

Revival 456

Chapter 456 455 A Glimmer of Hope

After realizing the consequence of such actions, Yang Jian received a reminder from the human skin paper and planned to change the upcoming action plan.

Looking at the white candle, some felt unfamiliar with it, while others found it eerily familiar.

The existence of the Ghost Candle was not a highly confidential matter; as long as one's rank was high enough, one could naturally gain access to the relevant information.

Zhang Lei was acquainted with information about the Ghost Candle.

"This is a Ghost Candle..." Upon seeing the pale and somewhat sinister candle, and recognizing Yang Jian's inexplicable behavior, he couldn't help but raise his eyebrows.

"You also know about the Ghost Candle? That's good, it saves me the time of having to explain," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Lei looked at the Ghost Candle and felt somewhat uneasy, "Have you thought of some method?"

Yang Jian glanced at him, then at the others, "If we continue searching this way, we'll never be faster than the ghost killing people. By the time we find the others, they might already be like the one we just

found, turned into a corpse. The ghost is growing stronger during this safe period for us, and once it breaks the equilibrium, all of us here will die."

"Therefore, we can't allow the ghost anymore chances to grow."

"It makes sense to say so, but how do we stop the ghost from killing people? You said it before, it's a ghost without a solution that can't be imprisoned. We simply have no means to stop the ghost from killing people. Its growth is inevitable. The only approach we can think of is to meet up with the others and avoid being the last to be killed," Wang Jiang said in a low voice.

He too had been pondering countermeasures all along the way, but with the current information, he simply could not come up with a way to break the deadlock.

They knew the ghost's method of murder, its killing pattern, and had a rough understanding of its abilities. Yet, it was precisely because of this understanding that everyone felt despair.

"It's simple," Yang Jian said, "lure the ghost over here, make it choose to attack us, and by doing so, the other people scattered throughout the training base won't be killed."

"What?"

This statement made the other four widen their eyes in horror as they stared at him.

An idea flashed through their minds instantly.

This was suicide!

"Yang Jian, you're not joking with us, right? Attracting the ghost over here, letting it attack us to ensure the safety of others, how is this different from seeking death?" The unfamiliar necromancer almost cried out.

Huang Ziya also bit her lip, looking at him, "I can't understand your method. Are you planning to sacrifice us to protect others?"

"This isn't seeking death; it's looking for a chance at a slim hope of survival. I'm not that noble to sacrifice myself for others," Yang Jian's gaze flickered as he spoke, "This Ghost Candle can attract the ghosts nearby. If everything goes well, the ghost will be here soon."

"The white Ghost Candle can indeed attract ghosts nearby; it's a very dangerous act. I've seen some archives on the matter; very few necromancers dare to light this white Ghost Candle and draw the ghost upon themselves during paranormal events," Zhang Lei said, his rigid face showing seriousness.

"As per normal circumstances, a ghost attracted by the candle will attack the person closest to the Ghost Candle. And in most cases, necromancers cannot withstand a powerful ghost's strike and are typically killed. Hence, the white Ghost Candle isn't favored by most, in contrast to the red Ghost Candle..."

Yang Jian waved his hand to interrupt him, "I've run out of red Ghost Candles, and only have this white one. As you said, I will draw that ghost here."

"But, will that ghost really attack us? Don't forget the killing pattern of the ghost."

"It only kills those who are alone, and we are not in a solitary state."

Upon hearing this, Wang Jiang was the first to grasp the idea, exclaiming, "I understand what you mean. You intend to use the white Ghost Candle to attract the ghost to us, letting it appear by our side. Normally, the ghost would attack the people near the Ghost Candle, but because we are not alone, it should only follow us and not actually attack us."

"As long as the Ghost Candle isn't completely burned out, the ghost will stay nearby, which means it won't go after other people. Those who are alone will have a period of safety, and during this period, we'll have enough time to search for other solitary people."

"Yang Jian, you're incredible, to even dare to play with the ghost's killing rules."

Upon hearing Wang Jiang's explanation, the others were incredibly shocked.

If that was truly the case, then this method was insanely terrifying... but equally horrifying.

The reason for the horror was that there was a possibility of success in this method.

Once successful, everyone's safety time would be extended once again, increasing the chances of survival somewhat.

One couldn't help but be amazed that people capable of resolving S-class supernatural events, even without using their own abilities, were far more formidable than themselves and others.

In this situation, had it been them, they would already be waiting to die in terror; who could have thought that, in this deadly predicament, Yang Jian would struggle and carve out a path to survival?

Although this path had just been opened and it was unknown whether other accidents might occur.

But to have come this far was already admirable.

Perhaps, by continuing to follow Yang Jian, they really could survive and leave this despairing training base....

