

Revival 451

Chapter 451 450 Person in the Dark

The fourth floor had arrived.

Yang Jian, Wang Jiang, Huang Ziya, and the others had walked all the way up from outside the dormitory building, advancing in the dark for some time until they finally reached the most frightening floor of all.

Because the ghost was on this floor.

Besides, there were at least two ghost controllers who had also gotten lost on this floor.

What Yang Jian had to do was to find them before they were killed by the ghost and regroup, increasing the number of ghosts on his side, thereby preventing the group from being isolated and surviving this fierce ghost attack, and then figure out a way to leave this place.

The plan was simple, but executing it was fraught with danger.

If the ghost set its sights on them, or if it had already killed the remaining ghost controllers on the fourth floor, then Yang Jian and his party were no different from marching towards death.

"Everyone, stay quiet and do not let go of each other's hands or run off on your own. Unless I speak personally, don't panic even if a ghost appears right beside you. Just do as I say, and I'm confident I can get us through the first attack alive," Yang Jian spoke with a very serious tone.

Considering that the ghost was wandering on this floor, he felt compelled to warn them again.

"Don't worry, we know what to do," Wang Jiang said through gritted teeth, suppressing his voice.

"Yang Jian, I'll follow your command. It's the only chance we have to survive," Huang Ziya said nervously.

"Let's hope everything goes smoothly without any mishaps."

Yang Jian said, "Since everyone is ready, follow me."

With that, he no longer hesitated and immediately walked quickly along the corridor of the balcony.

In front of him was pitch darkness and his ghost eye could not see everything around him clearly. It was only slightly better than an ordinary person's vision – he could see clearly within five meters.

He had considered using Ghost Domain, but his condition no longer allowed it.

Forcibly activating the fourth level of Ghost Domain had brought the already recovering ghost eye close to a critical point. If the balance broke, even the "Headless Ghost Shadow," which was out of order, wouldn't be able to help him much.

It could be said that Yang Jian's ghost revival had reached its limit sooner than expected.

But the one difference he had from others was that even if the ghost eye was reaching its limit, he could still unrestrainedly use the abilities of the Headless Ghost Shadow without being utterly powerless.

They continued to move forward.

The darkness ahead was deeply terrifying, and although the real ghost was on this floor, his pace hadn't slowed down; on the contrary, he moved faster than before.

They had to find the others faster than the ghost.

They hadn't gone far.

Yang Jian saw a twisted, mangled corpse lying on the balcony of the corridor, blood flowing from the carcass, staining the floor red.

The blood had not yet congealed, and was even emitting wisps of warmth.

"So the blood dripping down to the lower floor earlier was because of this?" Yang Jian took a deep look.

If he was not mistaken, the ghost within this ghost controller's body had already been taken by the ghost in the Ghost Coffin.

Just like the situation in Huanggang Village before.

It did not need your body, only the ghost inside you.

Was it also completing its own body puzzle?

Or did this ghost need to capture other ghosts to continue growing, like the Hungry Ghost, eventually becoming an absolute terrifying nightmare existence?

Ignoring the corpse.

Yang Jian still walked forward quickly.

The people behind him followed silently, knowing all too well that they had no other choice. They could either rally enough numbers to survive, or they would be targeted by the ghost and die miserably in this dormitory building.

No one thought of running away.

Because staying offered a glimmer of hope, while running away was certain death.

The corridor engrossed in darkness echoed with the hurried footsteps of Yang Jian and his party.

"Where are they? Where are the others?"

Time ticked away gradually and an anxious look appeared on Yang Jian's face. He walked to the end of the corridor, searched around another stairway, but did not find any ghost controllers lingering on this floor.

Meaning, they were lost somewhere unknown on this floor.

This increased the difficulty of Yang Jian's search.

To delve further into this floor meant there was a significantly greater chance of running into that ghost. Even if Yang Jian had some resources in his hands that could barely protect him, the level of danger remained extremely high.

"Ah!"

However, at this moment, another pitiful and despairing scream echoed from the nearby darkness, very close to the group.

The sound had barely resonated a few times before it abruptly ceased, clearly indicating that the person who screamed had lost their life.

"What? Did someone just scream terribly?"

"I heard it too. This is bad, the ghost has killed another ghost controller."

"My God, we're done for at this rate."

Although the scream didn't happen to them directly, it extinguished their hopes of survival by proxy, filling them with dread.

"Don't panic and follow me, quickly."

Yang Jian's body trembled upon hearing the scream, and without hesitation, he turned around and delved deeper into the floor, simultaneously distancing from the location of the scream.

He was gambling.

Gambling that the survivors would leave via the safe stairway on the north side.

Since he had come up from the southern passageway and had not encountered anyone when he reached the eastern corridor, and the recent scream had come from the northeast, there was only one place for the survivors to go if they were smart.

