown terror.

Wang Xiaoming had been studying the item for quite some time, and to be honest, he hadn't unearthed all of the secrets of the Ghost Coffin.

It wasn't that he lacked the intellect, rather there were certain dangerous experiments he dared not attempt.

"I'll notify the relevant personnel immediately to remove this Ghost Coffin," said Li Jun, who was standing by.

He didn't care much about the coffin because basically no supernatural occurrences would happen once the lid of the Ghost Coffin was in place.

"Wait," Wang Xiaoming frowned suddenly after staring at the Ghost Coffin for a moment.

"What's wrong? Is there a problem?" asked Li Jun.

Wang Xiaoming replied gravely, "The position of the lid isn't right... The Ghost Coffin has been opened."

"What?"

Li Jun's face changed drastically upon hearing this, "That's impossible, everyone knows the risks associated with this thing, who would touch it?"

"Perhaps it wasn't opened from the outside, perhaps it was from the inside," Wang Xiaoming suggested, his brows furrowed. "I had speculated before that if the Ghost Coffin is meant to nurture a ghost, what if the ghost has fully developed? Would it stay inside the coffin?"

"But wasn't the ghost that occupied the Ghost Coffin turned into Coffin Nails?" Li Jun said with a sudden look of horror; "Wait, that failed experiment with the violent ghost..."

Instantly, he turned and bellowed, "Sound the alarm, everyone evacuate the lab."

"Where is it? If there are signs that the Ghost Coffin was opened, then where is it?" Li Jun quickly asked afterwards, "There's no sign of any eerie presence where the Ghost Coffin was placed."

Wang Xiaoming's gaze shifted subtly as he looked through the glass at the scene inside the laboratory behind.

Li Jun noticed his small movement and immediately realized something, a cold sweat breaking out on his back. The lab behind was eerily quiet; he had clearly ordered an evacuation and to sound the alarm, yet there had been no reaction thus far.

Which means there was only one possibility.

The ghost was inside the laboratory.

"Damn it," cursed Li Jun as he whipped around, then proceeded to shield Wang Xiaoming in front of him.

At this moment, several lab workers stood still, all tilting their heads slightly towards Li Jun and Wang Xiaoming, their eyes dull and lifeless, devoid of any spirit as if they had long since passed away.

The surrounding lights were bright, yet the atmosphere felt suffocatingly eerie.

Having realized the grave nature of the situation, Li Jun hurriedly took out a red Ghost Candle from his person and quickly lit it, then began to pull Wang Xiaoming away to leave.

However, as soon as the Ghost Candle was lit,

a sinister green flame burned fiercely.

And the Ghost Candle in Li Jun's hand was consumed at an unbelievable rate.

In just five seconds, half of the Ghost Candle had burned away.

"We can't get out, Li Jun. Seal the lab. With the lab's safety level, the ghost should only have infiltrated the area where I work, it can't affect the outside. Besides, I caused this, I should handle the consequences," Wang Xiaoming said calmly, as if he had prepared himself for whatever was to come.

"No, we can use Ghost Domain to get out," Li Jun said, his forehead now drenched in sweat, the Ghost Candle in his hand reduced to less than half.

Wang Xiaoming replied, "If you can leave using the Ghost Domain, so can that thing. I'm very familiar with the terror of that thing."

Chapter 440 439: Sudden Arrival of Darkness

The training base had a very tight schedule.

Yang Jian had just finished listening to a lecture by Professor Bai and hadn't even warmed his seat before a training instructor dragged him to the shooting range for firearms practice and the use of some basic weapons.

Proficiency wasn't expected, but knowing how to use them was.

After all, many people had never touched a firearm in their lives, yet once on duty, they would all be issued guns, so this type of training was indeed important.

By evening, some people were already exhausted.

But this was only the first day. Tomorrow's schedule would be just as packed, but the training wasn't much use to Yang Jian. For newcomers, however, it was vital, quickly transforming an ordinary person into a ghost handler with some professional knowledge and skills on the international stage.

Although it felt like being rushed into things, during such special times, one couldn't ask for much more.

"Yang Jian, aren't you going to rest?" Zhang Lei watched Yang Jian mechanically reload, holding a handgun in one hand on the shooting range.

With a series of gunshots, his arm didn't tremble at all, all bullets hitting the bullseye of the distant target.