"Yang Jian, take action, I support your plan," Zhang Lei gritted his teeth and said.

"It's death either way, only by taking a risk can we live on, I also support your plan."

"Yang Jian, I trust in your abilities."

At this moment, they unconditionally trusted Yang Jian, as they simply didn't possess the capability to survive in such a deadly supernatural event, only Yang Jian had a significant possibility of leading them to survival.

If all roads led to death, then Yang Jian was their path to life.

"Although the plan has a chance of success, there is also the possibility of failure," Yang Jian was yet calm as he brought up a concern: "If the Ghost Candle is lit and the number of ghosts present is greater than us, then it's just like what you said before—it would be equivalent to suicide. Of course, I will reduce this possibility to the lowest, but there is a second scenario."

"The effect of the Ghost Candle surpasses the ghost's killing pattern, and the anticipated situation doesn't occur, the ghost begins to kill without following any rules."

The plan wasn't originally his, but it was modified by Yang Jian from a plan found on a piece of human skin paper.

And implementing it required tremendous courage.

Not everyone dared to light a Ghost Candle and draw the ghosts close to them.

Yang Jian's words nearly extinguished the glimmer of hope that had just arisen; those who had been somewhat excited now fell silent immediately.

"Of course, I'm sharing this analysis with you to make you understand what I'm doing, not to intentionally scare you or make you feel despair, because the options available to us with our current means are extremely limited. So even if there are risks of failure in this plan, I should still proceed," he said.

After speaking, he decisively lit the Ghost Candle in his hand.

The white Ghost Candle was lit, and the flame took on an eerie grayish-black color.

The already dim surroundings were instantly enveloped in darkness, and everyone felt as if they were back in the terrifying dormitory where you couldn't see your hand in front of your face.

The ghosts had not yet appeared, but everyone felt a cold chill encroaching,

It was a very unpleasant feeling.

The fear that had been suppressed surged back up rapidly.

"Head to that more open area in front and wait for the ghosts to appear. I won't say much else; you all know very well what you should do next," Yang Jian, holding the Ghost Candle, walked forward.

"I understand. If we fail, at worst, we all die here together. If we're lucky, we still have a chance to live and leave this place," Zhang Lei nodded, now resigned to the risks.

Like before, continuing to search for other people was just a waste of time. By the time they found one person, the ghost might have killed three, or even all of the remaining people.

They would never be able to outpace the ghost, and in the end, they would be waiting to die.

For the moment, the ghosts had not yet formed an absolute suppression. If this plan succeeded, a thread of hope would appear in an originally fatal situation.

However, this thread of hope depended on the lives of five people gambled away.

And the odds were not very good.

Chapter 457 456 Incoming

On a patch of open ground at the training base.

Yang Jian, Zhang Lei, Wang Jiang, Huang Ziya, and a few others gathered together, forming a small circle.

However, in their midst stood a white candle.

Once lit, this candle burned strangely, emitting a black glow that enveloped them, as if they were immersed in darkness.

The candlelight flickered.

A cold, gloomy aura surrounded them in this quiet, open, and dark environment, where any slight rustling could make each person's tense nerves twitch.

The Ghost Candle had been burning for over ten seconds.

Everyone's mood was heavy because from this point on, the next period of time was likely when real ghosts could possibly appear nearby. They had to be vigilant of any movement around and determine the ghost's location immediately.

Yang Jian squatted down and opened his luggage bag, seemingly making quick preparations.

"Although I feel some questions shouldn't be asked, I still want to make a suggestion. Why don't we leave the Ghost Candle here and then we leave to find other people? Since the Ghost Candle attracts ghosts, it shouldn't need us to stay here, right?"

The unfamiliar exorcist looked at the burning candle on the ground and thought he had a foolproof plan.

Without lifting his head, Yang Jian replied, "Do you think the Ghost Candle can continue to burn normally if we leave? A ghost might blow out the Ghost Candle. After attracting a ghost, the Ghost Candle might then repel it. Also, the Ghost Candle itself could be under attack... I've used the Ghost Candle about ten times, and many emergencies have occurred. I've already considered what you're suggesting."

His experience handling paranormal events reduced the likelihood of making mistakes.

And with higher-level paranormal events, the margin for error was even lower — a single slip could mean death.

In the past, when he dealt with the Ghost Coffin incident in Huanggang Village, he made a mistake, which resulted in the balance being broken, ghosts began to kill people, and he and the other exorcists almost perished together.

"Listen to Yang Jian. We can't be suggesting ideas recklessly at this time. Since the Ghost Candle is already lit, we better think about how to deal with the upcoming situation," said Zhang Lei.