Meanwhile, the appearance of the scream, albeit signaling the death of a ghost controller, indirectly revealed the true location of the ghost.

This was an opportunity.

Yang Jian would not miss this sudden precious chance.

"Everyone, pick up the pace. Don't fall behind." Yang Jian's gaze flickered, and he nearly started to run.

Being able to see clearly about five meters ahead gave him some advantage; he wouldn't get lost in the darkness and knew when to turn and when to slow down, thus avoiding moving forward blindly.

The others were too tense to speak and began to run after Yang Jian, each of them holding onto another, not daring to let go of each other's hands.

As he ran, Yang Jian kept observing his surroundings.

According to his deduction, there should be one more person left alive. If that person had heard the recent scream, they definitely would not choose to stay on this floor but would attempt to leave.

They might encounter that person along the road.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian slowed his pace.

He now widened his eyes, as a human silhouette appeared in the darkness about five meters ahead.

Due to the distance, he couldn't see what the silhouette looked like, only that it should be a person... or perhaps a ghost.

"Yang Jian, what's wrong?" the sudden stop puzzled the people behind him, who asked in a hurry.

"There seems to be someone ahead," Yang Jian whispered.

Seems to be someone?

Isn't that a good thing? Why stop?

Then, a jolt went through everyone's mind as they instantly grasped the implication of Yang Jian's statement that there seemed to be someone.

"Couldn't it have found us so quickly?" Wan Jiang said, his voice trembling.

"It's not confirmed. I need to get closer to make sure," Yang Jian said gravely and then continued to approach slowly.

In his hand, he held the Ghost Candle, ready to light it if the situation turned dire.

No, perhaps he should light the Ghost Candle beforehand just in case. If it's a person, they can meet up directly; if it's a ghost, then they should turn tail and run now.

His group absolutely cannot be the first to be targeted; otherwise, any reduction in their numbers, and they would certainly lose this match against the fierce ghost.

"Yang Jian, there's a message from headquarters,"

However, just at that moment, the girl named Huang Ziya, nervous, spoke up, "Headquarters says Zhang Lei is still alive, on the fourth floor. He's lost his way. Moreover, headquarters says the number of ghosts with Zhang Lei is not one but three; because Zhang Lei had previously devoured two ghosts, that's why when they encountered the ghost earlier, they weren't immediately attacked but suffered casualties after getting separated."

"What?" The first to be shocked by this news wasn't Yang Jian, but Wang Jiang behind him.

He had previously been with Zhang Lei and barely managed to escape down to meet up with Yang Jian. Had they known this, they would not have left earlier.

They could have slowly made their way down from the fourth floor and successfully gathered together.

However, one panicked move had resulted in everyone being in a vulnerable state, alone.

Chapter 452 451 Gathering Together

"Zhang Lei is still alive? This is indeed good news, but it's also bad news."

Yang Jian let out a sigh of relief upon hearing the news, but he also cautiously moved closer to the silhouette in the darkness ahead.

If Zhang Lei was still alive, then the shadow in the darkness ahead was very likely to be Zhang Lei, rather than a ghost.

"Huff!"

Without any more hesitation, he lit the Ghost Candle.

Unable to afford a loss, at this critical juncture, he absolutely could not continue to gamble. Yang Jian needed to eliminate the last possibility of a ghost's presence to successfully meet up with Zhang Lei and carry out their action plan.

The eerie green flame flickered, driving away the surrounding darkness, with the light illuminating everything around.

This sudden brightness caused the few people behind him to be unable to adapt instantly, shielding their eyes.

"Something's very wrong."

Yang Jian clenched the Ghost Candle tightly in his hand, noticing the flame expanding in an unreasonable way before burning fiercely. Moreover, the candle burned at an alarmingly fast rate.

The virtually unused Ghost Candle was visibly diminishing.

For someone who had used the Ghost Candle multiple times, this was a terrifying signal.

A ghost was nearby.

So... the figure ahead was a ghost?

Yang Jian's steps froze at that moment, ready to turn tail and run, but then Huang Ziya excitedly conveyed a piece of news: "I just located Zhang Lei's position. He's near us."

"What?"

Yang Jian was stunned upon hearing this.

How could this be possible?

Grabbing his satellite positioning phone, he glanced at it.

Indeed, a signal source coincided with his current location.

Does this mean the person ahead is Zhang Lei?

But it made no sense.

The Ghost Candle continued to burn furiously, a clear indicator of a nearby ghost, and there was no mistake about it.

Now, was the human silhouette ahead a person, or a ghost?

"Damn it." Yang Jian gritted his teeth, not choosing to turn back, but instead continued forward.

He had to determine whether the human silhouette ahead was really Zhang Lei or not, for missing this chance would mean there would be no hope of turning the tables.

Zhang Lei had three ghosts with him.

Once killed by a ghost, those assembled with Yang Jian would have no hope of surviving.