"Since I'm here, I might as well make the most of it. I can rest anytime."

Yang Jian glanced at the two boxes of bullets beside him: "I plan to shoot the pistol until dawn. Are you interested in joining me?"

Unlimited bullet supply was available, as long as you had the stamina and focus, every trainee could continue practicing here non-stop.

"I'm not too interested in this. This kind of training doesn't do much for handling supernatural incidents. I'm more concerned about the theories Professor Bai discussed earlier," Zhang Lei said, putting down his handgun and walking over.

Yang Jian replied, "Indeed, it's a fascinating and well-rounded theory. I think it could be promoted at the right time, but I don't know what role we, people like us, will play in this terrifying and desperate world, or whether we'll even live to see that time."

"No matter how interesting a theory is, it can't change the harsh truth. We have to face what's coming, so there's no need to worry too much about it."

"How long do you think you can survive in your current state?"

Suddenly, he paused, looking at him.

Zhang Lei fell silent for a moment and then said, "If I can't control a second ghost, probably no more than two months. Fortunately, headquarters agreed to give me a spot to try controlling a second ghost."

"Indeed, that's a gamble," Yang Jian said.

Because controlling two ghosts with headquarters' plan wasn't guaranteed to succeed. The success rate had slightly increased but was only about fifty percent and was difficult to improve further.

If the attempt failed, it would lead to ghost resurrection.

However, during the attempt, every precaution would be taken to ensure it wouldn't result in a terrible supernatural event.

"Then you continue training. I won't disturb you anymore."

Zhang Lei saw Yang Jian focused on training and didn't want to bother him. He was tired and needed to go back to the dorm to rest.

Yang Jian wasn't focused on training.

Although he was continuously practicing his marksmanship, his thoughts were elsewhere.

Zhang Lei's situation was grim, and so was his own.

Moreover, unlike Zhang Lei, Yang Jian had already controlled two ghosts, and had caused one to crash. This meant overcoming a ghost resurrection would be even more complex. He would need to counteract the instinctual influence of the Headless Ghost Shadow and suppress the imminent Ghost Eye Resurrection.

If he made any mistake, Yang Jian would die on the spot.

Either controlled by the Headless Ghost or killed by the Ghost Eye Resurrection.

"An imperfect resurrection harbors traps? Wang Xiaoming's words make sense. Since the moment I used the human skin paper method for resurrection, I've been manipulated, stepping into a trap."

Yang Jian's expression darkened. The gunfire from his pistol lit up but did nothing to alleviate the pressure in his heart.

"Either continue with the human skin paper's plan or reject it. But if I do reject it, there's almost no chance of another solution for my current predicament, especially after Wang Xiaoming's experiment failed."

Using the Ghost Coffin to turn humans into fierce ghosts would be earth-shattering if the experiment succeeded.

Wang Xiaoming, with the wisdom of a regular person, had indeed come far.

It was a pity he failed.

This failure also blocked one path for Yang Jian.

And the remaining plan involving the human skin paper was also shrouded in a dark cloud after Tong Qian's Ghost Face incident.

The plan with human skin paper could no longer be used.

Even if it were truly effective, no one could ascertain what kind of dreadful trap was hidden within. Stepping on it would mean death for Yang Jian, and the plan didn't have a hundred percent success rate either.

Concerned about both the trap and the failure rate, Yang Jian no longer dared to gamble.

"With no hope from either the human skin paper or Wang Xiaoming, the only remaining option is the Ghost Cabinet," he said, his gaze shifting as he inserted a new magazine and shot after shot rang out, sparks flying under the dim sky.

"But my deal with the Ghost Cabinet isn't settled yet. The Ghost Cabinet wants me to find the person in that photo, presumably the Dried Corpse Bride. But I can't pin down the Dried Corpse Bride's location. Last time on that eerie bus, all the ghosts got off, and so did the Dried Corpse Bride."

"Afterward, the Dried Corpse Bride killed that male passenger named Zhang Haw and then I managed to shake her off by getting back on the bus. Now, no one knows the actual location of this cursed thing,"

Yang Jian recalled that eerie place.

It was certainly not within the country, nor was it abroad; that indescribably terrible place did not exist in the world at all.

It was akin to a Supernatural Space.

But you can't simply write "it's somewhere" on the Ghost Cabinet.