At that moment, everyone maintained silence and began to prepare to face the ghost that could arrive at any time.

The preparations Yang Jian made were simple.

He couldn't be certain of the number of ghosts the Ghost Candle could suppress, so he had to take some precautionary measures.

In front of him were placed a golden bottle and a golden box.

The bottle contained the soul bottle found on the plane to J City, which was suspected of containing a ghost. Guo Fan had been attacked by the ghost inside the bottle at the airport.

Whereas in the box was a hand.

Part of a ghost's body, Yang Jian could not be sure whether the hand would be counted as a ghost, so he brought out both items.

"With my current condition, I should be able to control this Ghost Hand," Yang Jian's gaze shifted subtly.

He planned to use these two items in times of danger to increase the number of ghosts on his side and ensure that he and the others were not left alone.

But this was a measure for emergencies.

Because ghosts released at random could bring many uncontrollable factors. Unless it's a critical moment, he would never do it.

While they were lighting the Ghost Candle and waiting,

Other areas of the training base witnessed the continuous unfolding of eerie and terrifying scenes.

The base's canteen.

There was an exorcist who ran out of the dormitory building. He chose not to leave the training base but to hide in this relatively safe and hidden place, waiting for the paranormal event to pass. He trusted his own judgment because he believed the training base, being in the scope of J City, could not be completely ignored.

If he just held on for a while, someone would surely come to resolve the situation.

However, this exorcist didn't have a satellite-located phone and was unaware of the fierce ghost's situation. He thought that hiding quietly and not making any movements would keep him safe.

On the contrary,

He was in a state of isolation, precisely what the fierce ghost was targeting.

Soon enough, darkness from all directions crept in, engulfing the canteen.

Within the depths of the darkness, a clear and heavy footsteps echoed in the canteen, and judging by the sound, the owner of those footsteps was moving closer and closer to the exorcist hiding there.

As if it already knew someone was there, hiding made no difference whatsoever.

In just a few minutes,

A piercing scream echoed through the cafeteria, and when the scream stopped, the surrounding darkness began to dissipate rapidly. Yet, in a certain part of the cafeteria, there remained a twisted and broken corpse.

"Back here again, dammit, can't I ever get out?"

A ghost manipulator named Qian Yi hastily left the dormitory building, and after walking out of the training base, found himself back where he started.

The eerie and unsolvable scene made his complexion particularly ugly.

He understood that his time was running out, because he had previously deceived Yang Jian into entering the dormitory building to ensure a period of safety for himself.

At that time, the dormitory was inhabited by a ghost.

Qian Yi had planned to use Yang Jian, a top-notch ghost manipulator, to hold off the terrifying ghost and buy himself some time to escape from this place.

However, he had failed.

"This isn't an ordinary Ghost Domain; otherwise, I could definitely get out. Now I've really screwed up. This ghost kills people who are alone, and right now, I'm in that state. The ghost could appear next to me at any moment and kill me." Qian Yi gritted his teeth, desperate madness threatening to take hold of his mind.

If he had known this would be the outcome, he should have joined up with Yang Jian from the start, instead of trying to escape on his own.

But he had no way to go back and choose again.

As he hesitated and deliberated, Qian Yi suddenly noticed a terrifying change in his surroundings.

A layer of darkness enveloped everything around him and was quickly encroaching in his direction.

"The ghost is coming, and this time I'm the target. How can it be? Were all those people in the dormitory killed by the ghost so quickly? What about Yang Jian? Hasn't he even handled S-level supernatural incidents? How could he not hold off this ghost?" His heart pounded fiercely, his breathing grew rapid, and his eyes instantly showed a look of terror.

It was over.

Qian Yi's will to struggle dissolved, leaving only a sense of impotence and despair. He knew about this ghost, understood its abilities and patterns. Once targeted, it meant certain death.

Thinking that he was about to be killed by the ghost, his emotions collapsed, and he slumped to the ground, unable to stop himself from bursting into tears.

He didn't want to die; he was clearly capable of getting out of the Ghost Domain.

Why, why was this cursed place different from a regular Ghost Domain? No matter how he tried, he couldn't escape.

He wanted to scream, but he didn't even have the courage to do so.

Watching the darkness draw nearer, he felt he had at most three minutes to live, no, perhaps only one minute.

Because the ghost hidden in this darkness was at least a terrifying force that could suppress seven ghosts.

Qian Yi, who had only controlled one ghost, was even more vulnerable than a mere chicken in the presence of others when facing such paranormal forces.

Any struggle or resistance was futile and would not change this cruel reality.

However, when the darkness had crept to about three or four meters from him, something close to a miracle occurred.

The darkness began to recede quickly, flowing in one direction.