Because if he couldn't meet up with Zhang Lei, it was certain death for him.

Yet, as he drew closer to the human silhouette ahead, the Ghost Candle in Yang Jian's hand burned even more fiercely.

The signal seemed to be warning him that the figure ahead was a ghost, not a person at all.

But the signal source proved that Zhang Lei was indeed here.

To believe in the Ghost Candle, or the signal source, or his own judgment?

Yang Jian himself was not sure.

All he knew was that he was getting closer and closer to the human silhouette ahead, and he would soon be able to see it within his field of vision.

But at the same time, the Ghost Candle in his hand also burned more and more fiercely, only half of it remained, and the speed of this burning was accelerating. If there was a ghost ahead, the Ghost Candle wouldn't last long enough for them to escape—fate had all but sealed that they would be annihilated right here.

Unsolvable-level paranormal events are that cruel—make one wrong move, and you're beyond redemption.

Just as Yang Jian was at the limit of his distance, about to confirm the appearance of the human silhouette ahead.

A terrifying scene occurred.

Within the darkness ahead, another human silhouette appeared, swiftly walking in this direction, its outline becoming clearer and clearer.

Two people emerging from the darkness?

At that moment, Yang Jian felt a stinging in his hand as the Ghost Candle burned even more intensely, a burning rate that wouldn't even last five seconds.

Half a Ghost Candle unable to last five seconds of burning time—that was an unprecedented horror. Even when he faced the Hungry Ghost, the Ghost Candle could at least last a minute or two.

"Damn it."

Yang Jian's eyes suddenly widened as he dashed forward.

The appearance of the second silhouette and the Ghost Candle's intense burning nearly told him the result.

The first silhouette was Zhang Lei, and the second was a ghost.

Only the speed of the Ghost Candle's burning had misled him, making him think the figure ahead was a ghost, which was why the Ghost Candle was burning so furiously. Little did he know that the real ghost, when it approached, would not just cause the Ghost Candle to burn intensely; it would be consumed in an instant.

This was a misjudgment based on experience.

As Yang Jian ran, he was getting closer to Zhang Lei ahead.

But Zhang Lei, unaware, kept moving forward.

And before him, the ghostly figure was approaching rapidly.

"Zhang Lei, stop moving forward, turn back," Yang Jian tried to call out.

The darkness isolated his voice; the ghost was disrupting everything around.

Zhang Lei in front hadn't heard at all; he was still groping his way forward, heading straight for the ghost.

"This unlucky guy," Yang Jian gritted his teeth but did not stop.

The distance was quickly closing in.

Zhang Lei, who was moving forward in the dark, obviously couldn't walk fast enough and was now caught up to by Yang Jian.

Within five meters, Yang Jian could see Zhang Lei in his field of vision.

He was cautiously moving forward with one hand touching the wall.

The light from the Ghost Candle couldn't reach Zhang Lei's position, so close yet he was unaware of the person behind him.

However, in front of Zhang Lei.

A rigid human silhouette hidden in the darkness stood before Zhang Lei; from within the dark, a pair of stiff, cold hands slowly extended toward him.

These hands, Yang Jian recognized.

The same entity that had snatched the human skin paper from him at the shooting range before.

And now, the ghost had chosen to attack Zhang Lei.

"Not within the judging distance, huh?" Yang Jian's pupils constricted. Although he was getting closer, the ghost's movements still didn't stop.

A room-sized judging range, this distance was not five meters, but within three meters.

Plunged into darkness, Zhang Lei was still unaware of what was happening around him; he only knew that a scream came out of the darkness earlier, which made him realize another Ghost Master had been killed. Therefore, he must escape from where the sound came as fast as he could.

Without hesitation, he ran in the opposite direction and left the dormitory building through the stairs.

Meeting at the planned location was already unlikely; what Zhang Lei needed to do was ensure his own survival first. Perhaps during the escape, he could manage to join with Yang Jian.

This was his only chance to survive.

At this moment, Zhang Lei, advancing quickly in the dark, also checked Yang Jian's location using his satellite-positioning phone.

He saw that Yang Jian's signal had overlapped with his own.

However, there was a certain degree of error in the signal's location; he couldn't accurately figure out where Yang Jian was.

In the dark, even if two people were a meter apart, they could miss each other.

Zhang Lei hesitated for a moment, unsure whether to keep moving forward or to linger in the spot, searching for Yang Jian's trace.

But during his moment of hesitation.

An icy, rigid hand suddenly landed on his shoulder from within the dark, the coldness seeping through his clothes, igniting the fear in his heart and causing his already tense heart to halt suddenly.

The most feared, the most worrying thing had happened.

The ghost had found him.

It was over.

With no thoughts left, only despair and a fatalistic fear remained.

Zhang Lei was already very clear about this ghost's patterns and abilities—overwhelming other ghosts with its brute strength, certain death if isolated, and it also had the capacity to grow.