The Ghost Cabinet certainly isn't that easy to trick.

Yang Jian had experimented; that thing is also an inexplicable object of strangeness, its demands must be met with precision and truth. If you try to be slick, things might turn sour and it could unleash ghosts to chase after you.

If you don't make amends in time, there's a good possibility you'll be killed by a ghost released by the Ghost Cabinet.

"Wait, I don't know the Dried Corpse Bride's whereabouts, but the people skin paper should, and although the survival strategy it provides me may have traps, it would certainly not include one regarding the bride's location. Even if there were traps, I'm not afraid as I have no intention of making contact with the Dried Corpse Bride,"

Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly.

In his mind, he momentarily conceived of a plan to resolve his problem.

By using the information revealed through the people skin paper, he could fulfill the Ghost Cabinet's demands and then propose his own after completing the transaction.

For example, asking the Ghost Cabinet to help him handle the issue of the Ghost Eye Resurrection.

"No, that won't do."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered slightly, "Asking the Ghost Cabinet directly to solve my problem would cost a great deal, and although the Ghost Cabinet might do it for me, the next demand it makes could be so dreadful that I cannot fulfill it. If I can't refuse, I might have only death left."

He had to plan for his future; he couldn't just focus on succeeding this one transaction and neglect what comes after because he couldn't guarantee he wouldn't encounter more problems with his body.

"The original owner of that ancient mansion left the Ghost Cabinet and locked it in the second room for a reason, and the warning he left behind—you will have everything and yet lose everything—was because he was worried I wouldn't be able to control my desires. The transactions with the Ghost Cabinet could escalate quickly and eventually cut off my hope for survival."

As he continued to fire his gun, Yang Jian felt the plan in his mind became increasingly clearer.

It was unfortunate that he didn't have a trusted person with a clever enough mind nearby to analyze and confer with; otherwise, he wouldn't have to figure out these ghostly patterns by himself.

Yang Jian believed that transactions with the Ghost Cabinet started small and gradually increased. This time, the Ghost Cabinet only asked him to find the location of the Dried Corpse Bride, but next time it could be something else entirely.

Therefore, he couldn't raise the level of transactions too high from the start. He had to grasp the proper measure; otherwise, if it went beyond his capabilities, he would be on a path to death.

"If I want the Ghost Cabinet to bring me the greatest benefit with the smallest price, there's only one way,"

Yang Jian's bullets ran out, but he froze on the spot, his arm still half-raised and not lowered.

"I'll let the people skin paper draft a survival strategy for me, then hand it over to the Ghost Cabinet for revision. This way, perhaps the traps in the strategy can be dismantled, and if it's just revision, the price should be bearable."

"Right, that's the plan,"

With that thought, his eyes suddenly brightened and the oppression in his heart dissipated significantly.

Since these ghostly things are all so fiendish, let them fight against each other.

Exploit the Ghost Cabinet to make up for the shortcomings of the people skin paper.

"In that case, let's try the first step and see if the people skin paper can determine the Dried Corpse Bride's location," Yang Jian put down the gun and took out a golden box from the luggage beside him.

This was the box that contained the people skin paper.

Even though holding the people skin paper usually wasn't an issue, Yang Jian still didn't feel assured, treating it as if it was a malevolent ghost and locking it away.

But just as Yang Jian was about to open the box,

Outside the training base, an inexplicable and creepy darkness started to creep over silently.

First, the lights at the base's guardhouse went out, followed by the nearby buildings falling into a deathly stillness, quickly swallowed by darkness. From the dormitories, panicked voices of those who control ghosts could be heard, yet soon after, the spotlight on the shooting range dimmed greatly.

The surrounding environment also mysteriously became chilly.

However, Yang Jian's attention was entirely on the people skin paper in his hands, and he didn't notice the anomaly happening in the distance.

As usual, a sentence emerged on the people skin paper: "My name is Yang Jian, and by the time you read this, I will have been dead..."

Before the sentence could be finished, it disappeared, followed by the appearance of an ominous large character that filled the people skin paper.

"Ghost!"

"Hmm?" Yang Jian's brow immediately furrowed, and he vaguely felt a strange agitation inside his body where the Ghost Eye was.

This was a very bad sensation, usually signifying one of two things.

Either the Ghost Eye was about to resurrect, or... something was amiss in the surroundings.