The ghost's target had changed.

"What's going on..."

Qian Yi watched the darkness retreating; he was so scared that he had already cried out, and was now utterly bewildered, unable to believe such a thing could happen.

The ghost was within that darkness and had chosen him as its target, so why did it leave?

Could it be that reinforcements from headquarters had arrived?

No, that couldn't be possible, he had received no such notification.

Of course, it wasn't reinforcements; it was the Ghost Candle from Yang Jian's side that had taken effect.

The real ghost was drawn away, thus abandoning Qian Yi as its target.

But was the fact that Yang Jian had drawn the ghost over to him a guarantee of safety?

After all, during this time, no one knew how many ghost manipulators the ghost had already killed. It was very likely that Yang Jian and the others were also isolated in the presence of this ghost.

If that was the case, Yang Jian and the other four were about to face a terrifying scene.

The dreaded ghost was striking.

Chapter 458 456

A white Ghost Candle flickered with a tiny black flame.

The surrounding darkness was dim and cold, emitting an eerie and ominous aura everywhere.

It had been over a minute since they lit the Ghost Candle.

But the ghost had still not appeared.

This situation made Yang Jian feel vaguely uneasy; he worried that the Ghost Candle was no longer capable of attracting the ghost over.

Or perhaps the Ghost Candle itself possessed some of the "ghost's" characteristics and, faced with a ghost that kills those who are alone, its attractiveness was not enough to overcome the rules of the ghost?

If that were the case, then his plan would have been a failure.

"Let's wait a bit longer, if the ghost still doesn't appear within three minutes, then the situation will have completely spiraled out of control," Yang Jian's heart rose in apprehension. At this moment, his worry was not about the ghost appearing, but about the ghost not appearing.

If the ghost didn't appear, it would mean that the Ghost Candle was ineffective and the other trainers scattered around the base would soon all be killed.

Once the others were dead, it would be their turn next, and by then, they would have no chance of survival whatsoever.

Time ticked away bit by bit.

The five people gathered together did not say a word at this moment, and the silence around them was almost terrifying. They could only hear each other's heavy, anxious breathing.

The darkness surrounding them isolated them from the outside world; all of them were aware that there was no help coming, and they could only try to save themselves.

"Huff!"

Suddenly.

At that moment, it was as if a faint wind had blown around them, but instead of feeling the wind, the white Ghost Candle in the center began to flicker restlessly.

The flame shook violently, reflecting on the people and casting their shadows waveringly.

Unknowingly, their field of vision was greatly compressed, as a thick darkness surged in from all sides like a tide.

The black flame jumped more fiercely.

"Yang Jian..."

A trembling voice suddenly rang out beside him, as if asking and at the same time reminding.

"I know. The ghost is here, the Ghost Candle worked," Yang Jian spoke with an unusual gravity, fully aware of the abnormal surroundings, much like the experience he had had in Huanggang Village.

After the ghost was drawn over, this first encounter was very perilous, as he wasn't certain how many others this ghost could suppress right now.

Perhaps they were still safe, or perhaps they were already isolated.

He took a deep breath.

Suppressing the unease and tension within, Yang Jian made all the preparations he could.

The others were shaking with nervousness, doing nothing, saying nothing, for in the face of this ghost they might as well have been ordinary people. Their only function was to gather together and increase the numbers.

Quickly.

The encroaching darkness consumed the group without any suspense.

The previously dim surroundings immediately lost all light, becoming as dark as the dorm building had been, where one couldn't see their hand in front of their face.

Except for Yang Jian, everyone turned effectively blind, unable to see the slightest trace of their surroundings, relying only on feeling, on their ears to detect the immense terror lurking around them.

The range of Ghost Eyesight wasn't wide either.

This ghost could suppress any other ghosts without fail, including Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, but Ghost Eyes also had a unique vision.

It was the Ghost Eyesight, so even though he couldn't use Ghost Domain, he could still see the surroundings clearly through Ghost Eyes.

"Still about five meters range?" Yang Jian closed his eyes decisively, shifting his focus to the vision of Ghost Eyes, paying attention to the movements around him through Ghost Eyes.

Right now, there were a pair of eerie eyes on his forehead and the back of his head.

Two Ghost Eyes allowed him to see what was in front and behind him. The ghost didn't particularly conceal its presence, so the vision from these two eyes was sufficient. Any more would be pointless and could actually interfere with Yang Jian himself.

"Yang Jian, has it arrived?" Zhang Lei, seeing no movement around him, couldn't help but ask nervously in a low voice.

"Not yet,"

Yang Jian replied, "It's not within the vision range of my Ghost Eyes, but I'm certain it's already here, nearby. Don't be nervous, follow the plan. If this operation really fails, then there's nothing more to be said."