Now, how many ghosts could this one suppress? Five, or six?

Not knowing the exact number, but Zhang Lei was clear that whether it was five or six, he couldn't resist.

However, despair and hope arrived at that same moment.

Suddenly, the surrounding darkness dissipated.

A sinister green light enveloped everything around.

"Zhang Lei, what are you dazing about for, come with me now," Yang Jian's voice came from behind; he growled and grabbed Zhang Lei's arm and dragged him back.

"Yang Jian?" He glanced back subconsciously, but a glimpse of what was in front of him sent chills down his spine.

A person with a deathly black face stood rigid in front of him like a stiff corpse, exuding an aura of death and despair. The clothes on the body seemed rotten as if buried in soil and turned black, but one could faintly recognize that it should be the standard uniform of an international Ghost Master.

However, this was a real ghost.

Cultivated from within the Ghost Coffin, known as the terror-inducing Ghost Envoy.

Before Zhang Lei could take a good look at all the features of the ghost in front or even see the suddenly appearing Yang Jian behind him.

The sinister green light vanished, and darkness once again swept over, engulfing everyone.

But in that instant, Yang Jian pulled him free from that icy grasp.

The Ghost Candle had burnt out.

But they had managed to regroup.

"Let's go."

Yang Jian growled again, pulling Zhang Lei to turn and run with the others.

Chapter 453 452 Temporary Safety

In the darkness, a series of urgent footsteps and panting echoes resonated as Yang Jian pulled Zhang Lei along, leading the others quickly away.

Away from that ghastly figure shrouded in deathly blackness, standing before them.

That was true terror.

Moreover, reckless contact would bring unexpected changes; even the rules of how fierce ghosts killed could be altered.

"Has it not followed us?" As they fled, Yang Jian used his ghost eye to glance back.

The ghost had not caught up.

This was not due to the ghost's mercy, nor was it the effect of the Ghost Candle, much less good luck on their part. It was because after Yang Jian and Zhang Lei reconvened, the number of ghosts changed. At this moment, the condition of being alone was no longer satisfied, and they would be safe for a while.

Until the number was broken again, or the ghost underwent some kind of unforeseen ghastly change.

They ran without stopping.

Yang Jian didn't even plan to stay in the dormitory building anymore, as there was no need.

He had searched from the first floor upward, and except for not going to the fifth floor, he had been everywhere else. So, there should be only them left in the entire dormitory—the rest either dead or scattered near the training base.

But now was not the time to think about that; the most urgent thing was to get far away from that ghost, and then consider their next move.

The group was silent, focused only on running.

After a while, they stopped at a playground within the training base.

Those who were physically exhausted gasped for air. The running driven by fear consumed a great deal of stamina. Though they were ghost controllers, their bodies were still ordinary, and not everyone had the abnormal strength that Yang Jian did.

"Ha, hahaha, we're not dead, we've survived," Wang Jiang laughed in relief as the terror began to fade, overjoyed to have escaped death.

Facing such a level of ghost, what should have been certain death turned into living on.

It was a miracle.

"Yang Jian, thank you so much. If you hadn't arrived in time, I'd already be dead," Zhang Lei said, also grateful for surviving the ordeal. The darkness nearby had lessened, and he could barely make out their surroundings as he thanked Yang Jian.

"Yeah, if it wasn't for your actions, Yang Jian, we would surely have all been killed," Huang Ziya nodded in agreement.

"Celebrating now is too premature. This is just the first step to success, but the danger is not over. We are still within that ghost's Ghost Domain, and this Ghost Domain is different from others—it's a terrifying place that can't be left simply by walking out," Yang Jian said gravely, his face tense. Although he had breathed a sigh of relief, the situation remained grim.

"If we don't find a way to leave here soon, we will still end up dead."

"You're right. But for now, we should be safe, right?" Zhang Ley asked.

Yang Jian explained, "Currently, there are five of us, making up a total of eight ghosts. If I haven't miscalculated, the maximum number of ghosts this one can suppress should be six or seven. But don't forget, there are more ghost controllers than just us remaining; some haven't been killed by the ghost and are scattered around this training base."

"So the ghost will continue to choose to kill and grow. If it kills about three more ghost controllers, we could become targets again, so there's no time for rest. We must find the others and regroup within this period."

Yang Jian analyzed the situation, comparing the numbers on both sides.

They had an advantage, but it was not significant.

"You're right, now is not the time to slack off. We should hasten to regroup with the others," Wang Jiang nodded, setting aside his relief from surviving the ordeal.

"Good, let's take action. We'll start from there and make a quick loop around the training perimeter. If there are any ghost controllers, they will definitely appear far from the training base, not inside it," Yang Jian pointed toward the gate and then said.

The others nodded, fully trusting Yang Jian's arrangements.

This was the man who had led them to survive an otherwise certain death.

The darkness was not dense enough to hide their path, allowing them to see just enough.