"Understood." Zhang Lei said no more and quietly waited for the outcome.

Yang Jian's ghost eye moved slightly as he checked the position of the Ghost Candle.

The Ghost Candle was still stable, its burning speed was the same as before without any change.

Because the white Ghost Candle only had the function of attracting ghosts, it could not burn as intensely as the red Ghost Candle when a ghost appeared, meaning that the white Ghost Candle could burn for quite some time without fear it would suddenly burn out.

However, just as Yang Jian was about to look away,

a terrifying event occurred.

His vision was rapidly vanishing, everything around him was gradually dimming as if he had become blind, about to turn completely into a person without sight.

No, it wasn't that I was going blind, but my ghost eye was being suppressed, closing on its own.

Instantly, Yang Jian realized that the situation was grim.

It wasn't surprising that his ghost eye was being suppressed, but for it to close on its own like this was unprecedented. No, not unprecedented; back when he was in Dachang City, staying in Jiang Yan's apartment, a passing ghost of unknown level had caused his ghost eye to do the same, to close on its own without daring to look.

This was a pure form of suppression.

Just like how his own Headless Ghost Shadow could perfectly suppress the Ghost Rope, turning it into an ordinary object.

But now, they were the ones being suppressed.

"Damn it, just how powerful has this ghost grown?"

Without a second thought, Yang Jian urgently opened a golden box he was holding.

After opening the box, something wrapped in thick gold foil revealed the shape of a hand; it was the Ghost Hand he had detained on the airplane.

Yet, as he was about to release the Ghost Hand to increase the number of ghosts on their side, he hesitated for a moment.

"What if this ghost can only suppress exactly eight?"

Yang Jian shuddered, "If that's the case, by releasing this Ghost Hand, it would be equivalent to suicide. Given that the ghost inside us is suppressed, this Ghost Hand, not being suppressed, could start killing indiscriminately."

The ghosts from the Ghost Coffin usually target people who are alone for killing, but the Ghost Hand doesn't, it doesn't care whether you are alone or not.

At such a critical moment, one wrong move means total annihilation, and there is no time left for further contemplation.

"I have to take a gamble," Yang Jian gritted his teeth, casting aside his hesitation, and tore the gold foil, releasing the Ghost Hand.

He bet that the current ghost could suppress nine.

Only then would it be completely safe to release the Ghost Hand, and it wouldn't kill indiscriminately.

However, if the ghost could only suppress eight, then releasing the Ghost Hand would be like letting loose an active ghost, which would be a devastating blow to everyone.

After tearing the gold foil, the Ghost Hand inside, usually invisible, should have required opening three layers of the Ghost Domain to be found, but now,

a pale hand without a trace of blood lay silently in the box, showing no sign of eeriness.

"I guessed right, even the Ghost Hand is suppressed by this ghost, so the number it can currently suppress is... nine," Yang Jian was both shocked and fearful, with cold sweat on his forehead, while he also couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

The number of ghosts on their side was eight, and with the addition of the Ghost Hand, it was exactly nine.

The balance should have been restored.

However, before he could feel relieved, a great pulling force suddenly came from behind, and Wang Jiang's terrified, desperate voice arose, "Help, save me, I've been attacked, something has grabbed me and is dragging me away."

This message sent chills down Yang Jian's spine.

"Are you kidding me, we've reached a count of nine ghosts and still got attacked?"

Could it be that the Ghost Hand doesn't count as a full ghost?

The thing he feared most had occurred.

It was highly likely that in the judgement of the Ghost Coffin, the Ghost Hand was only considered a partial ghost, not equaling one in number, perhaps 0.5, so they were still in a state of being alone.

Of course, there was another possibility, that the number of ghosts in the Ghost Coffin had exceeded nine and reached ten.

Even with the release of the Ghost Hand, Yang Jian would still be short by one ghost.

"Open the bottle, release the second ghost."

Yang Jian didn't choose to save Wang Jiang but instead reacted instantly, opening the golden bottle by his side.

If the balance had been broken, he couldn't save Wang Jiang; only by restoring balance could he hope to save him.

Chapter 459 457 Out of Control Situation

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The consequences of igniting the Ghost Candle and attracting the malevolent spirit turned out to be worse than anticipated.

Yang Jian had not expected that even after he had opened the box and released the Ghost Hand, the number of ghosts on his side was still insufficient. He had calculated that the one from the Ghost Coffin could at most suppress six or maybe seven ghosts.

But now, even with nine ghosts gathered around him, someone had still been attacked.

Could it be that during the time he had fled the dormitory building to search for others, the ghost had already killed everyone else?

After all, there were only a dozen or so people in the training base.

There was no time to worry about others now. Yang Jian could only proceed with the original plan, open the bottle to increase the number of ghosts on his side, stabilize the situation first, and try to steer things in the direction he had planned.

Quickly.

Without any suspense, the golden bottle was uncapped.

Yang Jian didn't need to do anything further; just by opening the bottle and letting the ghostly aura escape, and based on his experience in Huanggang Village, the ghost in the Ghost Coffin would count the ghosts from the bottle as part of his group.

If the Ghost Hand was also considered a ghost, then the number of ghosts Yang Jian, Zhang Lei, Huang Ziya, and the others had amounted to ten in total.

A rather significant number, which should unlikely be surpassed by the ghost in the Ghost Coffin.

But this was not an absolute certainty.

"Will this work?"

Yang Jian's heart was filled with uncertainty. He stopped paying attention to the bottle, having done everything within his power, and quickly turned to look in Wang Jiang's direction.

No one could afford to die now.

Even the death of just one person could completely reverse the balance of ghosts held by the two parties, turning the situation into a deadlock from which there would be no hope of survival. Even Jesus would have to kneel here.

"Wang Jiang, hold on."

Zhang Lei yelled out. He, Huang Ziya, and another unknown ghost controller grabbed Wang Jiang together, preventing him from being pulled into the darkness.

Yang Jian had already made arrangements, predicting that the ghost would only target one individual, so they grouped together, holding on to each other.

If one person was attacked, the others could help out somewhat, ensuring that the victim of the attack wouldn't be immediately killed, thereby preserving a chance to turn the tide.

A tremendous force came from one of Wang Jiang's arms within the darkness, trying to pull him away from the group as if to drag him into some horrific place deep within the dark.

Although the others were terrified, they still didn't let go, clinging desperately to Wang Jiang to prevent the ghost from taking him.

Everyone was well aware that in this operation, the death of anyone would mean annihilation for the rest, so even if they were not the first to be attacked, they had to fight with all their might to save the others.

"Yang Jian, are you done over there? I can hardly hold on any longer," Zhang Lei shouted.

They all struggled against the ghost in the simplest way, like a tug of war, but the effect was obviously futile, as everyone was being pulled backward, and Wang Jiang was in even more agony. His body seemed as though it was about to be torn apart by the dragging force, and he let out screams of pain between gritted teeth.

"How could we still be under attack?" Yang Jian was also shocked for a moment.

He had already opened the bottle, and the number of ghosts should have increased to ten. Logically, Wang Jiang should not be under attack. Why was the ghost still active, still trying to kill?

Wait.

...

Before Yang Jian could even analyze the situation, he suddenly discovered that the sensitivity of his Ghost Eye had returned and he could open it again. Not only that, but he also felt the Headless Ghost Shadow within him could move and was no longer suppressed, which suggested that increasing the number of ghosts on his side had an effect.

"No time to think about anything else now, I must save them first," time didn't allow Yang Jian to ponder.

Since his own ghosts could be utilized, he immediately opened his Ghost Eye without hesitation and a headless black shadow swiftly enveloped Wang Jiang and invaded his body.

The moment the Headless Ghost Shadow invaded,

an incredible scene unfolded.

Everyone staggered, nearly falling to the ground, as the enormous force that had been pulling Wang Jiang, attempting to take him away, vanished instantly.

Wang Jiang was saved.

"It's okay, Wang Jiang is fine, Yang Jian, we've succeeded, the ghost didn't attack Wang Jiang, it gave up on its target,"

a stranger who controlled ghosts said in surprise upon sensing that Wang Jiang had not been taken. He knew it was not their group that had saved Wang Jiang, but the plan had worked and the desired effect was achieved.

"Succeeded? That was really close, Yang Jian, your preparation really worked, adding ghosts at the last minute allowed us to survive the first wave of attacks, now we can proceed with the next part of the plan," Zhang Lei felt the joy of a narrow escape and heaved a sigh of relief at that moment.

They all knew that the most perilous moment was the instant the Ghost Candle was lit and the ghost appeared.

If they could just withstand that initial contact and achieve balance, then for some time to come, they would have a period of relative safety.

"No, the situation isn't what I thought, don't celebrate too soon," Yang Jian's face looked particularly grim: "When I released the first ghost, Wang Jiang was still attacked, and when I released the second ghost, Wang Jiang was still being attacked. Although the times were very close together, the ghost was attacking us from beginning to end."

"This means there is a serious problem with the balance in terms of numbers."

"No way, didn't the ghost give up attacking Wang Jiang?" Huang Ziya exclaimed, shocked.

Yang Jian said, "It has nothing to do with the ghost. It was my use of the Headless Ghost's abilities that saved him, not because we met the conditions and saved him."