Yang Jian led the way, continuing forward.

The group stayed close together, not daring to spread out, vigilant of any sound around them.

Although the others appeared more relaxed, Yang Jian knew that his situation was getting worse. Because of a previous attack at the shooting range, he had lost the Ghost Rope, and during this reunion, he had used up a red Ghost Candle.

The Ghost Eye was nearly revived.

The loss could be described as extremely significant, and without finding a way to resolve his own issues, he wasn't confident that he could survive this supernatural incident.

"The only thing I have left in my hand that can save my life is a cloth doll," Yang Jian's face was somber as he took stock of what he had.

A cloth doll that could transfer the target of a fierce ghost's attack.

A Ghost Hand that was being imprisoned.

A golden bottle that was suspected to still contain a ghost.

Human skin paper.

Old newspapers that could alter memories.

However, in the judgment of that ghost, human skin paper and old newspapers were not considered ghosts... or perhaps, since they were remnants of a ghost, they didn't meet the criteria of a full ghost, so these things couldn't be used to increase the number of ghosts at a critical moment.

The ghost inside the bottle was too dangerous to release recklessly.

The Ghost Hand, however, could be suppressed.

It was just unclear whether a part of a ghost would be considered a whole ghost.

"Yang Jian, you're still alive, right?" Suddenly, Wang Xiaoming's voice came through the satellite locator phone in his hand.

"Not dead yet. How's the situation I had you check on?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Xiaoming said, "I've restarted the surveillance of the laboratory base. Because we left in a hurry initially, there was quite a bit of damage to some of the base's facilities, so it took some time."

He didn't need to personally confirm the situation in the laboratory; restoring surveillance would suffice.

"And the result?" asked Yang Jian.

"The Ghost Coffin, it's still there."

Over the phone, Wang Xiaoming replied, "The Ghost Coffin is still in the special room of the laboratory, it hasn't been moved, but it's in an open state, which is different from the initial situation."

"The Ghost Coffin's still there?" Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly.

But what about the situation he had previously seen with the Ghost Eye?

The coffin was outside, yet he himself was inside the coffin.

The situation simply made no sense.

And wasn't the ghost here the Ghost Coffin itself?

"Didn't you make the ghost from the Ghost Coffin into Coffin Nails before?" Yang Jian suddenly asked a seemingly unrelated question.

"Yes, but I lost it. Because of special circumstances, Li Jun used it to deal with the ghost transformation failure of Wei Jing, ensuring my safe escape," Wang Xiaoming said.

"Damn it, no wonder that thing could suppress three ghosts right off the bat, turns out you lost the Coffin Nails you made yourself," Yang Jian cursed involuntarily.

Wang Xiaoming said, "That's right, indeed, the ghost from the Ghost Coffin cannot be destroyed. The creation of the Coffin Nails was from the three ghosts collected by the Ghost Coffin in Huanggang Village. I had imprisoned the Ghost Coffin once, so now the ghost transformation failure of Wei Jing is part of the second wave of attacks. However, what I'm worried about isn't how many ghosts the current fierce ghost can suppress."

"It's that the ghost that has completed its gestation might have other abilities, but I currently don't have enough data to analyze it."

"Professor Pi, you're really outstanding, unleashing something formidable. This ghost can now suppress the number of ghosts to either 6 or 7. Whether it has other abilities is not important anymore. What's important is if it continues to grow, the entirety of J City will suffer a horror disaster," Yang Jian said.

Yang Jian continued, "Don't think this thing is only interested in lone ghost masters. Ordinary people are also valid targets because they do not have ghosts inside them, so they are always in a state of being alone. Now this ghost is at the training base. Once we're all killed, where do you think it will go?"

"Is J City prepared to welcome this ghost?"

"That's exactly what I'm most worried about," Wang Xiaoming said. "So I wanted to ask if you have any good methods. If you don't have any, perhaps you could ask... 'it' that's with you."

It.

It referred to the human skin paper in Yang Jian's hand.

Chapter 454 453 Outdated Information

"What does Wang Xiaoming mean by this? Is he trying to confirm the existence of the human skin paper that I have through this supernatural event? Or could it be that he really can't think of any solution and wants me to rely on the human skin paper to save myself? Or is he intentionally reminding me at this time not to forget about the human skin paper..."

Yang Jian put down the satellite positioning mobile phone in his hand.

His expression shifted slightly, feeling that Wang Xiaoming was scheming against him.

Because if it was confirmed that he had human skin paper on him, Wang Xiaoming might have other plans in store.

Despite his appearance as a professor-researcher, he was quite cunning.

To further his so-called research and to solve the situation of ghoulish resurrection, he wouldn't hesitate to shoot and kill even his own people.

His coldness and cruelty were in no way inferior to a ghost charmer; he definitely wasn't one of those kindly, friendly good Samaritans.

"There's no use thinking about Wang Xiaoming's matter for the time being. Even if I think about it now, it won't help. He just said that the Ghost Coffin is still in the lab, whereas the ghost has appeared at the training base... This urgency is completely different from when we were in the village," Yang Jian furrowed his eyebrows.

Back in Huanggang Village, the ghost lingered around the Ghost Coffin. Although the entire village was shrouded in the Ghost Domain, at least everything was still within an acceptable range.

But now, the ghost and the Ghost Coffin had separated.

The ghost that emerged had become an independent, terrifying entity, abandoning the Ghost Coffin as its vessel.

Or it can be said that the ghost had become a walking Ghost Coffin.

It was very likely that the Ghost Coffin in the lab had lost its original eerie effect and had become a few pieces of ordinary wood.

But all of this was just speculation.

Based on only a handful of information, there was no factual basis.

Yang Jian was unable to go to the lab to confirm the situation with the Ghost Coffin, nor could he restrain this ghost. Left with no choice but to continue searching for other ghost charmers, he sought ways to survive.

"What are you thinking about? Do you have any good ideas to solve the current crisis?"

Zhang Lei couldn't help but ask, "If we don't think of something, our chances of surviving aren't great. That ghost will continue to grow stronger, and we don't have an advantage in numbers."

"I know."

Yang Jian spoke, "This supernatural event is no longer the same one I'd dealt with before. Something unpredictable and terrible has changed, and even headquarters doesn't have a better idea."

"We could ignore this ghost for now and just figure out a way to leave," Wang Jiang suggested.

"We can't get out, this is the ghost's Ghost Domain. Moreover, this Ghost Domain is very special, like a coffin, locking us inside," Yang Jian shook his head, then added, "I tried leaving before, but failed."

He had explored the origin of this darkness with the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain.

Touching an old coffin board, it felt as if they were trapped inside the Ghost Coffin, unable to leave no matter which way they went.

"If this Ghost Domain really is like a coffin, then there should be a coffin lid. We could try to figure out how to open it; there must be a way out," Huang Ziya chimed in from behind.

Everyone was searching for others while trying to come up with a plan.

They were well aware that their safety was only temporary. If the fierce ghost attacked, they would still die. Only by completely leaving this place could they live.

"Opening the coffin lid, that is indeed an idea, but how to open it? Where is the coffin lid? Everything is a mystery," Yang Jian shook his head. He did not believe he could open the so-called coffin lid himself.

To access the truth required the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain, meaning even if there was a coffin lid, he would need to activate the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain to do it.

But now, he did not have that ability.

Yang Jian had a premonition that he would die when he next activated the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain, perishing to the Ghost Eye Resurrection.

"You all keep an eye on the surroundings; I'll think of something else. Don't panic yet. At least we won't be attacked in the next little while," he reassured the others, giving them a bit of confidence.

So they wouldn't break under the strain of despair when the moment came.

Their numbers were already few; every person who had survived couldn't afford to have anything go wrong.

The others nodded, moving forward swiftly with heavy hearts, continuously searching for any ghost charmers who might be alone. If they could regroup, the chances of survival would increase. Even though they could not think of a way to leave, they at least had to survive the present.

During the search, Yang Jian did not hesitate; he took out the human skin paper from his bag once again.

Although Wang Xiaoming might have been scheming about this item, facing this unsolvable supernatural event, he had no choice but to rely on it once more, even if it contained an even more terrifying trap, he had to try.

Having the human skin paper in hand, Yang Jian immediately saw that there were still twisted black characters written on it: Ghost.

One character occupied the entire piece of human skin paper, and up until now, the characters had not disappeared.

However, as Yang Jian took it out again, the huge "Ghost" character started to gradually disappear, and eventually, it was completely hidden from view.

When the human skin paper returned to normal,

Perhaps it also sensed that Yang Jian and the others were currently in a safe state.

However, very soon,

New characters began to emerge on the human skin paper, as if someone was writing them, stroke by stroke, eerily strange.

Quickly, a line of familiar characters reappeared: My name is Yang Jian, and by the time you read this sentence, I am already dead...

"What time is it, and you can't skip the introduction?" Yang Jian knitted his eyebrows, his palm almost involuntarily gripping the human skin paper tightly; if it wasn't strong enough, he would have probably torn it apart.

The following characters on the human skin paper didn't require deliberate questions to answer as before, but continued on their own after that sentence: I am currently experiencing an unsolvable supernatural event, this danger far exceeds anything before....It, is too terrifying, I cannot face such a ghost alone.

Everyone will die, no one can leave here alive, it has already suppressed eight ghosts, and the balance will soon be disrupted, when the sixth ghost controller dies, it will come for us.

"What?" Yang Jian saw a key piece of information.

The number of other ghosts that one could suppress had reached: 8.

What a joke, the number he had previously calculated at most was 6, or maybe 7.