As he spoke, he thought of something and immediately went over to Wang Jiang, grabbing his arm to inspect it.

"When I saw your arm earlier, it was almost pulled away... Where exactly were you attacked?"

"Yes, that's right, I suddenly felt something grab my hand and then it tried to drag me away. The spot where it grabbed me was here," Wang Jiang finished speaking and pointed to the spot.

Looking at the marks left on Wang Jiang's arm, Yang Jian's expression changed.

There were no handprints on Wang Jiang's arm, only a deep indentation.

This indentation was identical to that caused by the Ghost Rope.

This meant that it was not a ghost that had attacked Wang Jiang, but the Ghost Rope.

No, perhaps it was a ghost that had controlled the Ghost Rope to attack Wang Jiang.

If it was the Ghost Rope, then the situation was likely about to spiral completely out of control.

Realizing something, Yang Jian suddenly turned his head to look.

He saw a pale, bloodless hand resting on Huang Ziya's shoulder, and this hand was rapidly vanishing from his view.

This was... the Ghost Hand had revived.

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Since the operation began and the Ghost Candle was lit to attract that ghost, all the events that unfolded had exceeded Yang Jian's expectations. A continuous onslaught of strange and dangerous incidents gave him no time to think, and one false step meant total defeat, with everyone dying here.

"What in the world is happening?"

Yang Jian clenched his teeth, both alarmed and furious.

He unleashed the Ghost Hand and opened the golden bottle containing the ghost. There was no doubt this action increased the number of ghosts on his side, surely surpassing the maximum number that the Ghost Coffin could suppress.

Therefore, the kind of absolute suppression formed by the ghosts no longer existed. Otherwise, Yang Jian wouldn't have been able to use the Ghost Shadow's power to save Wang Jiang.

But the problem was, with the number of ghosts on their side evidently holding the advantage, why were the ghosts still attacking people?

The condition of being alone should no longer be met.

Had the rules changed?

Or was there an unpredictable strange change under direct contact with the ghost?

Unclear, and absolutely no time to think or judge. Surrounded by crisis, even Yang Jian could only take one step at a time, attempting various trials like walking a tightrope, struggling to find a way to survive.

"The Ghost Hand has revived."

At this moment, his gaze was fixed on the necromancer named Huang Ziya.

A ghastly white, bloodless, stiff hand lay on her shoulder, and this hand began to vanish from his line of sight at a speed visible to the naked eye.

This wasn't a good sign.

Once this eerie hand disappeared, it meant the ghost had reverted to its previous state, entered the third Ghost Domain, and would form a terrible curse, starting to kill people around it.

Although Yang Jian didn't know what the eerie hand's conditions for killing were, it wasn't important.

They couldn't afford to lose any team members, because if one person died, their own ferocious ghosts would become uncontrollable, and the already precarious situation would lose all control.

"Suppress this eerie hand first."

Almost instantly, Yang Jian made a decisive choice. While the Ghost Hand had not yet completely vanished, he immediately directed the Headless Ghost Shadow to strike.

He was no longer in a condition to open the third level of the Ghost Domain.

If the eerie hand disappeared, everyone present would be powerless against this ghost.

Because the others didn't have the Ghost Domain, they couldn't locate the source of this curse, and could only be passive victims, either being killed or exhausted to the limit, dying because their own vicious ghosts revived.

But Yang Jian wouldn't have released the Ghost Hand without being prepared for countermeasures.

The Headless Ghost Shadow was the most effective against such incomplete ghosts.

A large dark figure lurked in the shadows, silently standing next to Huang Ziya, who was completely unaware, not even reacting to the Ghost Hand's appearance on her body.

This wasn't because her vigilance was lacking, but rather her attention was not on her own person. She was wary of an even more terrifying ghost nearby.

The moment the pale, bloodless hand vanished, a mass of shadow enveloped the hand.

The Ghost Shadow immediately invaded the Ghost Hand.

The Ghost Hand, which had already become blurry and was about to vanish, suddenly froze as if it had lost its eeriness.

Before the hand could enter the third layer of the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian's Headless Ghost Shadow successfully captured it and managed to restrain it.

However, after the Headless Ghost Shadow captured the Ghost Hand, it initiated a series of unexpected changes.

The tall, dark headless figure no longer obeyed Yang Jian. It moved straight towards him and began to reenter his body.

"Damn, it's happening—the thing I was worried about," Yang Jian's eyes narrowed. He felt as if the Headless Ghost Shadow was acting on instinct, even though it had crashed. But the instinct was still there.

It wanted to piece together a vicious ghost's body.

Now that it had acquired the hand, it was like having a piece of a puzzle.