"That means, during the time we left the dormitory, someone else has died," Yang Jian's heart trembled.

Once the ghost left the dormitory, its efficiency in killing people had clearly increased.

The reason might be that while in the dormitory, some people might have been escaping together, so there weren't many who were alone.

But once outside the dormitory, with the training base being so large, except for their group, almost everyone was alone, which was essentially giving the ghost the perfect condition to kill.

Yang Jian did not wait to be concerned about the balance being disrupted when new characters once again appeared on the human skin paper.

"At that time, I thought of a way to survive....."

"Hmm?" Yang Jian's gaze sharpened, feeling that the human skin paper was actively revealing a way out to him.

However, the next sentence made him nearly go mad: "However, this method is now impossible to achieve, because the conditions required for this method are very stringent; it needs to gather two groups of people who do not satisfy the conditions for the wrathful ghost's attack, having another group light white Ghost Candles to lure the ghost away."

"The ghost will attack people holding the Ghost Candle, but since the group with the Ghost Candle doesn't meet the conditions of being alone, they won't be attacked by the ghost, creating a standoff... The ghost will keep following the group with the Ghost Candle, while the other group can thus walk out of this terrifying Ghost Domain and survive."

Yang Jian's face looked particularly grim when he saw this plan.

This strategy was only useful at the beginning when the fierce ghost had not grown strong, but now it was impossible because he could not gather a group of ghost controllers anymore, as there were simply not enough people left, let alone having another group of ghost controllers voluntarily sacrifice themselves.

If he mentioned this strategy, he might end up being beaten to death by others.

Who would be willing to light the Ghost Candle to attract the ghost and then let others survive?

"This strategy lags half an hour behind, and it's utterly useless," Yang Jian thought again: "But why would the human skin paper reveal a useless strategy, which is completely different from before."

He had had the human skin paper for so long, he could be sure of two things:

First, the human skin paper does not lie.

All the information that appeared was true, whether it was Gold, Hungry Ghost, Ghost Face..... None of the information was false.

But this true information contained terrifying traps, and if you could not see through them, you would face unimaginably dreadful consequences.

Second, the information on the human skin paper is not useless.

Unless you do not use the strategy above, the strategy will definitely work to some extent.

Chapter 455 454 Dangerous Method

"This is an outdated plan,"

Yang Jian concluded after seriously examining the proposal.

The conditions for completing this plan were very harsh.

It required both groups to reach a state of not being alone, and also for one group to have the courage to sacrifice themselves.

Because by lighting the Ghost Candle and drawing the ghost away, the group that does so would not be attacked, but they were doomed to never leave the Ghost Domain. They would be forever followed by the ghost behind them. As for why the other group would survive and leave safely, Yang Jian did not know; this would require a personal attempt to understand.

However, at the very bottom of the parchment, a line of writing that seemed unfinished caught Yang Jian's attention.

"Perhaps I can find a way to make that ghost misjudge the number..."

Yang Jian paused slightly when he saw this last sentence.

Make the ghost misjudge the number?

Did that mean using some method to influence the ghost's judgment, mistakenly believing there was 1 instead of the original suppressing number of 8?

If such a mistaken judgment were made, the ghost would target an individual who was alone and would not attack others.

But, how could that be possible?

This was even more difficult than gathering two groups of people together.

"No, maybe it really is possible."

Yang Jian immediately dismissed the idea of impossibility that had entered his mind and then realized what the parchment was suggesting he do.

Use that blood-stained old newspaper to alter the ghost's memory.

Only then might the ghost misjudge the number of ghosts.

"But can one change a ghost's memory, is that realistic?" This doubt surfaced in his mind once again.

Not to mention the dangers of direct contact with the ghost while altering its memory but whether the blood-stained old newspaper actually had the ability to change a ghost's memory.

Implanting memories in a ghost, altering memories; it all sounded so unrealistic.

Do ghosts even have memories?

Perhaps they do, perhaps they don't, but that's not important. What's important is that ghosts don't act according to memories, and even if one successfully altered the memories with the blood-stained old newspaper, it was still uncertain whether it would be effective.

Even if it were effective.

Could memories altered by the old newspaper really affect a ghost?

Yang Jian did not know because he had never tried it; he only knew that the old newspaper was useful for people and for Ghostmasters, but he had never tried it on a complete ghost.

"Could this be another trap on the human skin parchment? It didn't tell me to use the old newspaper to change the memory of that ghost, just to find a way to make the ghost misjudge the number," Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, feeling that there might be a potential trap.

If he wasn't careful, not only might he lose the Ghost Rope, but the blood-stained old newspaper would likely not be preserved either.

Or perhaps the trap isn't here at all but in the contact with that ghost.

To change the ghost's memory, a direct confrontation is necessary.

This is the most dangerous part, for if the endeavor fails, it would result in a total wipeout.

There are many places where traps could be hidden. Yang Jian was wary, somewhat unclear whether the human skin parchment truly wished to help him survive this supernatural event or intended to ensure his death here.

"Yang Jian, what are you looking at?"

Zhang Lei noticed he had been silent the entire trip, seemingly staring at a piece of paper, completely unfocused on the surroundings.

"Nothing much. I'm considering a way to leave here alive. We can't resolve this supernatural event on our own; survival is already the greatest luxury we can hope for. The headquarters have said the same; there's no need for us to confront that ghost. We just need to survive," Yang Jian said as he slightly lifted his head and clenched the human skin parchment in his palm, keeping it from other people's view.

"If we gather enough people, we should be able to leave this place, right? At least we won't have to worry about being killed by the ghost," Wang Jiang also came over and whispered.

"Gathering enough people is just the first step to survival, but don't forget, we are still within this ghost's Ghost Domain. This Ghost Domain is very unusual; it does not influence the surrounding objects nor does it cause us to have hallucinations. It hasn't formed a strange, special space. It just traps us in the training base, preventing us from leaving."

Yang Jian surveyed his surroundings, "If this situation persists, something terrible that we can't predict will definitely happen."

"Ghosts don't trap us in one place for no reason. Even if we gather enough people to avoid the ghost's killing pattern for now, this balance can't last forever. As long as we keep staying here, there's still the possibility of being killed."

"Yang Jian is right, we can't stay in the same place with such a terrifying ghost. Who knows what might happen if too much time passes," said the woman named Huang Ziya, full of worry.

Everyone nodded in agreement, deeply convinced.

"So, have you thought of any way to leave?" Zhang Lei asked.

Yang Jian responded, "Still thinking. Right now, finding the others is more important. The ghost is still killing, still growing. If we can't withstand this first wave of attacks, no other thoughts will matter."

If the number of ghosts on their side was surpassed, they would have no chance of even facing a ghost. With all of their ghosts suppressed, they would have no means to fight back, only to be harvested by that ghost.

Everyone felt heavy-hearted.

The joy of escaping death quickly dissipated, replaced by a lingering shadow of death over their hearts, creating a suffocating feeling that was inescapable.

But their desire to survive drove them to do the right things, seeking that sliver of hope for survival.

After all, those who made it to the training base were ghost controllers whose mental strength was at least somewhat stronger than that of average people. Otherwise, in the face of despair, death, and terror, some would have already collapsed.

Time was critical.

The search for other people picked up pace.

Because of the existence of the ghosts, everyone couldn't split up to search. Faced with the vastness of the training base and severe visibility issues, the efficiency of the search was very low. Up to this point, they hadn't found any ghost controllers besides themselves.

So far, they were still five people, with the number of ghosts at: 8.

"Damn it, where the hell are the others? Not a single sign of them. We've searched almost half the area and still haven't found anyone else," someone was starting to panic, their tone not so much angry but filled with an inexplicable terror.

"If this keeps up, our situation will likely become very bad," Wang Jiang also looked somewhat dejected.

Zhang Lei's pale, rigid face showed a faint sign of anger, "Don't talk about that useless crap. We all made it out of the dormitory building alive, and that shows that this supernatural event isn't completely hopeless for us. As long as we work hard, we will be able to leave here alive."

He was comforting these people, but also trying to stifle that spark of crumbling emotion.

"Look ahead."

Suddenly, Huang Ziya, who had been observing their surroundings, pointed ahead somewhat nervously.

There was a concrete road with greening trees by the sides, but in the middle of the road lay a pool of blood and half of a mangled corpse. Nearby, there were also numerous signs of a struggle.

This was a ghost controller who had been killed.

Seeing this scene, everyone's eyes narrowed, and a chill rose from the bottom of their hearts.

The ghost had been here not long ago, killed a person who was alone, took the ghost from his body, and then left.

As a result, the number of ghosts that could be suppressed had increased again, maybe 7, or perhaps... 8.

If it was the former, they still had a little time to breathe. If it was the latter, once the ghost killed another person, all five of them would become isolated, and the outcome would be fatal.

"Yang Jian, do we still have any hope if we keep going like this?" Wang Jiang asked him, looking frightened, his tone tinged with despair.

With each person the ghost killed, they were one step closer to death, yet they had made no progress so far. This way, death seemed like an inevitable conclusion.

At this moment, Yang Jian stopped walking, his eyes fixated on the torn body as he frowned slightly.

He too had a premonition: if they continued this contest with the fierce ghost, they were bound to die. Their pace of gathering others was far slower than the ghost's killing speed.

"This won't do. We need to change the method, or everyone will die, including me."

He murmured to himself, then glanced at the human skin paper in his hand, a dangerous plan forming in his mind.

"Yang Jian, what are you saying?" Zhang Lei didn't hear clearly and asked again.

Yang Jian didn't elaborate, he simply took something out of his luggage bag.

A white candle.