So, this puzzle piece was eager to fit into Yang Jian's body, and he couldn't resist this instinct.

In the past, he might have been able to, but not now. His body was deteriorating, the instinct of the Headless Ghost Shadow was taking the upper hand, and he couldn't even fight against the ghost he controlled.

This was a state of loss of control.

When Yang Jian controlled the Headless Ghost Shadow before, it often went out of control at night, automatically attacking people around him, and Jiang Yan had been attacked several times, although each time he had managed to stop it.

But now, he couldn't stop it, he could only watch helplessly as this scene unfolded.

Quickly.

The Headless Ghost Shadow returned to its own body, but at the same time, it brought back a pale, bloodless hand.

Just like assembling blocks.

Yang Jian's own hand eerily separated on its own, falling to the ground, while the other hand smoothly took its place, becoming his new hand.

Assembly complete.

The Headless Ghost Shadow's loss of control ended, and Yang Jian immediately felt a cold chill invading his body along his arm.

The location of the hand lost all sensation, touch, and pain vanished, a sense of foreignness that didn't belong to him appeared in his heart,

What was terrifying was that Yang Jian tried to move his hand, and this pale, eerie hand could be controlled by him, moving according to his thoughts.

"Was this the Headless Ghost Shadow forcibly grafting a Ghost Hand onto me? My own balance may very well be disrupted by the residence of this third ghost, and when that happens, I might die even more miserably,"

Yang Jian clenched his teeth, although reluctant to have a hand replaced by a ghost's manipulation, there was no possibility to switch it back now.

Because this hand was a living ghost, without the suppression of the Headless Ghost Shadow, it would start killing people, nor could it be removed and confined, because so far he still needed this Ghost Hand to make up the numbers.

In other words, under the current situation, he could only keep the Ghost Hand on his body.

"Never mind that for now, we'll address it after everything is over," Yang Jian quickly picked up his fallen hand.

Not wanting to discard his original body, he put it in a box and secured it properly.

"Yang Jian, did you hear that?"

Suddenly, Zhang Lei's anxious voice rang out, "After Wang Jiang was rescued, I thought I heard the sound of a bottle falling to the ground behind me. What exactly happened on your end, do you need help? I feel the situation is dire."

The sound of a bottle falling to the ground?

Yang Jian had been preoccupied with stopping the revival of the Ghost Hand, so he hadn't paid attention to anything else. Now with Zhang Lei's prompting, he immediately turned to look.

A golden bottle was slightly shaking on the ground, its mouth already open, utterly empty, and at a glance, one could see the bottom, devoid of the previous eerie and ominous aura.

The ghost inside had escaped!

When it rains, it pours.

Bad things were happening one after another, each incident bringing a sense of despair and suffocation.

"A ghost that wasn't suppressed has been accidentally released by me," Yang Jian said with a stern face, his gaze sweeping around to find the escaped ghost.

"What?"

Panicked voices arose in quick succession.

Yang Jian said, "The situation is different from what we imagined earlier. The ghost's attack on Wang Jiang caused me to misjudge the situation. Hastily increasing the number of ghosts avoided us being killed by the ghosts here, but the ghost I released has also caused a lot of trouble."

"So what do we do now?" Wang Jiang had just had a narrow escape from death and was yet to catch his breath when a greater crisis emerged.

"It's hard to manage one end without neglecting the other, achieving absolute balance is very difficult. All of you ghost hunters should feel it now, can you still use your abilities?" Yang Jian said.

"I can use it, it's not like before when I completely lost control," Zhang Lei said.

Yang Jian said, "That's enough, it implies that we have the advantage in the number of ghosts on our side, which is critical. For now, I'll assume that balance has been achieved. The next move is to search for other ghost hunters."

"Wait, didn't you release another ghost? Aren't you going to deal with it?" Huang Ziya hurriedly said.

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed: "That ghost, after I released it from the bottle because of the Ghost Candle, I am certain that the ghost is around us, it definitely hasn't left, it's just that I haven't found it yet. But what are you afraid of? With the five of us ghost hunters, even if that ghost appears, we can suppress it immediately."

"The ghosts outside are our real concern, aren't they?"

Compared to the ghost in the bottle and the ghosts in the Ghost Coffin, the latter was far more terrifying. The former at least left them with confidence that they could deal with it.

"Follow me now, we will tackle problems as they arise. Staying here would mean waiting for death," Yang Jian said, knowing that not all problems were resolved but time did not permit them to continue to linger.

Immediate action was needed to draw the nearby ghosts away.

Only by doing so could he continue to observe the surroundings and determine whether the possibility of surviving mentioned on the human skin paper was indeed true.

